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CONTENTS.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The articles on Syndicalism now appearing in the "Daily Herald" from the joint pen of those Siamese twins of Social Reform, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, have some value in the further light they throw on the underlying theory of the writers themselves. Of light on Syndicalism in the two articles that have appeared there is none. As many questions, and the same kind, are addressed to the anonymous authors of Syndicalism as used to be addressed, and still are occasionally, to the anonymous authors of the theories of Socialism. How do the Syndicalists (or Socialists) propose to do this? What would happen in that contingency? Have they taken the other into account? And so on—questions which reveal the utter misunderstanding of Syndicalism (or Socialism) existing in the mind of the questioner and the utter impossibility of illuminating it save by a transformation of *idea*. Mere facts about the theory of Socialism or Syndicalism are useless. Whoever understands the theory or idea can gather facts in any number for himself; and whoever does not understand it is inaccessible to facts alone. Moreover, an instinctive prejudice against the idea may, quite unconsciously to its victim, shut him out not only from the idea, but even from the vision of the facts which illustrate it. A mind in the possession of a theory is often blind not only to an opposing theory, but to the evidence on which it is based. And the Webbs in their very first article prove this by actually denying to-day a fact which for twenty years at least they have been familiar with: the meaning of the phrase "the abolition of the wage system."

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Writing of Syndicalism as having for its object "the abolition of the wage system" (though this phrase was only introduced into Syndicalist propaganda a few weeks ago by Mr. Gaylord Wilshire and was copied straight from The New Age), Mr. and Mrs. Webb first remark that Syndicalism would not be able to achieve this object, and then continue to argue that the wage system—wages, at least—is ineradicable by any social organisation whatever. The periodical "share-out," for example, which Syndicalists are assumed to propose, would, in the Webbs' present opinion, be indistinguishable from wages. Being a regular income derived from labour and convertible by exchange into commodities, such a "share-out" would, in fact, perpetuate the wage system and the share would itself be wages. We will not argue against this view ourselves for the moment, though we could easily show the absurdity of confounding the term wages as applied to the Product of Labour when Rent, Interest and Profit have been twice deducted, with the share-out which represents the Product when only economic rent has been deducted. But we will appeal from Philip the critic of Syndicalism to Philip the expositor of Collectivism. In the Fabian Tract "Socialism True and False," written by Mr. Webb and first published in 1894, our authors write of "the abolition of the wage system" with both comprehension and sympathy. "By the abolition of the wage system," they say, "we mean the abolition of the system now prevailing in the capitalist industry by which the worker receives a wage . . . fixed solely by the competitive struggle." Exactly. Wages to-day are fixed not by the amount or the value of the labour represented by them; still less are they fixed by the needs of the worker; they are fixed by the play and interplay of the various competitive forces of Capital (Rent, Interest and Profits) and Labour. The residue of the product which Labour receives in the form of wages is thus different in economic kind from the share which Labour would receive if Interest and Profits were added to wages. Common usage might conceivably continue to speak of the periodical share-out as wages—though salary has already been suggested by Mr. Keir Hardie and is current in the non-competitive Civil Service. But the term would economically be incorrect. Who thinks of the food allowance of the chattel slave as wages, or who now regards wages as merely the new form of the chattel slave's "keep"? The things, being spiritually different, though materially similar, require, and will probably obtain, different names. In other words, not only is the abolition of the wage system possible (whether by Syndicalism or Socialism remains to be explained), but with the abolition of the system the name wages, with the economic meaning now attached to it, would probably disappear. And, as we said, the Webbs knew this in 1894, even if for the purpose of criticising Syndicalism they have forgotten it to-day.

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Underlying this newly-acquired objection to the "abolition of the wage system," however, we discern both the hard-shell theory now definitely fixed in the minds of the old Fabian Society and their consequent inability to realise the vital idea of Syndicalism. We

are ourselves not Syndicalists, and we could raise quite as many difficulties, theoretical and practical, as the Webbs have compiled. But they would not be difficulties of the same kind. On the contrary, we should exclude from question what to our minds is the living principle of Syndicalism—the principle that not only gives it life, but will assuredly give it growth: the principle of self-government in industry. There are a thousand reasons why "democracy" should be preferred in industrial organisation to despotism however benevolent; but the effective reason is that the time is coming when men skilled in a craft will refuse to accept external and unskilled control of their craft processes. What is more, they will refuse to accept the control of managers, even of their own craft, who are thrust upon them from without. This notion of the self-government of an industry by its own members and not by unskilled outsiders, whether selected by private shareholders or by the whole State as consumer, is certainly the "idea" of Syndicalism; and as certainly as, sooner or later, only this idea will prove workable, Collectivists of the type of the Webbs must take it into account or be left behind by the movement they hope to lead. For what is the theory of Collectivism as expounded by the Fabian Society and in which no place exists for even the comprehension of the living germ in Syndicalism? As accurately as we can briefly summarise it, Fabian Collectivism assumes the organisation of the State as consumer on co-operative lines, with the unions of industrial producers producing for it and under its direction. Imagine any of the existing Co-operative Societies enlarged to the dimensions of the State and employing various groups of the community for wages in the work of producing and distributing commodities—and we have a fair picture of Collectivism as conceived and endorsed by the Webbs.

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We see at once why with this theory of industrial organization in their mind the Webbs remind us in the "Daily Herald" that they "have had to fight many a battle to convince the enthusiastic State Socialists that Trade Unions would be necessary" under Collectivism. At the first blush and to enthusiasts it might appear unthinkable that the State as consumer would tyrannise over itself as producer; yet remembering the present "divy" mania of the Co-operative movement, the barbarities involved in profit-sharing and, above all, the probable nature of the Collectivist "State," the vision of the State as consumer leading the State as producer a regular hell of a life is by no means unwarranted. The Webbs not only see that this tyranny of Peter over Paul is possible, but they attempt to guard against it by requiring Trade Unions to exist even more powerfully under Collectivism than under the present system. Trade Unions, they say, will not only be necessary under State Socialism, but "only under State Socialism will they reach their highest development," which, we suppose, implies that they will be strong in numbers and efficient in internal organisation. But for what purpose will Trade Unions require to be so strong under Collectivism unless Collectivism is simply capitalism raised to the power of the State? For no other purpose than to fight in its own defence against threatened encroachments on its wages by the State as dividend-hunter, consumer and exploiter! The picture of horror is really complete. For it is obvious that if against divided and private capital the strongest Trade Unions of to-day cannot make headway in wages, against the united power of State Capitalism they would lose ground. Under State Capitalism, in short (which is what Collectivism is), the Trade Unions would not only require to be stronger than they are to-day, but individually the greatest strength to which they could attain would be small in comparison with the power of the State.

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Having now seen the theory of the Webbs both in idea and in its prospective actual effect upon Trade Unions, let us indicate one or two of its defects. We have already noted its disastrous effect upon the workers, whose groups or unions would be exploited in the interests of "all," but exploited to death, nevertheless. But who or what is that "all," that State or Community whose greed for profits is so exorbitant that the unions must be exhorted to strengthen themselves to resist it? The State, it is plain, is no more than a phrase in the Collectivist theory as it is a phrase in the existing theory (whatever that may be) of society. At present we know the State is composed exclusively of the classes of Rent, Interest, and Profit—numbering some five millions of the population. They alone are the free citizens, and it is in their interest and with them as its personnel that the State to-day acts. And this division of the population into the "State" and the "People" has been time-honoured from at least the date of Magna Charta; for that emancipatory Act, as every student knows, applied only to freemen or one in five only of the male adult population of its day. But with the concentration of all capital in the hands of the State, the classes of private Rent, Interest and Profits would, the Collectivists argue, disappear. So they might, but only as the Persons of the Trinity disappear in its Unity. The Collectivist State, in other words, would be the three in one and the one in three. No longer would Rent go to one, Interest to another and Profits to another, but each of these deductions from Production would go to all of them collectively. And why not, the Collectivists continue, since these three now include workmen? The workman becomes a sort of "harumfrodite," workman, profiteer, capitalist and landlord rolled into one. Very good—but the State—what is it in practice? The State in practice, comes the reply, is represented by a class of administrators elected by the community and directing industry in the interests of the community. In short, the State is the class of bureaucrats.

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There's nothing like leather. Mr. Webb was a Civil Servant and a bureaucrat once. What are we saying? Mr. Webb has never been anything else. He was born a bureaucrat as others are born physically deformed; and he will die a bureaucrat. Useless for him to say, as he said in one of the Fabian Tracts, that "English Collectivism will inevitably be Democratic—a real Social Democracy instead of the mere Political Democracy with which Liberals coquet." Useless also to say that trade unions will reach their highest development under State Socialism. The phrases "democracy" and "highest development" are here rendered pen-homage only. The democracy involved in Mr. Webb's Collectivism is political merely; it is nothing else; only we call it Bureaucracy. And his "highest development" of Trade Unionism is no more than the strong man armed against interference, defensive Trade Unionism, Trade Unionism passive until threatened by bureaucracy with a reduction of wages. What—if now we understand the theory, we may ask the Webbs a question—what better off is the worker if in place of Sloppenheim and Co., by means of their appointed manager, Guy Fawkes, he is controlled in his industry by Asquith and Co. by means of the permanent officials of the Board of Trade and their nominee on the spot? In parallel circumstances parallel effects are produced. In both cases the object of the company is to produce the maximum output for the minimum of wages. What does it matter if, when the wages have been skimmed, the cream in the case of Sloppenheim and Co. is spent in providing Sloppenheim fils with many mistresses and the community with a few hospitals; and in the other case, Asquith and Co. and the bureaucracy first gild their own jobs and then provide many hospitals, etc., for the community? It *may* be that a bureaucracy would at first cost rather less to keep than the existing governing classes, all old in sin as they are; but we doubt it. And as surely as it began by costing less, "progress" would soon make it more. Again, and apart from the question of wages, in what sense is the worker better off in the matter of his own craft under the direction of the consuming community's nominee's nominee's nominee than under the direction of the existing shareholders' nominees' nominee? It is anarchism, Mr. Webb somewhere says, to demand that workmen should select their own managers. But the power to select their own foremen,

within the workshop, is the only privilege that "real Social Democracy" offers workmen over the "privileges" of "the mere Political Democracy with which Liberals coquet." The right to organise their own industry is, in fact, industrial democracy so far as the producers are concerned. The ownership may attach elsewhere, the control of high policy may be vested in the community—as is only proper—but within the terms of reference of the industry as an industry the producers themselves must be self-governing. If this demand is regarded by Mr. Beatrice Webb as anarchism, it only confirms our opinion that democracy has no meaning for them.

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However, we confess that if the Webbs retort with a request for our evidence that Trade Unionism is making this demand, we shall be unable to produce it. Nevertheless, Trade Unionism will itself produce it, and that very shortly, or succumb. Detached but close observers of the Labour Movement at this moment are aware that, flourishing as the movement appears on the surface, it is really split in two in the matter of future policy. Of the two sections of which the Labour Party is composed, each has actually come to the end of its respective tether. Trade Union action alone appears to be able to do no more than strike purposelessly, spasmodically and sectionally. The militant federation of unions and the setting of the clocks of their agreements by a standard time for the purpose of a General Strike, are for the present dormant ideas; and dormant they will remain until a common objective of such action is realised which would make the effort and the sacrifice worth while. No other objective than the joint control of industry with the State appears to us as either probable in itself or likely to bring about the unification of the industrial unions. And it is in the belief that this objective of industrial action must ultimately be realised if Trade Unionism is to survive that we are content for the moment to watch the industrial army vigorously marking time. Moreover, as our correspondence proves, the younger leaders of Trade Unionism are with us. We need not enumerate the rising men in the Trade Union world with whom THE NEW AGE is in close touch. Personal anonymity and the absence of any desire for personal distinction are, in fact, distinguishing marks of the new spirit; and in all probability less will be heard in the future of names than of forces. But we can assure our readers that the forces are there and are growing. In a very little while under favourable circumstances Trade Unionism will throw off its present apathy of indecision and assume an intellectually aggressive attitude towards social reconstruction. And when this becomes apparent the lines of its endeavour will be not the State Collectivism of Mr. Webb nor the Syndicalism of the Syndicalists, but the Guild Socialism of THE NEW AGE in which Collectivism and Syndicalism are united.

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But the political section of the Labour movement is no less at its wits' end for the moment than the industrial section. "Played out" is the phrase commonly applied by industrialists to the political action of Labour politicians as these in return apply the phrase to the Strike. Certainly in our opinion political action shows more signs of being "played out" for the time being than industrial action; and, further than this, political action shows less tendency to adopt new ideas. Replying to Mr. Tillett's complaint that, save for three of its members, the parliamentary Labour Party has not put its nose near the Dockers' Strike, Mr. MacDonald, in the "Leicester Pioneer" and in the "Labour Leader," complains that trade unions rush into strikes without consulting the Labour M.P.'s, and only when they get into difficulties appeal to them to extricate them. But what a revelation of estrangement on both sides this complaint and counter-complaint provides! The Labour M.P.'s were presumably placed in Parliament for the sole purpose of seconding politically the economic action of trade unions. For a number of years, indeed, they were entirely supported by the trade unions. Yet in their economic activities the trade unions have now to complain that the Labour M.P.'s do nothing for them, and these in return have to complain that the trade unions act independently of them. What is wrong is obviously that one section or the other, or it may be both, has become wedded to an exclusive theory: the theory, perhaps, in the trade union section that strikes are the *only* policy, and the theory in the political section that political action is the only policy. We have seen that, as a matter of fact, the industrial section, while looking to strikes as the immediate means, are nevertheless preparing to define for themselves a new ideal, the ideal of co-management with the State. But is there any sign, on the other hand, that the political section has realised its present uselessness and is preparing to resume genuine co-operation with its industrial partner? On the contrary (and this is our fundamental criticism of the parliamentary Labour Party), the more widely the industrial and political sections diverge, the more emphatically does the political section aggravate the breach by declaring political action to be alone important. Read, for example, both the lines and between the lines of any issue of the "Labour Leader," the impression is produced that political action alone is the means of economic emancipation. Give us, they say, four hundred Labour M.P.'s instead of forty and we shall be able to guarantee the economic revolution; except by that means the revolution is impossible.

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We shall not repeat here our demonstrations of the last three months that political power alone cannot lead to economic power. It is an axiom of both economics and politics that political power follows and is the index of economic power. Without economic power (by which we mean the control of industry, either its material or its processes) political power is only a simulacrum of power; in other words, it is not power at all. If four hundred wage-slaves' representatives could be returned to Parliament to-morrow they would be able to do nothing important so long as the relations between capital and labour continued as at present. And these relations cannot be altered except by economic action. The proof of this is surely to be seen in the economic effects of the meliorist legislation "forced" on Parliament by Labour during the last six years. In no single instance, save, of course, the Trades Disputes Bill, has the political legislation so forced improved the economic position of the wage-earners. On the contrary, wages have relatively declined, while profits and prices, rents and interests have increased. Does anybody deny this? Would even Mr. MacDonald contend that the wage-earners are economically better off for all his clever wirepulling and manipulation of political Labour? Plainly, neither he nor anybody else can deny it: the wage-earners as a class and relatively to national production are steadily declining in economic status; and all the political action of the last six years has at best not delayed and at worst has only accelerated this decline. Surely, in face of this disquieting phenomenon the Labour politicians cannot continue to maintain that political action is the *only* way. Admit that it is *one* way, admit that political action may and must supplement economic action, the conclusion is nevertheless inevitable that political action alone is useless. Without economic power (which, we repeat, is the power of the workers *directly*, and not merely through the medium of the State, to control industry) political power is a will-o'-the-wisp. Only with the increase of industrial self-determination can economic power increase; and to this end both sections of the Labour movement should co-operate.

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We thought we had enumerated at one time or another the main objections to the Insurance Act, but Mr. Lloyd George's reply to Messrs. Hasties furnishes us with a new one. It is his claim that because the Act has been passed, no matter how, by Parliament and endorsed by the Crown, it is now of necessity the law of the land. But exactly what is needed to make an Act of Parliament the law of the land is the consent of the

land, and this, we maintain, has not only not been sought by Mr. Lloyd George, but popular government has been unconstitutionally defied by him in his accidental position of temporary dictator. In vain is it pretended by Mr. George that because the Parliamentary formalities have been complied with in the letter their spirit has been obeyed. These things are no longer done privily or without the comprehension of an alert minority of the public; and we know, as certainly as we know anything, that not only was there no "mandate" for the Insurance Act, nor even any previous mention of it in its existing form, but it is, first, the idea of one single person, namely, Mr. Lloyd George himself; secondly, it owes its formal legal being to a combination of accidents without any design whatever; thirdly, it initiates a departure from the spirit both of English legislation and national character; fourthly, its way to partial acceptance has had to be smoothed by unparalleled bribery and lying, which would certainly not have been necessary for a popular measure; fifthly, every indication the general public could give of dissent from its passage and enforcement has been given during its whole career to this moment. These things, we say, being everywhere known of all men, Mr. Lloyd George's claim that the Act is now the law of the land is ridiculous; and his appeal to law-abiding citizens to accept it is impertinence. What! When Mr. Lloyd George, to secure the passage of his damned Act, has broken every single law of God and man, he is now to conjure us in the name of his broken laws to accept it as law-abiding citizens! It is like the Devil appealing to his victims to behave like Christians —in order that his own work should not be resisted. The law of the land in England is only in part expressed in the *laws* of the land. Certain laws or Acts prove to be contrary to the national character and are rightly made a dead letter. And when to the anti-national character of the Insurance Act is added our knowledge of the abominable means by which the Bill became an Act, resistance to its becoming the law of the land is imperative.

