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

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CONTENTS.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The gulf which we saw a few weeks ago to be widening between the classes of the rich and the poor in England, so far from showing signs of having reached its widest limits—widest, that is, compatible with the maintenance of the community as a whole at all—has shown unmistakable signs during the past week of yawning still wider. The two Congresses that met, the one at Newport and the other at Dundee, may be said to have represented the section of the most highly cultivated hands and the section of the most highly cultivated brains of the community; and in many respects the conclusions to be drawn from the deliberations of both are sinister and depressing in the extreme. We shall be be able quite honestly to pluck from the auguries a little hope, it is true; but the first examination of the tone and outlook of the two Congresses leads to no other conclusion than that the demoralisation of character both of the hand labourer and of his antipodes, the man of science, has already reached alarming proportions, and such that we can affirm with approximate truth and in all seriousness that the division in society is producing at one end a class of marvellously stupid imbeciles, the wage earners, and at the other end, a class of marvellously ingenious imbeciles, the men of science.

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Nobody needs be surprised that we place these two Congresses, so dissimilar in appearance, in juxtaposition as parallel and contemporary symptoms of a single cause, namely, the division of soul in society itself. On the contrary, nothing is more clear to the historian, whether of the past or of the present, than that all the contemporary phenomena of society are closely related, speak the same language, and are equally indicative of the spiritual condition of that of which they are the expressions. Whether we examine the state of society in the medium of its literature, its art, its philosophy, its economics, its science, or even in its manners, the same report is surely to be expected, for in a society, as in any other organism, one member suffers with another, and when the whole is sick the parts are equally sick with it. This spiritual unity of society, indeed, is the main object of the contemplation of the true sociologist. He divines from any single one of a society's activities not merely the condition of that activity alone, but the condition of the soul of society even more earnestly; and for this purpose it is not, as we say, a matter of much importance which approach he makes. The science of the British Association of Dundee and the political and economic theorisings of the wage earners at Newport are both alike indicative as well of the state of society as of the state of thought on their particular subjects.

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Since, however, of the two voices of society to which the world has been listening during the past week, the voice of science is the more articulate, we may examine first the presidential address at the British Association, the address of Professor Schafer on the "Origin of Life." We can well imagine the incredulity with which our statement will be received that in its essence the address delivered to the Dundee delegates by Professor Schafer is both an invitation to and an apology for the continued exploitation of men by men. Nevertheless, we believe that, without being guilty of bearing King Charles' head needlessly on our pen, we can prove to a reasonable reader that the only effect in society that Professor Schafer's address can have is to depress still further the remnants of society's belief in the sanctity of man and to justify still more completely the human blackguards who have already enslaved thirteen millions of our population. But before beginning our attempt to prove these statements, let us first understand how by a priori reasoning at least they may be expected to be true. We have already remarked on the existing division in society, manifested in its distribution of wealth, and we have drawn from this the conclusion that both divisions may be expected to show all the effects of the severance. The wage earners, that is, may confidently be anticipated to exhibit less and less intelligence as their separation as a race apart from the rest of society becomes more complete. And the scientists, on the other hand, may as confidently be anticipated to exhibit all the signs of intellectualism, that is, of brains without common-sense. These anticipations, we say, were natural to any whole-hearted sociologist who approached the two Congresses with his knowledge of the spiritual condition of society present in his mind. But further than this, it is to be remembered that the advertisement and even the domestic arrangements of such a Congress as the British Association are not to be carried out without money. We are perfectly certain that the Press are not so intellectually curious about the constitution of the universe as to draw attention quite gratuitously to the latest news of it; unless, be it noted, the latest news of it chimes in with the object of the proprietors of the Press. If it should happen—as it often has happened—that a truth about the universe has been discovered, and if it further happens—as it often happens—that such a truth makes only for human happiness, but not for human profit, is the Press then so anxious to acquaint its readers with the fact? Will it devote columns and special reporters and all its resources to announcing such a fact, for instance, as that thought-transference is a law of the universe, or the fact, quite as well authenticated as any other fact, that the soul exists

and can exist apart from the body? On the contrary, these facts, of so much human value as they are, must find their way into circulation in society as best they can, and usually at the expense of their discoverers. The Press, on such occasions, will do more even than look askance at them; it will do its level best to conceal, belittle, distort, and suppress them. And why? we may ask. The simple reason is that the Press in general is run by wealthy materialists in the interest of wealthy materialists, and only what suits the policy of these chandalas and atheists is given clean currency. We were certainly disposed on these grounds, as well as upon those we have already mentioned, to suspect in advance the nature of the address Professor Schafer was about to deliver. Truth, we concluded, was not the main purpose the most lying Press in Europe had in view in announcing the wonderful discoveries the British Association was about to reveal. If it was truth at all, it was, in all probability, a profitable piece of truth, a piece of truth good for society as it exists in its present half-rent condition, a truth for capitalists only.

