

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1042] NEW SERIES. Vol. XI. No. 18. THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

## CONTENTS,

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..	409
CURRENT CANT AND CURRENT SENSE ... ..	415
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad ... ..	416
MILITARY NOTES. By Romney ... ..	417
THE TRANSITION FROM THE WAGE SYSTEM—II. ... ..	418
PROBLEMS OF SEX—V. By M. B. Oxon ... ..	419
PRESENT DAY CRITICISM ... ..	420
PAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL. By Beatrice Hastings	422
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R. ... ..	424

	PAGE
THE WORK OF ART. By Anton Tchekov. (Trans. by P. Selver) ... ..	425
SOME OBSERVATIONS ON PRIMITIVE DANCING. By Marcelle Azra Hincks ... ..	427
PASTICHE. By C. H. Cooke, Arthur F. Thorn, C. E. B., T. Mark, C. E. Bechhöfer ... ..	428
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from R. B. Kerr, W. L. Hare, D. Thompson, C. H. Norman, Sir Oliver Lodge and H. Croft Hiller ... ..	430

*All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are not content to leave the subject of the Women's Movement where we left it last week, languishing in fact as well as in theory by reason of its fallacies. So much feeling as the movement has exhibited must needs be the outcome of more than mere whim or misunderstanding. Even if we assume that the movement misunderstands itself and is neither derived from the sources it imagines nor bent on the objects it has defined for itself; if, further, we allow that money and ambition have played a considerable part in keeping the movement going; the fact remains that there is no smoke, still less flame, without fire. All movements, as we said last week, have some justification, and some efficient cause; and the women's movement, as we shall presently see, has a cause which is at once more simple and more complex than any cause usually ascribed to it. If we are fortunate enough to make our ideas as clear in these Notes as they are in our mind, the truth of several important conclusions in regard to the women's movement will emerge. First, we intend to show that the women's movement, though different from and opposed to the Labour movement, owes its origin to the same cause, namely, capitalism. Secondly, we shall prove that the remedies for their grievances specified by the women themselves and by their male champions, e.g., Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, would, if adopted, worsen and not better the condition both of women and of men. Thirdly, we hope to prove that the remedy, now well known, for the Labour grievance includes and is the true remedy for the women's grievance as well.

\* \* \*

Without entering at this moment into a long exposition of the nature of capitalism, we may say that its well-known characteristics are three: production for profit instead of use, the private ownership of two of the means of production, and the treatment of the third means, namely, Labour, as a raw material simply. But it follows from this assumption of labour as a raw material, that labourers of whatever sex, age, or qualifications—so they be economically dependent and excluded from the possession of land or capital—may be and will certainly be treated like all the rest of the raw materials of industry. That is, a constant endeavour will be made by capitalism to cheapen the cost in production of the raw material of labour by the same means as are employed to cheapen other raw materials. By reducing the actual cost of production, by enlarging the area of supply, and by economy in their use, most

of the inanimate raw materials of industry have actually been enormously cheapened within each twelve-month almost of the last fifty years. The cost of rubber as a raw material in industry, for example, has been remarkably reduced within the last few years by the addition of plantations to wild forests, by transplantation of rubber from India to South America, Burmah, and elsewhere, and by the admixture with pure rubber of various cheap amalgams for various purposes. The same is true of cotton. The same is true of cattle. And it stands to reason, reflection and experience that the same, mutatis mutandis, is true of the raw material of labour.

\* \* \*

In its attempts, however, to cheapen the cost in industry of the raw material of labour capitalism has been met by certain difficulties peculiar, more or less, to the human race. These were of a kind which in one aspect were natural to man and therefore ineradicable, and in another were the outcome of long ages of habit. For example, it is natural to man to require a minimum amount of sleep, food, leisure and recreation; in this respect the demands of men differ only in degree from the demands of horses and other live stock. But in addition to these demands, involving a certain minimum cost of production and maintenance, man has the distinction over horses of being socially disposed, and of having acquired from this disposition certain habits of association which have been expressed in what we may call the great human institutions. Of these we may name the institution of castes and classes, the institution of local and national groups of government, the institution of associations of kindred workmen in guilds, and, lastly, the institution of marriage and the family system. All these immemorial groupings of human beings, however, were from the standpoint of capitalism so many obstacles to the free competitive circulation of the raw material of labour. In other words, they militated against the cheapening of labour in production which it was one of the objects of capitalism to bring about. A taboo, for example, instituted by one class for its own members against certain forms of industry was obviously a sort of wall against capitalism in that particular area. Again, the local and national bonds which had grown up militated against the famous mobility of labour which was as necessary to capitalism as the mobility of cotton. The guild system, likewise, was a perpetual obstacle to the cheapness of labour by reason of its resistance to the spirit of competition. And, finally, marriage and the family system had these disadvantages for capitalism: that though undoubtedly the supply of labour was maintained by these means, the cost was greater than it need be for several reasons. First, the married man required wages sufficient to

keep not only himself, but a wife who might or might not bear children to capitalism. Secondly, women as a sex were exempted by privilege from the labour market altogether. Thirdly, the mobility of the family group was less than the mobility of the individual, whether man, woman or child.

\* \* \*

The history of the nineteenth century in England is the history of the attempts of capitalism to break down these social barriers to the cheapening of the raw material of labour; and, so far as one can see at present, the history of the twentieth century will be no more than the continuation of these attempts to their complete triumph. Certainly with the exception of ourselves and a mere handful of our readers no group of people anywhere appears in our judgment to be aware of what is actually taking place. On the contrary, as it has been our business, and will continue to be our business to show, the various groups of reformers, all animated presumably by hopes and fears for the nation and the race, are almost without exception aiding and abetting instead of anticipating and hindering the progressive shattering to atoms of our social system. Far from divining the deadly and devilish work in which capitalism is engaged, our Social Reformers in particular, intellectual no less than practical, appear to have divined it only to divinise it; for in every instance that we can recall of a new movement in capitalism for cheapening the raw material of labour still further, the change has been heralded by some social thinker or group of reformers as progressive and liberal, and in many cases has actually been suggested to capitalism by social reformers themselves.

\* \* \*

Of these tragical misunderstandings—to use no more sinister term—the break-up of the historic groupings of castes and classes, the parish and local bodies, and the guilds may be cited as comparatively completed examples. There are now, we may say, no castes or classes in England to-day any more than there are castes or classes in America. Even so recently as fifty years ago Matthew Arnold was able to detect the distinctions—spiritual and not merely material—between what he called the Barbarians, the Philistines and the Populace. But no such distinctions are discernible to-day. Nothing in the way of principle or quality of mind now divides one class from another. You may find the Barbarian, the Philistine, and the Populace as readily in Mayfair, at Oxford, and in Parliament as in the Old Kent Road or Briggate, Leeds. But with the total disappearance of the distinctions of caste which Arnold saw in their last stages has emerged the new and definitely capitalist distinction between the owners of capital and the owners of labour power. These two classes have, indeed, become defined with terrible emphasis; and their distinctions are not even yet complete. Dream it may be, or nightmare rather, but it is with our waking senses that we appear to behold the increasing segregation of the rich from the poor, the haves from the have-nots, the owners of land and capital from the raw material of labour.

\* \* \*

But the same reduction to atoms and their re-arrangement under the plutocratic wand have taken place in the sphere of local groupings, in the sphere of craft groupings, and are now rapidly taking place in the extreme groupings of the nation as a whole and the family as a unit. And all, as we have said, not only without the resistance of the Social Reformers, but largely by their aid. Looking back now on the wrecks of natural groupings already left by the tide of capitalism, we can see plainly enough that if it was the force of capitalism that drove these groups upon the rocks, it was the false lights of the Social Reformers that beckoned them to their doom. What, for example, but the preaching by the Social Reformers of the absurdity of class distinctions induced men of the philosophic, artistic, contemplative, political and religious orders to abandon their own principles and to enter competitive industry—the lowest and vilest occupation open to mortal man and fit only for the lowest class in any

nation? What, again, was it but the preaching of the enlightened economist reformers that led to the break-up of the Guild system, to the establishment of the Manchester system, to Free Trade, to the submerging of the local self-governing groups of parishes and parish districts? In every instance—as we say—the watchword of the army of destruction has been progress. It was progress when the caste system was broken up and its place taken by a plutocratic system. It was progress when the factory system displaced the system of Guilds. It was progress when city manufacture superseded agriculture. It was progress yet once more when government ceased to be local and became centralised in a vast and stupid bureaucracy. But all these things, though led and accompanied by the trumpets of progress, have been only successive steps in the progressive cheapening of the raw material of labour in the interests of capitalism; the proof of which is here and ready to our hand. Never before in the history of England has human labour been as cheap, as abundant, and as excellent in quality as it is to-day; and never before have Rent, Interest, and Profits been so great. Whatever brains have been responsible for the vast conspiracy of capitalism, at least they are to be applauded for the efficiency of their work. Who would have dreamed who knew the England of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that by the end of the nineteenth century only bits of jaw-bone and fossil teeth would remain of the great institutions which then flourished of the Guild, the local and the caste systems?

\* \* \*

But, as we have suggested, the work of capitalism is by no means yet complete. Certain groupings of men have gone, never, perhaps, to be revived, but certain groupings, inimical to capitalism, still remain though under constant attack. Of these the most important are undoubtedly the nation and the family; and both, we fear we must believe, are being shaken in sunder. Consider, for example, what is meant by Internationalism and let us realise how intellectualism of the Liberal variety plays into the hands of Capitalism. Internationalism, we may freely admit, has all the charms of a universal and humane idea. What could be better than to be able to regard each nation of men as distinguished from one's own only by special and cultivated gifts? Or what worse than an insular and curmudgeonly spirit of dislike and distrust of every man not born in our own particular group? That undoubtedly is the appeal of internationalism to the intellectual; but mark how the appeal is utilised by capitalism. The desire of capitalism, likewise, is internationalism, and on a grander scale than anything yet conceived as an aim by any society but the Theosophical Society. The Theosophical Society has for one of its objects the recognition of the brotherhood of men, irrespective of race, creed, colour, caste, or sex. But how does this differ from the object also of the international financier and capitalist? In no respect, save the utilisation of the consequent internationalism. For the liberal capitalist one purpose exists and one alone, to reduce the world's supply of the raw material of labour to a condition of complete accessibility, mobility and utility. In his dream of conquest, he sees all human prejudices swept away, all distinctions in men below the possessing classes obliterated, and an open market of the human world, complete free trade in the raw material of labour, established for his profiteering glory. But to this end, as we say, not only does the force of capitalism itself drive, but the light of intellectualism itself beckons. In the name of progress and humanity, we are opening the road for the wreck of nations and for the degradation to the cheapest commodity in the world of the lives of men.

\* \* \*

But let us turn now from the largest grouping which men have formed to the smallest; from the nation to the family. At first sight it would appear that here at any rate society had a nucleus which capitalism could not possibly destroy. When we remember that the family system is the oldest natural grouping recorded

in the world's history, has survived, by reason of its adaptation to human needs, millions of years' wear and tear, and is associated not only with the health and happiness of the race, but with the religious or ultimate symbol of these—holiness—the assault of capitalism upon the family and the home might seem to be a forlorn hope, an assault at which humanity could well afford to laugh. But let those continue to laugh who are ignorant of what breaches in the historic system of the family have already been made by capitalism and, still worse, what breaches capitalism with the aid of social reformers is now making. We confess that until we came to examine closely the origin of the women's movement, its economic impulses, the facts of the distribution and the present industry of the two adult sections of the proletariat or wage-dependent population, we had only a faint idea of the extent to which the marriage and home and family system has been eaten into by capitalism. We have not the slightest doubt now that the women's movement is economic in its origin, economic in its impulse, and economic (though unbeknown to itself) in its objects. The fact is that capitalism has invaded the home, has broken the ties between men and women, between parents and children, and, in its pursuit of cheap and cheaper labour, has evicted women from the occupation of the home into the streets, there to compete in the world's labour market with men. And the cry of votes for women means no more and no less to us than a cry of Fire. It is a symbol, indeed; a symbol that the capitalist has broken into the home and turned out its inhabitants and trampled upon their lares and penates.

\* \* \*

We have said that at first sight it would appear as if neither capitalism nor any other power could have succeeded in breaking down the family; but both the immediate and the recently historical facts are there to convince us that the miracle is being performed. Not Socialism, as the imps of the Press pretend, has broken down the family, but capitalism has already been at the game, as the statistics prove. It is well known that of the adult population of England the women are in greater proportion than the men. With the exception of Norway, indeed, England has the largest population of women relatively to men of any country in the world. That, as we could easily show, is one of the effects of capitalism, and of capitalism only. Capitalism has, indeed, as we shall perhaps see in these Notes, a preference for women—as the weaker sex. In the last resort, we imagine, capitalism will depend on women's labour. . . . But not only is there in England, an enormous excess of women over men, but the number of marriages is declining year by year. Of the twenty million adults, nine and a half million of whom are women, only seven millions are married. This means that only one in three women has or is likely to have a home of her own. Now what, we should like to know, have the aforesaid devilkings of the Press to say to facts of this kind? Of Socialism as yet we have had in our legislation not a single trace. The whole of industry is still in private hands. Yet in spite of this (and because of it, in our opinion) the family system, together with all that depends upon it, has been broken down to the extent indicated by those appalling figures. One in five of our men wage-earners dies, we are told, a pauper in the workhouse. That is bad enough. But two out of every three of our women die old maids—whether voluntarily or involuntarily only fools will doubt.

\* \* \*

For we are disposed to challenge finally all the idiotic doctrines that have lately been preached both by women and by their men friends in favour of free marriage, free love, no marriage for women at all, no children, no home, no family life, and all the rest of it. All these doctrines are without exception as contrary to the facts of human and divine nature as they are peculiarly pleasing to the demoniac facts of the capitalist system. We shall not be suspected of desiring to praise the so-called anti-Socialist Press when we say that the one useful thing they have done is to combat the spread of these

devastating doctrines of certain professing Socialists. Indeed, how can we even give the Press any credit for their attempts in words when at the same time in deeds their capitalist proprietors have been the effective cause of all the destruction of the home of which the Socialists have been merely the apostles and evangelists? But that the break-up of the home is anti-natural, however it may be pro-capitalist, there is every warrant both in theory and in fact for affirming. In theory, the settled order of nature is as follows: Man exploits Nature; Woman exploits Man; and Nature exploits Woman. The more this wheel of existence, knit together by mutual services and obligations, is examined the more it will appear that we have here not one of what the "Nation" calls the "juvenile paradoxes" of THE NEW AGE, but one of the oldest and most settled facts of the world. This particular order, indeed, may be said to be the wheel of life itself. Interrupt it at any point, attempt to reverse it, or introduce another form of activity into it, the effect may be wonderful, it may even be (we do not deny) mystically transcendent, but life as we know it, and human life as it is, will certainly cease, to the extent of our interference, to exist. But it is precisely an interference, and that in its worst form, that capitalism introduces into this Wheel of Life. In the first place, no capitalist really exploits Nature at all; he exploits men. Not his to wrest from Nature by his brain and hand the wealth she hoards; but like the great Whore of Babylon (his mythical prototype), it is his to wrest from men who themselves exploit Nature, the cream of their conquest. Not his, again, to maintain the order of things that allows both men and women the innocent and mutually beneficent exploitation of the man by the woman. On the contrary, it is just his skua-bird work to snatch from women their natural right of exploiting men and to employ it in competition with them on his own behalf. Maintaining the order of Nature, indeed! Why, capitalism reverses the order at every point, lives by parasitism on Nature, on Men and on Women alike, robs everybody in the world and everything; and for what service to a living soul in return? Let our slums lift up their voice; let our nation utter its word; let the dumb artists, thinkers, poets and philosophers make their gestures of despair. For no service save to themselves have capitalists done all these things.

\* \* \*

So much of the theory, but the actual facts testify to no less a wrong to men and women than to the order of Nature. We were recently asked by a correspondent to affirm, if we dared, that women are naturally economically dependent upon men and desire so to remain. Well, we dare to affirm it, for it is true in spite of all the loud propaganda of the contrary. The shrill pipers of the "Freewoman" and the eunuchs of both sexes who advocate the economic independence of woman have, we charitably suppose, no notion of the unhappiness that they are endeavouring to allay by still more unhappy means. Nevertheless it is a fact which we invite the experienced to confirm that not only is the average woman constituted by nature and genuine disposition to live economically dependent upon man, but both she and a man are happier in that relation, more self-respecting and more honourable in each other's eyes. We have never met a man yet who did not secretly pride himself on the number of women he could support—be they his relatives or his mistresses. On the other hand, we have never met the woman yet (and we hope we never shall) who did not regard the exchange of economic dependence upon an employer for economic dependence upon a man as an honourable promotion. What is the use of women or of men either lying to themselves and each other about these facts? It is not we who have invented them; it is not lying that can alter them. The true truth is, and the facts are there to prove it, that a society in which marriage is declining is a society in which health and happiness are declining; that a society which either makes it impossible for a man to keep a woman (two if he likes), or makes it necessary for a woman to keep herself, is a declining society; and, finally, that women when they

are driven from the exploitation of men to the exploitation of Nature on behalf of capitalists are degrading themselves in Nature's eyes, in men's eyes and in their own eyes, even though they call the degradation freedom and emancipation.