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In his letter to Messrs. Hasties, which the "Times" calls "sharp," but which we call merely "smart," Mr. Lloyd George asks, in threatening terms, whether citizens can pick and choose among the Acts of Parliament which they will obey. To do so, he insinuates, is the spirit of anarchism itself. But anarchism of this character has, fortunately, more than once been shown in the history of England; or there would not be much of England left to tell the tale of its law-abiding. Nay, Mr. Lloyd George himself owes his position, and his Nonconformist support, to the fact that he and they once defied one of the laws of the land. Had there been no "passive resistance" there would have been no Chancellor of the Exchequer of the name of George. Certainly we do not advance this as a precedent in favour of resisting an Act of Parliament; but we may fairly retort on Mr. Lloyd George that the pot is not exactly the best censor of the kettle. The "Times," however, having the voice of thunder and the soul of a louse, is impressed by Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to law. This private picking and choosing of Acts to be obeyed or disobeyed is fatal, we are told, to the spirit of law. Only some tremendous act of despotism would justify resistance. But, in the first place, the "picking out" of the Insurance Act for repudiation is not a private matter. Messrs. Hasties do not stand alone. On the contrary, with few exceptions, every citizen is with them in spirit if not in the courageous flesh. If, therefore, the Insurance Act is picked out for resistance it will be by the whole community; Hampden may start the resistance, but the nation will be behind him. Again, what can really be more fatal to the spirit of law than the existence of laws which everybody hates? The good spirit of laws depends upon the consent of the mass of the people to their intention and upon their faith in at least their authors' bonâ fides. To promulgate and enforce laws that nobody likes and the intentions of which are grievously suspected, is itself to endanger respect for the law. Would there be any respect for the law if all our judges were villains—as some of them are? Or any respect for the law if all our laws were villainous, as the Insurance Act certainly is? Far from endangering the spirit of law by resisting a rotten Act of Parliament, it is the author of such an Act who endangers law and the resisters of it who re-establish respect for law. Mr. Lloyd George, in both his inauguration of the Act and in his subsequent tricks for enforcing it, has shown himself the real law-breaker of England. He, and not those who, like ourselves, intend to resist the Act, is the anarchist; and his bomb will be none the less destructive of English life for being wrapped in an Act of Parliament and wound up by bribed officials instead of done up in a box and charged with picric acid. The duty of Englishmen is to seize the bomb before it has exploded and plunge it into the sea. For Mr. Lloyd George we ask no other punishment than to see it done.

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But we may as well take the occasion to clear up some of the doubts concerning anarchism and its relation to the resistance to bad laws. When is resistance anarchism and when is it patriotism? Resistance to laws formally enacted is anarchism only when the resistance is on private and individualistic grounds, or on grounds that affect only a section of the community. The assumption of all good laws is that they are good not only for the persons directly concerned but for the community at large. Good laws, in fact, are such as nine out of ten of the people would themselves be disposed, if they had the power, to promulgate and enforce. But by what criterion, we may ask, save the arithmetic superiority of nine over one is a law good that commands the assent of a majority and a law bad that commands the assent only of a minority? Here we touch upon the question of the final sanction of law —which is *not* force even in the mathematical ratio of nine to one—but submission to a standard common to all. If there exists a tribunal of reason, a creed, let us say, or a Pillar of Sacred Assumptions common to a nation, and both parties, the minority as well as the majority accept that creed as a standard, appeal to that standard must be final and its decisions accepted by a majority vote, temporarily and peaceably, at any rate. If Mr. Lloyd George, for example, had proved to us that his gods were the national gods, that in bringing in his Bill he was attempting humbly to rule his conduct by the common traditional faith of the English people, the issue, however much we might personally doubt his ability, would never have been his sincerity or his patriotism. As it is, however, we may confidently affirm that in his Bill he has been a-whoring after strange gods; his Bill is the foul offspring of a Welsh and a German liaison; utterly alien in spirit to our English genius and inimical, therefore, to our national standards. And a further proof that this is the case is afforded by his conduct during the whole affair. Not once, to our recollection, has Mr. Lloyd George taken the English spirit into his confidence during the discussions of the Insurance Bill. Not once has he attempted to prove to us that his Act is in the English tradition. Worst of all, not once has he acknowledged even the existence of an English national prejudice against the spirit of his Act. We say nothing now of his complaints of textual misunderstanding and textual distortion; they have been many; but neither THE NEW AGE, nor the "Spectator," nor the "Eye-Witness," the three chief English nationalist journals, has descended once to our knowledge to mere textual criticism. On the contrary, we have confined ourselves to the single criticism that Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act is contrary to the spirit, the character, the traditions and the future of the English people. And not once, as we say, has this accursed Welshman, this Germanised, non-national, denationalised prig and Jew-capitalist's pimp so much as acknowledged the existence of a national point of view. Resistance, therefore, to his Act may be anarchism in his foreign and alien opinion; but in English national opinion it is the duty of every patriot.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE Chinese "Republic"—egad, how ill these Latin compounds suit the Far East!—has exhibited only one symptom of vitality since its proclamation, viz., its refusal to come to terms with the Powers interested in forcing upon it what is now generally referred to as the £60,000,000 Six-Power Loan. There is little doubt that a compromise will be reached; but the fact is that China does not require £60,000,000 or anything like that sum. She could get along well enough for the present on £15,000,000. The only reason why £60,000,000 is being forced upon her is that certain Powers, notably Russia and Japan, are interested in bleeding the country to the greatest possible extent.

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As I have said, this is a healthy symptom; but it can be balanced by another. From trustworthy Chinese sources I learn that the health of the President, Yuan-Shi-Kai, is not what it might be, and with his death or forced retirement chaos is sure to prevail. Even as it is the Government at Pekin does not in any sense "represent" the millions of the vast empire; and the next revolution or uprising will probably mean the founding of a large number of autonomous provinces. Need it be emphasised that this will only facilitate the task of the invader, whether he comes diplomatically or otherwise? China under the old despotism was as safe as Turkey; under the new despotism she is no safer than the Committee of Union and Progress.

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I have several times referred to the parlous state of the Turkish Empire and to the instability of the new régime. A few items of news which have come to hand during the week-end will confirm the very worst suspicions. Not everything has been published in the papers, of course. What has happened is briefly this: Angered, partly by the apparent slackness of the Government in not forcing the war with Italy to a close, and partly by a spirit of discontent with the Committee, another movement of revolt has sprung up in the army. It was a similar movement of revolt that led to the deposition of Abdul Hamid. In 1908, however, the army was united against the existing Government, whereas now the army is split into two factions—one sympathising with the Committee (although really only with the popular War Minister, Mahmud Shefket Pasha), and another determined on yet another change of Government, followed by an "expansive" policy. The latter party, however, cannot have its way without civil war; and the report from various quarters indicating that several regular regiments have mutinied go to show that civil war in the Ottoman Empire may not be so far off as we imagine.

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While on the subject of the Turkish Empire I may refer incidentally to some correspondence of an extremely intimate nature between Berlin and St. Petersburg, as well as some memoranda of M. Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, copies of all of which have come into my possession. "Views" have been exchanged between the two Governments in question as to the best means of dealing with Turkey after the disruption. Constantinople and Salonika are in dispute; but it has been intimated to Russia that Germany will not interfere if she extends her empire from the Caucasus to Turkey-in-Asia. Russia would in this way become the possessor of at least two good and well-known all-the-year-round seaports, viz., Beirout and Smyrna. This would, of course, bring Russia much nearer to us in Egypt; but, as the German Government has pointed out, the withdrawal of our Mediterranean squadron renders us powerless. It is unnecessary to add, perhaps, that this scheme is merely provisional as yet and is liable to important modifications.

Professor Ludwig Stein is showing considerable activity in procuring opinions on Anglo-German relations from well-known public men in both countries. The latest I have seen is that of Mr. J. L. Garvin, as published in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of June 27. I do not as a rule care tuppence for Mr. Garvin's opinions on any subject, but his article has the merit of summing up fairly concisely the views held and expressed in "pubs" and smoking compartments by the average patriotic Englishman. I do not wish it to be assumed that I write in a derogatory sense of "pubs" and smoking compartments; one hears as much common sense there as one hears in a French café, as a rule, or a German beershop. Mr. Garvin expresses his doubts, and to prove his contentions he gives us two quotations, one old and the other fairly new. The old one is from Treitschke:—

> If our Empire dares to persevere resolutely in the new path of our independent colonial policy, a conflict of interests with England will be inevitable. It lies in the nature of things that the new Great Power in the centre of Europe must settle with every other Great Power in turn. With Austria, with France, with Russia we have already squared accounts; the last settlement with England seems likely to be the longest and hardest. ("Deutsche Kämpfe, Neue Folge," p. 349.)

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The new quotation is from the recently published book, "Germany and the Next War," by General von Bernhardi:—

> By one means or another accounts must be settled with France, if we are to win elbow-room for our world-policy. That is the first and most unconditional requirement of our world-policy, and as French hostility is not to be removed once for all by pacific measures, recourse must simply be had to the power of arms. France must be so completely overthrown that she can never stand in our way again.—("Deutschland und der nächste Krieg," p. 114.)

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We can easily support these opinions, if we wish, by quoting from almost any issue of the German Imperialistic papers and magazines. Powerful influences in the German Empire wish to destroy the British Empire, and these influences are being opposed by the Socialists only in a lukewarm fashion. With this object Germany is building a gigantic fleet; and already, with the exception of Russia, she possesses the largest army in the world, an army whose discipline and efficiency are almost proverbial. It is useless for us to point out to her that the British Empire stands or falls by its fleet and that the German Empire stands or falls by its army, the inference being that Germany should not want a fleet at all, or at most, perhaps, only a few battleships and cruisers. Why, then, these German war preparations on such a vast scale? Let Mr. Garvin answer:

> Yet it is true that Germany does not possess a Colonial Empire in proportion to her population, her commerce, and her power. How and where is a larger colonial dominion to be now created for Germany by means consistent with the peace of the world and the integrity of other nations? That is the searching question. It is for Germans themselves to attempt the first satisfactory answer to it, and there can be no reasonable answer which Englishmen would refuse to consider in a conciliatory spirit.
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> Europe, Asia, and the two Americas are already settled under conditions of territorial distribution by no means wholly or mainly dependent upon English influence and hardly to be changed without war. In Africa pacific readjustments, perhaps extensive readjustments, are more possible. Diplomacy has lately begun to perceive another possibility—that of special spheres of commercial influence which might be created without formal disturbance of territorial sovereignty. In that direction, England ought to be willing to consider any arrangement consistent with her own "security" and that of her friends, and promising more solid guarantees for the future peace of the world.

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It seems quite a pretty little problem. I will restate the case next week, and in the course of succeeding articles we shall see what we can do towards finding a solution.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE truth about the Tripoli massacres is hard to ascertain. No one but a fool, ignorant alike of history and of contemporary experience, would accuse a whole people of poltroonery because some very young soldiers, planked down in an alien and comfortless country, surprised by a rising of the hitherto friendly population, enraged by the rumour and actual spectacle of mutilation, broke loose and slaughtered right and left. Any other conscript army of similar recruitment and similar discipline would do the same. In the case of British troops the national desire for self-justification and a certain love of "playing the game" induce us to observe the outward forms of military justice where the more hot-blooded Southerner kills straight away and has done with it. But massacre is not bettered by solemnity and long faces. Rather is it aggravated when committed deliberately and in cold blood by military courts, whose procedure gives the prisoner as little hope as the more summary method of shooting in the street. If it be argued that the court-martial system has, at any rate, the advantage of safeguarding the "innocent," it must be replied that in such a case "innocent" and "guilty" do not exist. A society is responsible for the misdeeds of its members when it is clear that those misdeeds are committed with its connivance or in its interest, and are the fruits either of its criminal negligence or, perhaps, as in this case, its actual moral perversity. On this occasion the Arabic and Turkish troops, according to their invariable custom, refused quarter, tortured the wounded, mutilated the dead. They would not have done so had not the detestable races of which they form a part been favourable to such practices, and when retribution falls, it must fall not merely upon the actual instruments of the general depravity, but upon the whole population, not excepting the women who educated them in such perversity.

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These remarks are occasioned by Mr. Francis McCullagh's "Italy's War for a Desert" (Herbert and Daniels. 10s. 6d.), which would have been of greater value had not the author shown a resemblance to his Oriental protégés in what politeness may call an inability to keep fact and surmise apart. Had Mr. McCullagh confined himself to telling us exactly what he saw, or had, at any rate, given us his authorities for facts outside his own experience, he would have written a smaller book, but a more reliable one. As it is, fact and surmise, truth and fiction, criticism and muddle-headed abuse are inextricably jumbled without qualification of any sort, and unless one reads carefully, keeps a cool head, and examines every line, the book will prove wretchedly misleading. As for Mr. McCullagh's charges of Italian cowardice (based, so far as one can tell, upon Arab reports!) it may comfort the army which he maligns to learn from his own cool admission (in the preface) that he refused satisfaction to two outraged Italian publicists who endeavoured to call him to account for his words.

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Another work of considerable interest is Messrs. Grahame-White and Harry Harper's "The Aeroplane in War" (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.). The War Office is by no means so ridiculous an institution as it has been represented since Whitehall was converted into a sort of cock-shy for newspaper men, but, heaven knows, its faults are grave enough. A million pounds at most would have sufficed to give us all the aeroplanes we wanted plus the organisation to run them. Here was an unexampled opportunity for a small, weak army like our own to counterbalance numerical inferiority by seizing and maintaining its lead in this new, but already all important, arm. Owing to the value of experience, to the difficulty of training pilots and observers, and of planting and rearing a new and delicate industry, a lead once gained—such a lead as we have abandoned to France and, in less degree, to every other European country—is easy to maintain. Yet have we gained it? Not a bit of it. England, it appeared, must wait until the experimental stage is over—the which may take ten years—and then, if in the meantime no one has smashed us up owing to our deficiency, we are to catch up in a bound, purchase the requisite machines en bloc (abroad presumably, for by that time the English firms will all be dead or bankrupt), acquire in a couple of months the knowledge and practical skill which everybody else has taken years to amass, and, hey presto! There you are! England, always denounced as backward, has ended up by coming to the front again! Braver and wiser peoples than ourselves have perished through self-flattery of this description. Apart from the lead in actual material, it is precisely by the experience gained in that experimental stage which we propose to shirk that the French have acquired that inside knowledge of the art and science of the air which constitutes their chief advantage at the moment—an art and science which we cannot filch from them whenever we may feel inclined (as the War Office does vainly propose), but which we must assimilate gradually by passing through the same laborious processes as they.

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Pass on from aeroplanes to the Department of Supply. The problem of strategy is the problem of food. The movements of armies are conditioned by the difficulties of their supply, and any general who solves this question (as Napoleon did when he made his armies live upon the country) gains at the same time the secret of mobility which is the secret of success. That being granted, one would imagine that an invention such as already exists, which, by reducing the weight and increasing the preservability of food, doubles the mobility of armies, would be sure of an enthusiastic reception at headquarters, especially after favourable reports from all the medical authorities and success in actual use. Not a bit of it. "It is not proposed to do anything in dessicated foods at the moment."

* * *

Comfort yourself, however, with the reflection that in this instance failure may be due to the Supply Department, which is the most ignorant (or worse) of the departments in the Service. After all, it is worth the while of vested interests to expend a few thousands per annum in keeping interlopers out. Come to a matter where the vested interest is, if anything, on the side of reform—to the matter of the pay of officers. At present the King does not pay Tom, Dick and Harry to serve him, but Tom, Dick and Harry pay the King, and that not infrequently to the tune of several hundred pounds a year. There is a story about the late Duke of Cambridge which sums up in admirable manner the defects and advantages of this curious system. Being approached about the insufficient pay of officers, the Duke remarked: "Why should I raise the pay when I can get hundreds of young idiots to come and serve for nothing?" "You can get them to SERVE," was the reply, "but can you get them to WORK?" Since the Duke's day British officers have been called upon to work. In consequence the supply thereof has decreased, is decreasing, and will continue to decrease, both in quality and quantity, until the Pay Warrant undergoes revision. Nevertheless, "it is not proposed to increase the pay of officers at present."

* * *

After the supply of officers, cavalry saddles are an unimportant matter. Yet a straw shows the way the wind blows. Not a cavalry officer from General French downwards but is agreed that the existing saddle is unnecessarily cumbersome and specially designed to cause sore backs, thereby relegating both horse and rider to Stellenbosch and depriving the Army of its eyes and ears and legs for pursuit. Now saddles can easily be replaced while trained horses cannot. Everyone has, therefore, been agreed for twenty years or more that the thing to do is to introduce a lighter, if less durable, saddle, and economise your horseflesh. But is this done? Not a bit of it. "It is not proposed to do anything in cavalry at present." Meanwhile, I don't know how many horses our cavalry will be killing in the course of the next war, but guess that as usual they will kill more horses than enemy.

Politics and the Wage System.

II.

IT is at least curious that those who intellectually remain entangled in the wage system also remain entangled in the political system. If you cannot see through the real meaning and intent of the wage system, you cannot see through the essential bankruptcy of politics as understood to-day. This is only another way of saying that politics is used by the meliorist to ameloriate the harsher conditions of wagedom—to ameliorate, never to abolish. As we have already proved that economic power precedes political power, it follows that the pursuit of politics cannot fundamentally transform the economic conditions. The title-deeds remain with the possessing classes. But the real struggle is to obtain them. The most that politics can do is to modify the conditions that surround the title-deeds. Thus the Fabian programme, inspired by Mr. Sidney Webb, never hints at effective expropriation; it would humanise factory conditions, lay stress upon public health, mitigate destitution, reduce the hours of labour, impose a minimum wage—anything and everything save the imperative thing which is possession and control of the means of national and individual life. But we have further discovered that all these measures, each in its own way, actually strengthens the grip of the possessing classes and yet more securely validates their claims to the title-deeds. Parliament, by means of factory acts and regulations, humanises the conditions of factory life. The result is that labour grows more efficient, and consequently more efficiently produces surplus value and more of it for the holders of the parchments. The same effect is produced by improving the public health. It is good economy, operating in the interests of those legally and socially permitted to exploit labour. It is much more remunerative, and infinitely more pleasant, to exploit good human material rather than incompetent human material. The mitigation of destitution is also good economy for those who can benefit by it. A minimum wage, as we have shown time and time again, has precisely the same effect; it justifies the exploiter in rejecting damaged human material and exploiting only the best available labour. To this indictment of social reform there is absolutely no answer. Nor can the politicians explain away not merely the relative but the actual decline in wages, notwithstanding a generation of social reform. The Insurance Act will obey the same law. It is a very good thing for the employers. Who then can doubt that it is worse than foolish, it is criminal, to look to the political machine to abolish the wage system? Foolish, because it is a blunder; criminal, because it is one of those blunders that are crimes.