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We need not in these Notes attempt to demonstrate in scientific vocabulary the actual fallacies underlying Professor Schafer's address. That, we hope, will be done in a subsequent issue of THE NEW AGE by one of our more expert colleagues. But it may be stated at once, and without fear of contradiction by any competent scientist, that even as physical science Professor Schafer's address was superficial and unworthy of a trained physiologist. To begin with, the theory he had to maintain and, if possible, to prove was the familiar theory that the phenomena of vital activity differ in degree only but not in kind from the phenomena of physical activity in general and may in consequence be supposed to have "evolved" from the latter without any supernatural creative interposition. But who, when once the definitions of physical and vital activities are agreed upon, ever doubted this for one moment? Nor, even further, has it ever been doubted, save by scientists themselves, that vital phenomena can conceivably be produced synthetically in the laboratory by physical and chemical means. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, we note, is incredulous not merely of Professor Schafer's ability to create living matter chemically, but of the very possibility of such a creation by men now or at any time. Paracelsus, nevertheless, was commonly reputed to have performed this feat; and we may say that reports of it are a commonplace of Eastern occult literature. In fact, we make it a ground of criticism of Professor Schafer that he only talked hopefully of one day being able to perform this experiment. He could not report that he had performed it. Unlike the true scientist who looks no further than he can leap, Professor Schafer sailed away into the ewigkeit of speculation on the wings, therefore, not of accomplished fact, but of aspiring fancy. The facts, nevertheless, we do not doubt, have existed, do exist now (if Professor Schafer can discover them), and will exist in abundance in the future. It is not the creation by men of vital phenomena by synthetic chemistry that we would deny, but the relevance of this comparatively simple fact to the real problems both of existence and of consciousness. Nor is it of Professor Schafer's speculation in this direction that we would complain, but of his confusion of it with problems infinitely more important to our human welfare.

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In matters of this kind everything, as everybody knows, depends upon definition. Professor Schafer, being a scientist, has naturally no skill in defining things of which he has no mediate knowledge. In fact they cannot be defined, they can only be shown. We say mediate for there exists a thing (to use an overworked word) the knowledge of which we acquire immediately, directly and not as an object, but as the subject of consciousness—we refer to the soul. Now it will be observed that Professor Schafer deliberately and explicitly excluded the soul from his purview, ruled it out as having no particular bearing on the phenomena of vital activity. At the same time, however, his manner of ruling it out conveyed the impression that the soul had not only no relevance in his discussion, but none in science. Like the hypothesis of God, the hypothesis of a soul is no longer necessary. Well, it *has* no bearing on vital activity, in this sense that vital activities can be carried on in the absence of the soul altogether. The vital activities carried on by an organism in the absence of a soul may be, and are, different in character from those carried on in the presence of the soul; but it does not follow that they cease altogether when the soul is absent. All, in fact, that we are entitled to say of the relation of the soul to vital activities is that it interprets them, apprehends and comprehends them, and so far directs them as its interpretations act by suggestion upon them. But this, though excluded by Professor Schafer, is in reality everything that concerns man as man. As a bundle of colloidal substances exhibiting vital phenomena, physical man differs in no essential respect from a dog or a starfish. As a collection of cells each chemically constituted, physical man, indeed, differs in no essential respect from a crystal or the dust of the earth. On the contrary, the statement is one of the oldest in our literature and in the literature of the world. The Scriptures agree that man was formed of the dust and the Puranas even specify that the dust was "slime." But in the various modes of interpretation by consciousness of the varying degrees of activity in the several physical kingdoms everything of value and distinction actually exists. This it is that in the kingdom of man makes man of what otherwise would be still a beast of the woods. But undoubtedly, as we say, Professor Schafer, in dismissing the soul, dismissed it, as Professor Ray Lankester has since hinted, with, in legal phrase, a caution, the caution, namely, that it should not trespass again in the laboratories of the scientists. And, equally undoubtedly, the effect of such a dismissal will be, by the confusion of vital activity with the specific activities of the soul, to persuade the general public that the soul has, in fact, no existence, that vital phenomena are all that we know and that these can be made and are about to be made by chemists in a gallipot.

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We say little now of the idiotic shouts that went up from the Press when they learned that Professor Schafer had confirmed our impression that they had no souls worth speaking of. Some of the Press did, indeed, venture a few interrogation marks, but of such a character as might easily pass unobserved. What was the use, for example, of the "Times" and its curate, the "Daily Mail," chanting and responding the pious opinion that the secret of life was not yet revealed? The secret of life, on the other hand, has as good as been revealed, if not by Professor Schafer, at least by some of his predecessors. Life! There is no insoluble mystery in life regarded as vital phenomena—a segment of phenomena in general. Where the mystery does lie is first in the origins of the dispositions of matter and, secondly, in the nature of consciousness, the spectator of their unfolding. Everything else than these two mysteries is, from our point of view, as well as from the scientist's point of view, either known or knowable. But who but a fool would even expect to know how matter became what it is and what is the origin, nature, and destiny of consciousness? These, indeed, are the significant problems of to-day, yesterday, and for ever, since they are concerned with the two final realities within which the whole world of appearance is enclosed, the reality of God, the final cause of the dispositions of matter and the reality of the soul, as the privileged spectator of His handiwork. But both these mysteries, it must be noted, are to be taken in every sense as given only. They cannot be known immediately, since they are presupposed in every act of knowing. They can only be "assumed," dogmatically if you like. Nevertheless, it is on these rocks that our whole scale of values and interpretations really rests. The Press, however, following protestingly Professor Schafer's lead, ignored

these common mysteries as he had done. Instead of a renewed affirmation of the existence of the soul, they contented themselves with a feeble protest against the creative ability of the scientist.