\* \* \*

But in order to see that the present position of women is due to capitalism and nothing else, and that from this point of view the women's movement in its professed objects is a capitalist movement for the further cheapening of the raw material of labour, let us follow out the steps by which women have been driven to impale men upon this dilemma. The pursuit of capitalists being, as we say, the cheapening of labour among the rest of its raw materials, it follows that in the normal course of its development the wages of men will tend to fall to the subsistence level of their lowest efficient and sufficient class. At every step in the competition of capitalism for profits and of wage-labourers for a living, each party will be compelled to break down, the one every obstacle to cheapness, and the other every obstacle to his continuing to live. The capitalist, on the one hand, will open up labour supplies in every class or nation or race possible to him, with the sole idea of buying his raw material on free-trade terms in the cheapest market. At the same time he will exert his influence to destroy any taboos, natural or artificial, on the entrance of any class into his industrial system. Again, he will endeavour to extract by economy in use the utmost value to himself of every single wage-earning individual. Finally, he will seek even cheaper substitutes for human labour in the form of machinery and natural forces. But with the enlargement of the supply of labour consequent on his exertions, the wage-labourers, on the other hand, find their value in the labour market of supply and demand diminishing. To maintain themselves at all they must be prepared, slowly but surely, to come down in their demands to the level of the least exigent of their competitors. But under internationalism, the competitors of English workmen are not merely English workmen, but the workers of the world. What the Chinese, let us say, can live upon, that, in no long time, if international capitalism concludes its labours before international Socialism has begun its mission, the English working man must live upon also. It is obvious that garment by garment, luxury by luxury, indulgence by indulgence, tradition by tradition, the English wage-earner must strip himself of every superfluous expense in order to contract the sum of his demands within the competitive minimum on which his value in industry is based. And not only of superfluities must he be prepared to strip himself, but afterwards of necessities in the order of their indispensability. At present, we may suppose, he fancies himself as requiring a wife and children and a house in which to lodge them. But that is only a fancy for capitalism, which prefers a man without encumbrances. The man resists? His place is taken by another without that fancy. Result: A marrying man is displaced; and a marriageable woman is thrown on to the streets or into the mill.

\* \* \*

At the same time that this cheapening of men's labour is going on, making it increasingly difficult for a man to keep his mother or his sisters or a wife and family, these latter, as we have seen, are being pushed into the labour market there to compete with the only person whose wages it is their business to maintain. For by a natural concatenation of effects, as fast almost as these women come into the labour market, industry becomes more and more adapted to them and less and less to men. We have seen that, as a matter of fact, the number of women is increasing in England faster than that of men. What is more natural under the circumstances? With the development of automatic machinery, with the division of labour, with the decay of agriculture, the crafts and manly occupations of all kinds—above all, with the substitution in industry of women for men, the demand for men in industry declines at the same time that the demand for women in industry rises. We agree that at present women are unskilled in in-

dustry as well as naturally indisposed to it, but we do not agree that they must always remain so. On the contrary, having seen what capitalism can do in the sphere of the nation, the guild, the home, we entertain no doubt that it can bend, if not change radically, the human nature of women to its will. Women, there is no doubt about it, will fall as readily into wage-slavery as men have fallen before them; and to the extent that they fall not only will men go with them, but men will actually precede them in their lowest descent. Nor are we, in all this, speculating merely in the dark folds of the prophet's mantle. The facts are open before the world; the deductions we have made can be checked and verified or contradicted and ignored if they are wrong. Let nobody suppose that we are attempting by journalistic means to make the flesh of our readers creep. What have we to gain by shaking and shocking the allegiance of the last surviving band of honest inquirers after truth? If we are wrong in our deductions, so much the happier shall we be.

\* \* \*

In this war of capitalism on what we have called the settled facts of human nature, sinister casualties beyond the pen of the present writer to describe occur in thousands. We can only refer briefly to a few of them. Our contributor "M. B. Oxon" has lately been making an appeal for a more liberal understanding of the obligations of sex. But it is plain that capitalism which prevents marriage and decent prostitution drives the sexual appetite to indulge itself merely on the cheap. It is well known that cheap prostitution and even cheaper fornication are the invariable accompaniments of the cheap wage-labour of men and women. Who are the damned bishops to hold their noses when this is said? Or the Vigilance Committees consisting mostly of wealthy brutes, each with his harem of mistresses? Or the squalidly pure-minded editors, like Mr. Strachey of the "Spectator," who support capitalism with one hand and endeavour to suppress its droppings with the other? The decline of men's wages under the competitive system is as certain to be followed by the decline of marriage and the rise of free fornication and cheap prostitution for the masses of women as day is to be followed by night. Men and women, lord bishops and vigilance committees and editors, were animals first, and will be animals again when their human status is taken away. Humanity, we repeat, is maintained by an effort, by an effort of society. Relax that effort, as our capitalists have done, rob civilisation of its store of common human treasure, and man rattles into barbarism as fast as his two legs can become four. Immorality and the degradation of the race, we say for the tenth time, are the inevitable consequences of capitalism. Not all the preaching, teaching and idealism in the world will alter that simple fact.

\* \* \*

But as sinister and barbarous in our view are the correlative effects of capitalism on our intellectuals. The plain features of the existing situation stare these brainy persons, these brilliant mountebanks, in the face if only their eyes were in their heads. Capitalism, we say, is driving men out of industry, and as it drives them out it is inviting in the still cheaper labour of women. What is there in women that so commends them to the great Whore of Capitalist Babylon? Listen. They are cheaper because their standard of living is less. They have no man to maintain—no man would be maintained by them. Their industrial vices are few and small. They are more docile to managerial discipline. They are newer to the game. They are less disposed to combination among themselves than men. They are incapable of collective violence, and their individual violence is negligible. They are better machines. Are not these qualities sufficient to procure them a ready admission into industry? But men, you say, will never submit to this importation into their industry of so much cheap labour; the women, too, will see that their entrance will be over the corpses of marriage, morality, and the family life! But we are reckoning without our intellectuals, our Ibsens, and Shaws, and Wells'. At the very moment that capitalism

is invading the home and battering it down from without to extract therefrom the cheapest labour England provides (women and children), our intellectuals engage themselves either in battering it down from within or in mingling their ineffectual tears and promises with the cries of despair of its inmates. The economic independence of women! The emancipation of women from the thralldom of marriage! Free feeding for children! The endowment of maternity! Sexual promiscuity free gratis and for everybody! Down with the sanctity of marriage, the home and the family! . . . We understand now very well why intellectuals like Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells make money by their writings and their plays. All unwittingly, no doubt, and in pursuit of a living, these poor creatures are assisting the dehumanising work of capitalists. As doctrines for the esoteric, for intellectuals, in fact, we have no objection to the theories of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells. They may be preached by practice and by practice only; but as contributions to society, the effect of their work is unmistakably to pave the way for the admission of women into wage-slavery and for the ejection of men from existence altogether. We do not expect either Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells to reply to our charges. There is no reply. We are content to leave the matter to their intellectual consciences with this one hope: that they may both live long enough to see themselves derided and their accursed doctrines numbered among the fads of the early twentieth century.

\* \* \*

We have shown now, we hope, as clearly as our space will allow, the origin of the women's movement in capitalism, and the futility as well as brilliant stupidity of the remedies suggested for it, namely, the entrance of women into wage-slavery and the substitution of capitalist stud-farms and free fornication (however disguised) for the natural institution of the home. But let us see now how the women themselves and the men's Labour Party face the situation and what may be expected if their suggestions are carried out. Among the women posing in the movement as representatives of their sex (though they are no more representative of their sex than Mr. Shaw is of his), two distinct lines of "advance" are advocated. One, as we all know, is the capture of the political vote; the other, and a more sensible one, is the capture by women of the industrial market. Now we say that of these two professed objects of women both are bad, but one is worse than the other. It is bad in our opinion for the reasons we have given that women should enter the industrial market *while wage-slavery prevails there*. The only possible effect of their incursion will be to reduce wages to their level of subsistence and to depreciate marriage and morality in necessary consequence. On the other hand, if women are actually about to act upon a lie—the lie, namely, that they prefer an employer to a man—the more thoroughly they do it the sooner will the tragedy of our race reach its climax. By all means, therefore, if wage-earners will not end wage-slavery and make enough to enable them to keep women, let women enter industry themselves even if it involves turning men out. That, we say, is sensible folly, if folly can have any sense. It is at least practical. But the other line of "advance," the capture of the vote, is folly, senseless folly, and impracticable folly. It does not say much for the intelligence of women that at a time when they should be anxiously employed in speculating how they may get a living, they should be treading down each other for the capture of a vote. With the marriage market declining and the wage-level of all industry going down, the chances of getting a man to keep them or an employer to pay them a decent living wage are obviously declining too. Is it the time to attempt to obtain a political feather for their hat when at any moment they may find themselves without a hat to put it in? For we have proved as patiently, persistently, and clearly as we can, that political action is never at any time a cause of economic action, but an effect of it. Imagine thirteen million Sindbads ridden by a million Old Men of the Sea, each securely ensconced upon his respective wage-earners' shoulders; and imagine, then,

those thirteen million passing resolutions to determine what their million Riders of the Sea shall do—that is a true picture of the relation of politics to economics. It is scarcely to be expected that if seven million men with all their votes have failed to overturn the capitalist system, the addition of seven million women will bring about the revolution. On the contrary . . . as capitalists very well know! Are they not nicely divided in their views upon Women's Suffrage? Lord Cowdray may oppose Mr. Kenny of the "Daily Herald"; but both Lady Cowdray and Lord Cowdray may support Mr. Kenny's sister of "Votes for Women" fame. Why? Are the capitalists so anxious that women should get a living at the same time that men are ceasing to be able to live and they care nothing? Nonsense. The capitalists are divided on Women's Suffrage, because Women's Suffrage is an indifferent thing. On the cheapening of labour, however, they are united in an indivisible brotherhood that does Nonconformists and devils good to see.

\* \* \*

If there is no hope in the remedial means put forward by the women, no hope in the remedial means put forward by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, whither shall we turn as sincere feminists for real help for women? It might be thought that suffering from the same system of capitalism as men, even though in an indirect way, suffering also under men's eyes as their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, the women might expect real and manly advice and assistance from the Labour Party. But we know our Labour leaders and our Labour Party. To a man they are women every one. The she-Labour Party we called them once, and well they have earned the name. For we have to note that having completely failed in economics to provide as fathers, husbands, sons and brothers for their women folk they are now on the knees of the House of Commons to beg for pensions, insurance against sickness and all the other perquisites of faded mistresses. We wonder that the men they represent in this ignominious attitude do not burst with wrath to see their fellows holding the begging-bowl in Parliament as a diversion from holding the collection plate in the tabernacle. Begging, begging, it is all begging! And it is from a party of beggars like this that the women are to derive their champions. Let us say at once that under no conceivable circumstances can the Labour Party by political means advance the women's cause either actually or even fallaciously. Observers make a great mistake who suppose that a party holding even the balance of power in Parliament are necessarily powerful. They are powerful in those matters only on which a division of opinion between the two capitalist parties harmlessly exists; and these, without exception, are small matters, however large they are made to loom in the steam from the witch's cauldron of the Press. But on vital matters in politics the Labour Party has exactly and no more than the pull of its economic strength. As necessary as English labour is to English capital so influential is the Labour Party in the capitalist Parliament. Nobody can deny it.

\* \* \*

But actually, as we have seen, the Labour Party can neither in theory nor in practice assist the women to economic independence either without at the same time undermining still further the economic independence of their men wage-earning constituents. This, if we have proved nothing else, is at least as clear as daylight. We have seen that the reduction of wages brought about by capitalism in its pursuit of cheaper raw material has resulted in making it impossible for a *majority* of the lower wage-earners to marry or to keep any women folk whatever. We have seen, further, that in consequence of this impoverishment by capitalism of the breadwinner, the women are turning out into the streets to demand, by name, votes and employers, but silently men. Now what can the Labour Party do for women under these circumstances? They cannot give them the vote, though they may promise them it; and even if they gave them the vote, the women would be no nearer getting a living. On the other hand, if they

assist women into wage-slavery, not only will women have nothing to thank them for, but the men themselves will find their own wages still further reduced. This, again, is not mere prophecy: the facts are growing under our eyes. For good or for ill, for better or for worse, the men will discover that in aiding and abetting the women's movement by attempting to satisfy either of its professed objects, they are actually cutting their own throats and the women's throats as well. Suppose, we say, that nine or ten millions of Chinese were to present through their ambassador a demand to be admitted to the English labour market to compete with men—what would the English Labour Party, in spite of its internationalism, its Christian brotherhood and its pacifism, do then? We cannot see even its most brainless members welcoming the importation and going out to salute with banners the pigtailed horde. Yet, so far as industry is concerned, the invasion of women, with their cry of "All labour for our province," differs in no respect whatever from an invasion of cheap Chinese. The competition of women in the labour market to-day (and more and more as machinery expands) is as certain as a Chinese coolie invasion to reduce men's wages and to bring wages in general down to the weakest and most self-sacrificing woman's bare necessities. Is that, we ask, what the Labour Party really intend by their infatuate advocacy of the women's cause *in the women's way*? Intended or not, as surely as women are allowed to enter wage-industry on a large scale, so surely will men's wages fall. The laws of the Medes and Persians are not more certain.

\* \* \*

Again we dwell, perhaps unduly, on this phase of our argument, for the point is one of the utmost importance. What is the fundamental difference between the women's movement and the Labour movement? Both, we admit, are economic in their origin. Both, we maintain, are products of capitalism, and both are susceptible of a single remedy, an economic remedy. But though the root causes of the two movements are identical, one is, as it were, subsidiary to and consequent upon the other. The men's movement, that is, owes its origin directly to capitalism, but the women's movement owes its origin to capitalism only indirectly and through men. If there had been no necessity for a men's labour movement it is certain that there would have been no necessity for a woman's political and economic movement. A woman's spiritual or intellectual movement very likely—they need one badly enough—but an economic movement, never! But this suggests what is the real difference between the objects of the movements as distinct from their common cause. The real object of the women's movement in so far as its economic intentions are realised, is to enter the industrial system, to take service under private capitalists and to get into the wage system. But the real object of the Labour movement is precisely the opposite: it is to get away from the industrial system, to throw off private capitalists and to abolish the wage-system. Our readers will see at once that the objects of the two movements are, in fact, not only incompatible, but they are contrary in direction. Here are the men in wage-slavery trying in vain to get out; and here are the women trying in vain to get in! It is an occupation for minor poets, those lovers of dirty tragedies, to watch the men struggling out chivalrously assisting the women to struggle in. Oh, you stocks, you stones, you anything but men! Can you not see when it is pointed out to you, that you are inviting the women to their ruin and to your own as well? . . . . A few of Mr. Wells' unspeakable dots, for the love of God.

\* \* \*

But if it is true, as it is true, that the women's movement is a consequence and not merely a coincidence of the Labour movement, it surely follows that the real remedy for the women's grievance is consequent upon and is included in the remedy for the men's grievance. To this conclusion, indeed, all our reasonings, we trust, have been steadily pointing. As a diagnosis of the situation in which women unhappily find themselves we boldly

announce that their disease is men's low wages. That and that alone is the root of all their present trouble. But does it not follow again from this that the remedy for their trouble is the remedy of higher wages for men? We think it does, and we challenge any of our bitterest critics to state publicly in what link our chain of reasoning is weak, if it should appear to them to have ended in a "juvenile paradox." For what else but the ending of capitalism and the abolition of the competitive wage system can conceivably free women from the peril of their present hellish choice between a husband with insufficient wages for himself and the family and an employer who will pay her less than she can comfortably live upon and rob her of a man into the bargain? Is it in the preaching of the sanctity of marriage? There will soon be no marriages among the poor to be made holy. Marriage will shortly become one of the moral and inaccessible luxuries of the capitalist classes distinguishing them in the sight of the Church from the immoral beasts who fornicate in our slums.

\* \* \*

Is it in the Endowment of Motherhood or in State provision and parentage for children? To substitute a bureaucrat for a father in one aspect will infallibly be to substitute a bureaucracy for natural parentage in general. In other words, we shall be plump into State Eugenics with Dr. Saleeby and Mr. Montagu Crackanthorpe as the selectors of the human mares and stallions. But Mr. G. K. Chesterton puts his faith in democracy! And Dr. Oscar Levy puts his faith in aristocracy! They are wrong, both of them, though we say it with our compliments. Democracy, we must impress upon Mr. Chesterton, has so far failed to maintain a single one of its outposts against the attack of Capitalism with its big battalions. The natural democratic groupings, which we thought so stable, of the parish, the district, the guild and even the "pub," have gone down one by one, and the Church their Mother with them, in the first encounter with the international capitalist. And already we have begun to see the most ancient of our institutions, the nation and the family, losing their integrity, suffering in their morale and dwindling in cohesion as well as in numbers without evoking a real protest from the massed millions of our people. On the contrary, where our capitalists lead there our intellectuals follow; and where our intellectuals lead the people also follow. Democracy, we fear, is the first resort, and it has proved useless. Our people will suffer extinction rather than fight for the rights a sturdier generation won for them. But an aristocracy, what of that? A first-rate, splendid, philosophic aristocracy founded upon docile, efficient, universal wage-slavery! But Dr. Levy is not so wanting in profundity that he fails to see that an aristocracy cannot be founded or imposed or drawn out from a plutocracy. Silk purses are not made of sows' ears. The very qualities which constitute and maintain a plutocracy are qualities inimical even to the existence of an aristocracy. We know that at this moment it is as much as any natural aristocrat (and they are scattered like lost sheep over all our classes) can do to breathe in the foetid atmosphere of wealth production and of wealth squandering. Let the division of wealth and labour continue inequitable as now; let the inequity increase but a little; down the gulf between the two classes will sink every virtue, every noble quality, every art, every human beauty that has ever flourished in our common civilisation. Mob at the top and mob below. Dr. Levy's Nietzsche has already said it. But the description will prove to be flattering to the top and the below of society when wealth has further accumulated and men have further decayed. Returning to the subject of the women's movement we say that there is no remedy for women's grievance apart from men's. Whatever increases men's wages will at the same time allay the fever of women. Double men's wages to-morrow, and the women's movement would die in euthanasia the day after. This is true, our readers will learn, though everybody should rise to contradict it. It is the truth about the women's movement.

## Current Cant.

"There is no reason whatever why anybody in this country in real need should want."—The "Standard."