A striking instance of the truth of these contentions is found in the engaging personality of Mr. George Lansbury, M.P. We frankly confess that this gentleman holds a warm corner in our editorial heart. This may be a confession of weakness on our part. Many of our friends complain that our judgments are harsh, that our criticisms are cold and inhuman, that we are wanting in warmth and sympathy. We can only reply in the words of Zarathusthra, that we fight now so that later our hands may be free to bless. We would like to bless Mr. Lansbury. He waged a bonny fight against the Insurance Act, and we are grateful to him for it. But we want him to be consistent. Here is a little sketch of him which we read in the Press last week:—

> For a time Mr. Lansbury was hon. secretary of the Liberal Association for Bow and Bromley, and he has told that what first impressed him with "the necessity for something more than orthodox politics" was this: "When canvassing in one of the very poor districts of Bow a woman came to the door dressed only in a sack. A hole had been cut at the top, and two slits at the side served for the arms. She asked me, with an oath, what was the good of a vote for her and her unemployed husband when every scrap of their clothing had been pawned; there was not a piece of furniture in the place, and nothing but starvation stared them in the face? With all the scorn she could command she bid me clear out. That incident pulled me up at a halt, and from that day to this I have tried to study the condition of the people and to find out how politics could help the workers to win social justice." It was this little incident, Mr. Lansbury said, that really drove him out of the Liberal ranks into Socialism.

Impersonally considered, this little story is a synopsis of opportunist Socialism during the past thirty years. We ask Mr. Lansbury to tell us in what way has his devotion to politics emancipated this unhappy woman? Mr. Lansbury realised that "something more than orthodox politics" was needed to meet such a desperate case. What is that "something more"? Has he achieved it? Can he achieve it in the political sphere, if it be "something more than orthodox politics"? We can rely absolutely upon Mr. Lansbury's honesty of purpose, and accordingly we invite him to tell us what he conceives that "something more" to be. The information he could give on this point would be a most valuable contribution to our present inquiry. And, at the same time, would Mr. Lansbury tell us how it would be possible to emancipate the woman in the sack without disturbing the existing wage system? The woman in the sack, like Markham's "man with the hoe," is a portent, a symptom, and a symbol. What has she to do with politics or politics with her? Is her condition, au fond, political or economic?

When Mr. Lansbury spoke of "orthodox politics," he almost certainly meant conventional politics. He meant that a new political party must come into life that would pursue unconventional or unorthodox political methods. He meant by that a Socialist party. But Mr. Lansbury is a member of the Labour Party, which we know is a non-Socialist party. Is Mr. Lansbury alive to the fact that it is an orthodox or conventional party pursuing orthodox or conventional political objects on precisely the same lines as the other existing political parties? If he doubts it let us remind him of one or two simple facts. First, the recent manifesto, obviously inspired by Mr. MacDonald, M.P., calling for increased political activity and decreased industrial activity. Mr. Lansbury, as a member of the I.L.P., is a party to this reactionary document. Secondly, how can he justify the extremely lukewarm attempts made by the Labour Party to secure for Mr. Tom Mann the same prison treatment as that accorded to the W.S.P.U. prisoners? By every test Mr. Mann was more distinctively a political prisoner than any of these women. Mr. Lansbury's indignation at the treatment of the Suffragettes led to a very pretty little scene in the Commons last week. But why not an equally insurgent display on behalf of a labour leader? We can tell Mr. Lansbury why. The Labour Party does not like Mr. Tom Mann. He is not respectable. A little jack-in-office named Pointer, a whip of the Labour Party, said quite frankly that Mr. Mann was a crank who was best locked up. What this little creature said openly was what the rest of the Labour Party said privately. Above all things, the Labour Party must be respectable, conventional, orthodox. The Suffragettes, although they break windows, are after all highly respectable and have friends in high places. Theirs is the escapade of high-spirited young folk, well bred and well connected. They must be treated as we treat young undergrads who have been out n a rag. But as for Mr. Tom Mann—bah!—he is only a common workman, or something like it; certainly not of the same class, birth or breeding as the Suffragettes. Little Pointer cannot stomach such a vulgar fellow. Like the woman in the sack, little Pointer is also a portent and a symptom—or, to use an American colloquialism, he is a "pointer." We invite Mr. Lansbury to look at little Pointer through a microscope. He will discover some interesting and significant things.

To revert to our previous classification, the Suffragettes, even without a vote, are "active" citizens; those for whom Mr. Mann speaks, although possessing a vote, are "passive" citizens. The money that runs the suffragist agitation is the product of these "passive" citizens' labour. The Labour Party, true to its "passive" instincts, concluded that anything was good

enough for Mr. Mann, but the women were quite another pair of shoes.

That the Labour party is safely "orthodox" is proved beyond cavil in a book just issued by Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., entitled, "The Meaning of Liberalism." This official Liberal tells us that "the Labour Party has exercised a useful forward pressure on the Liberal Party, *and in so doing has been an invaluable ally of the Radical section. The practical ideal is that this pressure should usefully continue.*" We must have said something like this at least a thousand times, but we were supposed to be prejudiced against the Labour Party and were not, therefore, believed. Mr. Robertson knows. Will Mr. Lansbury explain?

Now let us consider the situation in which the Labour Party necessarily finds itself as "an ally of the Radical section." It can be found in Mr. Robertson's book, but our purpose will be equally well served by quoting from Mr. James Douglas's critique of it. Mr. Douglas tells us that he is "not happy unless I can digest my NEW AGE every Wednesday morning." He complains that we always stop short just at the exciting moment. Mr. Douglas must exercise a little patience. We are developing our case as quickly as prudence permits. He prefers Mr. Robertson to us because "Mr. Robertson's method is deadly in its exposure of the uncritical and impracticable character of Socialism. He shows that the cause of its incoherence is its inability to realise clearly that all social reform is a social function." So is beer-drinking or mending a pair of trousers. Mr. Douglas evidently felt that he did not know quite what he meant, so he proceeds to quote Mr. Robertson. "The amount of co-operative faculty—faculty as distinguished from mere aspiration—required to conduct a wholly socialised society is enormously greater than anything yet evolved in any society whatever." Mr. Douglas is lost in admiration at this cryptic utterance and ecstatically exclaims: "It would be interesting to see any reasoned answer to the argument which Mr. Robertson develops on these lines." This is what comes of a Belfast Ulsterman seeking to explain the meaning of a Scotch logician. Let us then gently whisper in the willing ears of the Belfast man that this cryptic comment is only a verbose way of saying that human nature and Socialism exclude each other. We heard our grandparents urging this very argument before we were breeched. Fancy Mr. Douglas being caught with that chaff!

We come to the bones of the business, however, when Mr. Robertson assures us that "production for profit will assuredly continue for centuries, profit being not merely the conditions of the furnishing of liquid capital, but the test of industrial efficiency. Fluid capital is about as far from the stage of collective management as the tides. Society will in the near future deal with capital as it deals with marriage and the family—not communalise it, but prescribe for it legal conditions. And the capitalist class will share in the framing of the conditions." What does this mean in plain terms? That the wage system will continue for centuries; that rent, interest, and profits must indefinitely continue; that fluid capital cannot be communalised. (Incidentally, in this connection, the use of the term "fluid" is amusing and, of course, foolish.) Mr. Robertson's ideal is "the skill of the organiser using the fluid capital of the rich." We shall have a great deal to say upon the alleged skill of the organiser. Both the "skill" and the "organiser" are myths: the present industrial system evolves a sort of skill and a sort of organiser, both being butts for the scorn and contempt of every serious thinker.

To a party holding such views, the Labour Party, including Mr. Lansbury, are allied. Please observe how admirably the coalition works out. The Radicals, as we have seen, do not believe in any fundamental economic change; they are content to "prescribe the legal conditions." With them, politics has nothing to do with the economic structure of society. If, therefore, they can keep the Labour Party in line with their schemes of social reform, all goes well. But to the Labour Party, which declines to tamper with the wage system and seeks only what politics can give it, this alliance is equally acceptable. Thus it comes about that those high-souled and immaculate Scotsmen, J. M. Robertson, M.P., and J. R. MacDonald, M.P., can with a clear conscience pursue their petty political careers, what time wages are falling and Mr. Lansbury is sadly pondering "the something more" and the true meaning of "unorthodox."

"Insurance in Action."

By J. M. Kennedy.

WHAT is to be the fate of the "Pall Mall Gazette"? Nominally a Conservative paper, its support of Liberal principles becomes more and more noteworthy every week. The two classic instances, perhaps, are its support of the principles of the Insurance Act and of an elected House of Lords. In a previous article I had occasion to mention an example in connection with the Insurance Act: the South-West Manchester election was fought on it; but the "Pall Mall Gazette" attributed the defeat of the Liberal candidate to Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, for which nobody in the constituency cared two straws, and admitted somewhat grudgingly that the Insurance Act had some slight effect in deciding the result.

Presumably the editor established this policy of supporting Liberalism while professing Conservatism, and other departments of the paper have fallen into line with it. The Parliamentary writers have learnt their lesson, and so, apparently, have the reviewers. In the issue of June 27, under the heading of "The Insurance Tangle," one "S. B. J." deals with two books, "Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911," by W. H. Dawson, and "The Path of Social Progress," by Mrs. George Kerr. It seems to be a hurriedly written review, and one or two of the sentences in it will not stand strict parsing; but the attitude displayed is clear enough. The writer believes that the Insurance Act will "prevent" something or other, therefore it meets with enthusiastic approval, at any rate, in principle.

> The public conscience has been stirred at last by the logic of events. The lesson has been driven home that preventive action is the most valuable and the cheapest. . . . In Germany prophylactic measures win more and ever more attention. Preventive work is also educative—another advantage. It improves the moral of a nation. Men and women come to estimate their own and their children's health at something like its true value. . . . Prudent Englishmen do not shrink from the burden of national, any more than they do from that of private, insurance. If they did they might be admonished by Mr. Dawson that the German impositions, which are cheerfully borne, cost twice as much as ours will, unless some grievous error has been made in calculations. . . . The Insurance system in Germany is to be regarded as a great measure of social hygiene. . . . The medical men are very dissatisfied with their treatment and rate of pay. They do not get nearly so much as our doctors have refused with contempt. On the broad question, it is well understood by now that what is objected to in England is not National Insurance. We object to being rushed into a scheme that has not been discussed, which nobody understands, and which is left to work out its own salvation, at what cost of money and injustice only time can tell. The vanity of one man has been considered, and not the needs of a nation.

It is not clear whether that last sentence refers to Mr. Garvin or to Mr. Lloyd George; but assuredly the nation has suffered sufficiently from the vanity and ignorance of both. Here, however, we are more directly concerned with the mis-statements in this review. If "S. B. J." thinks that "what is objected to in England is not national insurance," he cannot know much about the people of this country. Not merely the details, but the essential principles, of the Insurance Act have raised feelings of irritation comparable to those which ultimately found a vent in making Cromwell Lord Protector. And it is flatly untrue to say that the German impositions are cheerfully borne. The Germans, especially the North Germans, are carefully disciplined, and they are ready to accept almost without a murmur anything decided upon by the Government; but a generation of State insurance is proving too much

even for them. The employing classes suffer, the middle classes suffer, and the working classes are not benefited. Concession after concession has been made, State insurance has become more and more widely applied; yet with each further concession and wider application the workmen have grumbled more and more loudly and Socialism has become more and more powerful. Socialism, let it be remembered at the "Pall Mall Gazette" offices, was precisely what Bismarck meant to check when he first proceeded to advocate and apply the principles of State insurance. The State was to be the father of the people, and the working classes, who showed signs of embracing a political philosophy inimical to the philosophy on which the German Empire had been built, were to be closely bound to the State by the effects of the Bismarckian insurance schemes.

Now, anyone who is even passably acquainted with German life knows perfectly well that this plan did not work. Prophylactic measures are winning more and ever more attention in Germany, it is true; but certainly not in "S. B. J.'s" sense of the expression. The most far-sighted sociologists in Germany are wondering, firstly, how they can get rid of an intolerable incubus, and, secondly, into what depths State insurance is likely to drive the German people if it cannot be got rid of. And the "Pall Mall Gazette" editorial staff may perhaps be interested to know why State insurance has been swallowed in Germany for a generation or so, and is only now beginning to give rise to a feeling of indigestion in the body politic, and why the attempted application of an analogous principle in France was checked in a single day.

By nature the German is slow to think and act; and this natural slowness has been intensified, as was only to be expected, by the strict discipline of military training. The German became accustomed, in short, to taking orders. If the State decreed that he was to be insured, well then, he would be insured. But this principle of insurance, as many of us have been pointing out in THE NEW AGE and elsewhere for months, has a moral effect. It divides mankind into two classes, and it tacitly denies elementary, moral, human rights to the large class that receives charity in the form of State doles. No man likes to be looked upon as a charitable object—he must at all events be in a desperate state before he can accept such a situation with equanimity—and certainly no man, not even a German, cares to be turned into a potential object of charity by a stroke of the bureaucratic and capitalistic pen. This elementary moral feeling on the part of the working classes has bred unrest and disorder. These phenomena have been utterly misinterpreted in the past by the governing classes in Prussia (for Prussia is Germany), and the latter have aggravated the disease by increasing the doses of the wrong medicine which gave rise to it in the first place. Anyone who is as well acquainted with the German people and with German social problems as I myself am will bear me out in this statement.

The Frenchman, however, is quicker to realise what interferes with or supports the pride he takes in his manhood and in his function as a unit in humanity. Several months ago an atheistic and consequently unimaginative Chamber of Deputies and Senate decreed that the French workman should have old age pensions. As few Frenchmen take any interest in French politics, hardly anything was known of this precious scheme until the forms were distributed. What happened then is still recent history. There were no "leaders" to advise or restrain, and amid a roar of indignation from the Pas de Calais to the Pyrénées Orientales the forms of application were spontaneously burnt in the public squares in scores of towns throughout the country. The Old Age Pension Act in France is now a dead letter.

Thirty odd years in Germany, twenty-four hours in France; and in evolution the British workman stands somewhere between his French and German fellows. But he has more affinity with France than with Germany; and therein lies our hope that his manhood may yet be preserved.

A More Excellent Bill.

By Alfred E. Randall.

I UNDERSTAND that the Mental Defect Bill, promoted by the Charity Organisation Society, failed to secure a place in the ballot; but we know, on Scriptural authority, that charity suffereth long, and we have no reason to suppose that its powers of endurance are decreased by organisation. The pertinacity of the C.O.S. is well known. They have, by devious means and diverse, made themselves powerful in England; so that there is scarcely a charity that they do not supervise, scarcely a board of guardians that they do not control, scarcely a project of social reform that is not inspired and promoted by them. We may reasonably expect that this Bill will be introduced again and again until it does secure a place in the ballot. It creates too many jobs to be dropped; it saves the governing classes too much money, and arms them with too great power, to be massacred with the innocents, and the governing classes will probably vary the drunken Cassio's phrase of commendation, and say, "This is a more excellent Bill than the other."

The first thing to be noticed is that the purpose of this Bill is not eugenic. One may marry a mentally defective person without penalty; indeed, even the penalty for the abuse of mentally defective females is restricted to the officers and attendants of them. Dr. Hollander has said, in a lecture on Eugenics, that by segregation the feeble-minded could be eliminated in one generation; but that would not suit the C.O.S. Their aim is not cure, but control; and that the jobs may live for ever and ever is their intention. It should be noted at this point that two professions will benefit by this Bill at the expense of the public, the legal and medical professions. Of the commissioners to be added to the existing Commissioners in Lunacy, the paid ones must be barristers-at-law and medical practitioners, in a proportion yet to be fixed; the honorary commissioners will probably be members of the Eugenics Education Society, or, as the Bill defines them, "persons possessing special knowledge or experience in relation to mentally defective persons, or in relation to the management and administration of asylums, hospitals, or other institutions for mentally defective persons." These persons will only hold office for a term of years; but the barristers and doctors will go on drawing salaries for ever and ever.

In addition to the Commissioners of the Board of Control, there will be eight Assistant District Commissioners, each of whom will be a medical practitioner, and will "be entitled to receive such salary as the Secretary of State, with the approval of the Treasury, shall think fit." There will be a secretary, an architect, and officers of the Board; all to be paid out of moneys provided by Parliament. Every local authority will appoint and pay a medical officer for the purposes of this Bill; and, in addition, will be obliged to divide its area into districts, and appoint one or more medical practitioners for each district as certifying medical practitioners under this Bill. These certifiers will be paid a fee for each case; so that they will not weary of well-doing in this matter more than they did of vaccination.

But the lawyers are not forgotten. The judge and Masters in Lunacy will be merged in the Chancery Division of the High Court; and this part of the Bill is designed to make at least half the owners of property wards in Chancery. As the C.O.S. Bill adds another category to those of the Government Bill, it may be worth while to quote all the definitions, more particularly as they were suggested by the Royal College of Physicians.

(a) Any person of unsound mind, that is to say, any person who (not being a person included in any of the subsequent categories of mentally defective persons) by reason of disorder of mind requires care and control and is incapable of managing himself or his affairs;

(b) Any person mentally infirm, that is to say, any person who, by reason of mental infirmity, arising from age or the decay of his faculties, is incapable of managing himself or his affairs;

(c) Any person who is an idiot, that is to say, any person so deeply defective in mind from birth or from an early age as to be unable to guard himself against common physical dangers;

(d) Any person who is an imbecile, that is to say, any person who, though capable of guarding himself against common physical dangers, is incapable of earning his own living by reason of mental defect existing from birth or from an early age;

(e) Any person who is feeble-minded, that is to say, any person who is incapable, from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age, of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows, or managing himself or his affairs with ordinary prudence; and

(f) Any person who is a moral imbecile, that is to say, any person who, from an early age, displays some mental defect coupled with strong, vicious or criminal propensities on which punishment has little or no deterrent effect.

The court to which this part of the Bill relates will proceed by inquisition, and when we remember that anybody may move the Court to inquiry, and that all or any of the costs of inquisition may be charged to the person alleged to be mentally defective, and enforced against his estate; further, that traverse and supersedeas of an inquisition is allowed, within certain limits, we can only suppose that the lawyers are rejoicing at the prospect of litigation. So far as this part of the Act is concerned, the Court is empowered to sell all that thou hast.