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But turning now from our brief examination of the contents of Professor Schafer's paper, let us consider and, above all, weigh the mood likely to be induced in society by it. We can conceive that in a healthy society Professor Schafer's address would have been received with a sane good humour. Due allowance would instantly have been made by the Press for the natural omission by a mere Professor of the two most important things in the world, namely, God and the Soul; but due praise would also have been given for the Professor's ingenuity in argument as well as for his prospective skill in laboratory experiments. But, unfortunately, ours is not at present a healthy society, and of a doctrine suitable enough in happier times to arouse amusement and to stimulate curiosity the basest use may be made in wretched and evil times like ours. We all know what use has been made of the doctrines of Darwin, not to speak of the doctrines of the founder of Christianity. We know, indeed, that there is scarcely a crime to which anybody with the power to do it is inclined that has not been justified in the name of Darwinism; and more particularly is this the case in what may be called social crimes. There is, as the world knew before Darwinism descended upon it, one healthy state of society: it is justice. Society is just when its members not only obtain what they need, but are as cognisant of the needs of others as of their own. We do not put this forward as the namby-pamby doctrine of obtaining or of giving only what is pleasant. On the contrary, some of the needs of most of us are unpleasant to receive, and ought to be unpleasant to give, even though justice demands the gifts. What certain journalists need, what politicians, what social reformers . . . but we do them justice in THE NEW AGE on other occasions! The argument is that Darwinism distorted has intensified the injustice already existing, has given it the appearance of justice, and in so doing has facilitated the exploitation of wage slaves by capitalism. No doubt about it. The statement will bear probing to the bottom. But if pseudo-Darwinism has encouraged this effect, what may be anticipated of the new doctrine of science, put forward, as it has been, with a shamelessly curt dismissal of the soul? The implication not only conveyed, but—if we dare say so—intended to be conveyed in the so much advertised address of Professor Schafer is that man is but an animal after all, a mineral become a plant, and a plant become an animal. The Soul and God—what have these to do with science? Science has no place for either of them. *Society* has no place for them, except as pleasing perquisites of such as can afford them—namely, the wealthy. But these wealthy, on the other hand, have no reason to assume the existence of a soul in their servants. They do not assume a soul in animals, and therefore no rights or divine demands; man is a superior animal—the wage slave in particular. Where are his rights? How did he acquire them in his possibly laboratory creation? Obviously he has no rights, nor is there any God that can enforce them in his behalf. This, we venture to say, will be the sick reasoning of capitalist society as they read Professor Schafer's address; and a corresponding depression will steal over the wage slaves as the doctrine leaks out and circulates without effective, simple, and authoritative reply. Already in a railway carriage containing young clerks we have heard the commenting remark, My poor old soul! That gone in fancy, it will appear soon to be gone in fact. Thence will come an increasing disposition to accept servitude as their lot, and the news of the Devilspel as the Gospel. In short, as a fresh instrument in the exploitation of the poor, the Presidential Address of the British Association appears to us to be well designed.

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We would ask our readers now to compare the doings of the Dundee meeting with the meeting of the wage slaves themselves at Newport. At Dundee, as we have seen, a new lie was being prepared to justify a further attack upon the rights of the human poor; and at Newport, almost simultaneously, the poor themselves were being prepared by their scoundrelly leaders for this very submission. We are no Syndicalists, as our readers very well know, but every observer who is not bat-blind or corrupt at heart is now aware that Syndicalism, though not an end, is the necessary means of the economic emancipation of the workers. Political action is thoroughly realised to be of the nature of an index only of economic power: it initiates in the world of economics nothing whatever; it only maintains the status quo in the intervals of successful economic revolutions. But observe what was done with the doctrine of Syndicalism, which is the soul and spirit of the Labour movement, at the Newport Congress. By a majority which we will not sully our pages by figuring, Syndicalism, even as a method, was waved aside by the political knaves in the same light and airy way that the soul of man was waved aside at Dundee by Professor Schafer. And not even, it will be observed, directly and in manly fashion, but covertly and by the stealthy legerdemain of words, after the fashion of cunning wire-pullers. These Labour M.P.'s are clever enough when some rascally idiocy is on foot! It is when an honest piece of work is in hand that they suddenly lose all their wits. The anti-Syndicalist resolution, though worded to appear harmless, was designed, however, to deceive nobody. On the contrary, everybody who spoke on it did so openly, on the assumption—which the resolution did not express—that Syndicalism was under discussion. And let us mark well the character of those who denounced Syndicalism. They were, we find, without exception, either Parliamentary candidates, ex-M.P.'s, or actual M.P.'s. Is it to be wondered at that these leather merchants advocated the use of leather, and denounced any other material in which possibly they were not so well supplied? In the state into which society has got at present, it would be surprising indeed if these merchants could cry up anything else than their own wares, by which, as to the smiths of Ephesus, with their idols, much profit comes to them. Mr. Enoch Edwards was a miners' M.P., and left a fortune of £3,000. Excellent. Enoch is not, but now walks with God. There will follow him on the same path, gathering golden roses all the way, the Parliamentary candidate, the undaunted though still ex-M.P., the M.P., and all the rest of the politically minded Methodist parsons on the political and still more the material make. But will they not, you ask, confer benefits on their class in their progress to glory? Forty Labour M.P.'s, such as now curse the Labour movement, have between them enabled wages to be reduced and profits to be raised all round without producing a street riot, much less a revolution, for the rights of man. Four hundred of the same kidney would leave the system indurated and solid throughout an eternity of human desolation. At Dundee the British Association attempted merely to prove that man is without a soul. But at Newport the Trades Union leaders and Labour M.P.'s did more; they proved it!