"Welsh people enjoy free citizenship and complete liberty."—"Morning Post."

"We are to-day so much under the empire of law that we forget how slow and difficult was the task of establishing the supremacy of the general well-being over the individual appetite."—"News and Leader."

"The side-whisker is now an accomplished fact, as was pointed out in the 'Daily Mail' on Saturday."—"Daily Mail."

"Am anxious for tidings about your honoured father (General Booth). I pray God he may still be preserved for the active service of our Master."—The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"Charles Garvice has no masculine public to speak of, whereas women and girls are devoted to him."—"News and Leader."

"That the Christian religion should be publicly recognised as one of the great religious forces of the Empire is a source of great encouragement to the Church of Japan."—BISHOP LEE.

"General Booth's body was clothed in the braided frock-coat . . . (photographs on pages 1, 8, and 9)."—"Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Knoop takes a gloomy view of the great rise in rates during recent years as the result of municipal enterprises which should have been left to private capitalists."—"The Standard."

"Why does a reviewer review? Is it not for the same reason that the bricklayer lays and the coalheaver heaves—that is to say, for the money there is in it?"—T. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS, in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"What the community needs in its police, and what it gets in England, is character."—"Daily Mail."

"Perhaps it was stretching a point to sanction the joyous peal with which a village interested in great racing stables was wont to express its mirth at the success on the turf of a favourite horse. But we need not be over-censorious when innocent gladness manifests itself in church bell ringing."—The "Standard."

"Much useful work has been accomplished by the speakers of the Anti-Socialist Union in the East Carmarthen election. Their efforts have created an entirely new political atmosphere."—"Daily Express."

"It is a hopeful sign of the times that ministers of various denominations, who are so often divided upon grave matters of religion, should unite in the cause of peace and goodwill, even if some of them come fresh from the launching of a battleship."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The malignant strikes have tended to foster a feeling of hatred by the workers for their employers."—"The Standard."

"To the working-classes the Salvationists say:—'Don't smoke, don't drink, don't waste your time in fruitless, foolish amusements.' To the women they say:—'Don't dress yourselves up.'"—"Daily Chronicle."

"There is nothing in Socialism; if it were to succeed it would mean slavery."—"Morning Post."

"Opposition to the Insurance Act is foolish and wrong; it is obviously the part of good citizenship to comply with the law."—"Daily Chronicle."

"I like to watch Bramwell Booth go across a room or move to a bookshelf. It is difficult to decide whether he dances or sails in these evolutions."—HAROLD BEGBIE.

"It was sad to think that the country was raising future citizens unable to remember the words of 'God save the King.'"—LEWES EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE.

"Have not yet issued any suggestions to the diocese for prayer for fine weather, but if this weather continues shall probably do so next week."—The BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

## Current Sense.

"A great nation demands character in the mass of its citizens. Much of the so-called ameliorative legislation of our time kills character."—"Daily Express."

"The moving spirits in the recent (Chinese) revolution were young students who, like the Indian and Egyptian Nationalists, believed, or professed to believe, that in the full principles of democracy was to be found the only salvation for the trouble of the four hundred millions of the Chinese race."—"Morning Post."

"The big farmer, with his tied cottages, is still an implacable enemy. The last thing he wants to encourage is independence in the labourer."—"News and Leader."

"What do you expect from London newspapers? Do they tell their readers that they are a lot of jackasses?"—OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

"The hoardings of every city in the kingdom have been covered with a gigantic poster which might be an advertisement for one of Zola's novels."—"Daily Express."

"When our Parliamentary system has become the prey of professional politicians, men on the make, destitute of honour, we shall learn too late that what is quite inaccurately called 'democracy' is compatible with the most ignoble forms of corruption and meanest tyranny."—"The Standard."

"The scientific policeman is the latest ambition of M. Lépine. . . . A course in psychology, it appears, will form part of the curriculum."—"Daily Mail."

"It is true that woman must now be accepted as man's serious rival in the world; but strength will be the ultimate factor, and beauty will still rule the hearts of men."—"Daily Express."

"It is quite probable that the quantity of extreme poverty in London has very seriously increased in the last ten or fifteen years."—CHIOZZA MONEY.

"On the whole, we doubt whether the antiquarian craze is desirable. It leads to much superficial but little real knowledge, and often results in grave injustice to contemporary artists and craftsmen."—"The Evening Standard."

"Ships are rotten because owners do not wish to spend money."—"Review of Reviews."

"The present Prime Minister, while representing Liberalism, relies on Socialist support to maintain a capitalist system."—"The World's Work."

"The dearth of decent cottages is reducing the birth-rate. . . . The whole tendency is to decrease the birth-rate among the more thrifty and intelligent working people."—Dr. J. C. THRASH.

"The issue is really this: that it is a human impossibility to safeguard maternity if women are to be given an unrestricted industrial point of view."—PERCY COHEN, in the "Standard."

"In the long run the public gets what it wants; it is therefore desirable that it should want the right thing."—"Morning Post."

"We can assure ourselves that one development is predestined: the breaking-up of the Liberal Party. Every advance of Socialism makes this more certain."—"The World's Work."

"Our London parks are nothing more than dormitories for the unemployed."—"English Review."

"The essential principle of constructive or concrete Socialism is that no form of property essential to the business of production shall be the subject of monopoly."—W. H. MALLOCK, in the "National Review."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SINCE last week Turkey stands where she did. Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, has left Vienna to visit the King of Roumania; but too much importance need not be attached to this episode. I am inclined to attribute greater significance to the Press approval which the Count's suggestion for an exchange of views in regard to the Balkan question has met with in Germany, as compared with the unofficial manifestations of dissatisfaction which are not being concealed in Berlin. It is clear enough that a Turkish Empire split up into several nationalities would be of little political assistance to Germany. On the other hand, the very Germans who complain appear to forget that their country is paramount in Middle Europe, and that the supremacy of Austria in the Balkans does not necessarily mean the end or decrease of German supremacy in Austria. The views of the Austrian Foreign Minister have now been put before the Powers; but it is hardly likely that either the present or the future Emperor of Austria will let the matter rest there—a mere "expression" or "exchange" of views would suit neither the Emperor nor the Archduke. If no satisfactory decision is reached as a result of the present pourparlers, I understand that Austria's next move—subject, of course, to whatever tendency may be shown by the Powers, will be to call for a European conference to consider the whole Balkan question. Such a conference would almost certainly allow Russian or any other warships the right to go in and out of the Dardanelles, though in the present state of her navy Russia would derive no immediate benefit from this concession. It is, however, the policy of Austrian statesmen, as it has been for more than a generation the policy of German statesmen, to encourage Russia to expand and increase her influence in some Eastern direction. It is hoped both in Berlin and Vienna that China and Persia may relieve the Balkans of inconvenient attentions. But the St. Petersburg Foreign Office has a long arm. Although the Tsar's advisers hope that they may succeed in obtaining some southern port in Persia, it does not follow that they have given up all expectation of ever being able to settle down in Constantinople. Whoever thinks differently has an erroneous impression of Slavonic ambitions.

\* \* \*

A study of Yuan-Shi-Kai's methods is a liberal education in diplomacy, especially the shadier sides of the art, of which there are many. Somebody once said that the mystic was the best practical man, because mysticism was only common sense. Yuan will remind anyone of that remark. He is well versed in Chinese philosophy and will discuss metaphysics with you at any time. Withal, he has an appalling appetite, takes little exercise, and has a female retinue which has almost become a scandal. This strange, powerful man has got the better of Manchu intriguers, of influential military men, and of a theorist pure and simple such as Sun-Yat-Sen. He is an Eastern Bismarck, relieved by touches of Machiavelli and Schopenhauer. The combination has never been unique in the Orient, but Yuan-Shi-Kai is the best example I have seen for some time. He is aiming at founding a new Chinese dynasty, and with every chance of success. He knows that his countrymen are patriarchal and monarchical, and that "Liberal" institutions in China are a farce. There are several enthusiastic young Chinamen who think differently; but Yuan, if he lives, will outmatch them all. If he dies, China will witness a period of anarchy before being devoured by Russia and Japan.

\* \* \*

I hope that these will not seem hard words so far as the Chinese "Republic" is concerned—I put the word in quotation marks because I do not like to set down a contradiction in terms. Thinkers have my sympathy

when they try to put their views into practice; but not when they try to break the thread of tradition in doing so. Western institutions are not suited to an Eastern country. And as I write these words I am reminded of Mr. W. Morgan Shuster's book on "The Strangling of Persia" (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net). Mr. Shuster, as we should not need to be reminded, was "lent" by the United States Government to take up the position of Treasurer-General of Persia. In endeavouring to set the finances of the country on a sound basis he was often hindered by the Russian Government, aided and abetted by our own Government. He does not gloss over awkward incidents or mince words; and a sentence in his foreword—"Only the pen of a Macaulay, or the brush of a Verestchagin, could adequately portray the rapidly-shifting scenes attending the downfall of this ancient nation—scenes in which two powerful and presumably Christian countries played fast and loose with truth, honour, decency, and law"—is typical of the style throughout the book. I regard this work, however uninteresting the subject may be to the average reader, as a valuable diplomatic document. Mr. Shuster is an American, and his manner of writing, like some of his behaviour when in Persia, may not be in exact accordance with European ideas. Nevertheless, he has given us the only trustworthy account we have of Persia's downfall; and I think he has proved to all impartial critics that Russia did act harshly towards Persia, and that England aided Russia in doing so. In spite of an occasional American exaggeration in the language, I believe that Mr. Shuster has proved his case, taking it broadly.

\* \* \*

Now, in spite of all this, Russia was justified in seizing Northern Persia; and, unless we wanted to see her making for Northern India, we had no option but to support her. For Russian expansion in the direction of Persia was inevitable—had been, in fact, tending in that direction for a century, and only armed force would have kept her away. When a nation is expanding, very little attention indeed is paid to truth, honour, decency, and law, contrarily, I assume, to Mr. Shuster's expectations. All these good qualities go by the board. (Let anyone consider for a moment how the Albigenses were nearly wiped out altogether for a lesser reason.) Persia had on her side truth and decency and law and all the rest of it; but Russia had a tendency towards expansion backed up by armed force. Why the Persians had no such tendency and no such force is, it seems to me, explained by the very useful illustrations with which Mr. Shuster's book has been provided. The faces of the Sipahdar-i-Azam, of Prince Shuau's-Saltana, of Wuthuqu'd-Dawla and his brother, of Mutaminu'l-Mulk, and many others, are the faces of men who have sprung from a race which has degenerated. The physiognomies of the group of soldiers (facing p. 279) will confirm this statement. All these men have what I can best describe as a worn-out expression, an expression which seems to be stamped into them, and one which I believe to have come from a tired race of people. The Medjliss, the last tired creation of a sunken nation, was one of the final steps towards perdition. Persia, as she now exists, is doomed; but time is long and she will rise again. I regret as much as Mr. Shuster the fate that has now overtaken her; but she is an Oriental nation, and her patriots will understand the thoughts of an Oriental poet:—

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,  
Worse—better—last for first and first for last:  
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap  
Fruits of a holy past. . . .  
Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,  
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;  
The end of many myriad lives is this,  
The end of myriads that.  
Only, while turns this wheel invisible,  
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;  
Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the spokes  
Go round unceasingly!

And surely that is the spirit in which the decrees of fate should be accepted?



## Military Notes.

By Romney.

I OBJECT to your modernist because he will not make or meet a fair and square attack. Invariably he replies with the charge of misrepresentation, and, as his continual effort will have been to say everything at once, the charge is difficult to refute. Such a one will call the sun blue, and if you object to the description, will cry out against your misstatement of his views; for has he not, two pages further on, epithetised the sun as purple? To these people hedging has become a second nature. Mentally, they are like rabbits driven in the middle of an open field. Longing to run in every direction and frightened to run in any direction, they remain cowering where they are. They take no course at all.

\* \* \*

In arguing with such persons it is necessary for the unfortunate controversialist to deal less with what they say than with what they seem to mean. Sir Oliver Lodge is angry because I have credited him with the preposterous opinion that success in modern warfare is due less and less to the exercise of courage or endurance, and more and more to clever machinery. I can only reply that if pages nine and ten of his silly pamphlet do not mean that, they mean nothing at all, and that the introduction of one or two hedging admissions that "qualities of mind and body" are evoked by fighting cannot alter the general character of his argument. The very motto on the cover of his precious publication—that presumably of the "American Association for International Conciliation," under whose auspices it has been printed—is typical of the wobble-mindedness which inspires it. "Pro patria per orbis concordiam." That is to say, "I love my country, I believe in its separateness and its right to remain separate. I believe in its inalienable rights to all these things. But I will not fight for them." Bah!

\* \* \*

As we have started upon this matter we might as well go on with it. There is one tacit assumption in the pamphlet upon which the whole argument of the pacifists rests, whose truth appears to them so indisputable as to require no demonstration, and which is nevertheless quite palpably absurd. It is the assumption that the "survival" of war, as they are pleased to call it, is due solely to nationalism—to the division of civilised mankind into several sections more or less jealous of one another. It is the pleasant dream of amiable persons that if such differences could be softened or abolished, the *raison d'être* of war would cease to exist. To humorous posterity that error will appear no less ridiculous than the one by which the plausible philosophers of the eighteenth century regarded war as solely due to the intrigues and ambitions of kings. The immediate causes of resorts to arms are, of course, one thing in one age and another in another, according to the temper of the time, but war is ultimately based upon the fact that when people get excited enough, they will proceed to extremes—in other words, to fighting. A considerable percentage of the kings were abolished in 1793, or thereabouts, but I have never heard that peace resulted from it, and peace would not be any the more ensured if all the European nations could be amalgamated to-morrow. Men would start fighting over Socialism or religion, or heaven knows what. In fact, personally, I am inclined to predict that nationality pure and simple will not be the cause of the next great outburst. The national governments as they stand are too much under the control of cosmopolitan financial interests, who "seek peace and ensue it," though not for the reasons recommended in the Scriptures. The stagnant peace necessary for the schemes of these beauties will probably continue until revolution places the control of one State or another in the hands of some "irresponsible" persons who care nothing for the international interests of Rothschild, and set the world fighting for that which has always stirred men up to fight—for an idea.

Nevertheless, there is a way in which it may be possible to abolish war, at any rate, for a period. Men fight because they believe that there are certain things which they are bound to fight for—their religion, their liberty, their country, the sanctity of this or that ideal. Abolish those ideals, or, at any rate, weaken their hold upon men's minds to an extent that they will no longer appear worth toiling for and dying for—snuff out the candle of love and hope and sacrifice, and peace will follow, as it follows in the dark hours of the morning, or in a tomb. One great and ancient civilisation trod this road. A year ago and in another journal I read an article which revealed to me the secret of Celestial stagnation. The Chinaman has given up ideals. The belief in abstract justice and in abstract truth, which keeps Europe moving, does not obtain for him: to his despair of life an easy compromise seems all that is procurable, and the "preservation of harmony" the only end. If an ideal stands in the way of harmony, abolish your ideal. "Man," so the Chinaman is said to say, "is a difficult animal, and human intelligence must devise the best means of inducing him to live in peace with his neighbours, to make the earth yield to him its utmost, and to develop the most useful part of him—his intelligence. To this end certain moral ideas are doubtless useful: but the foundation of all such ideals is *harmony in society*, and, in so far as any other ideal appears to conflict with this, it must be checked. Inasmuch as harmony is the end of all civilised beings, with regard to other ideals the best thing to do in practice is to use the irreducible minimum of them: and it is in the discovery of the irreducible minimum that the Mongolian intellect has developed most completely its civilisation." Thus the judge must set himself to achieve "the attainment of justice, without either the discovery of truth or the employment of dishonesty. The harmony of the people forbids the decree of a gross injustice, the harmony of the magistrate and the yamen forbids the abstention from bribes: the actual circumstances of the case are impossible to discover, while the fact that the litigants have, by mere litigation, disturbed the general harmony leads to a decision whereby both sides are punished slightly, and the side that recommends itself to the tribunal is also rewarded." . . . "This attitude," the writer continues, "is to be forcibly contrasted with the old European ideal of seeking the highest development of particular virtues as ends in themselves without making social and political harmony the paramount aim." I suppose I am an old European, for words cannot express my exasperation at the existence of such a system, even so far away as China.

\* \* \*

The writer of that article is right. Northern Europe is developing in the same direction. How far the process goes depends upon many things. It has indubitably started. The cant of toleration, the cant of compromise, the cant of "hush it up"—all that vast body of opinion which proclaims to us at the present moment that unity, moderation, gradual development and peace are objects to be sought for in themselves—all these do constitute a Yellow Peril more insidious and terrible than any Kaiser's dream. Already we are nearly in the stage where nobody fights because nobody cares. The educated English classes are Chinese to the core. In fact, if not in name, we are all pragmatists now. Nor is there hope except in that great body of the people whom the poison of our philosophy has not reached, and who may, therefore, be trusted to have preserved, blindly and unwittingly perhaps, the traditions of an older, straighter civilisation.

\* \* \*

There is no doubt that the study of natural philosophy, praiseworthy in itself, is apt, if uncorrected by a just religion, to turn men's thoughts exclusively to the material world, thus aiding in no small degree that decay of ideals which I have mentioned. In that sense Sir Oliver is right. Science, or rather scientists, do make, have made for peace. Abolish all the natural affections and you will have peace at once.

## The Transition from the Wage System.

### II.

THE conclusion from all that has gone before is plainly this: Labour's most formidable weapon in its struggle for economic emancipation is its completely organised power to withhold its labour from the employers' exploitation. Please observe—"completely organised." We have shown that the first step in this militant organisation is to rope in the mass of unorganised and disorganised workers and so constitute a powerful labour army. Remains to be considered: (a) leadership; (b) strategy; and (c) commissariat.