But there is no giving to the poor: the C.O.S. has a hundred and one objections to such a course. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," is good Scripture; and the C.O.S. are nothing if not Christianly minded. "As from the the commencement of this Act all powers and duties of boards of guardians under any Act in relation to the care, control, or maintenance of any persons being mentally defective persons shall cease." The C.O.S., we know, has laboured for years to remove the stigma of pauperism from poor people; it has always encouraged the healthy independence of the lower classes, and incidentally saved the upper classes much money, and this Bill will not relieve anyone from any of those responsibilities that so stimulate the development of character. "The liability of any relation or person to maintain any mentally defective person shall not be taken away or affected, where that person is sent to or confined in any institution or house for mentally defective persons, by any provision herein contained concerning the maintenance of that mentally defective person."

Exactly what incarceration implies may be understood by the consideration of two other clauses. Mechanical means of restraint may be used in certain circumstances; and although a daily record has to be kept of every such case, the Board of Control will only be notified once a quarter. A patient may write to the Lord Chancellor, or the Court, or a Secretary of State, or the Board of Control, or any commissioner, or assistant district commissioner, or the person who signed the reception order, or who petitioned against him, or to the Mental Defect Committee, or any member of it; and the manager is compelled to forward all these letters unopened. But all other correspondence is at his discretion. Truly, this is a more excellent Bill than the other.

Into the multifarious details of this Bill of 252 clauses I cannot enter. It is enough to make clear the intentions of it, and they are jobbery and robbery. The definitions are vague enough to cover everybody; the detective powers are given to everybody, for this Bill, as Mr. Lloyd George said of his Insurance Act, can only be successfully worked if everybody is willing to play the detective and spy on his fellows. No man's liberty is safe, no man's property is safe, if this Bill becomes law. Those who have property will become wards in Chancery; those who have no property will become prisoners, and pauperism will vanish from the land. And the C.O.S. and their friends will go about doing good at the public expense.

On Translation.

THREE weeks ago an article of mine on a linguistic subject appeared in THE NEW AGE. It included a few quotations, Latin, Greek, and Italian; and one or two requests came to me afterwards for translations. It was suggested that an English version of the phrases quoted would have been of benefit to readers whose interest in foreign languages ceased with their school-days.

I rather expected requests of this nature, and the fact that they have been made gives me an opportunity of going more fully into a subject which, I am glad to see, has been found interesting by others as well as by myself. The subject of translation is a highly important branch of linguistics and of literary criticism, and it is well that we should know as much about it as we can. It has always seemed to me that there are two kinds of translation, or rather two kinds of works to be translated. The first we may call mechanical or scientific; and there is no reason why such works should not read almost as well in English as in their original language, assuming, of course, that care has been taken with the translation. To this category belong the large numbers of medical works, for example, which have been translated from the German within the last twenty-five years or so. Medical research, international law, and scientific investigations of all kinds have received a vast amount of attention in Germany, above all countries, during the last three decades, and the nature of these works renders them easily susceptible of translation in the hands of a competent linguist. Many, very many, of these works which have come to my knowledge have not been well done: the point is that they could have been; there was nothing in the subject or the style to prevent a good translation.

There is, however, a second category of foreign books which, I have always held, cannot be properly translated at all. This category includes any work particularly characterised by imagination, creation, or distinctive literary ability; and, from a cultural point of view, it is, of course, by far the more important of the two. Books of the nature just referred to cannot be placed before the English reader in anything like their original form, and this may as well be admitted at once. A manual of gynæcology is one thing; Dante's "Inferno" is quite another. The first, without any special pretensions to literary grace, has certain definite statements to make, and the more plainly and straightforwardly the better. The "Inferno" has to do with more than this. It has to convey certain subtle ideas, to influence our imagination, our emotions, to suggest an "atmosphere"; it has to be beautiful. All these difficult goals are attained by the highest of literary art. To begin with, there is the form in which the poem is cast. The *terza rima* is a poetic mould with which Dante experimented for years before using it as a perfected medium wherewith to give a definite stamp and impress to his poetic genius. In addition to this, of course—and apart altogether from the grandeur of Dante's conception and the terrible, moving incidents that spring from his exuberant creative faculty—there is his careful choice of language, the literary skill with which he takes just the right advantage of the licence that the Italian language accords to the poet. It is permissible and recognised that "aveva," for example, may be shortened to "avea" if the poet wills; "furono" may become "foro," "facevano" may become "facen" or "faceno," and the optional dropping or retention of a vowel or the placing of a word in the sentence may make the poetical line contain what, if we read it as prose, would amount in many cases to two or even three extra feet. Several such poetic licences were in use before Dante's time; but he used them to better advantage than his predeces-

sors, improved on them, and set examples of them which have remained models for seven centuries.

Dante is not more distinctive in his fashion than Horace, Homer, Virgil, Theocritus, and Catullus are in theirs. In these cases the most excellent of translations is at best a makeshift; it spreads, as it were, a thin veil between the reader and the author. The poorer the translation the thicker becomes the veil, until, as witness many "literal" versions of the classics for the use of idle schoolboys, the original is distorted and mangled beyond recognition. Looking through a window on a clear day, we can easily distinguish forms on the street—the figures of passers-by, a cab-horse or two. A heavy shower of rain beating against the glass will slightly alter the effect; shapes become elongated or contrasted; the cab-horses assume grotesque forms, and seem to be standing on legs of unequal length. In like manner are books altered when translated: only in one instance out of a score do we find an English version which even approximately conveys to us the content and form of the original.

I say content and form, because in any truly artistic work the two must be combined in complete harmony. Cary's Dante, to take an instance, conveys the content with fair accuracy; but we miss the *terza rima,* and this is a great loss. Wright gives us the *terza rima,* the form, but not the content; for he degrades a powerful and noble poet to the level of a third-rate rhymster. Longfellow bewilders us by setting out the lines of his blank verse version of Dante in *terza rima* style—an absurd procedure; for there is no *terza rima,* and the blank verse looks odd. The difficulties of translating Homer have already been examined exhaustively and admirably by Matthew Arnold; but these difficulties are common to the translation of every imaginative writer. One thinks almost in despair of the innumerable attempts which have been to render into English the mosaic-like poems of Horace, Heine, Theocritus, and Catullus. None of them is quite the thing; even though here and there, especially in the case of the modern poet, we may meet with English versions which are exquisitely done.

The perfect translator, then, is rare. If the thorough knowledge of a foreign language and of English were the only qualifications necessary for his task, we should have long since been swamped with English renderings of everything under heaven. But, unfortunately, a fine sense for what is good in literature, a delicate ear for what is best in poetic form, and the capacity to appreciate distinctive writing, are gifts which are not usually accompanied with the linguistic faculty. And we want something more, even, than this: the ability to express well in English what is understood in the foreign language. Our translator must have these qualifications; and there is yet another highly important one. The "atmosphere" in which a classic poem delicately envelops us cannot be understood without a very wide knowledge of mythology and history. When Ovid writes:

> Maenala transieram latebris horrenda ferarum
> et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycaei.
> Arcadis hinc sedes et inhospita tecta tyranni
> ingredior, traherent cum sera crepuscula noctem . . .

he is saying something that may puzzle the reader who is not familiar with more than Latin and Greek grammar. Nor is it sufficient to keep a dictionary of mythology by one's side and look up the strange names as they occur; for this will destroy the delicate effect of the "atmosphere." We must ascertain, as well as we can at this distant period, what, approximately, Ovid knew of mythology, religion, history, and so forth, before we set about reading him. This is not so difficult a task as it may seem; but it does presuppose a good deal of study and intelligent reading.

There are, of course, many more obscure allusions. For example, when we read in Catullus:

> Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
> procurrit casto virginis e gremio . . .

we must be familiar with more than the dry bones of history—we must know something about the social life of the Romans and the expressive meaning of an apple. Nevertheless, troublesome though all this may seem, it is trouble that will be amply repaid. No scholar worth his salt would grudge it. And the real scholar, as distinct from the mere pedant, must take this trouble; for his outlook, like his knowledge, must be wide and humanistic. Nietzsche was right when he said that the future classical scholar, if he wished to understand the spirit of the ancients, must be not only a student, but also a man of the world. J. M. K.

Unedited Opinions.

Enough of Man?

YOU saw that an alleged pre-glacial skeleton of a man has been disinterred near Ipswich, did you not?

Yes; and its appearance at the feast of evolution appears to have caused some disturbance. One might have thought it Banquo's ghost by its effect on scientists like the "Daily Mail." Did you see the "Daily Mail's" attempts to assure the public that the great theory might still be regarded as intact?

I did. Its chief accommodation was to push the date of man's origin farther back. Evolution was a longer process than we have hitherto thought. Our metronome of progress has been set too fast. With that you agree?

I do and I don't. As you know, I hold that practically no physical evolution of man has taken place during the last eight or ten million years. Physical evolution in man has ceased for ever. On the other hand, I regard his psychic evolution as still in process; indeed, as more rapidly in process for the absence of physical changes. The Ipswich revenant, therefore, does not disturb me; nor would it, if its age were proved to be ten instead of a million of years. On the contrary, my thesis would be confirmed.

But your view, you know, is at present without any scientific evidence. The Ipswich skeleton is *not* ten million years old. If it were, your view might possibly be confirmed in one of its parts, namely, that physical evolution in man ceased ages ago. The other part regarding his psychic evolution would, however, remain to be proved.

Would not the mere fact of the cessation of physical evolution predispose science to expect a psychic evolution? Having postulated evolution as a universal process, its apparent cessation in physical man would require to be balanced by its activity in psychic man. You would see, I think, if the search for physical evolution were definitely abandoned, how eagerly men would look for signs of psychic evolution. When the half-gods go the gods arrive.

But there is no reason why this theory should not be established now. Presumably the facts of psychic evolution are only awaiting their patient Darwin.

Yes, but for how long had physical phenomena to wait before Darwin arrived on the scene? And the way had been prepared for him by thousands of investigators as well as by the consensus of human expectation. Great discoveries are not made singly. Like Nature, science does not proceed by leaps. For centuries men had been searching in the same direction for the solution of the problem of species. Darwin was the lucky one who could first cry, "Eureka!" And when he did so, all the men of brains of his day knew at once that the value of the hitherto unknown x had been discovered. It is utterly different, however, in the case of psychic evolution. In the first place, a great crowd is not engaged in the common search; so that even if one should discover and publish the correct solution very few people would be interested. Secondly, Aristotle, Bacon and Descartes had formulated the method of physical investigation long before Darwin achieved success by its means. But in psychic investigation we have had in the Western world only the Aristotle (I mean Plato), but not yet the Descartes and Bacon. In other words, we are not in possession of an organon of psychic fact. Lastly, the pressure

on the mind to discover the reality of psychic evolution is not yet sufficiently great to compel everybody to make the search. Between the belief in physical evolution and the vague feeling that a spiritual evolution does exist many generations probably will squander their time.

The belief in psychic fact is not yet strong enough to induce men to study psychic phenomena?

It is not, and, what is more, the necessity of studying psychic phenomena is not yet clear. So long as the physical theory provides any comfort we shall not abandon it. It may leak and its timbers may disappear one by one, but while a plank remains we shall cling to it. The Ipswich skeleton appears to me to have robbed the theory of one of its remaining planks; but you see how everybody takes it. The old bark is still sea-worthy, they say.

But surely if you could demonstrate the existence of a possible new ark of comfort in the form of psychic evolution men would abandon the old wrecked theory and come aboard?

"As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be when the Son of Man cometh." No, I do not believe that men adopt new theories except from necessity. You must make their old theory impossible in order to make a new theory necessary. Even then the new theory must be made desirable as well. When Voltaire made Christianity impossible he made Humanitarianism necessary; but it took Rousseau to make the new theory desirable. In our day we are making Humanitarianism (the worship of Man) impossible. Thereby we may make Humanism, let us say, necessary. But who will make it desirable. Similarly, again, an Ipswich skeleton may make Darwinian evolution impossible, and Psychic Evolution necessary as a theory. But who will make it desirable? Until men would love to find a solution of a problem and, indeed, must discover the solution or be unhappy, their minds are not disposed to the successful search.

But you think that physical evolution as a comprehensive theory has broken down, and that psychic evolution as a theory will sooner or later take its place in interest?

Certainly, but later rather than sooner. I do not find that the intellectual nihilism of the day has become yet generally unpopular. Men can endure a great deal of agnosticism nowadays. We can be sceptics without spiritual discomfort as our forefathers could not be. They, you know, could not sustain life without belief in something. We, on the other hand, can live with belief in nothing. This supportable scepticism does not conduce to a passionate search for new beliefs.

What do you think is necessary to stir men from their apathy?

Desire or necessity, I have already said; either or both. I can conceive a series of terrible events which would require faith to sustain the spectacle of them. Exactly as a tragedy is and should be unendurable unless the dramatist reconciles it to our outraged minds by means of a "moral" or "justification," so great world-tragedies require faith to be endured. I can believe, for example, that the break-up of the British Empire would necessitate a new faith in its survivors. Otherwise they could not endure it. Heaven was invented to make earth tolerable. Psychic Evolution will be found necessary as compensation for the loss of belief in physical evolution. And one of these days we shall realise that Darwin, like Queen Anne, is dead.

That may be the necessity. Now about the desire. How could the desire to discover psychic evolution be engendered?

Well, you are aware of the importance I attach to artists in the economy of Mansoul—it is on them that we rely for the attraction new views can exercise. If Rousseau could make humanitarianism attractive by his art, no despair of psychic evolution need be entertained. Rousseau's idea was a priori difficult to make seductive. We all know that men are individually far from worshipful. Why should they be adorable in the mass? Yet Rousseau persuaded Europe to bow the knee to Man. We need an artist philosopher to make the psychic life an object of admiration, hope and love.

Present-Day Criticism.

GEORGE BORROW once remarked that no writer would call his book a novel if he could call it anything else. Yet, although the novel is a low, the lowest, form of pure literature, it has there, in the bottom rank, its value. It was a pity that Mr. W. L. George's unendurable manner of demanding a list of good fiction made it impossible for our critic to comply. That manner typifies the modern insincerity, almost insanity, of writers ignorant and too mad about themselves to be helped. Insincerity approaches a man expressing contempt for an opinion and, in the next breath, demanding an opinion. We could wish that our critic had reminded readers that Mr. George, in assuming himself to be "killed" in company with Messrs. Shaw, Wells and Bennett, was assuming too much, since his craftsmanship is nothing.

Perhaps we shall not offend if we talk a little about some novels that should be on the book-shelf, at least about a few of those that are on our own, and if anyone pleases, we shall be pleased to elaborate a criticism of some especial novel mentioned. The novel proper, a book of manners, is not, as many reviewers assume it to be, an all-English production. With an apologia, the Reverend Rowland Smith, one of Bohn's scholars of literary conscience, introduces us to the "Theagenes" of Heliodorus, a bishop who lost his see somewhere about the year A.D. 400, ostensibly for publishing "an amorous tale whereby the foolish youths were drawn into the peril of sin"—but almost certainly for rebuking the married clergy. The Reverend Smith, reminding us that although the "fine gold" of the few remains of antiquity will naturally stand first in estimation, we have at least to consider the value of even "the iron mingled with miry clay," yet leaving us not without his opinion that fiction, according to the spirit in which it is handled, is capable of producing the best or worst effect upon society, and further, that the novel should be the minister of sound sense and profitable instruction, soon permits us to open the "Theagenes." The book, which we moderns would call a novel, is a picture of civic and domestic life and manners at the period while Egypt was tributary to Persia, and amidst the press of adventures we get a survey of the then known world. Heliodorus has been generally considered to have failed in his hero, Theagenes, and modern readers will doubtless agree with that, but they will as certainly admire the spirited girl, Chariclea. One extract must serve here: "Collecting themselves together the Egyptians ran down and reached the maiden as she was busied about the wounds of the youth; and placing themselves behind her, made a stand, not daring to say or do anything. But she, startled at the noise they made, and the shadow they cast, raised herself up; and just looking at them, again bent down, not seeming terrified at their unusual complexion and piratical appearance, but earnestly applied herself to the care of the wounded youth. . . . But when the pirates, advancing, stood in front and seemed preparing to seize her, she raised herself again and, 'If you are the shades of the dead,' said she, 'why do you trouble me? Most of you fell by each other's hands; if any died by mine, it was in defence of my chastity. But if you are living men . . . you come very opportunely to free me from my misfortunes and to finish my unhappy story by my death.'" How she outwits them and other personages and comes to a royal end is all admirably related in this little novel of bygone Egypt, and the criticism of life is the permanent one. With the "Theagenes" is bound up Longus' pastoral "Daphnis and Chloe." There are no characters that can be called such in this romance, which is dramatically imitative and decadent; but the style is wonderfully pure, with none of the heaviness of advanced decadence, conceits and grossness—and there are many delightful thumb-sketches of rural scenes and persons. In the same volume is a novel by Achilles Tatius, like the other two, a book

of manners, here, in famous Sidon. Some odious passages are disinfected by unmistakable moral judgments of the writer. It is fairly safe to say that the fiction which has been accepted and preserved by men of taste never fails to pronounce the moral judgment. (Even Longus professes a moral—his great charm defies one not to find this moral.) The novel, the book of manners, is nothing more than gossip if it is not made a criticism of life, the " minister of sound and profitable instruction." The judgment may be pronounced in diverse ways: simply and religiously as by Heliodorus, and, in a great measure, by our own Scott, satirically as by Apuleius in his " Golden Ass," by Fielding, by Anatole France in " L'ile des Pingouins," by Thackeray; and it says nothing for our fiction that we cannot name a single English novelist, living or dead, since Thackeray, who has been big enough to satirise man in folly as he did, and as those others did whom we have named above. There have been many minor satirists, men who were able to mock with judgment at some weak and sinister part of human conduct, some corrupt fashion or custom, some decadent clique, but the great satirist for the instruction of men who could tackle corrupt *human nature,* which is the same to-day as ever, and in all countries alike, and show in this corruption the thing eternally avoided by men of honour—such a satirist in fiction we do not possess and have not possessed since Thackeray.