THE ALCHEMIST.

THE alchemist in days of old
Tried all his life by chemic art
To turn base metal into gold,
But failure ever was his part.

As if that wasn't quite enough,
And fearing death his plans would shiver,
He tried, and with the self-same stuff,
To make his life go on for ever.

We are a later, greater race.
Read what our Press has got to say:
And we have captured Time and Space,
And fight with Death for mastery.

And if we haven't found the goal
He sought with trials all untold,
We do what would rejoice his soul:
We grind our fellows into gold.

And let there pass just time enough,
With all our scientists' endeavour,
We will, with some of that same stuff,
Be able then to live for ever.

J. T. FIFE.

Current Cant.

"The notion that Society is divided into two classes with antagonistic interests is a myth."—"Morning Post."

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"It is the peculiar glory of the great Conservative Party that it represents not sections or classes or creeds, but the nation as a whole."—"The Standard."

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"We are passing through a period of acute pessimism. We do not sing 'Rule Britannia.' "—CANON MASTERMAN.

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"Consols may be going down, but the happiness of the poor is going up."—COLONEL SEELY.

———

"Working-men should be public-spirited and patriotic; school children should be taught to pray for their King." —"Morning Post."

———

"Co-partnership is the hope of the industrial world. Good fellowship between master and men."—"Daily Express."

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"Socialism is certainly not a 'religion' in the Christian sense."—Rev. A. W. F. BLUNT, M.A.

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"A nation trained in Boy Scout theories would be the greatest moral force the world has known."—LORD ROSEBERY.

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" 'Hindle Wakes,' my dears, is one of the finest plays that yours loving has ever seen. And it is a naughty play, too, but naughty in that clever, artful fashion."—"Ally Sloper's Weekly."

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"We compliment Mr. Thorne on his speech. There were no pyrotechnic displays, no flights into the realm of quaint fancy, no straining after effect. . . ."—"Daily Herald."

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"If there is one sound argument for Home Rule it is that it makes Socialism impossible."—"Morning Post."

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"The Church on her part might remind them that the plighted word of the workman must be as honourable a bond as the word of the nobleman."—DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

———

"All I care about politics is to make the social life of the country something really worth having."—A. D. STEEL-MAITLAND, Unionist M.P.

———

"Materialism is not the temptation only of the well-to-do, but also of the poorest. . . ."—Rev. J. EDWARD HARRISON in the "Saturday Review."

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"The hereditary peerage must be adequately represented. It is an element of our national life far too valuable to be lost."—"The Standard."

———

"Never was Parliament more alive and vigorous than to-day. . . . 'Never before did it possess more effective control over the machinery of government. . . . Never was it more sensitive and responsive to public opinion." —"Socialist Review."

———

"Capital is so far from useless as to be indispensable to civilisation. Capital, like labour, has its functions and is entitled to its reward."—"Morning Post."

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"The Insurance Committee is now distributing in practically every house in the country a beautifully illustrated paper call the 'Money Box.' "—"News and Leader."

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"There was a very human incident when Mr. Bramwell Booth, speaking with great emotion, confessed that he had not had the courage to put on his new coat."—"Daily Mirror."

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"The Cathedral staff might through the Cathedral and the position it holds in the city do much to spiritualise life."—SAMUEL A. BARNETT in the "Contemporary Review."

Current Sense.

"The illiterate are vastly in the majority, you will have no difficulty in finding them among barristers, judges, bishops, Members of Parliament, Civil Servants, and schoolmasters."—"Saturday Review."

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"King Edward was strange and peculiar in the very point that he was so utterly normal."—"World's Work."

———

"The land in the eyes of Lloyd George is of as much value as a Chinese pigtail."—"Blackwood's Magazine."

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"My advice to every young or woman is—emigrate, and emigrate at once. Get clear for ever of a land where justice is unobtainable and where nothing is sacred from official rapacity."—Rev. T. S. CUNNINGHAM.

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"The whole end of civilisation seems to be economic." —Dr. MAX NORDAU, in the "Hibbert Journal."

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"The childless women of the West End slobbering over their lap-dogs makes a spectacle to arouse disgust and contempt."—The "Pall Mall."

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"Free labour is cheap labour. That is the rather sordid truth which lies at the bottom of our crystal well of Principal. The breasts of capitalists have not been really stirred by any passion for liberty."—"World's Work."