The new struggle, inspired by the idea of the abolition of the wage system, must necessarily call into being a new type of leader. The present type has served its turn and, with all its errors and limitations, it has fairly and squarely earned our gratitude. The ceaseless moiling and toiling inherent in trade union organisation has been given ungrudgingly by a body of officials, whose pathway has been strewn with thorns. They have, on the whole, received more kicks than ha'pence. Recently the ambitions of the union leaders have been diverted to political ends to the detriment of economic labour. The new type must adhere faithfully to its true function. It must be, in the real and not in the academic sense, more cultured than its precursor. We do not doubt that out of the illimitable human wealth of the industrial democracy the new type will be found in abundance.

More to the point is the new method of campaigning. There clearly must be a far higher degree of co-ordinated direction and regimentation. Isolated action must be regarded as mutiny and sternly suppressed. Unions that strike without the assured support of the main army must do so on their own responsibility. On the other hand, wherever a strike has been properly declared, it must have the unrestricted backing of the organised forces. The recent Dockers' strike is a case in point. The men came out and trusted blindly to the general good-will of their comrades. They got the good-will in plenty and precious little besides. Nor is it conceivable that the railwaymen would have been allowed to come out weeks after the transport workers had gone back. They should have all come out together. Nay, more—they should all have been in the same union.

We have several times referred to the lack of co-ordination amongst the transport and railway workers. For this reason: A union completely covering all the men engaged in the transport of merchandise could, if properly supported, win the battle and smash the wage system. But this is only possible with complete unity of action between the railway driver, the guard, the signalman, the docker, the vanman and the 'bus-driver. And this unity must be financially backed by every other union, each according to its numerical strength. The key to the position is here. But supposing the Government were to counter the movement by manning the railways and street vans with the Army Service Corps—a likely enough contingency—then the other unions must be so organised that the Army Service Corps has nothing to carry.

Such a campaign, be it noted, depends upon two vitally important considerations: (a) A complete commissariat system to maintain the labour army in times of industrial strife; and (b) an industrial army council with full plenary powers to direct operations.

The lesson of the last century of strikes is that when they have failed it has been because the commissariat department broke down. And we may go further and affirm that this was due not so much to the lack of money as to the failure to realise that war between labour and capital is nothing but war, and that, therefore, it should be conducted on a war footing. *Inter arma silent leges*; a strike conducted with meticulous regard for law and custom is almost certainly doomed to failure. The leaders of strikes are prone to curb the

action of their men by confining them to legal limits. The true line to follow is to disregard all legal obligations precisely as soldiers do in the enemy's country, and for the same reason. Roughly, policy dictates in times of conflict:—

i.—That on the proclamation of a strike no rent be paid.

ii.—That on its termination no arrears be paid.

iii.—That on any attempt to extort rent by threat of, or by actual distraint, every non-striker in the district affected shall forthwith cease to pay rent.

iv.—That no arrears, in such circumstances, be recognised. (By this means, rent is specifically struck at as well as profits. The striker kills two birds with one stone.)

v.—Rent being temporarily abolished, the most important consideration is food. Hitherto, food has been provided by means of strike pay. This must cease: the method is obsolete. It is not only haphazard and operates harshly upon men with large families, but almost inevitably hits the unfortunate retailer. This is so universally the case that retailers find their credit cut off upon the declaration of a strike. We believe, not without evidence, that the large wholesale houses often do this, not because they fear the retailer will not pay, but deliberately to hamper or kill the strike.

vi.—The Co-operative Wholesale Society should be the natural ally of the unions during a strike. This fact recognised, the obvious step is for the Unions to contract with the C.W.S. for the supply of rations to all the strikers, regard being paid to the number of each striker's family. At a close estimate, it takes five shillings per week per individual to maintain life. At wholesale prices this might be reduced to four shillings. The rule to be adopted, therefore, is that no money shall pass, the C.W.S. or the local trader to provide the rations and to be paid direct by the trade unions. Two important purposes are subserved by this arrangement: the strike can be indefinitely prolonged and the source of supplies maintained.

To conduct the future strike, the formation of an army council becomes imperative. To this council each union must not only send its delegate, but subscribe its obedience. The *sine qua non* of success in striking is promptitude of support. As things are to-day, this is impossible. It often takes weeks to bring the unions into line—as often as not after the strike has failed for want of proper support. Incidentally, as a condition precedent to the organisation of labour, all wage agreements, sliding scales, time contracts, and any and every legal harassment must be terminated. A weekly wage without any embarrassing conditions must be insisted upon.

To avoid any misunderstanding, let us once more reiterate that we desire no such elaborate strike organisation merely to modify the wage system. We postulate, first and last, that no strike is worth while that does not aim specifically at some form of control. It cannot be too often emphasised that control—joint or complete control—spells the negation of the wage system. And while we are about it, for the last time, we affirm that the negation of wages means the negation of rent, interest, and profits. No wages, no rent; no wages, no interest; no wages, no profits. Is it not clear beyond all cavil?

In thus marshalling the Labour forces for the greatest industrial struggle the world has ever seen, we shall also be marshalling all the forces that make for spiritual and intellectual regeneration. The war on slavery did not only destroy slavery: it produced a new literature, inspired with new conceptions of a greater and richer life; it called into vivid expression a new art, the impulse of which is still felt; a new religion, about which, perhaps, the less said the better. Broadly considered, those who fought for the old conception of property found themselves fighting for what was crude and vulgar. So it is to-day. THE NEW AGE stands almost alone in recognising that our current art and literature is hopelessly damned because it grows out of the noisome soil of a society based upon the wage system. There is an inevitable harmony between existing econo-

mic conditions and the spiritual life that belongs to them; ethics and economics are the obverse and reverse of the same coin. We have lamentably failed of our purpose if we leave behind any lingering belief that the destruction of the wage system means the destruction of anything with it that is lovely and of good report. The wage system is primarily uneconomic because it is dehumanising. It reduces life to terms of barter; the literature and art of that life are degraded with it, and by precisely the same process.

This prolonged inquiry into the wage system has not been of our seeking. We set out in all innocence to state a case for industrial democracy. At every turn we found the labour commodity theory blocking our path. It is true, as we acknowledged in the first article of this series, that it is not we who originated the idea of wage abolition. It can be found often in the earlier Socialist literature. But we may fairly claim that we have transformed a theoretical abstraction into an actual living issue. From now on, such is the mystical power of transmitted thought, the problem of wage abolition cannot be shirked. From now on, an intelligent understanding of the wage system, coupled with a fierce determination to end it, will be the authentic mark of the true revolutionist.

## Problems of Sex.

By M. B. Oxon.

V.

THE question of the illegitimate child is a very interesting one which has little chance of being understood now owing to our intellectual ignorance as to realities. It seems a priori probable that primogeniture should carry with it some special rank, and with the Jews, whose religion was to a large extent built round physiology and especially the physiology of sex, this was certainly looked on as a fact, but, for the sake of argument, let us admit that this may or may not be really so, that the rank may or may not be real. If it is not real then primogeniture is a farce, but if it happens to be real then present day primogeniture is a yet worse farce, for even if the religious believe that the efficacy of a ritual can bestow a rank on a child born in wedlock which an unsanctified marriage does not give, yet no one can possibly believe that the same applies to a signature in the registrar's book, which is thought to do the same. Supposing, then, that there is a something which attaches to primogeniture, beyond or behind worldly goods, clearly it is now to be looked for in the gutter. Few families contain a first-born, meaning by the word the child of a virgin by a virgin; in fact, very few exist at all in these days. It might be worth while seeing what first-borns are like, but they will not do themselves justice if they are brought up on Diet I, II, III, and so forth, out of a bottle, even if everything be sterilised with all the ritual of a Mass. More first-borns, and fewer later-borns, might be better for the world. In the upper classes this latter change is coming about; the women, for reasons which usually have not much to commend them, are becoming averse from large families, but the craze is still fomented in the lower classes by those who would have us believe that the prosperity of a country is measured by the increased birth-rate, which really only measures starvation wages and affluence. The supposed value of big families is a relic of the days when we were fish or rabbits or hoped by these means to replenish the earth. The satisfaction at the rising birth-rate dates from less remote times, but times when the world was not so full as it is now. At present the only merit is that it provides food for powder in case of war, for disease in times of peace. It appears to be thought that the vice of too much sexual connection is wiped out by the further vice of penalising the family as a whole. This is unlikely, and seems, in fact, to be only an afterthought, for no one would really condone a profligate's ways because of the number of his illegitimate progeny!

The other side of the subject is the validity of marriage. We are now inclined to regard marriage as entirely utilitarian, a good method of fixing fatherhood in fact. It is no doubt of great value from this point of view alone. And, as things are, marriage is one of the conventions which we can hardly do without. But it is scarcely to be doubted, if we look at the question dispassionately, that religious marriages in early days were not instituted for this purpose only. We now look on all things religious as so imaginary and foolish that a religious sanction for any idea is almost in itself a reason for its rejection. But the more one looks into the depth of this idea the more one is inclined to think that it is only our temporary blindness which keeps us from seeing its value. Is the grave objection of the Roman Church to divorce only a fantastic delusion? No doubt the Church has, as time went on, made more and more use of its authority in such matters for its own temporal advantage, but that this was the real origin of its views on the subject seems very improbable. One mistake which we make is to think that marriage, as contemplated by the religious, was merely a licence for carnal connection, which is all we mean by it now. Bodily connection and its results are really the last step in a great and complicated magic, the seal, as it were, which completes an elaborate bond and in so far as it fails to be this it is, whether licensed or unlicensed, a vice and indistinguishable, so far as "realities" are concerned, from prostitution, being only a satisfaction of certain bodily needs, either real or imaginary. If to go still further it is sought to be made the starting point from which to influence the other parts of man, then it is an inverted magic with all the evil results which may attend such acts. The essential fact in marriage is, as far as we can discern it, the child, and married life, whether legalised or not, should be directed to making a fit environment for the child's growth, an environment of truth and reality from which all vices or untruths are excluded. A sexual glutton is every bit as unsuited to make the psychic atmosphere for the child as is a drunkard. Further, a State nursery is equally unadapted for the purpose. This is where Eugenics, based as it is on the statistics drawn from the measurement of radishes, and in common with most other sciences paying little or no attention to the soul of man, is bound to come to grief.

This vindication of the sanctity of marriage and the need for sexual repression may seem very opposed to the hedonist ideal which I was upholding a few weeks ago, but there is a clear connection between them. The conditions which I am now demanding are for the moment Utopian, and this to a great extent because the hedonism which we practise is an ignorant and perverted one, without any knowledge of values, and restricted in artificial ways so that it is difficult or impossible to get the values perfectly established. The objection is not to conventions because they are in themselves useless, for, on the contrary, many of them are the last remains of true knowledge which we have forgotten, and safeguards against dangers which we no longer recognise. Also it is, even logically, improbable that any possible convention, not of quite a Gilbertian type, could be useless for the whole of the nation when we observe how different are all the different individuals. The objection is to the way in which too great subservience to convention can lead to a misvaluation of emotions and actions, and to the belief that by conforming to the outward letter we have really succeeded in keeping the law.

Conventions should be for the prevention of backsliding, and not for the restriction of experience; not a ring-fence herding all mankind into an artificial and inhuman mob, but hedges to keep the thoughtless from straying off the road; not the drover's stick but the huntsman's whip. So the first step towards abolishing hedonism is greater liberty, though not unlimited liberty. It is the tired dog who keeps to the path.

And here we come to asceticism.

Asceticism is of two kinds, one the rubrical, the other the true. The rubrical is of the nature of medicine, or gymnastics, not only for the ascetic himself, but also,

though no one will believe this, for the world at large. Both these are good and real, but there is also an entirely artificial kind, a perverted asceticism of Fear, which is the most usual type just now, and which is altogether bad.

The true asceticism begins at first with a distaste for hedonism and all its ways, a feeling of incongruity between the inner and the outer man, between his private and automatic convention and those in the world around him. Next follows a negative, inactive state, closely resembling the stagnation of pure intellect, and standing unmoved in this desolate spot a man at last sees suddenly the whole world as he has never seen it before; no longer full only of the things of which he has grown tired, but alive with all possible interests. All the values have changed, and he hastens back again to a new and active life, no longer bound by any of the old hedonist, conventional, or ascetic rules but guided only in his acts by the touchstone of Truth. Everything that meets him he accepts as good, so long as it is true, in which he is only following the universe's own estimate of things, or, as we say, the laws of nature. The scales of Truth distinguish the gold from the gilt.

It is by the habits which have become second nature and automatic for man that the change is brought about, so it behoves him to be careful what habits he acquires. We spend a lot of trouble in trying to teach people good habits, such as not spitting in the 'bus, but though these are very desirable, and seem to take a lot of learning, there are others which are far more important in which we give no instruction. I do not mean such elementary details as not annoying our neighbours with "sick-pig" motor-horns, for it should really be unnecessary, yet such trifles are not useless. But far more important are habits of mind control, of which few even think. Man is so accustomed to thinking that he is mind that the idea of controlling mind seems foolish. So we go on worrying about things instead of turning them out of our thoughts till the time comes to deal with them, and letting our mind leave off any work it happens to be doing to wander away into the slums of sex every time we see a petticoat or a pair of trousers, and stay its failing strength with garbage from the circulating library. These are not habits which will stand us in good stead under any circumstances, however proud we may be of our mental control because we can manage to dictate a letter to a pretty typist without letting in any of the wrong words. The first step in the right direction is to cultivate, not the wandering mind, but the bull-dog mind which holds on whenever it is told. But instead of this, from the earliest moments of life until death, the teaching is all the other way. In the cradle days, mothers, nurses, aunts, and everyone who gets a chance starts to teach the baby to play with five things at once when he only wants one. At schools we are only just beginning to think of making lessons really attractive, while in after life the few men who can think of only one thing at a time soon get to the top of the tree. The weft of a great deal of the world's thinking is Sex, and until this is altered little progress is possible in sexual matters. But mental repression is no more able to change this than is physical repression in the case of bodily sex, it is only another form of concentration on the subject. The simplest way is to find some other subject to which mind will hold and encourage it to hold tightly. The choice of subject, whether it shall be religious, scientific, or something else depends entirely on the type of character of the man.

The hedonism which I was advocating earlier is not for the purpose of fattening mind, but of dissipating the unsatisfied material and quasi-material needs which mind is always ready to seize on as an excuse for its wanderings. But although there is some truth in the proverb that familiarity breeds contempt, it must not be taken too literally: a man who thinks too much may be always thinking of the next drink which will put him all right again, but too great a familiarity with the bottle is no cure for his disease.

## Present-Day Criticism.

THE publication of a volume of verse by the late Richard Middleton has contrived to interest us, as our readers may guess, a little beyond the poetical merits of this author. His posthumous celebration—let us hope, the last for a while of its pernicious sort—is spreading abroad, sensationally, some mediocre work. To be sure, Mr. Frank Harris is vowing by all his rather personal and private powers that in future our Dreadnoughts shall be neglected rather than our Middletons: but, for our part, we would neglect a Dreadnought for the sake of Mr. Harris—what further can we say? Nevertheless, the rising generation appears little likely to accept anyone's opinion of its new poetry without examining and testing by the poetry we have inherited. The old cry and halloo of nineteen-hundred will not gather us round open-mouthed any more: in racy English, we have been had too often by the journalists. We look now before we leap; and the desire is rather to be found saying the last word on any literary matter than the first, which, like all news and rumour, should be left to journalists. It may even happen that the last word will be discovered not to have been said about Shakespeare! Someone may go plodding through that vast collection of Mr. Harris's opinions, and end by asking what Mr. Harris's credentials are to discuss Shakespeare—supposing these should not be evident in the book itself. We pray that the derring-deed may not fall to our lot, for we find only poor judgment of art and artists in the remarks Mr. Harris makes about Middleton. For instance, we are told to understand Middleton's temperament as child-like, with a "child's acceptance of vice and suffering and abnormalities." But we believe that children know nothing whatever about vice and abnormalities, and comprehend very little of pain. "Here is a self-revealing couplet," says Mr. Harris:—

A human blossom glad for human eyes,  
Made pagan by a child's serenity.

A child's serenity! Self-revealing! That is curious psychologising about a man who committed suicide. But our business is no further with Mr. Harris just now. We will examine one or two of Middleton's verses, as nearly as possible those most quoted by his reviewers. And, let us say, to indicate our judgment of Middleton as a mediocre poet that one is never allowed to escape from his personality.

Take these lines about a child:—

For all the rich and curious things  
That I have found within my sleep  
Are naught beside this child that sings  
Among the heather and the sheep;  
And I, who with expectant eyes  
Have fared across the star-lit foam,  
See through my dreams a new sun rise  
To conquer unachieved skies,  
And bring the dreamer home.

Compare Wordsworth:—

She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute, insensate things.

Wordsworth, in these pictures, does not name the dew, but what dew of the earth's morning and of youth is not over those rapid phrases. Middleton's expression is hot and feverish, and yet delaying. Consider the first four lines separately and you will not find one that contains a complete idea, and the complete phrases are, to say the least, not of the major order. "Rich and curious" is merely decorative beside "mute, insensate." Wordsworth gives us no description here of the feeling or thought which natural grace would excite in a spectator: but what need? We simples would all feel alike

about it: we should not feel anything concerning conquering suns.

Even when Middleton is writing without the strictly personal I, does one feel that the theme is embracing, or that it is narrow, particular and moody?

And heaven's dimmest rafter  
Shall tremble to our laughter  
While we leave our tears to your hopeless years—  
Though there be nothing after;  
And while your day uncloses  
Its lorn and tattered roses,  
We shall pluck the stars from your prison bars  
And bind celestial posies.

We confess to being entirely outside the adventure.  
Yet when Shelley sings, in a verse that is one perfect phrase, of

. . . . the Poet hidden  
In the light of thought  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not—

when he sings so, the world is thrilled with an expectation that is not to be aroused by promises of stars plucked from prison bars, whatever that may mean. And Shelley is there no less lyrically simple than in expressing a state common to half the human race as well as to the order of poets:—

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

In a "Lullaby," Middleton betrays a taste in style and subject that is shocking.