Of the didactically expressed moral judgment in fiction, our feeble, destandardised, modern novelists betray everywhere the greatest terror. There is no getting behind it, and they find themselves driven to fire off all sorts of literary small-arms at monsters like Dr. Johnson, with his " Rasselas," a mine of good things for the unterrified; at Goldsmith, whose " Vicar of Wakefield " moralises in a fashion regular and clear as dew; at Dickens, who let no vice pass unrebuked and whom our moderns hate so much that one of them, Mr. Arnold Bennett, has been driven to declare that he has never read him, and so would sooner be considered an ignoramus of the most impudent order—fancy the novelist who should sit blank when one referred to Mr. Pickwick, Peggotty, Cuttle or Micawber!—than a literary competitor with an unmeritorious scribbler like Charles Dickens! " Wuthering Heights " by Emily Brontë, and " Jane Eyre " by Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot's novels—much oftener named than read—belong to the fiction that beautifully mingles the simple and religious with the ethical and didactic criticism of human life. Of this kind also are the magical " Paul and Virginia "—which one of our contributors recently discovered to be foul—" Manon Lescaut," " Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," "Ekkehard" (Everyman), a tale of monastic life during the Hun invasion of Germany, and those lovely tales of the chivalric era which Messrs. Dent have recently made accessible to all the world.

Such novelists as Charles Reade, Kingsley, Dumas, Hugo, Disraeli, Thomas Love Peacock, Blackmore, Stevenson, are all charming instructors in humanism and good manners: and where to-day will you equal them on their respective levels for romance and adventure? Our two notable moderns, Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, seem to have followed along the line of the realistic novelists of the eighteenth century: Richardson, Fielding and Smollett (Defoe is scarcely a novelist; he left admirable tales but no picture of manners). But neither of the Victorians above named compares in stylistic grip, invention and creation, in knowledge of the world, or in humour with the three earlier men. Meredith, among his good qualities, has much grace and some wit; Mr. Hardy has limitless patience and (not limitless) insight; but we, personally, rarely feel when with them in the company of men so experienced in the common world as to be practical philosophers. And one desires that feeling if one desires more than to sit listening to gossip. From Meredith and Mr. Hardy, writers who would have been great in a greater time—and we must not, even in so brief space, omit Mr. Henry James with his exquisite "Daisy Miller"—the descent of our notorious moderns is, in the word they are so fond of, sheer. One of the difficulties in criticising fiction is that the novel seems to have no describable form; the higher the art the stricter the form; and the novel is positively amœboid so far as form is concerned. Yet, as a tree, with all its branches and leaves, is conformable throughout, a novel should be conformable throughout in all its episodes. Men of genius like Fielding, while they appear to be developing all manner of incongruous incidents, are seen at length to have chosen the natural incident for their subject. This gift of selection cannot be taught, nor can it be imitated by whatever study in tricks. The modern trickster has made of the novel a sort of Christmas-tree with a thumbed and sealed packet here, and here a gaudy lantern, and a cracker or two in unexpected places; but when you have taken it all away, it is nothing but trumpery. At this moment we are watching with expectation at most three or four English writers out of all the hundreds and hundreds publishing. Among younger novelists, Mr. W. M. Ardagh and " Theo Douglas," a lady we believe, the author of " Cousin Hugh," distinguish themselves. Of the more famous, Mr. H. G. Wells keeps us still on tip-toe for another " Mr. Polly "—but who else is there? We are far from stating a positive opinion that there are no admirable novelists besides these. We maintain our physical existence by the faith that even amidst the terrific slum of modern literary life are some quiet spots where an artist is creating, but the chances are that our generation will overlook its immortals. We try to see every novel that comes out, but with all care in the world, we realise our impotence under the overwhelming output of rubbish that may unhappily be hiding in its detestable torrent a very precious jewel.

In Search of Information.

By Anton Tchekov.

Translated from the Russian by P. Selver.

IT was noon. Voldirev, a landed proprietor, a tall, well-made man with a close-cropped head and goggle eyes, took his overcoat off, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and with some hesitance entered a government office. There was a sound of scribbling.

" Whereabouts can I make an inquiry here? " he asked the doorkeeper, who was bringing a tray with glasses from the innermost parts of the office. " I want to inquire and get a copy of the press decree."

" Kindly apply over there! That gentleman sitting by the window," replied the doorkeeper, pointing with the tray to the extreme corner.

Voldirev coughed and made his way to the window. There behind a green table, spotted as if it had typhus, sat a young man with four tufts of hair on his head, a long pimply nose, and a faded uniform. His long nose was buried amid papers, and he was writing. Near his right nostril strolled a fly, and he kept on pressing forward his lower lip and blowing beneath his nose, which gave his countenance an extremely worried expression.

" Can I," said Voldirev to him, " get information from you concerning some business of mine? My name is Voldirev. It so happens that I want to take a copy of the press decree of March 2nd."

The official dipped his pen in the inkpot and looked to see if he had got too much ink. Having convinced himself that the pen did not drip, he began to scribble. He pressed his lip forward, but there was no further need to blow; the fly was sitting on his ear.

" Can I get information here? " repeated Voldirev. " My name is Voldirev, a landed proprietor."

" Ivan Alexietch! " cried the official into space, as if he had not perceived Voldirev, " tell the merchant Yalikov, when he comes, to have the copy of his statement endorsed by the police. I've told him a thousand times! "

" I have come in connection with my suit against the heirs of Princess Gugulin," mumbled Voldirev. " It's a well-known affair. I beg you urgently to deal with me."

Still not perceiving Voldirev, the official caught the

fly on his lip, regarded it with interest, and threw it away. The landed proprietor coughed and blew his nose loudly into his spotted handkerchief. But even this did not help him. They continued not to hear him. There was unbroken silence for about two minutes. Voldirev took from his pocket a rouble note, and laid it in front of the official on his open book. The official puckered his brows, gradually drew the book closer to him with a worried countenance, and closed it.

"Just a very short inquiry. I should like to know for what reason the heirs of Princess Gugulin—— Might I just interrupt you?"

But the official, busy with his thoughts, arose and, rubbing his elbow a little, went up to a cupboard to fetch something or other. Returning after some minutes to his table, he again turned his attention to the book; on it lay a rouble note.

"I should like to interrupt you just for one minute. I have a small inquiry to make, but——"

The official did not hear; he began to copy something.

Voldirev looked glum and gazed hopelessly on the whole scribbling fraternity.

"They're writing," thought he, with a sigh, "they're writing; deuce take the whole lot of them!"

He departed from the table and stood still in the middle of the room, letting his arms droop despairingly. The door-keeper, once more passing by with glasses, probably noticed the helpless expression on his face, for he went right up close to him and asked softly:

"Well? Have you made inquiries?"

"I've inquired, but he won't speak to me."

"Give him three roubles," whispered the door-keeper.

"I've given him two already."

"Give him more, then."

Voldirev returned to the table and laid a green note on the open book.

The official once more drew the book to him and busied himself turning over leaves; but suddenly, as if by chance, he lifted his eyes to Voldirev. His nose was shining, it grew red and was puckered by a smile.

"Ah, what can I do for you?" he inquired.

"I should like to make an inquiry concerning my case. My name is Voldirev."

"Most delighted. In the Gugulin business? Capital, capital! What is your exact requirement?"

Voldirev laid his request before him.

The official grew quite animated, as if a gale had roused him. He supplied the information, gave orders for a copy to be written, offered the applicant a chair, and all that in a moment. He even spoke about the weather and asked questions about the harvest. And when Voldirev departed, he conducted him down the stairs, smiling affably and respectfully, as if he were ready at any minute to fall prostrate before the applicant. For some reason or other Voldirev felt embarrassed and, obeying some inward instinct, he fetched a rouble note from his pocket and gave it to the official. And he bowed and smiled the whole time, and took the rouble note like a conjurer, so that it only just fluttered along in the air.

"What people!" thought the landed proprietor, stepping into the street, standing still and mopping his brow with his handkerchief.

In the Colour Man's Land.

By Alice Morning.

JUST a few steps from the top he looked round, trying to follow the misty spiral of the flight, down, down, down.

He remembered starting, although everything was very confused. There had been so many people bidding him good-bye, and the strange thing was that he seemed to remember himself as a very old man with a white beard, and that others had called him "Master." He felt up with his fist at his face, so chubby and round now, and laughed.

"What a lot of potties they were!" he exclaimed, jumping to run up the last steps. "I told 'em till I was tired that I was only a Boy. George! how they used to lug people round me and make out I was a saint, and hush up everything jolly whenever I came near. Dear old sillies! Houp-la!"

He was up.

The Colour Man had just finished painting a sign on the fanlight of the Welcome Door. He had worked from the inside, and therefore the sign from outside read this way:

ꓤ ꓱ T N A W Y O ꓨ

The Colour Man was outside inspecting it. He turned round as the lad on the steps came forward. "D—m!" he said in his odd way. "Dear me, you do look thirsty. There's a fountain over there. Drink!"

The Boy ran and came bounding back, and the next thing which happened was that the Colour Man, looking very perplexed, was saying: "G—g! I wish I had someone to run round with this key. What sh'll I do—whashallado?"

"I'll take it," said the Boy.

"You!" ejaculated the Colour Man, as though extremely surprised. "You! but don't you want to see Colour Land. Isn't that what you came for? It's a good way to the gate this key belongs to."

"I'll take the key first," said the Boy positively. "I'll run like anything."

In two seconds he was off, outside the door, and had started round. But the wind arose and blew a hurricane. At the end of an hour the Boy had only progressed ten steps.

"Better go back," said Somebody close by his ear.

"I won't," replied the Boy. "Going back won't deliver the key."

Almost directly the wind fell, and the Boy hastened forward. Suddenly he was aware of Somebody running with him. "You're awfully late, too late!" said this person. "I shouldn't wonder if the key were useless when you got there. "Excuse me," returned the Boy politely, "I haven't time to talk." On he ran. Somebody ran too. "I'm afraid," he said, "I very much fear Colour Land will be shut up when you get back." The Boy didn't reply this time. "The way is very dreary," persisted Somebody. It certainly was. The most frequent objects of interest, as the travellers say, were pillars which looked like salt and reminded one horribly of Lot's wife. The road was rough and stony, the sun beat down intensely, and there were no trees. "However," the Boy reflected, running steadily, "I shouldn't have time to sit down under them if there were any." So he pushed on, following the curve of Colour Land Wall and hopefully picturing the gate as he ran.

All at once Somebody roared as with pain: "Oh! O-oh! my goodness, I've a thorn, a great thorn in my foot." The Boy almost instinctively slackened his pace. Somebody was making agonised grimaces. The Boy couldn't bear it. He was just about to slip the key in his breast for a moment to attend to the sufferer when, to his horror, he caught the wicked hypocrite grinning.

"Take that!" cried the Boy, and *that* was jolly hard.

Oh, how he raced onward now, like a swift little antelope, bounding over great stones and ruts in the road and even over the pillars when they came in his way.

And now a delightful thing happened. Trees began to shelter his path from the hot sun, and the ground beneath his feet became quite springy and elastic, so that it actually tossed him from pace to pace. The air grew balmy and sparkling, and a feeling came over him that he was nearing the Gate. Another spurt, and the Feeling became hands drawing him on. His pace was terrific now. He was flying through the atmosphere. One more curve, another pull from the Hands, and "Halloo!" said the Colour Man. "Good Boy! Well done!" He was in.

But, oh, how curious! This was not *another* gate,

but the very one he had started from. "How is it? Is there only one gate to such a big place? I couldn't have believed it," said the Boy.

"Of course you couldn't," replied the Colour Man. "That's why I sent you round to see for yourself. Curiosity unsatisfied breaks walls, and I don't want my wall broken. Find it a bad road?" "Shocking!" said the Boy. His eyes were a little misty and his legs trembled a bit from exertion. "Like a bath?" asked the Colour Man. "Bully!" shouted the Boy.

They passed under a grove of trees and down an avenue; and there lay, shining in the sunlight, the largest and clearest swimming bath ever to be imagined. It was fed by a fountain in the centre, and on the banks low and high cliffs formed natural diving places. The Boy swam about until he was thoroughly refreshed, and, coming out to dry in the sun, he found the Colour Man with a beautiful cup, shaped like a tulip somewhat, and full of a kind of milk.

"Now," began the Colour Man, when the Boy had drunk as much as he cared for, "the first thing is to get you some new clothes. So let's trot off." And off they went—Q—M, quick-march, as the Colour Man said. They did not go through the grove this time, but skirted it, coming soon to a little palace of stained glass. It had "Wardrobe Room" painted on the roof in coloured letters, and it seemed altogether a very harmonious little palace. Outside was the Office, and as the Colour Man opened the door, they could hear the ticking and singing of electricity. "Oh, it's in," cried the Colour Man, running forward. "What's in?" asked the Boy, running too. "Why, your Colourscope!" And the Boy had no time to ask what a Colouroscope might be for the Colour Man had gone up to a corner labelled Wireless Colourgraphy and was busy with the instrument. The Boy could see quite plainly what happened.

Firstly, he perceived painted on the white wall behind the instrument a life-sized figure of a boy in a blue gown, and most extraordinarily like himself. This picture was marked "Colouroscope." In an instant the instrument began to tick, and at every tick the Colour Man whipped out one or other of his brushes and painted on the figure. At the first tick he ornamented the head with a shining, golden cap. At the second he added to the cap a violet tassel. At the third he adorned the blue robe with epaulets of deeper blue and seven gold stars; and next with a velvety belt the colour of a wild rose. Finally, at the last tick, he shod the feet in sandals of bright, clear green.

Then a bell rang, and the Colour Man, exclaiming "E.S.!—entirely satisfactory," turned round.

"What a beautiful dress," said the Boy. "You ought to like it," replied the Colour Man, "for it's exactly what you ordered." "What I ordered—did I order that?" cried the Boy, laughing. "You know," he added, confidentially, "so many strange things have happened lately that I'm not quite certain about anything." "Well, now let's come and get your togs on—those shown in your Colouroscope to belong to you." He led the way into the Wardrobe Palace and there he picked out the Boy's belongings and speedily clasped them on him. Then he was a gay Boy indeed. Then the Colour Man explained:—

"The Colouroscope is a very handy way of running an account, only a little differently from ordinary shop methods. You pay first here. You must know that everyone in the world actually runs an account with me, and as many clothes as are paid for down there are delivered when you get here."

"But how did I pay?" asked the Boy curiously. "Now you're fishing," said the Colour Man slyly. "No? Really not! Well, now, do you remember once down on earth giving your boots to your friend who——"

"Oh, I say, do please shut up, sir," interrupted the Boy, getting as red as red; but the Colour Man added: "That paid for one thread of those epaulets."

Talking in this way, they had sauntered back towards the entrance. Now the Boy found himself in a long corridor, which contained the Colour Rooms, and at the end of it he could see the Welcome Door, with its fanlight and the advertisement sign, which of course, from the inside, now read the right way. At sight of it the Boy seemed struck by an idea, and, solemnly sticking a thumb in each side of his belt, he faced round and said straight to the Colour Man: "Will I do?"

"Well, now you've come to the point," began the Colour Man, "let us sit down here and talk business." And then, leading the way to a bench, he resumed: "To answer your application as shortly as possible—you will do excellently. Of course, you have served your apprenticeship down on earth—in fact, that uniform you wear proclaims you a very adept colour-man. But can you tar?"

"Tar?" the Boy shouted with amusement.

"Chit-chit! I'm serious," said the Colour Man. "And I'll tell you a story to prove it, and then I think I must leave you to your duties. They are simply and solely to do what you like because you can be trusted."

The Boy blushed, and said hurriedly: "The story, please." And the Colour Man began:

"Two enemies, thirsting for each other's blood, met on opposite sides of a fence. They snorted. They vaulted. They halted. I had just tarred that fence. Good-bye, now, for the present. Tar-ta!"

Views and Reviews.*

ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, in one of his most memorable essays, made clear the fact that the progress of science is directly determined by the credulity of scientific men. There is scarcely a scientific commonplace of to-day that did not, at its inception, meet the most violent hostility of scientific men; and it would be an interesting task for a philosopher to speculate on the knowledge and power that have been lost by the refusal of scientists to admit facts. The explanation, of course, is simple: the association tracts of their brains become so highly organised that they form vicious circles, and their minds become standardised and incapable of development. Their perimetric vision, as Dr. Jacoby would say, becomes restricted; and Dr. Jacoby is a scientist.

He attempts in this book to make psycho-therapeutics impossible to the layman by proving it to be a science. He accepts the teaching of the physiologists as the only scientific explanation of the causation of disease; and in his attempt to find a place for suggestion in therapy, he is compelled to limit its usefulness to functional disorders. But Dr. Schofield, in his book, "The Force of Mind as a Factor in Medicine," has already argued that the physiological hypothesis makes it impossible for us to admit the existence of functional disorders. There must be some organic change, although it may be so minute as to escape our analysis, or of such a nature as not to be susceptible to examination by ordinary methods. If there is an organic change, then medicine and surgery must refine their methods to deal with it; but physicians of this school cannot find a scientific justification for their use of suggestion.

Dr. Jacoby is too concerned with the creation of a monopoly in a new method to bother about logic, but it trips him at every turn. Suggestion not being a material thing, he argues that it cannot have material effects. "The fact that no incongruous action of medicines nor organic change of the tissues can be produced by imagination alone is of fundamental significance as regards suggestion in general, and as regards its therapeutic application in particular." Dr. Jacoby really ought to read Dr. Schofield's book. In that book are quoted many cases of the neutralising or reversal of drug action by suggestion. One, in particular, I remember. A patient who complained of insomnia was given some opium pills, but the doctor forgot to tell her for what purpose they were given. When she next appeared, she complained that the insomnia persisted; and when asked what action the pills

* "Suggestion and Psycho-Therapy." By George W. Jacoby, M.D. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

had promoted, she replied that they had purged her. Here, at least, the patient's auto-suggestion that pills were for purging neutralised the action of the opium. If Dr. Jacoby wants evidence of the organic change of tissues by suggestion, I must refer him again to Dr. Schofield, who has placed on record his own experience that a large number of tumours in the stomach are caused by suggestion. There is also the famous case of Louise Lateau, and the whole class of Catholic stigmatics, to refute Dr. Jacoby's dogmatism.