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"The labour movement has got into the hands of men fitted neither by character nor by intelligence for the right directing of its destinies."—"Daily Telegraph."

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"It appeals to the imagination to think of a great race dwindling away owing to the culpable luxury of the upper classes."—ANNABEL JACKSON in "The Nation."

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"The modern deity is cash. It is the soul of all souls, temporal or spiritual. There is no longer any idea big enough in the world to combat it."—"English Review."

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"The Insurance Act is deliberately unfair, it exacts contributions from people who can by no possible means receive benefits."—"Saturday Review."

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"Anti-Socialists secure large funds from the credulous rich."—"News and Leader."

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"In this age, when even babes are harnessed in as vote-catchers, and old age is not exempt, it was inevitable that disease should be made to contribute to our political triumphs."—"Morning Post."

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"A so-called independent Labour Party has sat in the House of Commons for six years, and yet the lot of the wage earners in 1912 is harder than it was in 1906."— "Daily Express."

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"The average member of a trade union will strike with a will, but he is not a revolutionary."—"Daily Telegraph."

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"The pace of life continually increases. Every business undergoes the process of speeding up."—"Church Times."

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"Half the things we call civilisation are symptoms of sheer barbarism."—"Daily Herald."

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"Even in this amazing village, where some of the cottages were not fit for animals to live in, I found the same coyness on the part of the vicar, the same disinclination to take a prominent part in the doing."—"News and Leader."

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"The public never really knows the truth about anything."—VANOC.

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"The Government is doomed."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

ON Tuesday morning, September 2, the newspapers announced officially that Great Britain had formally demanded arbitration on the Panama Canal Bill.

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On Wednesday morning the papers announced that this was a mistake; formal arbitration had not been demanded.

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Now, the Press Association, as I can happily testify, never blunders in matters of this kind. When this organisation says that something is official, it is official. So what had happened in the space of twenty-four hours to necessitate this change of front? Merely an interesting piece of secret history which will be divulged in its entirety when someone is permitted to publish present-day dispatches a century or so hence.

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When the official announcement appeared in the Press, arbitration had, as a matter of fact, been formally demanded. But Mr. Knox, the American Foreign Secretary, had left for Japan to attend the funeral of the Emperor, and his subordinates could not act in his absence; nor could Mr. Taft. So the President cabled our Foreign Office. While I have not been able to examine this message, I may say that it was of a reassuring nature so far as it went, and tends to confirm the impression here that the American Government is putting up a bluff on the Panama Canal Bill in view of the coming elections. It is in the meantime the intention of our Government to get what satisfaction it can, either by representations at Washington or by an appeal to The Hague.

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In the meantime it should be noted that arrangements for penalising the United States by means of Canada were discussed when Mr. Borden was here. He gave assurances on behalf of his Government that everything possible would be done to assist the home country; and when the traffic on the Great Lakes is taken into consideration, it will be realised that the United States can be hit very hard indeed. It is fully expected, however, that a compromise will be reached after the November elections. Mr. Knox does not return in any case until October.

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The news from Bulgaria is serious enough, especially when we bear in mind that the Balkans have not yet come under the influence of financiers to anything like the same extent as Western Europe. The Bulgarians are inflamed by the stories that reach them from their compatriots in Macedonia and by the persistent massacres of Christians which are constantly taking place in so many parts of the province. The people are calling out for war and revenge, and the Government is opposed to war, as is the Opposition. But in a country like Bulgaria—where the people are united, where real democracy exists, where the nation is an entity, instead of being composed of moneyed men and their industrial serfs—the "people" generally manage to get the upper hand of any bureaucracy that may by some miracle secure power for a time. The only thing that restrains the Bulgarians from rising in a body at this moment is the state of uncertainty produced by Count Berchtold's proposals to the Powers. I do not think it by any means likely that his proposals will satisfy the Bulgarians altogether; but the expectation that they may do so has at least prevented that very definite action by the Bulgarians which might have been thought inevitable, in view of the events of the last few weeks. I hinted in this column not very long ago that readers of THE NEW AGE would do well to keep an eye on the Balkan Peninsula, simply because financial influence there is, in more senses than one, at a discount; and the small nations of the Near East are certainly actuated by nobler impulses than any that money can buy.

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An opportunity for the Liberal Press in this country to display its ignorance of foreign affairs was once more afforded by the British Note to China regarding Thibet. I referred briefly to the matter last week. In the interval I have seen it stated that we are trying to ruin the new Republic, that we are not giving it a proper chance, that we are helping Russia and Japan in their work of spoliation, etc., etc. The fact is, we have no intention of annexing Thibet unless we are driven to it; and it is not true that the Chinese Government has refused to consider the British demands. They are being considered with such care that a satisfactory solution of them is almost certain to be arrived at. Furthermore, the British Note was not presented some three weeks ago, as the telegrams and official announcements led the public to understand, but more than two months ago.