And you'll grow big and love will call,  
Happen you'll leave me for your man;  
And night times when the shadows fall  
I'll greet as mothers can:  
Oh, baby; my baby!  
As only mothers can.

Rowland's "Blessed Lady" becomes tolerable contrasted with this banal verse of a lullaby. English is not rich in slumber songs, but we have a few fine ones. Scott's "O hush thee, my babe, thy sire was a knight," is in the spirit. Isaac Watts's "Cradle Hymn" has several impeccable verses. Tennyson's "Sweet and low" is perhaps the most perfect of all with its ineffable rhythm and simplicity. One must not forget Wither:—

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay, and asses fed:  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle or a bed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep:  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

One of the most inappropriate cradle-songs is credited to the Lady Ann Bothwell: we hear in it the anguish of a deserted mother; but there is nothing merely wilful and intrusive in this strange lullaby:—

Lie still, my darling! sleep awhile,  
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile;  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!  
But yet I fear thou wilt gae near  
Thy father's heart and face to bear.  
Balow, my babe! lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.

There is a simplicity of suffering and dread which tenderly hushes away into the refrain. But we linger too long for our space even over a rare kind of poetry.

In all his verse, Middleton exhibits the alternating excess and feebleness, inquisitiveness and cynicism, servility and bravado of the neurotic. Here is a very dreadful example of the last two moods together:—

So here's an end; I ask forgetfulness  
Now that my little store of hours is spent,

And heart to laugh upon my punishment—  
Dear God, what means a Poet more or less?

The comment is that poets do not talk like that, no, not even the minor poets.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;  
I know my sense is mocked in everything;  
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,  
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

J. DAVIES.

Alas, for man! who hath no sense  
Of gratefulness nor confidence,  
But still regrets and raves;  
That all God's love can hardly win  
One soul from taking pride in sin,  
And pleasure over graves.

RUSKIN.

For those my unbaptised rhymes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;  
For every sentence, clause and word,  
That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,  
Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book that is not Thine.  
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
Worthy Thy benediction;  
That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work and me.

HERRICK.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
Told out for me . . .  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain  
Until the morn.

NEWMAN.

Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are—  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew—  
The dew dries up, the star is shot;  
The flight is past—and man forgot.  
H. KING, "Sic Vita."

Nothing of bravado, nothing, either, of weakness in all these, nothing, above all, of facetiousness, the sorry joke or bargain with Almighty Fate. We cannot face fate that way, cannot, if we desired: madness puts an end to us. With piety, with philosophy, with art one endures the incomprehensible decree of perpetual struggle and perpetual defeat. But if you would hear composure, hear dying Adrian's address to his soul: we give Prior's version:—

Poor little pretty fluttering thing,  
Must we no longer live together?  
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,  
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?  
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,  
Lies all neglected, all forgot:  
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,  
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

A man who goes beyond these expressions above leaves in debt to the world. It may run easily off the tongue to ask what means a Poet more or less; but, exactly, it is slick, and no more poetical or sensible than to ask what means a sailor more or less, or any other creature. As we read in the major poets, we find the subject of adverse and inscrutable destiny approached no way but with profound awe and with a dignity possible even to defeated man.

One's hope and, indeed, conviction, is that Richard Middleton might himself have suppressed much that his acquaintances are so busily publishing. Morbid, vain, and precocious and lacking in æsthetic reserve, he yet exhibited in certain later prose writings qualities of experience, practical sense, and sincerity which must eventually have won their way. In these writings one looks for an admirable Middleton; and from them we might draw a defence, if necessary, of our own rigorous criticism.

## Pages from an Unpublished Novel

By Beatrice Hastings.

*There are certain beings to whom it is gifted to renew often the youth of their bodies. Of these the souls lie long cradled, and until their own hour, Life for them is Now.*

*Only such experience as excites the consciousness of immortality is absorbed, and Time neither adds to nor takes away from the measure of their impression. At every moment, these beings are both quick and dead, incorruptibly isolated from prudence and from dishonour.*

*They set an example which the ungifted do wisely not to follow.*

### BOOK VIII.

IMAGES of beauty used to visit me when my will was failing. And these visions endowed me with new energy, new desire for happiness, and with irresistible belief in happiness; and I would leap upon the wing of adventure and carry myself away over the broad earth to seek the delightful places and the delightful companions who, I felt sure, were somewhere, and to whom I should not be strange. I drew out of these illusions the force that gave themselves existence: they, then were no more; but I, arising refreshed, flew away to risk whatever might befall in my quest.

Thus impelled, how often I returned to thee, Africa! No memory of disaster and of disastrous tediums, mischief-bearing, could shadow the magnificence of thy features or bedim the glory of thy resplendent colour. In other lands, soon or late, some day would break full of suggestions of thee—and I made nothing of all hindrances. Yet, spontaneously as I sought, I left thee. And lightly, on a fair morning, I sailed from thy shore that last time; and years go by, and I have no thought of returning. I am happy, and have no need of thee. But if Grief, with her hateful cup, shall ever challenge my spirit, on that day receive me, Africa!

Almost the whole of the first twenty-seven years of my existence was passed sub-consciously. Sometimes this existence became memorable as dreams of delight, sometimes as nightmares; and a part is blank, as though I had lain in a dark cave, emerging thence with no experience save of sleep. In these slumbers, doubtless, my brain recuperated after its pestered infancy. So long as I was left alone to play and grow I was learning well—the memories of very early years prove that. I understood the matters connected with my art. Colour, rhythm, psychology were all mine before I knew twenty words of language. Like most children, I easily learned to read and write—and would I had been left grow to adolescence, unplagued with no more school knowledge than that! My life, after I fell into the teacher's hands, was a forgetting, an overlaying of the truth with which I was born by encyclopædic lore—things for specialists, not schoolgirls—by platitudes, by incoherent rules for conduct, utterly valueless to me. It is a reflection for philosophic amusement how much futile energy must have been expended on my "education" by crass females. Anger, indeed, is corrected by the certainty that they too were almost all completely sub-conscious. I know some of them now; they are beyond awakening for this life. As they taught they still teach—scheming, talking, gesticulating, self-assuring; they pass towards their graves fast asleep. They could not teach me the principles of human life, for these they did not know. The first faculty, of Choice, they did their best to destroy, and I had to find out, with great waste of spirit, that in a reasonable choice is all wisdom, and in desiring where we cannot choose is all folly. But, at last, I begin. . . .

Hazan vanished, I resumed my attendance at the library in the Botanical Gardens, and in my fashion was washed, as it were, of the whole adventure. It fell away from me as water through my hand, and I thought no more of it. Some poems written after this time show no trace of love or lover's influence. Looking back, I can tell that my only criticism of any doing was instinctive: I was amused or bored. Probably, as in the case

of Aphrodite's Flower, tedium was real long before it became realised sufficiently for me to flee from it. And if, in recording my adventures, I sometimes do not record the facts, that is because the facts were not facts to me. I saw something different, what was untrue except in my imagination; but, indeed, it would be untrue for me to write philosophically of dull affairs that in their hour seemed sensational and romantic. . . .

While I sojourned in this city below Table Mountain I went in and out of the common world as in and out of a gate; and even when that world appeared most plainly the slum it is, my visits within the world of inspiration were remembered as the stars of the heavens are remembered during the daytime. Often I have no other sign than such memories that I was other than the body called Beatrice who went after absurdity. Often danger threatened, but the very threatening seems to have indicated a favourable turn of the wheel of my fate. I have never been long held to the consequences of folly. So, after the baby's direful advent, crippling my pride and proving me the sport of sex, I lost my slave's bitterness against the delightful little creature; and her withdrawal, devastating though this seemed at the time, redeemed me of a thousand dreads for her future and uplifted me from my sense of despair at having drawn a soul into the flesh. Without evil defiance, but inspired by mortal reason and feeling, I hope to pass hence, leaving no man or woman after me. Life is fatal to so many souls; a superfluous fatality to these: to the rest, a waste of Time.

It interests me to copy out some phrases from a notebook of these days in Cape Town. The book is full of scraps of writing pasted in during methodical hours, and the scraps make a sort of commentary on my doings. Moods, meditative, active, harmonious, discordant, rainbow-hued or drab—I detect all these in the evidence of the notes. The articulation of them shows an intellectual advance, but my soul was still deep asleep. I could not use either physical or emotional experience to any profit. These mental flights never saved me from a single folly, and, in so far, they are but false witnesses of spiritual development. Here are a few of them:—

"When I read a passage like this following, which floats through my volatile mind like a solemn procession, I wish then to live to the philosophic age that, haply, I may join the procession: Boethius says—Everything which strays from what is good ceases to be.

"In my face I sometimes see the likenesses of places I have lived in.

"My love is used as a shelter by men. Unreasonable, perhaps, to expect my tramps to quit, since I seem to present them unconditionally with a palace, though 'tis really but a casual ward for all except the belated Prince.

"Whoever wants all the things that are made? (Me.)

"The anguish of the condemned is probably not borne upon the gallows, but in the grey of the shameful morn.

"When a wise man sits with fools, how should they know him?

"Born in any social rank, I should feel myself above that rank. The Stupid is universal. I won't dine out to-night.

"The earth seems no more a garden of life, but flowerless weeds are everywhere to be seen. What I despise I must gather, or go empty. Let us go empty, my Soul. Let us not feed upon these knots of un-bounteous creation.

"I dreamed last night that I borrowed two thousand yards of green tennis cloth from Ovid.

"The sun is passing over the western water, but it is still day. Yet, behold! a new light. It is the Moon, climbing the eastern horizon. What promise of what adventure means this glimpse of the moon in broad day? Whither are we hastening?"

### BOOK X.

Fortunate Columbus! first to describe America: one may not any more. But, in fact, if I am to believe Americans, I never saw America. No matter where I

might go, the real America was always in some other place. Let me believe so, since an intolerable ennui would take me if I were to plague my pen with what I did see. No American was ever more disillusioned with the little pit of Piccadilly Circus than I with Broadway, positively the crookedest, narrowest alley in the whole world. How we apples swim! The atmosphere of New York is sparkling compared with that of London, but would be a fog in Cape Town. The noise is enormous; yet Paris could compete there. One loses money at every corner, but Dublin robs even more rapidly. In manner, the American street-man is still not so savage as a half-bred Hottentot; the patrolman, or policeman, not comparable with a Zulu constable in the arts of buffoonery and fire-eating. If you would see the architecture of Bedlam, if you would see a fair island packed to the edge with commercial unsightliness, go see. But when all the spectacles are done, when you have rejected life in an express lift, when you have wept to surprise so much civic taste as leaves a quiet acre around Grant's Tomb, when the Bowery has been proved as safe as Petticoat Lane, Central Park as urban as Richmond, and Coney Island as trivial as White City—then, if you do not return home, but go farther, although you will never discover America, you will find, here and there, the things of immortal and universal taste and tradition—the places, persons, and manners that ward the humane spirit: in Dublin as in Durban, in Paris as in Peking, in London as in Scipio's Rome, in New England as in goodly Lacedaemon. . . .

The final reminiscence I have of America is a personal one, natural enough for me to cherish. My lasting remembrance is of the various persons who tried to draw me from the way of the Golden Goose. They make a long procession: but, alas, or, since in the end one smiles to enrage Satan—Pish! I was still set upon whim. . . .

With my frocks, my books, my jewellery, my interminable baggage, I follow whim so far as to quit the vast hotel for a little one that overlooks a garden square. Here is a quite different life from that to which I am now long accustomed. Yet, easily, I adapt myself to the quaint place and behave as I feel is expected of me. There is a grandmotherly person as house-keeper. She sees through my assumption of all worldly wisdom, and contrives to take so many years off my age that I find myself lapsing into the ribands and manners of seventeen. She guesses my real age to be that—and I agree, though I know I shall never again see twenty-five! In a month, this old lady has achieved so much that I spend my days practising singing and dancing—for she has guessed among other things that my resources are limited and is for ever urging me to prepare to earn some money, on the stage: she thinks no deeper of me than that. Why should she? There is no sign. Several theatrical women have rooms in the hotel, and my friend observes with a fine air that I neglect those who are not serious. I am introduced formally to the woman book-keeper, a shy, calm virgin of forty, one of the many women of that type who have attached themselves to me. She and I dine together frequently, I delight in her unassuming independence and her modest, blushing way of admiring me. She, in her turn, introduces a friend of hers, a dress-maker—I need some sewing done. Mrs. Baker is Irish, a fair, tiny creature, all light, vivacity, and practical sense. I am invited to tea and find in a flat, which is a shocking hot hole, a serene old mother and a girl-baby with whom I become so enchanted that I want it everywhere with me. So three months slip away in singing and dancing fervently. . . . and then the fates send along the prettiest young Frenchwoman in the world. She annoys me on her arrival with her elderly husband by exhaling an air of wit and distinction which I accept as a challenge. Out come my dresses, my jewels, my coiffures, my whole baggage of the goose-path. She is clever, and allows my claim to female equality. And what shall I say more of the encounter but that before a month is out she has induced me to risk all my remaining money in her business of importing the modes of Paris! I go to live in a flat she has taken. We do not

agree so well. One is not amused in this ménage: Madame is, in fact, a bourgeoisie, careless, conventional and very greedy. At last I have only one dollar left in the world, and now I return to the little hotel overlooking the gardens, and take a cheap room, intending to sell all that I have and return to England. My women friends welcome me, but with a reserve that irritates me. In the evening I find myself talking to a personage whom I have not noticed much formerly. In reply to some question I reply recklessly that I have no money, the Frenchwoman has got it all: and I hear him say: "Say, you'd better come down to earth!" I stare at a perfectly hateful smiling face—and I realise the possible squalor, the tedium of this world. I resolve before morning to commit suicide, and with the utmost ease and simplicity that you may imagine, I fling myself at day-break into the Hudson, from a lonely wharf at Seventy-eighth Street, far up the river. I feel nothing but the weight and smooth strength of water buoying me up! I cannot go down, so I float. Then there is a great shouting and a splash. I grow suddenly angry as someone clutches me. I feel that I really want to drown, I can very quietly, happily drown, given time. So there is a struggle and I am only dragged out at last covered with mud from the river-bed and a little sick from a kind of blue-coloured swoon. A crowd of loafers has gathered from the holes where they have been sleeping, and one old creature rocks to and fro, moaning: "Oh, I shan't get over this for a month"; and another, whom one would suppose God might fail to recognise, approaches me where I sit shivering, guarded by a policeman and weeping with rage: says this image: "Ma'am, there's no feller in the world worth that!" Then I am lifted into an ambulance, covered up, and taken to a hospital. The nurses enrage me, they are so ugly and rude, and as soon as the doctor is gone they lock me in alone to undergo fifty times the shock of my first descent below the water, the which I had not felt at all at the actual moment. I quake and cling to the bed until the door opens to admit my friend the house-keeper, who cheers me with so many comfortable assurances that I omit to tell her about the coarse personage, even although he is coming to go surety for my future behaviour! At the court, I am shut into a shameful iron cage while awaiting my turn, and a woman in black, with a most forbidding countenance, arrives to invite me to go for six months to a Home! I am too amazed for indignation, and am even inclined to laugh. She retires; and I am led before an old gentleman who rapidly assumes that I do not intend to do it again and sends me away with my surety. At his grasp of my arm I understand his thoughts. But everybody welcomes me, and for two days I lie in a kind of state, receiving a train of visitors; all my old friends and some new ones, the wife of my rescuer, who comes with an infant and leaves with shawls, trinkets and such things as I can give who am without even the money to replace the man's spoiled clothes; and several reporters, among them a delightful woman who offers to get me an introduction to a great theatrical manager. And I make my trial—imagine a week gone by, the personage vindictive, and myself now in debt to the hotel—the trial is a failure. On the day before I am announced to appear my voice suddenly gives way. The doctor assures me it is imaginary, there is nothing really wrong. I resolve to try; but all night I go falling once more into those vast, whirling waters, and on the stage I only carry through by means of some attractive magnetism between me and the audience, which allows me to laugh and look charming even while I feel lost and incompetent, and induces them to applaud beyond my artistic merits. But I know it is of no use—this appearance. I return home depressed, and for many days sit idly, thinking, reading, writing. One or two managers send for me. I go; but the offers are for the chorus in musical comedy, and I am bored at such an idea. However, my debt becomes formidable, one hundred and four dollars, and at last I sign on with a touring company, leaving all my trunks behind as the landlord will not permit me to take even so much as one. But I forget. Two, or, perhaps, three weeks before

the company starts, and while we are rehearsing, I have sold my last remaining ring, and left the hotel, and am living in what the Americans call a "hall-room," that is, a narrow room, really only a passage with a door, and, of course, allowing no fireplace. My Irish friend, Mrs. Baker, untiring in affectionate assistance, scheming at every turn to get me in to some meal or other, sewing or fixing the costume I have to provide for the stage, herself purchases for me shoes, stockings and gloves, and can scarcely be induced to call them a debt. These details of mortal charity keep me working for many weeks after my boredom with the stage is complete. I am fascinated with the pleasure of sending off so much as four whole dollars at once and receiving the delightful receipts, so modest, so reproachful, and dispatched only as a fund against the future—"the stage is so uncertain."