Again, he argues that telepathy has not been proven beyond doubt, although it is the one occult phenomenon which the Society for Psychical Research has been compelled to admit as a fact. It was a commonplace of rapport between the old-fashioned mesmerist and his subjects, so much so that unspoken suggestions and distant control were frequently successful. Professor Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism" record many such cases. It is certainly the fact that the psychological phenomena, such as telepathy, prevision, clairvoyance, and ecstasy, have not often occurred since Braid introduced his method of hypnotism by fixation of attention and eye-strain; and the reason is, as Hudson said, that if you want the old phenomena, you must use the old methods. The mesmeric passes had the effect of partially hypnotising the operator; the sleep was deeper, the rapport was stronger, and the phenomena were more remarkable.

Dr. Jacoby's physiological psychology is not above suspicion, for he does not accept Gall's localisations of mental functions, although Dr. Hollander declares that not one of them has been proved to be incorrect. Here, once again, we can see how scientific men manage to ignore facts. Anatomical study of the brain only could disprove or prove Gall's localisations; but the students of the brain whom Dr. Jacoby follows confine themsolves to microscopic analysis, which will certainly reveal the structure but will establish no relation between organ and function. From the point of view of therapy, such study is not valuable; for, as Dr. McIlwaine showed in his "Medical Revolution," medicine is an experimental art dealing with vital functions, and cannot be limited nor often guided by the results of scientific study of pathology. Gall's localisations have a distinct value to the physician and surgeon, for they simplify diagnosis; but microscopic study can provide material only for statisticians and the makers of theories.

The fact is, that Dr. Jacoby is all at sea. He is not a psychologist, not even of the physiological school; he is a consulting neurologist, a specialist who could never have existed but for Virchow's Cellular Pathology. The defect of the specialist is that he can take no extended view: he conforms to Nietzsche's definition of decadence, for to him the part is greater than the whole. But although Dr. Jacoby is derived from the Cellular Pathology, he cannot make clear the relation between that system and the power of suggestion. For the corollary of Virchow's dictum: "Every chronic disease is rooted in an organ," is this: "Every human power is exercised through an organ." We ought to have been told what suggestion is, even if the definition were no more intelligible than Dr. Hyslop's definition of hypnotism as being "due to a supposed inhibition of the amœboid movements in the pseudo-podic protoplasmic prolongations of the neurospongium." Having been told what suggestion is, we ought to have been told through what organ it operated; if through the brain, whether through the brain as a whole (which is impossible) or through a portion of the brain, and, if the latter, through which portion. All these questions, which necessarily arise if we accept the physiological psychology, are neither asked nor answered.

We could agree more readily with Dr. Jacoby's contention that only qualified men should be allowed to exercise the power of suggestion if we were sure that medical men themselves knew anything about it. Dr. Jacoby tells us that the consequences of its use by laymen are awful, but he never exemplifies his arguments; and it does not seem likely that a power that, according to his argument, cannot effect an organic change of tissues can do any harm or any good, whether the diagnosis be skilful or clumsy. We may admit that a physician is usually a better diagnostician than a layman; but Dr. Jacoby ignores, or knows nothing of, the many cases recorded by German writers of patients in the hypnotic trance who not only diagnosed their own complaints but prescribed for themselves doses that staggered the doctors, and effected cures. Hypnotism and its allied phenomena seem to place in the hands of ordinary people the power of regaining health without recourse to doctors; indeed, it was on a motion to this effect, moved by a doctor, that a favourable report on the value of hypnotism was rejected by the College of Physicians in Paris early in the last century. Instead, then, of doctors, none of whom obtain from hypnotism and suggestion their most remarkable results, insisting that the monopoly of its use must remain in their hands, we should be more obliged to them if they proved to us the nature of suggestion, the methods of its working, and the consequences. Charlatans there are, we know, in the medical profession as well as out of it; and the strange thing is that charlatans frequently cure the very cases that the scientific doctor fails to relieve. I must once more refer Dr. Jacoby to the work of Dr. Schofield.

A. E. R.

Profiteering in Literature.

THE literature and art of to-day are the parallels of the economic situation of to-day. A Socialist criticism of literature and art is, therefore, not impossible. That this criticism is necessary follows from the superior and prior relationship of art and literature to life. Materialists profess to be able to dispense with literature and art as *causes* of economic phenomena; but experiment proves that it is more easy to deduce economic phenomena from literary phenomena than vice versâ. In other words, literature and art are more *significant* than economics and consequently more related to its causes than to its effects. Hence the necessity of literary and art criticism as at least a part of Socialist propaganda. What art and literature are to-day life will be to-morrow.

* * *

The proper reward of labour is the product of labour. Profit is adventitious and only came into existence with commercialism and the wage system. The aim of production for profit rapidly displaced the aim of production for intrinsic value; and so completely, that of all the commodities now made and sold for profit, only a small percentage possess any intrinsic value. Profiteering ruins good production.

* * *

The proper reward of art and literature is their product; and their product consists of (a) the pleasure, discipline and occupation of imagination and creation; and (b) the power thus obtained of satisfying, pleasing, or influencing others. This latter power may be exchanged for the material necessities of the artist's life.

* * *

Production for profit has displaced production for intrinsic values in art as in industry. As the capitalist exploits wage slaves primarily for profit, not primarily for production (being, in fact, anxious to increase profits at the expense of production: his motto: Maximum profits for minimum production), so the journalist exploits his literary and artistic gifts and reduces them to servile instruments of his profit. The journalist is, in the sphere of literature, both capitalist and wage slave.

* * *

The progressive decline of good production in manufacture is a direct consequence of profiteering. Similarly literature and art suffer a progressive decline in intrinsic value with the rise of the literary profiteer. Nine out of ten books, pictures, plays, etc., exist only for the profit they produce; their intrinsic value is the minimum.

* * *

A blackleg in trade is one who sells his labour for less than his fellows can afford to sell theirs. There

are blacklegs in literature who willingly forgo the proper rewards of literature, namely, its pleasure and the production of intrinsic value, in exchange for money profits. Literary profiteers are blackleg artists. But most blacklegs are also bad workmen.

* * *

Whoever writes for profit and not for use is either a wage slave or a capitalist. A willing wage slave is a potential capitalist. A capitalist is a promoted, but not emancipated, wage-slave. Every writer for profit, when he has acquired wealth, becomes a capitalist, or, rather, proves himself to have been always a capitalist. Successful profiteering authors are shrewd investors.

* * *

The new Socialist critics of commercial art and literature are met by the same abuse as greeted the pioneers of Socialist criticism of economics. The literary world cannot be so bad, we are told. You are disgruntled, fault-finders, critics with a personal grievance, wanton agitators on the make. And there are optimists and meliorists among readers of to-day as there are among political economists. These contend that the meanest book must contain something to praise and that improvement is constant. But would you praise the little wool in shoddy or the brown-paper in boot-soles? Can improvement result from the perpetual expansion of shoddy manufacture and the constant diminution of honest workmanship?

* * *

Few people realise—though it has been told them and proved to them—that most literary praise in the Press is paid for like the advertisements of patent medicines. A journal that depends on publishers' advertisements has no literary judgment. Its literary reviews and book notes are paid for by publishers and authors. In the interests of literature? No—in the interests of profiteering.

R. M.

Strindberg and Sweden.

Translated by P. V. Cohn.

(From an article by M. JACQUES DE COUSSANGES *in the "Journal des Debats," of 29th May,* 1912.)

STRINDBERG, the extraordinary writer, who has just died, was a force of great importance in modern Sweden. This was due, not only to his artistic gifts, to his powerful genius, but also to his wild and weird mode of life, to the angry outbursts of his assailants and to the fierce enthusiasm of his partisans.

We cannot say of him with truth that he was a fighter. He warred for no great cause, he did not even defend anything with perseverance. Yet he loved battle. He never uttered a word, he never wrote a line, without appearing to cleave the skulls of his foes, and everywhere about him he sowed strife by the handful. It is perhaps for this reason that he was always the fashion: and that when, in his sickly old age, no longer leaving his house, showing nothing but ingratitude for benefits received, he might have been neglected and forgotten, he was still wrangled over by his countrymen.

In 1907 he had published a novel, "Svarta Fanor" (Black Flags), in which he most odiously and absurdly caricatured the majority of the writers whom Sweden delights to honour. This book made a great stir; translated immediately into German, it might have had some influence abroad, even in France, where the author was one of our old acquaintances of the naturalistic period. In 1910 he renewed his attacks on his country and his contemporaries in his "Lecture to the Swedish Nation." He dealt more particularly with the famous poet Heidenstam and the explorer Sven Hedin, who, as nationalist and political writer, also held an important position in Sweden. Heidenstam and Sven Hedin replied in stinging fashion, each according to his temperament, amid *almost* universal applause—for the approval was not quite unanimous. In certain quarters people were shocked at the thought that fine gentlemen, or, at any rate, men in high positions, drawing regular incomes, should have replied in such a contemptuous manner to a man whose life had always been precarious, struggling, chequered by a thousand vicissitudes. They treated Strindberg as a "serf." Yet it must be remembered that he had portrayed them as liars. Moreover, the cynicism which Strindberg had sometimes displayed when confronted with the results of his slander might well absolve his opponents from the charge of pitilessness.

It had been repeatedly proposed that he should receive the Nobel prize, this demand being made more persistently in the year when it was awarded to Selma Lagerlöf. His attitude at the time, his work, "The New Kingdom," wherein he had ridiculed the Swedish Academy, which decrees the prize, had made it impossible for him to be a prize-winner. By way of compensation, a subscription was opened last June with the object of presenting him with a sum of money for his sixty-third birthday, which fell on January 22 following. On that day 45,000 kronen (£2,520) were forwarded to him. This subscription separated Sweden into two divisions—those who signed and those who did not. Among the subscribers were the Radicals, the Socialists, and that element of the younger generation which holds opinions adverse to the nationalist and religious movement which is sweeping over Sweden. There were also princes of the royal house, or, at any rate, one of them, Prince Eugene, well-known as a painter. There was a pastor who, by his piety and learning, exerts great influence in Sweden; those who were scandalised by his adherence he answered by declaring that he preferred one great devil to a multitude of little saints.

To augment the subscription, a Strindberg Exhibition had been organised. Here were collected his manuscripts, his rather bizarre paintings and various mementoes. This little display in honour of the enemy of women took place at Stockholm, at the same time as a Suffragettes' congress. Among the exhibits was the portrait of his grandfather, a government official, whose chest was bedizened with numerous decorations. On his father's side Strindberg belonged to good society, to an established family, but, as he tells us himself, he was "the son of the maidservant." This diversity in his origin partly explains the want of harmony in his life and character. The series of his portraits, some of which bear the signatures of Zorn, Larsson and Eldh, allowed one to trace by his physiognomy his growing instability and nervousness. The boy of thirteen seemed too soft: the countenance of the grown man was fierce and tempestuous: the worn old man, with dishevelled white hair and bristling moustache, bore a troubled look, at once timid and aggressive: and always you saw again the same grey, glassy eyes, those suspecting eyes of which Heidenstam speaks.

There were several trivial exhibits, sometimes rather significant, such as his visiting card of the years 1873 and 1874, bearing only the words "The Eagle." The most curious item was a summary of his life, written by his own hand. All the years, without a single exception, were inscribed after 1849. The date was sometimes followed by such bare remarks as "school" after 1855, "student" after 1865, "Rome" after 1870, or by the name of a work, such as "Inferno" in 1897. Not all his works were mentioned. But one read: "1877, married for the first time"; "1893, married for the second time"; "1901, married for the third time"; "1904, separated for the third time."

It is hard to believe that a man who married thrice did not love women. On the contrary, he loved them too much. With each fresh union he was too expectant of finding an unattainable happiness not to be deceived by the reality. But with him hate is ever nigh to love. He recognised this concurrent existence of hate and love when he said: "We (man and woman) hate each other because we love each other, we hate each other because we are chained to each other, we hate the chain, we hate love."

These marriages began with playing and ended with quarrelling. Chatting one day with one of his friends (in private intercourse he was at the outset unreserved and charming), he confessed that for him the most de-

lightful thing in matrimony was the reconciliations. "Once," he related, "in a quarrel, I hurt my wife on the wrist, but what a reconciliation afterwards!" And he added: "If I had known, I should have done it sooner." The result was tragic: the squabbles exceeded the readjustments both in number and in intensity, anger became exasperation, and separation came finally as a deliverance.

Strindberg here displayed the nervousness, the ingratitude, the insanity which he carried into all his connections so long as they lasted. He had the persecuting mania, like Rousseau. Those who had done him a good turn were certain to become the objects of his hatred. His excuse was the nervous, or, we may even say, mental, malady from which he suffered.

With this passionate, slightly plebeian temper which, writes one of his contemporaries, made him shout louder than others for fear of not being heard, he could only be a very imperfect naturalist. He rarely attained the impassivity of the realist, perhaps once only, in that fine novel, "Dwellers in Hemsö." He was the disciple of Zola in his need of saying everything, and just the most repulsive things. The difference was that in Strindberg these things were personal to him or were applied to known persons whom he mentioned by name. He might with more reason be looked upon as a violent romantic, for he put the whole of himself into his works. Underneath his words there is always, not a sob, but a cry of rage.

By another of his contrasts, this savage, this romantic, wrote a fine classical Swedish, pure and richly coloured. He had the gifts of a great painter of nature and of men; he had true poetic inspiration. On one point he parts company altogether with naturalism: he had the sense of mystery. He underwent, in an almost tangible way, the influence of the invisible "powers" which surround us on all sides. We must not only think of his spirit reveries, which are difficult to follow, but in a strange, splendid, and baffling drama, "At Damascus," he leads us to the very threshold of the Catholic Church, to the doors of the cloister, to the places he had visited himself without having entered them. In this poem, penetrated as it is with life's anguish, with the idea of responsibility, he cries: "There are powers in which I did not believe before, reasons which render an immortal soul unable to be satisfied with the success and the happiness of this world." This religious feeling, gloomy, full of terrors, running like a red thread through his work, was the cause, as much as his extravagances, of his lasting popularity, whether he was understood or not.

THE PATRIOT IN PALL MALL.

Oh, Bonar dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
A plan to smash the Government at last I'm sure I've found.
To put it into practice upon you will devolve—
You rise up in the House and shout, "Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!"

I met with brave Ned Carson and he took me by the hand;
I said: And how is Sandy Row; how does the the Union stand?
The boys, says he, are full of lush and frothing with resolve
To join your "new campaign" and shout, "Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!"

And while we stood a-chatting, John Redmond he came by;
A smile was on his countenance and laughter in his eye.
But let him laugh, in ruin grim his hopes we will involve,
When all the boys begin to shout, "Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!"

PETER FANNING.

REVIEWS.

Elizabeth in Retreat. By Margaret Westrup. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Most of the reviews we have seen of this book say that it is not so good as some other book by the same author. Such criticism is what all our mediocrities may expect in turn—first a terrific boom, and then the cold shoulder. Someone else has the market, and the newest thing is always the greatest for the reviewing boomster. Elizabeth does not interest us. She is a bore with the pose of a bore. House-hunting: "Hugh," broke in Elizabeth, "couldn't we have these window-sills cut *down* some way. And the windows—can't they be altered? They're so perfectly *hideous*! I did so want leaded windows and that sort of thing—— What is it, Louise? Oh, Hugh, she says there's no water laid on upstairs at all. It *can't* be true." When one discovers that this person is tall and very thin and addicted to pink tea-gowns and facile apologies—"I'm so sorry I was so horrid"—one is inclined to think that she is drawn from life.

The Tomboy and Others. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

A girl runs her punt into another river-craft, upsets the occupants, suggests that the lady should straddle an overhanging bough in order to escape immersion, stares, hitches up her jersey, and eats a peppermint. She is supposed to be fourteen. Fourteen is rarely silly, and when it is silly, it is not a tomboy. The gentleman fishes the Tomboy's cap out of the water: "Oh, you did look so funny. Oh, I wish you'd seen yourself," she gurgled. She "peals" with laughter at everybody's discomfiture, and, in fact, behaves very like a little cad. "Lady Noggs" and "Mr. Polly's" blue-linen goddess would be worth hearing on the subject of Mr. Watson's Tomboys. The "Times" found these thirty little episodes "quite light and bright."

Diana Weston. By Ralph Dexter. (M. and E. Pocket Series. 1s.)

According to tradition, Diana plays with dogs, her hair waving in the wind, all graceful and like a pink rose, eyes blue as the sea. She is "irresistible." But, these cigarette-box attractions forgotten—she might have made a much longer novel than this. Mr. Dexter's scenes of love and terror are too little prepared. The reader is not prepared for Diana's sacrifice of her virginity to the repulsive Colonel Kirke in order to save her lover from the scaffold. This situation, although ancient, needs to be made convincing: and so far as Mr. Dexter shows us his Diana, she seems to be a Christian maid with a belief in hell-fire as well as the conventionalities. Many of these brief pages that are taken up with the history of 1685, should have been devoted to Diana, and the final chapter wilfully detailing Monmouth's execution is inexcusable. Diana is dead. Her lover is dead. Monmouth's fate is nothing to the point of the story. The style is rapid and dramatic, workmanlike where the interest is historical, but the proportions of the matter are wrong for a novel.

Elsie Lindtner. By Karin Michaelis. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.)

Portrait of the author on the cover; a very plain lady in a picture hat, with untidy hair growing down the nape of her neck; might be a Fabian; very superficial; "good-natured" up to a point; and self-indulgent. The "Athenæum," that let itself in for some imbecile's ecstatic review of "The Dangerous Age"—this author's first attempt at corrupt display in England—has handed her second book to a responsible critic, who disposes of it in five or six lines, remarking that all ages would probably be dangerous to persons like Mrs. Lindtner. One glance assures us that the lady is still as slimy as ever. Perhaps she will die next, since the market has dropped.