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If I may now resume a subject which I touched upon last week, I should like to suggest that the motives which prompt a large section of the Liberal Press to oppose Sir Edward Grey's policy should be carefully inquired into. When the newspapers I refer to lay such stress, for example, on "interests," what particular interests have the writers in mind? It will be found that they are usually thinking of our financiers and how financiers in general will be affected, either directly by means of concessions or contracts or indirectly by means of war taxes. Armies and navies, of course, absorb a large proportion of the national income that might otherwise be utilised for profits—*i.e.*, it might be taken from the pockets of the people exactly as it is now and put into the pockets of the capitalists instead of being devoted to measures of defence. It is seldom that we find the national honour appealed to; and when it is, the appeal is based on sentimental grounds, as in the case of Persia or China.

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It must not be assumed for a moment that the foreign policy of THE NEW AGE would be of an imperialistic and jingo type. When I have an opportunity—as I hope to have shortly—of outlining an ideal form of foreign policy, it will, I hope, become clear that a manly attitude towards the rest of the world is as far removed from jingoism as it is from the sentimentality of Liberalism—jingoism, indeed, is simply the sentimentality of the Conservatives. Pitt and Palmerston, to mention examples of first-class statesmen, were not sentimental; neither were they imperialistic.

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When we say this, however, we must recollect that neither Pitt nor Palmerston was the tool of a capitalist; nor was Disraeli. We can imagine well enough what they would have said or thought of the numerous leagues and societies which have sprung up within the last few years for the purpose of aiding people against whom, for the time being, our foreign policy might be directed. There is a society for helping or protecting the Persians, another for aiding and abetting the Christians in the Balkans, another for the protection of the Congo natives. "My protégés, right or wrong," might well be the motto of them all. They exist on sentimentality, and the type of mind at the back of them is Liberal, whether they support the Liberal Government or not. It is these societies that so often profess to speak in the name of the British people in connection with the Congo, the Balkans, Persia, and so forth. The noise they make is out of all proportion to their influence; but it often leads to wrong impressions abroad. Both these societies and the jingoes are suspect: neither section of opinion typifies the British people. So in foreign, as in home affairs, the ground has to be cleared. We must get rid of these leagues for the propagation of sentimentality, the jingoism of Mr. Garvin, the fallacies of Mr. Spender and of Mr. Norman Angell, and the good-natured editors who allow men like Mr. Ponsonby to express opinions in public prints on any subject under heaven.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

By the time these notes appear that precious tomfoolery entitled "Manœuvres" will be in fullest swing, and the acute foreign visitor will have had every opportunity of observing why the same service turns out the best regimental officers and the worst generals in Europe. The measure of our success in the one department is that of our failure in the other. The British Army has specialised in subordinates, and the atmosphere which suits the regimental officer does not suit the staff. Failing that perfect equilibrium which is rarely or never found, one or other of the parties has to go to the wall, and in the British Army it is the staff which has gone to the wall—with a vengeance.

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The British regimental officer, by which I mean the man whose prospects do not extend beyond the command of a battalion, is primarily a practical man. He works by rule of thumb. Generally speaking he does not know and does not care why and wherefore the books lay down that he should adopt certain tactics in a certain place. He takes their precepts on trust and executes them, usually well. Now, there is always danger in this contempt of theory, for though in nine years out of ten the practical subordinate remains content to take his leader's instructions upon trust, yet in the tenth year of stress and, perhaps, disaster, he is certain to start thinking for himself, or trying to do so. The problems of war being extremely technical and not capable of solution without previous study or at a moment's notice, his efforts are seldom rewarded with success, and as the general opinion of the service cannot be altogether disregarded at any period, the effects upon headquarters policy are apt to be disastrous. Nevertheless, this contempt for theory will always exist in the class of man who makes a good subordinate leader in the field, and the prudent organiser will therefore take measures to counter-balance it by the creation of a highly learned and "theoretical" staff, whose hard thinking and continuous study can be relied upon to keep the Army on the rails.

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In our service such an institution does not exist. There is indeed a staff, but it is merely a collection of regimental officers dressed up in staff clothes. It thinks of the Army as a collection of regiments. It occupies its time not with those questions of higher policy and of principle, decisions upon which are necessary for the co-ordination of the varying policies of the different arms, but with those regimental details which are the business of regimental minds. The autumn training of the Army is nominally divided into Battalion, Brigade, Divisional and Army training, but it would be as well to call the whole business battalion training and have done with it, for that exercise of the higher command which is supposed to take place, at any rate in the last two phases, never occurs at all. The essence of every military problem is uncertainty: uncertainty as to the enemy's numbers, uncertainty as to his position, his morale, his plans. Abolish this uncertainty and anyone can be a general. Now this uncertain element is carefully eliminated from our manœuvres, which are elaborately "faked" beforehand so that the battle shall develop on certain stereotyped lines, with which everyone—including the contending generals—is pretty well acquainted. Unexpected moves, such as upset the operations in 1909, are carefully prevented by the umpires. Everybody is thus free to devote his energies to the details of regimental training, which require very little mental exercise and are therefore extremely popular, whilst our generals go into war—where "faking" is non-existent and the assistance of umpires cannot be relied upon—without even that preliminary training in the handling of large bodies or that experience of the mental anxiety and fatigue caused by worry and doubt which every foreign commander has the advantage of obtaining in time of peace. Yet it is here that armies fail. The difference in regimental training between the various European forces is scarcely large enough to count. It is the higher leading which determines battles. Regimentally the French were superior to the Prussians in 1870. A policy therefore which sacrifices the training of staff and generals to that of regimental officers and men is about as near the lunatic asylum as anything yet known.