Suddenly I make some humorous verses and send them to a paper, the "Telegraph." They appear with a floral scroll around them, and I find myself complimented by numerous people. I am amused, I am annoyed! I despise myself for enjoying their open wonder, not at all flattering as betraying their opinion of my supposed insignificance. I hurl myself away from these new friends, and plunge into the livelier side of theatrical life. It is not lively. One has to drink much wine to keep up the pretension of pleasure. A certain girl, Daisy, is beautiful, golden and rose. We become great intimates; she is not witty at all, but has a slow hypnotic charm, and an endurance which often tucks me into bed at noon-day, herself not requiring even the two or three hours' slumber before evening and the next performance. I write one or two sketches of chorus life, but make no further literary effort until one morning I awake, bored with a most scandalous intrigue and pray to all heaven to lift me out of this foreign world! At the end of the day I have neither eaten nor drunk, but I have composed two verses, "The Two Hermits," verses of pride and penitence, which are my first sign that I am not lost. I leave the theatre, having amassed some dollars. But there is some way yet to travel along the path of whim. . . . But now for whole weeks I shut myself up writing and reading, thousands, thousands, thousands of words come in legions from my pen: I make novels, essays, poems, diaries, destroying almost as fast as I create. Nothing satisfies. Now it is an epic I have commenced: and let us note—for so much is preserved—the theme and my literary language:—

This, the thin story which our heavy tongue  
Grown stammerer with diffidence, presents:  
Iophr, patron goddess of the realm  
Once watered from the Mountains of the Moon,  
But now dry waste, having intent to pay  
Her fealty to high Heaven, called a Maid  
From out the land of Ophir to take ward  
Of the Sacred Hills; instruction gave  
To ope no portal, speak no human word,  
Nor weep no tear; and, blessing, did depart.

And as I remember, the Maid brought down destruction upon the Land of Ophir—but can I believe that I knew at this time but one single extract from Milton! Here is a fragment which almost defies me to profess the truth:—

So Satan, wheeling in his downward fall,  
Raised a defiant arm against all rule  
Which warns the mightiest not transgress his orb.  
An instant: none observed: Heav'n sang within.  
Then, faster falling for his wilful act,  
He fought now to control his nadir flight,  
Faring towards the unsuspecting earth.

This Epic absorbed me so much that I scarcely noticed how for three weeks I had tasted no food but tea and bread. In fact, I had no money to buy anything else. Daisy had left the town. No one knew where I had hidden, and I never went out. At last a fit of giddiness overcame me. I decided to see a woman I knew and to contrive that she should invite me to dinner. It is the next day and time to go for this meal. As I put on my hat, I am almost nauseated by a memory

of the last dinner I have had, three weeks before. I feel that if misfortune place beef before me I shall fall ill. It is beef; steak; it looks like the very same steak! My appetite, grown dainty with the sickness of semi-starvation, recoils, and with what apologies I know not, I leave and struggle towards home, wandering several times in my state of disorder. Upon a sudden inspiration, I turn along Walnut Street to seek an acquaintance whom I have met but once. In a shiver lest I should have mistaken both his address and his admirable manner towards me, I knock at a vast house, let in flats. He lives there: he is at home. I pass up luxurious stairs and two gentlemen meet me: and very soon I am in a room full of books and rare things, and eating delicious fruit and drinking wine that invigorates my wit so much that I tell my tale in the merriest manner, and am instantly conveyed to a restaurant and judiciously fed. I have, I imagine, come to the most charming men in America and time convinces me of my delightful hope. I stayed all that evening with them. What books! But, first, my two friends! Both were named Charles. Charles Major was my new acquaintance. They looked somewhat alike; in height, in colouring—the grey-eyed, clear-skinned, iron-haired colouring of so many nice men—but Charles Minor was stouter than Charles Major, and by temperament inclined to society and women's conversation, whereas the other greatly loved solitude and reading. As I talked with Charles Major, watching him as he leaned in a big chair among his companions, one strong, thin hand lying lightly on the wide, polished arm, it seemed to me that I was renewing something—somebody—an atmosphere—which I yet could not remember. But, indeed, I was at home with myself, and that is probably what I felt. Every day of my life, now, I am Charles Major, leaning in a big chair among my hundreds of friends, and, perhaps, sometime I may appear to a stranger as mortally frail, yet as eternally well-placed, as appeared to me that perfect and happy scholar. Charles Minor listened like a novice to an abbé while his friend led us lightly from one topic to another, gaining my confidence by the way, and eliciting opinions of such an order that I quite forgot for the while that I had ever done anything but read, think and write. Over supper we talked of personal matters. I learned that both of them held positions in a certain company from which they were resigning, as it was about to be municipalised. An Englishman, an Englishman over eighty, will easily imagine my astonishment to understand that no American gentleman would consent to serve under a municipality—under politicians, as Charles Major expressed it.

## Views and Reviews.\*

AMONG the men thrown into prominence or obscurity by the French Revolution, Sieyès is worth of some study. A man who, at the time of his death, could be described as, "Sometime member of the Constituent Assembly and of the Convention, Director and Consul of the Republic, count and peer of the Empire, member of the Institute," had at least, the instinct of self-preservation well developed. Few of the men who had driven the Bourbon from power lived to be proscribed at the Restoration: between the Monarchy and the Empire stood "the little window," through which most of them looked for the last time. Even Marat the dog-leech died in circumstances that gave him the republican equivalent of fame; but Sieyès escaped a similar fate to die peaceably in his bed, a legendary man in the beloved Paris to which he had returned after fourteen years of exile. "No public monument has ever been built to his memory," says Mr. Clapham, "and no party in France looks back on his career with pride." Yet, like two other famous men of the eighteenth century, he was named Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is God with us.

\* "The Abbé Sieyès." By J. H. Clapham. (P. S. King and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)



Of the man himself, there is little to be said. Little is known, and nothing of interest. If he had none of the ordinary vices, he had none of the ordinary virtues; worse still he had none of the ordinary vitality that made Mirabeau, for example, so potent a factor in the early days of the Revolution. An egotist he always was, and something of an invalid: a member of many clubs, but not a clubman, a frequenter of drawing-rooms, but not a gallant, it is not surprising to hear that "admirers and followers he certainly had, but few, if any, friends." For the "social art" in which he was skilled was but an abstract, not too accurate, of the social life; he had not the vigour to live like other people, or the desire. Mirabeau called him "Mahomet," with reference only to the body of reverent disciples who listened to his oracular sayings: Robespierre spoke the truth divined by fear when he called him "the mole of the Revolution." More of the mole than Mahomet was the man who foresaw the whole process of the Revolution, and was prepared with expedients and principles at every stage; and did not foresee the Restoration.

We have learned to think of his work with contempt; that phrase of Carlyle: "Constitutions can be built, even constitutions a la Sieyès, but the frightful difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them": remains a blighting criticism. But it is suggested by Mr. Clapham that he has a claim to be considered as a political scientist, apart from the fate of his various schemes. The best claim would, of course, have been success in practice: Napoleon the First showed us, for example, that the democratic device of universal suffrage was the easiest method of establishing an Empire. Napoleon the Third repeated the lesson; yet in 1863, Lassalle was still howling for universal suffrage as the only means of establishing the social democracy. Bismarck granted the suffrage, and founded the German Empire on it. The kingdom of Italy likewise became a fact with the establishment of universal suffrage. I mention these well-known facts to show that political science might as well conform to political history. There are men like Sieyès to-day who would "prefer to find in the actual course of events what they are forced to seek in the realms of possibility"; but unless they learn to disagree with the dictum of Sieyès, "that the so-called historical truths have no more reality than the so-called religious truths," they will have much trouble in the flesh as well as in the spirit.

Sieyès, at least, was no advocate of universal suffrage; but he made one proposal that should interest readers of THE NEW AGE. The active and passive citizenship of which an editorial writer has written was the invention of Sieyès, and his proposal, in its assumption, is a direct confirmation of the argument that economic power precedes political power. For he proposed that the qualifications for active citizenship should be legal majority, French nationality, a year's residence in the constituency, and the payment of three livres per annum as a direct voluntary tax. "It was not intended," says Mr. Clapham, "to act as a means of exclusion, save for the very lowest social strata and those who took no interest in public affairs; nor need it have so acted to any serious extent." The proposal was put into practice to this extent, that the voluntary tax became a direct tax of the money value of three days' labour; so that it excluded none of the unskilled labourers from the benefits of voting for the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire.

Into the details of his many schemes, logical as they were, I cannot go; but the key to all his proposals is representation. Against the direct democracy of Rousseau and Mably, against the theory of delegation, he set his face. The representative was to be untrammelled by the electorate, was to be, so to speak, a synthesis of its intentions, a nationalisation of its local feeling. To this end he invented a system that is the intellectual parent of the caucus; although he never dreamt of the caucus. He said: "Let political go with economic power"; and never guessed that the Revolution would do nothing else than make the aspiration a fact. Abolish privilege, he said; and it was done; and

honours and political rights were the names given by the bourgeoisie to what the aristocracy had rightly named. *Idéologue* as he was, he did not know that all systems tend to one end, to concentrate power at the point of action; and that, however distributed power may be, it must be gathered together to be effective. Only one right is powerful, the sacred right of revolution; and politics is the art by which the people are induced to forego that right. "Liberty," as Napoleon said, "is the privilege of the few: therefore it may be abridged with impunity."

To us, of course, political science, accurate or inaccurate, is not of much account: our bread is none the cheaper because we live under a constitutional monarchy, nor would even the "republican monarchy" that Sieyès seemed to like necessarily lower its price. For the further he went, the less power did he allow to the head of his State; until at last Bonaparte asked him: "How can you fancy that a man with some talent and a little honour would be content with the rôle of a pig fattened on a few millions?" That Sieyès should have retorted: "Do you want to be a king?" was only natural; but it is impossible to see who is benefited by making kings of us all, when we are only kings of shreds and patches. That jealousy of centralised executive power, which Sieyès betrayed in all the checks and counter-checks of his Constitutions, was only the political counterpart of the economic doctrine of *laissez faire*, which more or less accurately describes his economic ideas. Everyone shall do next to nothing lest someone should do something, is a fairly accurate summary of his political creed; and he devoted all his ingenuity to constructing Constitutions which should lead to this result.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to criticise him unfavourably for having nothing to say appropriate to modern economic conditions. France was not an industrial country; and its sufferings seemed to be entirely due to the effects of feudal tyranny. That an industrial tyranny should arise from the political freedom gained by the Revolution, that the real source of tyranny is the institution of private property, were conclusions to which Sieyès' prophetic insight did not pierce. True, he had theories of redistribution; but he said himself that he did not wish to destroy property, but to change the proprietors, and property is the twin to poverty.

A. E. R.

## The Work of Art.

By Anton Tchekov.

(Translated from the Russian by P. Selver.)

HOLDING under his arm something wrapped in No. 223 of the "Journal de la Bourse," Sasha Smirnov, his mother's only son, entered Dr. Koshelkov's consulting room with a wry expression on his face.

"Ah, my dear lad!" was the doctor's greeting. "Well, how do we feel? What good news have you to tell me?"

Sasha blinked his eyes, laid his hands upon his heart, and said with an agitated voice:—

"Mother sends her best respects, Ivan Nikolaevitch, and asked me to thank you. . . . I am my mother's only son, and you have saved my life . . . cured a dangerous illness, and neither of us knows how to thank you."

"That's all right, my lad!" interrupted the doctor, complacently. "I only did what anyone else would have done in my place."

"I am my mother's only son. . . . We are poor folk and, of course, we cannot pay you for your trouble, and . . . it puts us in a very awkward position, doctor, although, otherwise, mamma and I . . . my mother's only son, I beg you urgently to accept as a token of our gratitude, this object which . . . a very

precious object of antique bronze . . . . a rare work of art."

"Quite unnecessary," replied the doctor, frowning. "What for?"

"No, I beg of you, do not refuse it," Sasha continued to murmur, undoing the parcel. "You will offend myself and mamma if you refuse. . . A very expensive object. . . We got it from father when he died, and we keep it as a precious memory. . . My dad used to buy up antique bronzes and dispose of them to connoisseurs. Now mamma and I continue this business. . . ."

Sasha had unpacked the object and solemnly laid it on the table. It was a moderate-sized candelabra of old bronze, an artistic piece of work. It represented a group, on the pedestal stood two female figures in the costume of Eve and in a posture for the description of which I have neither sufficient boldness nor the appropriate temperament. The figures smiled archly, and generally had the appearance that made it seem as if, but for the duty of supporting the candle-stick, they would leap down from the pedestal and perform in the room some action, which, dear reader, it is unbecoming even to think about.

Gazing at the gift, the doctor slowly rubbed his ear, cleared his throat, and blew his nose undecidedly.

"Yes, it's certainly a remarkably fine thing," he mumbled, "but, how shall I express it, not quite . . . too unconventional. . . . It's not even décolleté, but heaven knows what it is. . . ."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"The serpent of temptation himself could not have devised anything worse. . . Why to put such a fantastic thing on the table would mean soiling the whole dwelling!"

"What a curious notion you have of art, doctor!" said Sasha, putting on an injured tone. "Why it's a wonderful thing—just have a good look at it. Such beauty and grace, that it fills the soul with a feeling of devotion and a lump rises in the throat. At the sight of such beauty you forget all earthly things. . . Just look, what movement, what airiness and expression!"

"I understand all that perfectly well, my dear boy," interrupted the doctor, "but I am a family man, children run about in my room, and ladies come here."

"Of course, if you consider it from the standpoint of the masses," said Sasha, "then, of course, this highly-artistic object appears in another light. But, doctor, raise yourself above the masses, all the more since by your refusal you will grieve myself and mamma. I am my mother's only son. . . . You have saved my life. . . . We give you the most precious of our objects and . . . and I am only sorry that we have not another candelabra to match it."

"Many thanks, my lad, I am very grateful. Remember me to your mamma, but hang it all, judge for yourself, children run about in my room, and ladies come here. . . . Well, anyway, let it remain! There's no making it clear to you."

"There's nothing to make clear," said Sasha with joy. "Put the candelabra here, close to the vase. It's a pity though that there isn't another to match! Such a pity. Well, good-bye, doctor."

When Sasha had gone, the doctor gazed long on the candelabra, rubbed his ear and pondered.

"A splendid thing, there's no question about it," thought he, "and it would be a shame to throw it away. But it's impossible to keep it here. Hm! . . . A hard nut to crack! I wonder whom I could give it to as a present, or where it would serve some charitable purpose?"

After long reflection he thought of his good friend Uchov, a barrister, to whom he was indebted for conducting a lawsuit.

"Excellent," decided the doctor, "for him as a friend it would be embarrassing to accept money, and it will be suitable if I present him with the object. I'll

take the confounded thing to him. It's precious lucky that he's a bachelor and a bit of a rake."

Without any more ado the doctor put on his coat, took the candelabra, and made his way to Uchov.

"Good day, friend!" said he, finding the barrister at home. "I wanted to see you. . . . I've come to thank you, old fellow, for your trouble. . . . You won't take any money, but have this little trifle—look, my dear chap, a splendid little thing!"

On seeing the little trifle the barrister evinced indescribable delight.

"That's a fine thing if you like!" laughed he. "Why, 'pon my word, how the deuce do they think of such things! Wonderful! Splendid! Where did you get such a charming thing from?"

Having given vent to his rapture, the barrister cast an apprehensive glance towards the door and said:—

"But, my dear fellow, take back your present. I can't accept it."

"Why not?" said the doctor, alarmed.

"Why not? My mother comes to see me here, and there are clients. . . . And besides, the presence of the servants embarrasses me."

"No, no, no. You mustn't refuse," said the doctor with a reproving wave of the hand. "It would be a shabby trick on your part. It's a fine work of art. Such movement . . . expression. Not another word. You'll offend me."

"If it were only coated over with something, or some fig leaves were hung on."

But the doctor waved his hand the more, left Uchov's lodging with a bound and, content at having managed to get the present out of his hands, went home.

On his departure the barrister gazed upon the candelabra, fingered it from all sides, and, just as the doctor, puzzled his head for a long time with the question: "What is to be done with the present?"

"It's a beautiful thing," was his verdict, "and it would be a shame to throw it away, but it wouldn't do to keep it here. The best thing to do would be to give it to somebody or other. That's it, I'll present it to the comedian Shashkin this very evening. The bouncer likes things like that, and just this evening is his benefit."

No sooner said than done. In the evening the candelabra was carefully wrapped up and carried to the comedian Shashkin. The whole evening the comedian's dressing-room was simply raided by men who came to admire the present; the whole time the dressing-room echoed with exclamations of delight and laughter like the neighing of horses. If any of the actresses came to the door and asked: "Can I come in?" immediately the comedian's hoarse voice was heard: "No, no, my dear, I'm not dressed!"

After the performance the comedian shrugged his shoulders, waved his hands, and said:—

"Well, where am I to put the beastly thing? I live in a private lodging. Actresses come there. It's not a photograph that I can shove in a table-drawer."

"Why, dispose of it, sir," suggested the wig-maker, as he was undressing the comedian. "There's an old woman lives a little way out of the town who buys antique bronzes. Go there and ask for Mrs. Smirnov. They all know her."

The comedian did so. About two days later Doctor Koshelkóv was sitting in his consulting room, finger on brow, pondering over gallic acids. Suddenly the door was opened, and Sasha Smirnov sailed into the consulting room. He smiled and beamed, and his whole face was radiant with joy. In his hands he held something wrapped up in a newspaper.

"Doctor!" he began, panting, "Just imagine my delight! Luckily for you we have managed to get hold of a match for your candelabra. Mamma's so pleased about it. I am my mother's only son. . . . You have saved my life."

And Sasha, trembling with a feeling of gratitude, put down the candelabra in front of the doctor. The doctor opened his mouth, wanted to say something, but said nothing; his tongue was tied.

## Some Observations on Primitive Dancing.

By Marcelle Azra Hincks.

### I.

It is a curious fact that dancing, an art which can be traced back to the furthest antiquity, and which was so important a factor in all ancient civilisations, should have fallen during the last centuries to the level of a mere pastime and amusement. Dancing, in some form or other, can be traced in every savage community and in every civilisation, past or present, but it holds so insignificant a position in our modern world, and enters so little into our intellectual and emotional life, that we can hardly appreciate what a powerful agent it has been in the æsthetic evolution of mankind, or how greatly we are indebted to it for many of our poetical metres and musical rhythms. It is the oldest of the arts, and the Greek poet who would have us believe that it came into being at the beginning of all things and "was brought to light together with Eros" was only anticipating by a few centuries, as poets often do, what we know to-day to be a scientific truth.