The "Times," after recalling the most "startlingly frank" details of "The Dangerous Age," hints for its readers that purity, goodness and murder by poison are

the ingredients of the present novel, and assures them that there is "more variety about this book than about its predecessor." This same journal lately told its public that the writer of "Letters to Myself" had the "*cacoethes scribendi*, which is a disease of both sexes of to-day, an accomplished volubility (learnt almost as easily as typewriting) and providing the writer with an opportunity of talking at large about herself and of airing superficial views on sex questions." No doubt the writers might be better employed, said the "Times," "but they seem to regard this kind of thing as serious literary work; and to other ladies who take the same view this book may be recommended, for it is quite up to sample." Mrs. Michaelis's serious literary work is, we conclude, a sample of what the "Times" wants. Shade of Delane!

Out of the Wreck I Rise. By Beatrice Harraden. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

Recently, in a column epistle to the "Daily Mail" in repudiation of Sir Almroth Wright's diagnosis of the feminine nature, a lady doctor publicly blessed a certain friend who had once said to her: "Saturate yourself in Meredith." Sir Almroth's satisfaction must have been rapturous. Miss Harraden's "Nelly" is particularly grateful to a swindling young theatrical man who introduced her to Meredith. He seems to be afflicted with forgery and a heart-hunger for everything, and that makes women tender for his soul, but none of the three women who adore him capture him. He dies in the mountains which he "passionately loves," and leaves them all wondering and squabbling, and then isn't dead, but thinks he ought to die for his wife's sake and little Alpenrose's and Tamar's, and so he goes sternly up the snow and ice. "Death. Fear of Death? Certainly and absolutely not." Yes, Nell would know where he had gone. And his "poor Grace," when she heard his history she would thank the Föhnwind. And with "a smile of infinite tenderness he called aloud, "Tamar, Tamar, I'm calling to you." Then with his face set Adrian Steele went forward, rising out of the wreck. Sir Almroth Wright had better not see this book. The "Times" says: "The people in this book are alive and stamp themselves on the mind of the reader . . . spirit of high purpose . . . illuminating study of personality."

The Solemnisation of Jacklin. By Florence Farr. (Fifield. 6s.)

This rhythmic title fairly conveys the atmosphere of the novel. "Mysticism on a switchback" might do better. "To me," says Miss Farr, "the work of making the mind clear by first-hand experience is the holy alchemy of life." So Jacklin divorces her snoring first husband John by collusion, and tells Tim, her second, some months afterwards that she is to become a mother. In this situation she wakes one morning and Tim has to give her sal volatile. The child has quickened. Shopping in Liverpool, whom should she meet but John, and she suddenly feels that Tim is a stranger. "The travail lasted thirty-six hours, and the child was brought into the world with the greatest difficulty." A mystic from China discourses about Dionysos to Jacklin, who replies with gnomes and fairies. Tim catches them in a compromising attitude, but, though a surly individual, accepts their pure explanation. John turns up again and is enchanted with the baby. And finally Jacklin, not having been able to discover through interminable mystical talkee-talkee whether she feels like the wife, child, or mother of these three men, is knocked down by the over-long patient Tim and makes it up again with John. Solemnization is just what a lady of this type would love to call her little run round. Jacklin will probably be solemnizing herself again before long. John still snores. Besides, the mystic person avows himself unsexual—always an irresistible challenge to your Jacklin. The advertisement proclaims Miss Farr's "novel and daring solution of a situation which is of increasing occurrence in the lives of married couples of to-day." Neither novel nor daring. It has been the stock solution for at least eight seasons. Bored wife, complacent husband, other parties, complacent husband, bored wife. We are sick to death of it. Cannot Lord Rosebery get a single soul to take up his idea of burning all the superfluous authors?

The Barmecides Feast. By John Gore. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

Illustrated by Arthur Penn. Illustrations quite funny. Letterpress not always funny, and occasionally rather less than smart. But from and for the crackpots' library it is well enough.

The Shadow Show. By P. H. Curle. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

Mr. Curle seems to think that "a little philosophy, a little humour" will alleviate the human condition. "I have led a glorious life," he declares. He has spent many a worse Christmas than one when he watched a hundred wretched cocks fighting in a pit. He spent again, he says, one of the nights of his life with a corrupt alderman and two ladies of no status. At a bull-fight he sees above the gored horses the lovely sky. God's in his world, or whatever the correct thing is. He went everywhere, sailed like every traveller at some time or other in the "Drummond Castle," met the brother of the murderer of Lincoln, beat the boasting liar at chess, himself being the notoriously bad player, rode to Isandhlwana on the horse that suddenly died of South African sickness and saw two thousand blesboks quite close. Mr. Curle's original ideas pad up the volume. On women: "No true woman chafes at her weakness—mental or otherwise. Her instinct is to look up, to lean." The Japs, the Jews, the Hindus, the Chinese: "We have lost ground in China, and were I England's Foreign Minister I would devote myself to regain it." Mounted police and religion: "Religion, as we have evolved it, is become a flabby thing." Then, after all, "beyond the veil there is Oneness—Oneness that may be white, whizzing Energy." Possibly one element of that Energy is anger. Certainly mankind's moral indignation has a source beyond this glorious cock-fighting, horse-goring, voluble, impudent world. England may yet pull through with the help of the large share she has of it.

The Signal and other Stories. By W. M. Garshin. (Duckworth. 6s.)

Translated from the Russian of "a melancholiac," insane at seventeen, recovered to write morbidities and die insane at thirty-two. The "Signal" psychologises a repentant train-wrecker. "Four Days" psychologises a man shot through both legs on the battlefield. He decides that war is murder. "An Incident" psychologises a drunkard. "Coward" indicates sufficiently. And so on in seventeen chapters this unhappy lunatic of talent is presented to us "to assist in promoting knowledge in England of Russia and Russians."

Lena Swallow. By H. A. Newte. (Mills and Boon. 1s.)

We reviewed this novel unfavourably when it was issued under the title of "The Ealing Miracle."

The Ghost Ship and other Stories. By Richard Middleton. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

Our readers may recall our notice of an outrageous advertisement pamphlet sent us some time ago by a Harmsworthian company that requested us to put the paper in our office windows. Its object was avowedly to sell books rather than to criticise them. Mr. Arthur Machen's pen was placed at the service of this disgrace ful venture. He now comes introducing the late Mr. Middleton. We need only remark that he affects to have discovered a man whose journalistic writings are quite well known, and that he froths in the regular Harmsworth manner over a writer whose work was always gentlemanly, if not often of literary value. The best thing in this book is "The Story of a Book," a study of the superfluous author, and an exposure of the modern publishing swindle. The style is of the omnibus, but the matter is interesting. To those of our readers who may still have romantic notions about the sort of novels we cannot away with, we recommend this really terrible study. We give the outline, but the story must be read for a perfect appreciation. The author, a man of some critical taste, but with no

creative impulse, idly concocts a novel. He is exhibited passing through the degradation which modern publishers try to impose on all authors, good and bad alike, and which few have the grit and the self-confidence to refuse. The publisher of the story was a wealthy and "solid" man, "pleased to reflect that all the other publishers were producing exactly the same books as he. . . . With such a publisher the fate of our author's book was never in doubt. If it was lacking in those qualities that might be expected to commend it to the reading public, it was conspicuously rich in those merits that determine the favourable judgments of publishers' readers. . . . He reached the publisher's office . . . . and was tremendously impressed by the rudeness of the clerks, who treated authors as mendicants, and expressed their opinion of literature by handling books as if they were bundles of firewood. The publisher looked at him . . . . and reflected that his acquaintances could be relied on to purchase at least a hundred copies."

In a come-down-to-a-shilling mood the publisher, profound with old port, and inclined to be lordly, is goaded by his over-confidential clerk into commanding a large edition to be printed. "In a country wherein fifteen novels—or is it fifty?—are published every day of the year, the publisher's account of the goods he sells is bound to have a certain value. Money talks, as Mr. Arnold Bennett once observed—indeed, to-day it has grown quite garrulous—and when a publisher spends a lot of money on advertising a book, the inference is that someone believes the book to be good. This will not secure a book good notices, but it will secure it notices of some kind or other, and that, as every publisher knows, is half the battle. The average critic to-day is an old young man who has not failed in literature or art, possibly because he has not tried to accomplish anything in either. A critic of genius would have said such a book as this was not worth writing, still less worth reading. . . . As it was, most of the critics praised the style because it was quite impossible to call it an enthralling book. Some of the younger critics discovered that its vacuity made it a convenient mirror by means of which they would display the progress of their genius. In common gratitude they had to close these manifestations of their merit with a word or two in praise of the book they were professing to review. . . . It was, as the publisher made haste to point out in his advertisements, a book of the year, and, reassured by its flippant exterior, the libraries bought it with avidity. The author pasted his swollen collection of Press-cuttings into an album and carefully revised his novel in case a second edition should be called for. There was one review which he had read more often than any of the others, and nevertheless, he hesitated to include it in his collection." Three "malignant" lines in a paper of no commercial importance, "the sort of thing that was passed round the publisher's office with an appreciative chuckle." The public, that "mysterious" fiction public, duly discovering that they had been swindled by the advertisements and reviews, "amused themselves for a while by recommending it to their friends." The sales crept up to four thousand and there stayed. Six months later the second-hand booksellers could not get sixpence a copy for the remainder. "The publisher who was aware of this circumstance, offered the author five hundred copies at cost price, and the author bought them and sent them to the public libraries, without examining the motive for his action too closely." His self-respect had been shaken to pieces while enduring the vulgarity of the whole publishing procedure. He had known he was flying under false colours. He had shuddered at the advertisement horrors—at, for instance, "the little paragraphs that the publisher had inserted in the newspapers concerning his birth and education, wherein he was bracketed with other well-known writers whose careers at his university had been equally undistinguished." Yet he *had* endured all. Now, "of all the criticisms, the only one that lingered in his mind was that curt comment. He thought it was unfair, but he had remembered it. But for the most part he was content to smile genially upon a world that seemed eager to credit him with qualities he did not possess. . . . With the world at his feet, he spent his time buying second-hand copies of his book absurdly cheap." He trails away from our sight at last, bewildered, miserable, but we may believe, if we will, not altogether damned. He was as much swindled as swindling, and his conscience is only half-sleeping.

The modern book-swindle is truly an accursed thing. What will be said of a literary generation in which the "Athenæum," a journal still distinguished, writes with a despairing full stop: "Honesty it seems is not much in supply, or in demand." It matters what will be said of us.

The Three Musketeers (Nelson, 6d.). **Twenty Years After; The Vicomte de Bragelonne** (three vols.). (Dent, 1s. each.)

We welcome Messrs. Nelson's excellent translation of the first part of Dumas's grand novel, but we are bound to say that, in their preposterous schoolboy version of the rest, Messrs. Dent have added to the list of failures in the "Everyman" Library. "The fact is, she possessed all that led one to think," we read. "She had first passed for being mistress of Coligny, who had been killed in a duel on the Place Royale by the Duc de Guise on her account; then they had talked of a friendship a little too tender that she had for Prince de Condé. . . . To the gallop!" A translator should be independent of the lexicon.

The Poets of Ireland: A Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Irish Writers of English Verse. By D. J. O'Donoghue. (Figgis, Dublin; Frowde, Oxford. 21s. net.)

This "Who's Who" of Irish poets and versifiers is enlarged from the work first published twenty years ago. Some four thousand names are contained in its lists, together with such facts concerning their lives and works as an industrious enthusiast could collect from all sources. Not even the "Poets' Corners" of provincial Irish journals have been neglected; but in no instance are extracts from the poems themselves given. As a work of reference for fanatical bibliophiles the volume will be useful.

Home Rule. By L. G. Redmond Howard. Preface by Robert Harcourt, M.P. (The People's Books.) (Jack. 6d. net.)

We have not seen the rest of Messrs. Jacks' series of popular handbooks, but the present is excellent. The whole Home Rule controversy, indeed, may be said to have been well-conducted on the Irish side. Mr. Redmond Howard's volume, while admirably summarising the features of the Irish national claim, brings out more clearly than any essay we have seen the bureaucratic nature of English government of Ireland. With the re-institution of Home Rule, the most prominent historical example of bureaucratic government will have manifestly failed. The preface, by the way, to this volume is superfluous as well as out of key.

Syndicalism and Labour. By Sir Arthur Clay. New and Cheaper Edition. (Murray. 1s. net.)

Before reprinting for popular consumption the work which we reviewed in its original edition last year, Sir Arthur Clay would have been well advised to modify more of its contents. The trend of events since August, 1911, has by no means been in the direction of proving an alliance between Collectivism and Syndicalism an "unnatural" one (p. 135). On the contrary, by means of the idea of Co-management between the State and the Unions the marriage between these tendencies of industrial organisation is now assured, with or without the assistance of the political Labour Party. Sir Arthur Clay, as we remarked in our first review, does not understand even the A B C of the situation. Taking his texts from the "Times," he takes his theories thence also; and is in no sense distinguishable from the journalists who write "Times" leaders. But this condemns him not only to unoriginality, but to uselessness from the point of view of his own class. The strategists of capitalism will require to understand at least the inwardness of the Labour movement even while opposing it. Sir Arthur Clay merely summarises his impressions of the "Times"; he adds nothing.

Pastiche.

GREEN GOGGLES.

By Katherine Mansfield.

"Green goggles, green goggles,
The glass is so green. . . . "
(Russian Folk Song.)

THE servant girl, wearing a red, sleeveless blouse, brought in the samovar. "But it is impossible to speak of a concrete ideal," thought Dimitri Tchernikofskoi. "In the first place, concrete is a composition. It is not a pure substance. Therefore it must be divided against itself." "There is a gentleman in the passage," bawled the servant girl. Dimitri Tchernikofskoi disguised his nervousness by frowning deeply and plucking at the corners of his collar, as though the starch were permeating his skin and stiffening the throat muscles. "Show him in," he muttered, "and"—he closed his eyes for a moment—"bring some cucumbers."

"Even so, Little Father."

A young man, wearing a bear-skin coat and brown top boots, entered the room. His head was completely covered in an astrachan cap, having enormous ear-flaps, and his pale, kind eyes smiled timidly from behind a pair of green goggles. "Please to sit down," said Dimitri Tchernikofskoi; and he thought: "How do I know those eyes? Are they green? Da, if they were green I should not know them. I feel that they are blue. Lord help me! I must try to keep calm, at all events." The young man sat down and pulled his coat over his knees. Twice he opened his mouth and twice he closed it. A round spot of red, about the size of a five-rouble piece, shone on his cheek-bones. Dimitri Tchernikofskoi fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for his watch, and then he remembered that he had pawned it three months before—or sold it, he could not remember which—to Ivan Dvorsniak. And he saw again the little evil-smelling shop and the grotesque, humped figure of the Jew, bending over a green-shaded lamp, weighing the watch on the index finger of his right hand. He fancied he heard it ticking quite sharply and distinctly. Then he realised it was the voice of the young man. "My name is Olga Petrovska." "Eh? What's that? What's that you are saying?" Olga Petrovska raised her hand. "Please do not speak so loudly. You must remember we are only on the fifth floor, and the servant girl may be listening in the basement." Her brilliant grasp of the technique of the house calmed him. He waited for her to explain. "I came to see you," she said, "because I could not stay away, Dimitri Tchernikofskoi. I am leaving Russia to-night, and I felt that I owed it to you to explain my reasons. For I shall not return—at least, not for a long time. And—people speak so falsely. Truth must be first-hand." Her words fell upon his soul like flakes of snow; he counted them—one, two, three, four—wondering, grimly, how large his soul was, how many flakes it would take to cover it completely. "Why are you going?" he asked gently. The young girl stiffened. "I am going because they will not arrest me. Think of it! I have killed five officials, I have kidnapped the children of three noblemen—and look at me!" She stretched out her arms, lifting her bosom so that it strained the buttons of her coat. "Ah, it is shameful—shameful! I do not mind about the noblemen, but the children"—she suddenly spoke in French—"je sais ce que je dis; even the noblest soul does not care to have three children thrust upon him without . . . " She paused, and for the first time in his life Dimitri saw her smile. It caught his heart; it was miraculous, as the unfolding of a lily on a desolate sea. His emotion was so terrible that he turned up his coat collar and began to pace the room. Olga Petrovska continued speaking: "But that is all over now. Da, da; I am free again." "But," stammered the unfortunate man, pouring out a glass of tea and thoughtlessly stirring into it a spoonful of peach preserve, "what have you done with the children?" "Now that was quite simple. I borrowed this suit from a young coachman, then I hired a sleigh, and, having carefully labelled the little ones with their correct names and addresses, I drove them to the chief Post Office. They were very good. Only Ani cried a little—the darling—she bit off the fingers of her gloves and her hands grew quite cold. When we arrived I told them to wait for me while I posted a letter, and I simply disappeared round a corner. They are bound to be found, you know," she added confidently. His admiration for her knew no bounds. Taking a book from a shelf covered in black "American" cloth," bound in red cotton, he turned the pages feverishly. "The women of Russia do not only bear children, they keep them alive," he read. Yes, that was deep! Olga Petrovska removed her cap. He sat down opposite to her and searched her face; the red colour had faded, giving place to green shadows cast by the goggles. "Where are you going?" She did not know. All she knew was that, like all of them, "she was going on." "But," he cried, " you must take a ticket, Olga Petrovska." With a quick movement she seized his hands and bent her face over them. He felt her tears falling—her tears on his hands. "Ah," he thought, with fierce, intense joy, "they must never be washed again. They are purified. They must never know sweeter water." "Sometimes," she whispered, "it seems to me that the universe itself is nothing but an infernal machine hurtling through space and destined to shiver"—a crack of laughter, harsh as blood, burst from her lips—"the hosts of heaven." He did not answer; he was infinitely troubled at this. In the silence they heard the servant girl wiping down the stair rails with a greasy rag. Olga raised her head. "Have I white hairs?" The fringe of her stiff black hair was covered in fine white snow-crystals. "They will melt, Olga Petrovska." At that she laid her cheek a moment against his hands. "What a child you are," she murmured; "I did not mean that."

And suddenly all that he had imagined and thought and dreamed—the values and revalues and supervalues of good and evil, his hopes, his ambitions—faded away. He knew only one thing. He must go with this woman. That settled, action became easy. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket and spread it on the table. She watched him. He went over to the washstand and, taking a toothbrush and a half-used cake of some yellowish soap, he wrapped them neatly in the handkerchief. "What are you doing?" she asked, vaguely troubled. "Come," he said, "it is time."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

X.—"JOHN BULL."

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

A PERSONAL REQUEST.