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Its distressing results in leaving the British Army without a brain and dependent for its instruction upon a hotch-potch of hints collected from a varied experience of many petty expeditions or from the military writings of foreign authors—knowledge ill assimilated and therefore ill applied—are to be seen in present day tactics. We go to war in the Transvaal: we discover what we might have discovered without a war to teach us, that a narrow, deep trench is the best protection against artillery fire. We go home and forthwith our army is taught that upon every possible occasion it must indulge in the narrow, deep trench. That is rule of thumb. Had we a thinking department we might have perceived that while the narrow, deep trench is admirably adapted to passive defence (to which the Boers, its originators, confined themselves), it is the very devil from the point of view of counter-attack, in that it is practically impossible to scramble out of. Our ancestors, who favoured the shallow trench, did not do so out of imbecility, or because they were unable to perceive that a narrow deep slit in the ground gives more protection than a shallow one. On the contrary, they had considerably more brains than their descendants, but their experience had taught them that it was better in the long run to forego the advantages of protection in favour of those which accrue from being able to hit back quick—which you certainly cannot do when your counter-charge has to be preceded and its momentum broken by a preliminary climb in the face of the enemy's fire over six feet of loose earth.

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Again, some epoch-making genius discovered—or thought he had discovered—that a small column formation is the best one to adopt against artillery fire. As a matter of fact he was probably quite wrong, and exhaustive experiments have shown that here, as elsewhere, the most economical formation is the line. Still let us grant him what he says, that irregular lines of small columns in fours or file are harder for guns to range on than any other formation. Now for the application. Last week I had the pleasure of seeing a battalion of the best troops in the country solemnly advancing in a small column formation up the *reverse side of a hill* where no artillery could possibly have seen them, and where any shells that fell must consequently have been unaimed. Two and a half minutes' concentrated thinking must have told the officers in charge of the advance that if the enemy cannot see you, and, consequently, cannot aim at you, one formation is pretty much as safe as another, for anything that hits you will hit you by chance, and no precautions on your part can avoid it. But there seems to be nobody in the British Army capable of two and a half minutes' concentrated thought, and that is where the trouble comes in.

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The double-company system, with which we are threatened both in the Regular Army and in the Territorials, has one great disadvantage which has not been sufficiently insisted upon. If you keep the eight captains, you will perpetually have four captains in a practically supernumerary condition. If, on the other hand, you reduce your captains to four, not only do you block promotion, but you destroy at a blow the chief advantage which our Army possesses over all foreign services. We alone possess a real reserve of officers. Our eight captains per battalion give it. We alone should come through the first few battles without incurring a hopeless shortage of Regular officers. When the double-company system was last proposed the War Office rejected it because they knew that in the eight-company system they possessed the means of retaining an efficient reserve of officers on full pay without going to the House for it. It will be on those grounds that they will not improbably reject it again.

Home Rule—A Reply.

By S. G. Hobson.

MR. J. M. KENNEDY, a frequent and welcome contributor to THE NEW AGE, in last week's issue gives us his impressions of a recent visit to Ireland—impressions that have led him to reconsider his belief in Home Rule. He has travelled through Unionist Ulster and Nationalist Ireland; he has consulted a number of worthy and even prominent Irishmen, and his conclusions broadly are (a) that Nationalist Ireland is lukewarm and Unionist Ulster grimly deadset against national autonomy; (b) that Home Rule now is only of interest to professional politicians, the farmers no longer desiring it. His explanation of this extraordinary change in Irish sentiment is that the Irish farmer, the predominant factor, has got what he wanted and is now content. These conclusions have been common form in Fleet Street since the Land Act of 1903. They were so prevalent that they affected the Liberal Government of 1906 to such an extent that Mr. Birrell thought the problem would be adequately solved by the passage of the Irish Council Bill in 1908. It proposed to set up in Dublin an administrative council consisting of eighty-two elected and twenty-four nominated members, with the Under Secretary as an ex-officio member. It was to control eight departments—Local Government, Public Works, Education, Agriculture, Congested Districts, and others. Mr. Kennedy's impressions were so widespread that it was confidently anticipated that lukewarm Ireland would accept the measure and let Home Rule lapse into happy oblivion. Oddly enough, the professional politicians, whom Mr. Kennedy, as a professional journalist, scorns, were disposed to agree with Mr. Kennedy. There can be little doubt that Mr. Redmond tentatively accepted the proposals on behalf of the Nationalist Party. But a national conference had first to be convened. To it came 3,000 delegates from all parts of Ireland, many priests amongst them. There were probably not fifty "professional politicians," apart from the Members of Parliament, present. Here then was an excellent chance to test the accuracy of Mr. Kennedy's conclusions. If the farmers really desired to shelve Home Rule, they had it in their power. Did they act as Mr. Kennedy would have expected? Not they; they were not such fools. The Conference unanimously rejected the Birrell plan and unanimously reaffirmed their faith in Home Rule. And every test that has been applied has always resulted in the same way. Mr. Gerald Balfour, when Chief Secretary, acted upon Mr. Kennedy's assumptions, and proclaimed his policy of "killing Home Rule with kindness." Ireland was duly grateful, but it did not abate its demand for Home Rule. If Home Rule could have been killed, the Parnell episode, followed by the Wyndham Act, would undoubtedly have killed it. Incidentally it is worth remarking that Ireland still sends an overwhelming majority to Westminster in favour of Home Rule, sixteen out of thirty-three coming from Ulster. I trust, therefore, that Mr. Kennedy will forgive me if I decline to accept his conclusions, as being contrary to the cardinal facts of the situation. I can, however, heartily congratulate Mr. Garvin upon securing a brilliant recruit.