Dancing, indeed, is the result of one of man's primitive instincts; that, namely, of expressing his feelings in rhythmical bodily movement. Violent muscular motions constitute the primitive form of expression of great pleasure, and the physical delight caused by the rush of blood thus sent to the brain accounts largely for the fact that, even in the lowest stages of civilisation, a rudimentary kind of dancing is always found. The glow of excitement brought about by this emotional and physical exercise is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest sensations which it is possible for a healthy organism to feel, and we find that all those in whom nature speaks with a powerful voice—the savage, the child, and those who have youth—are passionately devoted to the dance, by which the superabundant vital pressure which incites them to it is relieved.

But dancing is not only the result of this particular necessity for physical movement. The *raison d'être* of dancing arose more from man's desire to express the definite emotions within him which were clamouring for expression, and thus, by its very nature, dancing was originally entirely of a mimetic character. Gesture is the language of primitive man, and is an inheritance from his ape-like ancestors; even before expressing his feelings in poetry and music he was able to indicate them to his fellow men and his gods by means of physical movements. As Mr. Wheeler says in his essays on human evolution, "Thoughts and feelings were expressed by actions long before they were communicated by words," and as much as we are able to judge, from time immemorial, the visible gesture and the audible word have been used conjointly, the hands, head, and body illustrating and aiding the spoken phrase. In the daily intercourse of savages at the present day, imaginative language holds a position even encroaching on that held by speech amongst more civilised peoples. Thus in Tasmania, we are told that the natives use signs "to eke out the meaning of monosyllable expressions, and to give force, precision and character to vocal sounds." Gesture, in fact, is the most spontaneous mode of expression and may well have preceded articulate speech. And by constant repetition, certain gestures have gradually become systematised into measured movements; the gesticulations and irregular jumpings expressive of joy and sorrow, love and hatred, anger and entreaty, are regularised into given forms and the dance proper comes into existence. Thus it may well be said that dancing goes even deeper than spoken language, and that it is par excellence the most truly human, expressive, and realistic of all the arts. But if the dance was the first faint chapter written in the history of the æsthetic evolution of mankind; if it has since remained the supreme art and language of primitive man, we find that in all historic records, as in existing savage tribes, it is always allied to poetry and music, and the three are so

closely linked together that it is difficult to disassociate them in dealing with the art of primitive peoples, or even with the early art of the Greeks.

Herbert Spencer says that in the beginning rhythm in speech, in sound, and in motion were parts of the same thing. They are found united in barbarous tribes at the present day, and "the early records of the historic races similarly show these three forms of metrical action united in religious festivals." The Greek poet, Simonides, was then fully justified in calling the dance "silent poetry," for rhythmical motion is as important a means of expressing emotion as rhythmical speech or sound. Again, it must be noted that poetry, music, and dancing were at first used almost exclusively for religious or civic purposes, as is still the case among savages, and this gave to the dance quite another position to that which it occupies in our modern world.

Primitive dancing is thus seldom unaccompanied, and some sort of music invariably helps to mark the rhythm of the dance. This ranges from the mere clapping of hands and other simple devices for marking rhythm, to a more complex instrumental and vocal accompaniment. In the latter, the vocal element usually consists of a poem explaining the action and motive of the dance, much as the *hyporchemata* in Greece were, as the name implies, "poems accompanied by a dance." In Tahiti, for example, we are told that "there is a set of national ballads and songs referring to many events in the past and present lives of the people. The fisherman, the woodsman, the canoe-builder, has each his trade song, which, on public occasions at least, is illustrated by dancing." And again, in the songs of the New Zealanders, which contain rapturous allusions to striking objects in nature, "the metre is pronounced, and the singing is accompanied with movements and gestures expressive of the sentiments of the song," whilst the tune is also expressive of the sentiment, being harsh in war-like songs, and doleful and plaintive in laments and love-songs. It is interesting to note that in these dances of savages at the present day, we have living examples of crude *hyporchemata*, probably very similar in nature to those danced by the barbaric ancestors of the Hellenes, from which arose later one of the most important branches of Greek lyric poetry.

It is curious that when the arts came each to have a separate existence, when gradually the religious and secular life of man became differentiated and art was no longer exclusively religious in function, music and poetry continued their growth and development separately, and to the present day are in full strength and activity, whilst the dance, after having been developed to the uttermost by the Greeks, amongst whom it was used as a powerful means of expression and who considered it to be co-equal with poetry and music, remained stationary for a short period and finally degenerated into that substitute for it which we see in our ball-rooms and on our stage to-day. The fact that dancing was originally both pantomimic and religious is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to the student who is seeking to grasp the full import and significance of the dance of primitive peoples, or of ancient times, for our own dancing entirely overlooks the original purpose of the art, and consists mainly of stereotyped and meaningless evolutions of the lower limbs, the arms and hands being called in merely as an aid to equilibrium.

The dances of a primitive people being thus the direct expression of their strongest emotions, it is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the dance either of savages or of the ancients. No art gives us better insight into the character and customs of a people, and no other thing, save perhaps the nature of the gods worshipped by them, can demonstrate so well the chief characteristics of a nation. For, as the gods are only the personified ideals of a race—ideals before becoming idols; as they are of the same type as that of the men who made them, and their *Mythus* reflects the moral and æsthetic atmosphere of the soil from whence they arose, so the dance is an equally faithful representation not only of their daily habits and customs, but also of their deepest tribal and personal emotions.

And again, in the dances of primitive peoples we have an adumbration of the beginnings of our own arts of poetry, of the drama, and of music, which are now so highly differentiated that it is difficult to associate them in any way with their crude and humble origin.

In all savage communities, then, the dance has been a highly important religious and social factor, and war being necessarily the chief pursuit and interest of savages, their dances are mostly war-like in character. Sometimes the dance is used, on the eve of battle, to excite the fighters to a frenzy, and to give them courage for the morrow's fight, and by the flickering fire-light in the forest they dance and shout themselves into the performance of acts of heroism or madness. Sometimes the war-dance is performed after battle by the victors, with the glow of victory on them, and then it is more of the nature of a wild and exulting pæan of thanksgiving. But all the principal events of savage life are celebrated and imitated in the dance. There are dances devised for celebrating courtship and marriage, birth, death, the harvest, the vintage; and, as well as these, each tribe has local dances to commemorate some historical event, or a tribal characteristic or custom. Each dance has a strong local colour, and possesses to an extraordinary degree the marked individuality of its inventors.

Pantomimic displays are by far the most interesting among savage dances, being the outcome of the people's inmost feelings, and in them more than in any other kind of dance are mirrored the life and customs of the tribe. Even amongst the lowest races of mankind they seem to exist, and often show a degree of complexity so great that one is forced to the conclusion that they probably date back to the greatest antiquity and have passed through many stages of development before attaining their present form. For although a superficial acquaintance with the dances of savages may lead to the belief that they are all more or less the same, a careful study of them reveals the fact that the stages of their growth and evolution are many and varied; a comparative study of the dances of existing savages exemplifies this very clearly, and in them it is possible to trace the numerous phases of transition—from the wild and irregular jumpings to the expressive and regulated pantomimic performances—which primitive dancing has gone through.

Certain dances of the Papuans, in New Guinea, would seem to be examples of the saltatory art in its most rudimentary stage. Here the natives dance themselves into states of frenzy with no particular object save the pleasure which it evidently affords them, and with extraordinary rapidity jump up and down till they fall exhausted. In Tahiti the "upa-upa" is carried on much in the same manner, though here a higher stage of development is reached, the actions of the dance being more suggestive and its object more definite. The women deck themselves with the gorgeously-coloured flowers of the island, and with dishevelled hair, and scanty clothing, each dancer in turn performs a figure of the dance, and only stops when her physical powers completely give out; her place is at once taken by another dancer, who endeavours to surpass her predecessor in excesses and to attain a still greater pitch of frenzy. And thus they go on throughout the warm, tropical night, intoxicated, as it were, by the scented atmosphere and by the delight of physical movement, till the cool morning comes and breaks the spell and calms their madness. Among many savage tribes the dance is used in this way to excite the dancers to a frenzy. But usually this is done with a definite object; be it of the nature of the Tahitian dance, or religious, or medicinal. Violent action and superstitious belief combined produce the desired result; the dancer and his audience firmly believe that the mad gesticulations, which have only come gradually, the bloodshot eyes, the foaming mouth, and the words uttered when in this state, are the result of inspiration or demoniacal possession. Some of the Tasmanian dances are connected with charms for curing the sick, the medicine-men dancing themselves into prophetic madness, and the wild Veddahs also apply to devil-dancers for the

cure of diseases. The Veddah devil-dance is a weird performance, and it is quite conceivable that the very sight of it should affect the patient if he be at all of an impressionable nature; though whether the result would be to "kill or cure" him is doubtful. The dancer having his head and girdle decorated with green leaves, performs his antics in front of an offering of something eatable which is placed on a tripod of sticks. At first he shuffles with his feet to a plaintive air, but by degrees he works himself into a state of excitement and action, accompanied by moans and screams, and during this paroxysm he professes to be inspired with instruction for the cure of the patient. It is an interesting fact that in our great centres of civilisation there have been, even in recent times, religious sects who, in a manner almost as crude and naive as the most uncultured savages, have sought inspiration in exaggerated physical movement. The "Shakers," for instance, like George Meredith's "jump-to-glory Jane," had discovered that "the circulation of the blood is best brought about by continual exercise, and conduces to happy sensations, which are as the being of angels in the frame!" And in "Jane" Mr. Meredith has typified those who, whether savage or civilised, attribute to a spiritual cause what is, in reality, the result of mere physical sensation. After all, man will be the last thing civilised by man, and there always will be among us those who remain ignorant in spite of teaching, and in whom the superstition natural to man is so thoroughly ingrained that it can never be outrooted.

(To be concluded.)

## Pastiche.

### OUR VILLAGE

(In the style of Harmsworth's "Popular Science").

IT HAS CUMBERED THE EARTH; WILL IT INFECT COSMOS?

#### I—ITS ORIGIN.

Æons ago began the wondrous cycles that led inevitably to the formation, in all its magnificent uselessness, of this village. The atoms hurled themselves in ceaseless, myriad-sided manner to effect its beginning. The power was stupendous that guided the staggering agglomeration of whirling electrons into an ordered, bold village. Is it alone in the world in its amazing inutility? Has its paralysing formation any counterpart in the flashing worlds that move in wondrous orbits? . . . . .

#### II—ITS GROWTH.

The earliest inhabitants wallowed in the depths of profound purposelessness. Theirs were the foetid homes hewn with mulling fingers out of the cold, calm, majestic stone that had poured down as the whirling masses cooled. To them came no divine touch, no divine inspiration of the mystery of mysteries; they were floundering blindly in the messes of no spiritism. They were . . . . .

#### III—INDUSTRY.

And these fleshy beginnings of our amazing selves had young. They propagated with the fecundity of all lower animals: to them the teachings of an enlightened race culture had not come. Only did this horrible multiplication lead to a vast change. They had to cultivate the grudging soil; they had to hunt with cunning the visitors to their land. So do they now, with a sedulous care of the pockets of the visitors. Industry flourished; in all its grandeur of production and cunning spoliation . . . . .

#### IV—BELIEFS.

We believe in the almighty power of our own uselessness. The staggering of the processes of world-progress as they assault our impregnable ignorance is proof of the amazing impenetrability. We are the acme of do-nothingness: we are the last word in intolerant stagnation. Against that barrier . . . . .

#### V—USES.

Mere mind cannot grasp the stupendous importance of the uses of uselessness: the grey cerebral matter reels before the might of the wonder-provoking figures that tell of our uses. Sociologists dally lovingly with our tremendous import: millions of words flow from their active pens. We inspire them to columns of useless matter on our uselessness. We cumber the earth; we are infecting everything. Shall we infect cosmos? Think of the torrent of words that

that thought unlooses! Agriculturists deem us the mighty barrier to Small Holdings; jaded town workers, spent with useless labour, turn to us diligently searching for rest. Think of the myriads of brain cells now working on thoughts of us! We cumber the earth; . . .

## VI—PROGRESS.

Much in the same strain.

## VII—DEVELOPMENT.

No change in language.

## VIII, IX, X, XI—MAN.

[The proofs of these sections soared so high that some doubt exists as to their nature. We wonder if they ever materialised or were mere inane vapourings. Possibly *they* also may cumber the earth—somewhere.—ED.]

## XII—THE FUTURE.

We are at the opening of a glorious future, fraught with mighty potentialities. Flesh is to be relegated to the scrap heap with white bread, the rose, and other national standards. We are in the dawn of the age of Superman, Super-bread and Superlatives. Language flows in eddying whirls, frothing on to ethereal disturbances only. Here our uselessness, the dead-weight of our stagnation, has wondrous vistas of further uselessness. Eugenics have come to stay, to reiterate ad nauseam the doctrine of—us. We are it. We . . .

[To be continued a fortnight hence, by which time we hope to have received a new stock of adjectives.—ED.]

C. H. COOKE.

## FROHMAN'S DEAL IN WOOD.

Mr. Frohman is developing the "all star" system. In a recent criticism of Max Reinhardt he said, "I propose, in my ensemble of 'The Honour of Japan,' to mix the real Japanese with figures *made of wood*."

Mr. Frohman went on to say "that he proposed to produce a 'triple bill,' by Shaw, Barrie, and Pinero, 'in the same evening,' and afterwards to tour it *all over the map*."

"Walk up, Walk up," yells Yankee-Doodle.

"Walk up and see the Frohman boodle,

I give 'em *all* the Stars,—flap-doodle.

(Bangs drum.)

I've got a line that's really good;

A crowd of supers *carved in wood*.

Say, peep inside my caravan

There aint no charge the 'Bill' to scan.

(Bangs drum.)

Inside there's Shaw, and Barrie, *too*;

Also that creature the Piner—*oo*—.

Walk up, the triplets are tarnation fine,

Mixed up with 'Novel sets of Jap design.'

Gee! if my combine goes for all its worth,

I'll hawk it Nightly over all the earth.

My latest play is called, 'Life's Family Jars,'

In which I mean to knock spots off the stars."

(The Showman replaces his drum and megaphone, draws aside the Tottenham Court Road curtain, and the public pass into the darkness.)

ARTHUR F. THORN.

## A FABLE,

"I can't think what makes that child so thin," said Mme. Civitas, pointing to little Labora, who was howling in the arms of Capitalista, its fat, ugly nurse. "Pints and pints of milk I have sent in every day. All my other children have been so healthy—little Guildia, for instance; but, then, I nursed her myself."

"It's sheer devilry, drat the little dear," said Capitalista, hurriedly.

"Now, really, madam," said Dr. Lloyd George, a mean little ragamuffin in appearance, "just stick four pins into its back, and three pins into its legs, and two pins into its shoulders, and, if they do any harm, take them all out in six months' time, just like Jesus."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Burns, trying to please his colleague; "let us put its shoulders to them."

"Let Capitalista arbitrate between the child and its nurse," said Dr. Asquith offhand, packing up for the week-end.

"Let it kiss its nurse," said Dr. Cecil, fresh from white-washing his ancestors.

"It's on the tip of my tongue," said Dr. Wells, very red in the face, "and *yet* I can't say it."

"Oh, isn't it a pretty sight?" said Dr. MacDonald, quite the gentleman; "it will grow, it will grow, don't interfere with them, dear things."

They all said this because they were enamoured of Capitalista.

"Leave the child alone," said Dr. Syndicalist, "not one of you is to touch it. If it wants milk let it go and get it."

"Look after it yourself, Madame Civitas, remember your little healthy Guildia," said THE NEW AGE, "and turn Capitalista, the milk thief, out of doors." C. E. B.

## OPHIR'S WEALTH.

[The following vulgar doggerel couplets are extracted from a lengthy poem which has, of course, nothing in common with Mr. W. H. Davies' "Eldorado's Gold" in the "English Review."]

If I had Ophir's wealth in cash  
I'd make the dickens of a splash.  
I'd build a dozen country houses  
And have a haremful of spouses  
In each—the very choicest beauties,  
Trained specially for special duties.  
This one should comb my hair, and this  
Perfume my vests with ambergris;  
And others' hair would make a sweet  
Odorous carpet for my feet.

Aye, they should all be suffragettes!

Poems I'd write in gold on vellum:  
Princes and peers, no less, should sell 'em.  
Reviewers that indulged in mockery  
—Lord, how I'd scrape their hides with crockery  
And bash them into pulp and splinters  
While slaves should mutilate the printers.  
Poor jealous itching knaves! They know  
My verses reach Oggebbio.

Though dreams of wealth untold are thrilling  
One has to come down to a shilling.  
Still that is how I'd like to go it  
If I were not a tramp-turned-poet  
But had all Ophir's wealth in cash.  
I'd make the dickens of a splash . . .

T. MARK.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

## XVIII.—THE NATION.

## DIARY OF THE WEEK.

Sir Isaac Jacobs may be complimented on the brilliantly courageous speech with which he introduced the new Army Estimates. . . . All we can say is that the speech, striking and trenchant though it was, was yet highly discreditable to a member of a Cabinet which professes Liberal principles. With what really constitutes Liberalism we are for the moment not concerned. It certainly comprises, at the lowest estimate, compulsory insurance against sickness, compulsory arbitration in trade disputes between master and man, compulsory weekly early closing of shops, and, of course, above all, compulsory European peace. Sir Isaac Jacobs pointed this out in his stinging reply to Mr. Abraham Levi, greatly, indeed, to the consternation of the leader of the Opposition, who had degraded his high office to a mere opportunity for vulgar and printless abuse of his political opponents. . . .