OUR readers would be rendering us a great service by publicly blackguarding any person or firm that is cowardly enough to bring a successful libel action against us. We may be trusted to attend to the failures.

TWICE HONOURED.

We wrote the foregoing note in the train *en route* for Windsor. On arriving, we had our boots blacked by the same man who not long ago performed a similar office for the late King. This gave us furiously to think.

THIS WEEK'S "CHESTNUT."

The late Bishop of —— was travelling in a second-class non-smoking compartment from Birmingham to the site of his see when a fellow-traveller began to indulge himself by culling the fragrant weed. At length the Bishop passed the stranger his card, saying: "If you don't stop, curse you, I'll tell the guard at the next station." The other went on without a word, but alighted hastily at the next stop, and a porter being dispatched after him, that worthy returned to the Bishop, saying: "I couldn't talk to him, sir; he showed me his card; he was the Bishop of ——." The Bishop of —— laughed heartily at the man's mistake, and thanked him very much for his trouble.

DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

BY M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Every play I have ever seen has been wonderful, grand, thrilling, glorious, spirited, stirring, magnificent, and, to comparatively speak, glorious. This was no exception to the rule. Every actor spoke his part, every scene went with a run, and the whole was greeted with an enthusiastic *je ne sais quoi* by an audience fascinated and enwitched by the exhilarating marvellousness of the show.

JOHN BULL'S HUMOUR.

"Yus, Mister Hasquith is a rum lot, as I wos sayin' to Mister 'Aldane and Mister Hisaacs. . . ." (About five pages of this.)

OPEN LETTERS, ETC.

To Richard Everard Webster Alverstone,
Lord Chief Justice, London.

Dear Ever'ard,—Hear your heart interfering with your work. Doesn't often happen, eh, old beast? What a funny country this must be to have a thing like you as *Chief Justice!*

BULL.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER-BOX.

"Mug" (London) asks: "What are the mutual advantages of belonging to the 'John Bull League'?" Well, every member has our loving care and sympathy, and we have his address.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE WAY OUT.

Sir,—One must congratulate THE NEW AGE upon being about the only journal in Great Britain which (editorially, at any rate) appears to be in vital touch with the later critical developments in the industrial world and with the new trend of capitalist politics, or to have an intelligent constructive policy alike adequate to the current situation and also essential to any safe and sound solution of the social-economic problem with which thinking people are worrying.

The incredible absence of imagination—and therefore of practical sense—which marks the present utterances and programmes of nearly all the trade union "leaders," the appallingly cool ratting from their class of the group of Nonconformist Liberal ex-workmen who still label themselves the Parliamentary Labour Party, and the invincible Conservatism and inadaptability to changing circumstance and incident revealed by most of the Socialist prominents—these things, it is true, are not conducive to a too sanguine hopefulness as to what will happen in England.

On the one hand, the dominant trade union officials seem not to have the most elementary grip of economics, or else to be unshakably determined to do nothing to disturb the safety or endanger the perpetuity of wage-slavery. And, on the other hand, the Parliamentarian Labourists and Socialists seem to be out-distancing the direct agents of plutocracy themselves in their demands and enthusiasm for the national pauperisation and industrial conscripting of labour. Any and every extension of bureaucracy per se is shouted for and welcomed by them as a step for progress!

Now, of course, all that simply spells early and certain national damnation. Not only does the way out of poverty and servitude for the masses of the British people lie in the democratisation (and as certainly not in the bureaucratisation) of industry, but the attainment of the necessary general efficiency for our national survival at all depends upon that same process.

The workers must learn and must dare to manage their industries themselves, and the nation to eliminate the deadheads who are enriching themselves by sweating those industries and playing hell with the country. This means, in practice, that the trade unions must evolve from merely defensive, or merely combative, into actively constructive institutions. The real business of their future for the trade unions—if they are to have a future—is co-operative production and distribution of wealth, not infantile spasmodic efforts to lift themselves up by their own bootstrings under the control of industry and finance by capitalists.

On the other hand, if this idea connoted merely an extension of joint-stockism by the aristocrats of labour, such a movement would be to buttress capitalism, not to end it; whilst, in a third direction, the mere substitution of Governmental exploitation—bureaucratic collectivism—for private capitalism might much more easily prove a move from frying-pan to fire than salvation, so far as the proletariat is concerned.

The democratisation of industry must signify two things: Control by the workers over the conditions of their own work, and control by the community as a whole over its common means of subsistence and over public policy. It is clearly essential to safeguard against sectional privilege and abuse on the one part, and against bureaucratic meddling, ignorance, uniformity, and paralysis on the other.

The obvious solution has been ably outlined by THE NEW AGE, and I trust will be rammed home from now onwards in every issue of this enlightened medium. It is the only sane solution. It is the only businesslike solution. It is the only solution compatible with efficiency and freedom. That solution is: Industrial autonomy by socially-conscious unions or guilds of labour, subject to the general direction of policy and co-ordination of interests by the organised community. Management of industries by the workers in them; ownership by all—that is the only sound Socialism. All other brands are fraudulent and treacherous substitutes.

This, however, is not merely the logical goal of the genuine, or democratic, Socialist. It is also—what is of more practical and urgent importance—the immediate line of agitation for every militant trade union. It is, in sober fact, the only programme worth striking or organising for—management of the industry by the industrialists in co-partnership of the unions with the community. And it is an immediately feasible business proposition—as certain of the Italian unions have recently decisively proven. Only it needs wits and enterprise, and that—in England—means the prompt pensioning off of most of the present trade union executives. This latter, indeed, appears to be the most profitable "friendly" investment to which the unions' funds could be put at the moment—unless there is a cheaper alternative.

LEONARD HALL.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—As you were good enough to publish my last communication, I beg to continue the subject—my excuse being my own profession and my interest in your journal. Of the references to THE NEW AGE that have appeared this week the most striking, I fancy, is the leader on your paper that appeared in the "Daily Herald" on Friday. The "Daily Herald," apparently, unlike most of the labour journals, is no curmudgeon; it can see a joke even at its own expense. Commenting, therefore, on Mr. Bechhöfer's witty satire of its leading features, the "Daily Herald" both acknowledges the "pink," like a good swordsman, and parries it by confessing its respect for THE NEW AGE. "Our able and candid contemporary," it remarks, "is always bracing and sometimes enlivening. In other words, in addition to its thoughtfulness, it has a sense of humour. In its case gaiety of manner now and then accompanies gravity of matter, and this is understood to be one of the signs of genius." Is not that handsome, and a lesson in Olympian manners to the Bœotians?

There has reached me this week, however, a still greater tribute to the influence of THE NEW AGE. "Conducted by undergraduates" is the only indication of the directors of a new magazine published at Oxford under the title of "The Oxford Syndicalist." This ably written anonymous monthly acknowledges its indebtedness to THE NEW AGE, both directly and indirectly. Directly, in the article on "The State and the Unions," the "Oxford Syndicalist" opens thus: "The only solution of the social problem, as THE NEW AGE has long been pointing out, lies in co-operation between the State and the unions." Indirectly, the remaining articles, save for a single remark on Syndicalism, might have appeared in THE NEW AGE. The young intellectuals have ceased to be Fabians.

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE BISHOP.

Sir,—Mr. Edward Leach—is he by any chance a clergyman?—took exception to a phrase in one of your articles about the Bishop of Oxford, whereupon I asked him whether the Bishop had ever declared himself definitely against the wage-system. Mr. Leach, in response, sends you nearly a column of quotations from the written or spoken words of Bishop Gore.

I was in great hopes that THE NEW AGE had found a colleague in the brilliant attack you are so consistently and persistently directing against the wage-system. Mr. Leach, I thought, would surely know something definite about the Bishop's views before defending him in your columns. Therefore I had hopes. But I admit I had also doubts, for I have watched the Rev. Charles Gore since the days of "Lux Mundi." I am distressed that Mr. Leach has confirmed my doubts and dissipated my hopes. The Rev. Charles Gore, first Bishop of Birmingham and now of Oxford, is first and last an ecclesiast.

Let us see how easily the ecclesiastical illusion is worked and how careful we must be. You have shown in your columns with crystal clearness that the wage-system is the spine of the anatomy of private industrialism. Whoever accepts the wage-system accepts the existing industrial system. I accordingly asked Mr. Leach a specific question: Did or did not the Bishop accept or reject the wage-system? Mr. Leach replies with an affirmation that "not all Churchmen defend the existing order of society. I have maintained that the Bishop of Oxford is a Churchman who does not." But that is not the point. There are thousands of highly-placed dignitaries of the hierarchy who would never dream of "defending the existing order of society." If, however, you definitely challenge them to throw their weight in the scale against the wage-system, they speedily discover cogent reasons for going slow, for cautious movement, for patience and Christian consideration all round. This is exactly the case of the Bishop. Is he for the abolition of the wage-system? Mr. Leach gives us many words of the Bishop, but utterly fails to throw the least light upon the point. We are given the usual words of pietistic protest against this world of things evil, but any definite attitude is far to seek. The Bishop wants us all "to substitute, through the whole fabric of our ideas and practical system, this idea of social obligation and fellowship for the mere assertion of individual liberty and of the rights of property on which we have been accustomed to base our social system."

"I cannot think," says Mr. Leach, "that the author of such language, be he bishop or layman, would for one moment be complacent about the present system, let alone praying that unemployables may be fitted for exploitation in it."

I envy Mr. Leach his confiding faith in the efficacy of soothing words. If he will think it over he will discover

that he has quoted nothing from Bishop Gore which might not be said by Percival of Hereford, Westcott of Durham, or Ingram of London. They would come equally appropriately from Dean Inge. Both the Archbishops could, without a tremor, incorporate it all in a sermon before the King. Soft words butter no parsnips. Mr. Edward Leach has himself weighed the Bishop of Oxford and found him wanting.

Will you allow me to add a word or two on the general question?

The point that most needs emphasising in your crusade is that the wage-system signifies the existing power of capital to keep in economic subjection the vast mass of the workers of this country. The real importance of your notes and leaders consists always in the significance attached to the wage-system. You have put your finger upon the vital spot. From now on the test of every public man will be his attitude towards the wage-system. Is he for its abolition? Good; we know where he is. Is he for its continuance—as it is or modified? Good; we know where he is. We know that he is only a social reformer. It may seem a harsh thing to say, but THE NEW AGE, in some strange way, forces one to be truthful, and I will tell you what I think. For some time past I have been wondering whether the variegated army of social reformers is mostly composed of fools or of knaves. Do you know of any reasoned defence for social patching and botching? On my word of honour I do not know of a single book or intellectual statement that effectually defends or justifies the social reformer. I have honestly searched for it. If one would bring oneself intellectually into line with some school of social reform life would be so much more pleasant. But I cannot escape from the conviction that the time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for revolutionary ideas and measures.

OBSERVER.

* * *

"INSURANCE AT WORK."

Sir,—While agreeing with "One Who Knows" respecting the profitable nature of the business likely to ensue to the insurance companies by reason of their forming approved societies to administer the Insurance Act, I must complain of his unjust aspersions on the agency staff, of whom there are many, like myself, who regard the work of popularising and facilitating the operation of this obnoxious measure with utter detestation. He appears to overlook the fact that insurance agents are, after all, merely wage-slaves, and are, in the main, in the unenviable position of having to take up these duties on behalf of their respective companies and societies or "clear out."

If "One Who Knows" can suggest an alternative to the agency staff I shall be glad to know what it is. I enclose my card.

A SOCIALIST INSURANCE AGENT.

* * *

THE GOLD FETISH.

Sir,—When one buys a fountain-pen with half a sovereign one sells about one-eighth of an ounce of gold. Gold, especially coined gold, assayed, weighed, and trade-marked by the most responsible trading company in the territory where one lives is certainly more saleable than any ordinary commodity available at the time and place. There are many cases, no doubt, where a right to obtain gold on demand from a well-known establishment of unlimited liability may be equally or slightly, though imperceptibly, more saleable than the most saleable commodity itself. Then debt or promise can function as money, but it is at all times secondary, derivative, and open to many contingencies absent from the true, real, and fundamental money.

Mr. Donisthorpe's definition of true money is identical with the foregoing, but his analysis of saleability may be somewhat less generally intelligible than the unexplained word, although it is not easy for the man-in-the-street to understand that, when he thinks he is simply buying necessities, he is actually at the same time also selling the purchase money.

Mr. Kitson's attempt to refute Mr. Donisthorpe's definition is concentrated fallacy and mere childishness. Money can never be an imaginary valuable. It must always be a true commodity. Those fiduciary issues which economise its traffic must definitely name an exactly ascertainable quantity of the monetary commodity as well as the time and place where it is to be delivered and the person by and to whom it is to be transferred. These five elements must inhere explicitly or implicitly in every instrument of deputy money. The value of the commodity which functions as money is not perceptibly enhanced even infinitesimally by its adoption and deliberate recognition as the pre-eminently saleable commodity, but continues to depend upon its marginal cost of production as determined by the reaction of demand for consumption upon the position of the margin.

Finance is a totally different subject. It is wholly composed of jobbery in rights, debts, promises, and estimates of the fluctuating values of commodities as affected by the circumstances of supply and demand, plenty and scarcity. Mr. Kitson reaches one sound point when he sees evil in the Bank of England monopoly, but he reaches this conclusion through a fog of misapprehensions, and he grossly exaggerates the injurious effect of the statute. It is to be feared that the statutes he would call into being would be a thousand-fold worse for their dogmatism and tyranny.

GREEVZ FYSHER.

* * *

MR. FELS AND THE SINGLE TAX.

Sir,—That amiable and charming gentleman, Mr. Fels, whom your correspondent, "Fair Play," has known to his delight for twenty years, shows no sign of profiting by "Fair Play's" instructions in economics any more than by my "slanders." In the "Daily Herald" of Tuesday last Mr. Fels returns to his dead muttons like any vulture that has been momentarily scared off; and, after the usual manner of modern disputants, repeats his original fallacies as if they had never been demonstrated to be such. Under the title of "What Can the Rich Man do?" Mr. Fels perfunctorily goes through a list of obviously impossible charities which a sensible rich man, like himself, cannot patronise. Omitting, then, any charities or works of education or endowment that a rich man with brains and good intentions might support, Mr. Fels hastens to his appointed end of advocating the Single Tax. The real grievance of labour to-day, he maintains, is that there are not jobs enough to go round; and the reason of this is that land is held up from productive exploitation. Tax landlords, therefore, on the market value of their land, whether used or unused, and the latter variety will soon be brought into the market. Doubtless it may be by this means; but what is there to prevent the capitalist class, of which Mr. Fels is such an amiable member, from intensifying their monopoly of Capital and Raw Material? Obviously nothing. The class of Rent, in fact, is abolished only to swell the classes of Interest and Profits. And since the charming Mr. Fels belongs to one or both of these classes, his interest in the Single Tax is personal. What can the rich man do, therefore? He can employ his money in the propagation of reforms which will add to his own wealth. When Jews do this, Mr. Belloc cries aloud that England is being sold to the Israelites. But when an American does it, and does it so amiably and so charmingly—being an amiable and charming man and not one of those Jews—why, then "Fair Play," and doubtless others, join in excusing him and in accusing critics like myself of "slander." Mr. Fels knows better, however, than to complain of "slander" himself. Neither the Rothschilds nor he condescend to reply to criticisms to which there is no honourable answer.

NELSON FIELD.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—The printing errors in my last article are unusually numerous. In the first paragraph Mr. Yeats' name is printed incorrectly. Farther on, "kinematic motion *and* advertisement" will make sense. Socrates should *profess*, not "propose," himself content to take his opponent as his sole witness. THE NEW AGE should be presented as *working*, not merely "wishing," for the awakening of England. Then perhaps *ringing*, instead of "singing," would express better my moderate rapture with the critic who wrote of impudence passing for originality. Mr. Yeats' "scutheon" may be left to those malignant enough to try and discover that mystery. And your printer's assertion that some man like Mr. Chesterton may one day sing the English epic in a favourable "tone" is so pleasing a prophecy that I am quite confounded to have to murmur *time*.

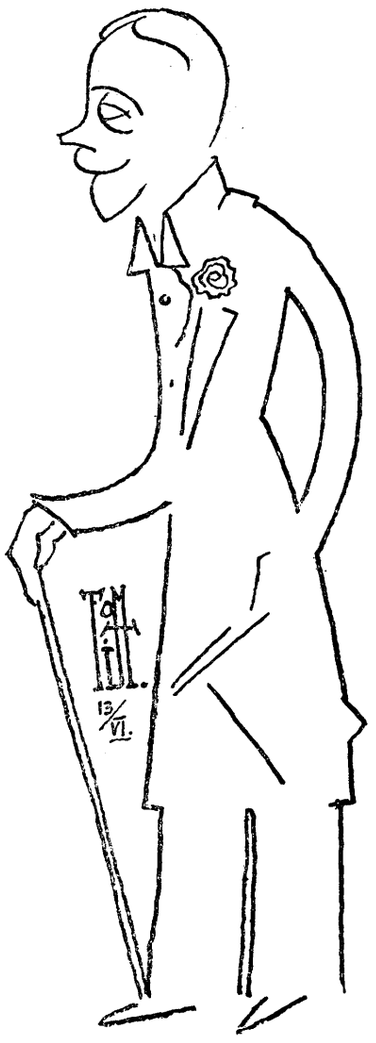
THE WRITER OF "PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM."

* * *

"A NOOSE OF WORDS."

Sir,—In your reviewer's endeavour to track some of Mr. Darrell Figgis' phrases to their doom, he has, inadvertently, I think, done me an injustice by associating something I once wrote with the phrase "noose in a net of words," which, I have it on his authority, Mr. Figgis created under derivation from Fitzgerald per me. I did once, but I forget where, attempt to express myself on a certain point by deliberately and obviously paraphrasing Edward Fitzgerald's "caught the Sultan's turret in a noose of light." But my arrangement was to the effect that some writer caught an idea in a "noose of words." Workers in my craft are rather pleased when they bring forth a seemly phrase, even though it be not quite legitimate and, like the housemaid's baby, "only a little one"; therefore I shall be glad if you will allow me to correct any possible impression that I may be remotely responsible for such an effort as "noose in a net of words."

HOLBROOK JACKSON.



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