## POLITICS AND AFFAIRS.

## THE YOUNG TURKS IN AMERICA.

. . . Régime . . . *arrière pensée* . . . *bonâ-fide* . . .  
*régime* . . . *verbatim* . . . *rôle* . . . *casus belli* . . . *verb.*  
*sap.* . . . *liaison* . . . *entente* . . . *régime* . . . *plus* . . .  
*régime* . . . *minus* . . . *régime* . . . *rôle* . . . *personnel*

[There is, luckily, no English edition of these notes published.]

## LIFE AND LETTERS.

## ANY RUBBISH.

As I pen these words I hear the regular drip of raindrops falling in the street outside and the steady patter upon the windows . . . the Apocalypse . . . "as right as rain" . . . we feel somehow that something . . . the Apocalypse . . .

## SHORT STUDIES.

## THE FAREWELL. BY GEORGINA ———.

. . . The barely-furnished attic. . . . With a sudden little pang she remembered. . . . She strove to arrest the beating of her heart. . . . "Good-bye," she murmured, and pushed him slowly from her. . . . She shut the door, and wept as if her hat were broken.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF. . . .

[Praise for the advertised, good counsel for the others.]

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE METHOD OF LABOUR EMANCIPATION.

Sir,—You have lately given much attention to what is really the fundamental problem of sociology—the question whether the benevolence of the strong or the pugnacity of the weak will be the main factor in social progress. Like Karl Marx, you despise the Christian and Lloyd Georgian virtues. You have no faith in benevolence or humanity; indeed, you sneer at them as “sentimentalism.” Marx said that “the emancipation of the proletariat must be the work of the proletariat itself,” and, apparently, you agree with him. You would cry with William Morris:—

“Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,  
When day breaks over dreams and sleep?”

Much thought on the same subject has led me to the opposite conclusion. It is clear to me that “the rich and the wronger” are immeasurably stronger than the proletariat, and that their superiority in power is increasing rather than diminishing. All schemes to enable the lower classes to overthrow the upper by force or cunning are utterly fantastic, and will not bear examination.

To overthrow the rich by the votes of the poor is a very childish proposal. The rich are not quite such fools. American capitalists already glory in showing their contempt for law and government on all possible occasions. A few months ago a strong industrial unionist movement sprang up in San Diego, California. The capitalists, without wasting a moment over legal quibbles, formed vigilance committees, seized all the agitators they could, transported them in motor-cars and wagons many miles out into the country, and told them that if they ever came back they would be shot on sight. The Governor of the State remonstrated, but the capitalists laughed him to scorn, and told him to do his worst. He has done nothing. Some years ago the Legislature of Colorado was instructed by a referendum of the people to pass an eight-hour law for miners. The Legislature told the people to mind their own business. Then the miners struck work, whereupon the Governor put all the mining districts under martial law, and hundreds of persons were loaded like cattle on trains, transported to the neighbouring States, set down on the open prairie, and told that if they ever again entered Colorado they would be put to death. Certain officers elected by the people had ropes dangled before them and were asked whether they would immediately resign or be hanged. When the law courts tried to interfere a well-known general remarked: “To hell with habeas corpus: we'll give them post mortems instead.”

The new idea is to try to overthrow the ruling class by a general strike. What an utterly foolish idea! By their utmost efforts the working-class could hardly feed themselves for a fortnight in a general strike. The rich could stand it for six months without annoyance. All the shops would be open to those who had money, and every country contains abundant commodities to last the rich for many months. Young men in motors could do all the necessary transport work, and young ladies could easily do the house work. The chief difficulty would be in burying the dead bodies of the strikers.

As for sabotage, that is such a failure that one of the most prominent industrial unionists in America has just written me that he knows it is hopeless and has ceased to advocate it. All that is needed to stop everything like that is to fill the unions with spies. The American capitalists are now doing that, and they are also employing mechanical instruments like the dictograph to act as eavesdroppers on working-men and report all they say.

Nothing, however, is so hopeless as open revolt. We have almost reached the time when one hundred men in airships will be able to hold a whole nation in subjection. Within less than ten years we shall have an aerial police, who will always be ready to drop a few bombs on the heads of excited workmen.

Thus the forcible overthrow of the rich by the poor is an utter absurdity. The only hope is in the benevolence of enough of the rich to turn the scale. We need “men of goodwill,” and plenty of them, whether they call themselves humanitarians, Christians, or anything else. Men like Conrad Noel and R. J. Campbell are worth more to the world than any number of Stirners, Nietzsches, and Bakunins.

R. B. KERR.

\* \* \*

## “THE NEW AGE” POLICY.

Sir,—I now reply to the comments printed at the foot of my letter in your issue of August 8.

(1, 2, 5) As against my contention that no “agreement,” “bargain,” or “experiment” has been made such as your “Notes” of July 25 assumed, you offer a definition of history: It is an interpretation of social phenomena in terms of individual psychology. I am dubious of the soundness of this formula, which looks as if it had been invented to serve a certain transitory dialectic need; but I pass to the

words “it is *as if* the experiment had been deliberately made.” I take it, therefore, that you now admit that the pseudo-experiment in question—laissez-faire and all its consequences—was not *deliberately* made. That was precisely my point, and I meet your new position by saying that it is inconceivable that the social phenomena resulting from *deliberate* experiment should be the same as that resulting from *non-deliberate* experiment. Here your new-found definition will lead you astray when you attempt the interpretation of one series of phenomena as if it were another. History is surely the interpretation of both kinds. The word “experiment” connotes deliberation, intelligent direction, of which, in the sense that you were writing, I deny the historicity. Indeed, the social phenomena in question—of the nineteenth century and the present day—are only explicable as the results of non-deliberate, instinctive impulses working in the midst of individual and social necessity in the modern industrial epoch. “Your assumed nationally agreed system” and all the drama that you see in it had and has no existence. Drama there is, but not yours.

Secondly, you sweep me off the board by remarking that no historian now believes that laissez-faire was primary and the State secondary. You, however, misquote me. I said that laissez-faire was primary and State regulation secondary, experimental, deliberate. How can it be otherwise, whatever historians may say? Is not the very conception of State interference an interference with laissez-faire? This holds good at any time and in any sphere. Statute law, whether beneficial or tyrannical, is always a regulation of pre-existing common law or custom. Consider the case of revenge among ancient races and see how the statute law of Khammurabi, Moses, or the Romans curbed and controlled it. Impulse says and custom used to allow: if a man breaks your tooth, break his head! State interference in Babylon (2200 B.C.) says: No, we cannot permit indiscriminate and unlimited revenge, but we ordain that, “if a man has knocked out the teeth of a man of the same rank, his own teeth may be knocked out.” Lex talionis was thus experimental, deliberate, beneficent social reform. It probably did not raise wages, but it raised the race. It was the beginning of justice.

(3) I demur to your taking refuge in philosophy on a simple question of economic history. Am I not right, with all the doctors of Socialism, in saying that, given the conditions of industry at the beginning of the period—steam, machinery, the Napoleonic wars, etc.—the present system *had to be*? Could the will have determined otherwise, and, if so, why did it not do so? The behaviour of the will under given conditions is precisely the phenomenon we are studying—namely, the present system; but with wider and more exact economic knowledge an “economic consciousness” makes possible what in earlier days could not have been.

(6) I explained the impossibility of the threefold conflict being continued to the bitter end by a reference to man's psychology—the element of “humaneness”—as against your discovery of a clever trick a few Fabians have been playing successfully on three generations of Europeans and Americans. Now, still holding to your exploded “experimental bargain” theory, you accuse the three combatants (worker, capitalist, and State) of being dishonest. If I am right in saying that they are obeying, to some extent, the clamant impulse of humaneness, how do you prove them dishonest? Which is the primary thing in this regard—their human nature or the bargain they never made? Life is not modelled on the rules of a Johnson-Sullivan prize-fight.

(7) I am defending social reformers against the trickiness of which you accuse them by pointing to something in human psychology that is really responsible for the phenomena we are discussing. “Compassion is right feeling,” you say, and “right action must be added to it.” Granted. May I suggest, if you have a mind for philosophy, that compassionate action is appropriate to compassionate feeling? It is therefore no “virtue,” but a natural impulse to mitigate whatever evils it perceives and suffers from. Compassionate feeling never has and never will “contract out” of compassionate action, Nietzsche and THE NEW AGE notwithstanding.

(8) Your case against social reform has been for months that it was secretly despotic and a fraud. Now your comment allows a kind of social reform that is not secretly despotic and that aims at an equitable division of wealth. Will you not, then, permit Mr. Clifford Sharp and his friends the principle of devoting themselves to this latter kind?

(9) This brings me to a point of some interest. There are social reformers who are not Socialists and some who are. I think that the former, though working from “right feeling,” are attempting the almost insuperable. The latter school add to right feeling a certain measure of “right understanding” of the main economic problem. Why, then, am I inconsistent in inviting you to damp the ignorant optimism of the former class at the same time as I defend

the motive, and to some extent the measures, of the latter class? And now you tell me that the things I have seen laughed at by THE NEW AGE are not social reform, but social culture! I invite you to elaborate the distinction, which is, no doubt, a valid one.

You printed over my letter the words: "The New Age Policy," as if I had challenged it. Anyone who reads my words again will see that was not the case. Rather, it is THE NEW AGE philosophy that I am opposing. I therefore offer, in closing, the following concepts: The Will never ceases to invent, to determine; but is not it, and are not we, subject to its former determinations in so far as they have become manifest? The Will has made Nature and chosen her for its habitat wherein successively clues to the essence of the Will may be obtained. Intellect has the Will made for the sake of life. Has not the Will also made "humaneness" for the sake of life?

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

(1, 2, 5) We really cannot undertake our correspondent's individual instruction in the use of philosophic terms. All phenomena, not historic only, are interpreted in terms of human psychology by the method of analogy. Until they have been so interpreted they cannot be "understood." Teleology is susceptible of both a deliberate and an instinctive content; the difference is unessential.

(2) "How can it be otherwise, whatever historians say?" A priori disputing with à posteriori! Our correspondent is not content to interpret the facts of history in terms of human logic, he must invent them.

(3) If to the conditions—steam, machinery, etc.—the wills of men are added, it is clear that "nothing had to be." But why did not men will otherwise? Some of them did, but the "social reformers" of the day were too numerous. The devils won, as usual.

(6) What our correspondent miscalls "humaneness" we call sentimentality. It is an aid to exploitation.

(7) As our correspondent has suddenly ceased to demur to philosophy, we need only remind him of the classic Hindu illustration of his fallacy. An elephant, having accidentally trod on a sitting partridge, was moved by compassion to sit upon the orphaned young.

(8) Our case against the social reform of Mr. Clifford Sharp and his friends is that it does not even aim at an equitable division of wealth. Ipse dixit.

(9) Our policy is based on our philosophy. We cannot elaborate in a footnote the distinction between social reform and social culture. Roughly, it is the distinction between preserving and improving society. At present, society is in peril of its life. Social reform, in the sense of a more equitable division of wealth, is therefore the immediate necessity. Our correspondent is in philosophic error in holding that all will is towards life. There are wills to damnation and destruction, and sentimental social reformers are among them.—ED., N. A.]

\* \* \*

#### THE FABIAN SOCIETY AND THE MONEY PROBLEM.

Sir,—I am inclined to think that Mr. Kitson is scarcely justified in attributing to the "leading Pundits of the Fabian Society" the views contained in Mr. Pease's pamphlet. I am not acquainted with the procedure which is followed before any particular set of views receives the Society's imprimatur, but I am loath to believe that in this case the published tract represents anyone who counts other than its author. The thing is amazing in its crudity. Eggs are brought from Siberia to London because gold is worth more, in terms of labour and commodities, in Siberia than in London. Woollen goods go from England to Siberia, then, because gold is worth more in London than it is in Siberia. Why, in the case of South Africa, we get both gold and wool from the same place it puzzles one, on Mr. Pease's lines of thought, to discern. But it is hardly worth while pursuing this kind of thing any further.

How came this pamphlet to pass the rigorous test which the high level of Fabian publications leads one to suppose is usually imposed by the Society? Did Mr. Sidney Webb approve of its conclusions? Are there no members of the London Society in touch with banking, and had they no criticisms to offer? To one who, like myself, has an admiration, amounting almost to reverence, for the work done by the London Fabian Society in the past, Mr. Kitson's estimate of Fabian intelligence is painful reading. Yet I cannot deny that, if this pamphlet truly represented Fabianism, his somewhat laborious sarcasm would be justified. How *did* it come to be published? D. THOMPSON.

\* \* \*

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Your comment upon Mr. McKenna would be just, except for one thing. There is no power under the present law to send the militant women to anywhere but prison. No judge or magistrate, much less the Home Secretary, who has only a revising power, could deal with the women as you suggest; it would be a treasonable and illegal procedure on their

part. The prisoners would have to be found "Guilty," but "insane," by the jury before your remedy could be adopted. No jury has had laid before it any evidence which would justify such a verdict, especially as hysteria is not recognised under the English law.

Parliament alone could empower Mr. McKenna to follow the course you advocate; and it may be that is one object of the Feeble-Minded Bill, because the Home Secretary, should this measure become an Act, besides becoming official castrator, could then intern the suffragists in one of Mr. Lloyd George's sanatoria! But that would not get over the difficulty of "forcible feeding." The women would be more indignant at being sent to Broadmoor or Buxton than to Holloway. They might still refuse their food, and what then? The real truth is, the militant movement has shown that an organised body of the female sex, relying upon the sex-attraction in men, can put Government, in the proper sense, into all sorts of difficulties. Men would have been shot or hanged by now—but these offenders are women, which makes all the difference. The sad thing is, as you truly point out, the more these tactics are pursued the more will the general body of women suffer.

The women's agitation has produced nothing constructive, unless one regards Lady MacLaren's nasty measures set out in "The Women's Charter" as constructive.

I was glad you gave Mrs. MacKirdy a deserved trouncing, and allowed the woman to show her real character by publishing her own letter. Heaven help the poor creatures with whom she has dealt "in Charity's name."

C. H. NORMAN.

\* \* \*

#### "MILITARY NOTES."

Sir,—My attention has been called to your "Military Notes" of August 1, where I am accused of saying "that there is little in modern war to call forth the sterner qualities." And your readers may naturally feel so great impatience at such a preposterous falsehood that they may not stop an instant to inquire what I really did say, and may give credence to the attack on science which your hasty critic bases on this invention of his own or of someone else.

The following is a quotation from the pamphlet of mine which is being criticised:—"It is often claimed that high qualities are demanded by modern warfare, and the claim is well founded. Qualities of mind and body are, indeed, evoked by it, and the nobler the nature the more it can respond to the demand when the special call comes."

Later, I go on to consider what it is in war which evokes these high qualities, and urge that it is "not the mere-killing."

OLIVER LODGE.

["Romney's" reply will be found in "Military Notes" of the current issue.—ED., N. A.]

\* \* \*

#### "GIFT" AND "TRUST."

Sir,—In your footnote to my letter last week you say that my contention is identical with yours, but that I have "again failed to reply to it." If we agree, what am I to reply to? You admit that God is sole producer, suggest that property and power are gifts of God, and ask: If we may "work for a better distribution of property, may we not also work for such a distribution of power as will enable us (D.V.) to bring it about?"

Certainly, sir, we may, say I. But I do not see how you are going to get the "power" without getting the "property." To my apprehension, to the extent that you deprive a man of power to control his property you deprive him of the property. If I own a knife, and you deprive me of "power" to apply it to cutting cheese, you deprive me of so much knife as "property."

If Guild or any other sort of Socialism does not mean this, I do not know what it means. And I am cordially for it if it will do the job effectively—with the reservation that the motive behind it is to exact rights of the Real Owner, who is neither the present capitalist nor the Socialist, individually or collectively.

This leads to another point. You define property and power as "gifts" of God. I submit that your term implies an assumption without proof: that there are such rigid conditions attaching to the "donation" as to render the term "trust" preferable. I submit that, as agents endowed with moral apprehension, we must administer the "gifts" for the greatest practicable equality of enjoyment by men. In view of your admission as to the producer, I think, sir, we shall be in line together on this point.

I would like to thank Mr. Stanley Hanson for his letter. Apparently he considers the religious impulse less potent than that through "suffering and starvation." Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Let us make an experiment with the religious impulse! Thanks to the bishops and the "freethought" Press, the religious impulse has not yet "had a try."

H. CROFT HILLER.

# THE NEW AGE.

## NEW VOLUME.

Vol. X of THE NEW AGE can be had, bound in linen with Index, and Illustrated and Literary Supplements.

It forms a contemporary history of Labour, Socialist, Social, Literary, Artistic and Dramatic movements.

### A Permanent Work of Reference.

Price **8s. 6d.** ; post free **9s.**

Abroad, post free, **10s.**

THE NEW AGE PRESS, LIMITED,  
38, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

	One Insert.	6 Insert.	13 Insert.	26 Insert.
16 words	1/-	5/-	10/6	17/-
24 "	1/6	7/6	15/9	25/6
32 "	2/-	10/-	21/-	34/-
40 "	2/6	13/6	26/3	42/6
48 "	3/-	15/-	31/6	51/-

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

**A**LL LAME PEOPLE should send for particulars of Patent SILENT, NON-SLIPPING PADS for Crutches, Pin-Legs, and Walking-sticks. Inventor a user. Splendid testimonials.—Address: N. A. GLOVER, 2, Brundrett's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

**A** FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAURICE ESCAWER, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

**"ASHLET" SCHOOL-HOME**, Addlestone, Surrey. Reformed Diet. Individual Instruction. Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References.—Apply PRINCIPAL.

**DRAWING AND PAINTING.**—SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W. Re-opens Oct. 27.

**FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.**  
By the Spirit of Revelation in ZION'S WORKS.  
Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.

**OCCULTISM.**—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Inquiries answered through the post.—VEGETARIAN, Waterloo Hotel, Wellington College.

**"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH."** "The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hopps), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARNBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.



FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.