But, for the sake of the argument, let us accept Mr. Kennedy's conclusions. Let us assume that Ireland, in her innermost heart, is tired of the Home Rule propaganda; let us assume that even her Parliamentary representation has swung round to Unionism (pigs might fly); that Ireland with one voice were to decline to be shut out from Westminster—what then? Does Mr. Kennedy imagine that the Irish problem is solved? Is there not an English view?

Let us then examine the actual problem, for the nonce forgetting Mr. Kennedy's fleeting Fleet Street impressions. Monsieur Paul-Dubois, in his penetrating study "Contemporary Ireland," tells us that Ireland is a bad case of arrested development. How "arrested"? In two ways: first, rightly or wrongly, her sense of nationality is outraged and she is accordingly preoccupied with the pain of it. (But that point does not arise here because we have conceded Mr. Kennedy's premisses.) Secondly, the "arrest" is economic. In this connection, let us remember THE NEW AGE formula that economic power precedes political power. But we must intelligently apply it. Suppose economic power in Ireland to be strong enough to impose appropriate legislation upon an Irish legislature, but impotent to impose it upon the English House of Commons. Where are we then? We are instantly thrown back upon the problem of finding the right legislative unit to respond to economic power. Obviously, in the case cited, the desired unit is missing. But is this actually the case? What economic measures are needed in Ireland that Great Britain cannot pass? Is the economic arrest in Ireland due to the inability of the English Government to arrest the "arrest"? Undoubtedly the answer is an overwhelming affirmative.

To begin with, the administrative waste in Ireland is criminal. The administrative salaries of Ireland are more than £1,000,000 in excess of Scotland, a far richer country. But that figure only applies to salaries subject to income tax. The cost of the Irish Constabulary in Ireland is a million in excess of Scotland. Worse: in 1841, when her population was 8,175,124, Ireland's civil administration cost £1,400,000; in 1910, when her population was about 4,000,000, the figure had risen to £9,000,000. What has the English Parliament done to arrest such extravagance? Nothing. On the contrary, the Insurance Act and similar measures are remorselessly swelling it. On the purely economic plane, let me quote from THE NEW AGE leading article of April 11, 1912:—

"But the case for Irish autonomy, apart from national sentiment, is founded upon arrested development. Of the importance of a sound domestic economy there need be no argument. Ireland's economy is as wasteful in its commercial sphere as it is in its governmental. Its railways are a scandal; its banks drain it when they should fertilise it; its waste lands cry aloud for reclamation; its rivers overflow, causing annual waste; its labourers are grossly underpaid; emigration still proceeds with tragical periodicity—even prosperous Ulster and the prosperous linen industry are being drained by bad conditions at home and the fata morgana of the West. The horrible problem of the congested districts—the continuing sequel of the great famine of 1845-48, remains in all its squalor, a menace, not only to Ireland but to the Empire."

On Mr. Kennedy's hypothesis, Ireland now says to England: "Here are these problems, the solution of which are vital to us: we decline to solve them; you must." What is England's answer? Rather emphatic we may suppose. I will delete the expletives, not unnatural in the circumstances, and merely state the English reply: "What do we know about your problems? We know more about France, Germany, and Patagonia, from which we receive excellent Consular reports. Besides, if all we hear about it be true, Ireland requires legislation that would occupy at least ten years of Parliamentary time. Why should England wait? Go and do it yourselves. Benedicite."

In short, if Mr. Kennedy would really think about it, he would speedily discover that Irish Home Rule is a more urgent question for England than for Ireland. Liberals and Conservatives have long since agreed that Ireland needs a long course of drastic, curative treatment: neither party has, however, either the time or the knowledge to undertake the cure. And with all respect to Mr. Kennedy, Fleet Street is too remote and too ignorant to instruct the English Government what to do.

Now let me return to realities. I have shown that Ireland, when tested, does not swerve from its demand—a demand that has been insistent for almost a century. The first reality is this matter of nationality. THE NEW AGE has properly laid stress upon the economic dominance of economics, but it has never, so far as I know, denied the reality of racial claims and psychology. Nationality has this peculiar characteristic—it is quiescent when it is not menaced. This is probably the true explanation of Mr. Kennedy's discovery. He has

been (for a few days) in Nationalist Ireland, which, after long struggle, seems to be reaping what it has sown. The harvest is apparently ripe for the gathering. Instantly the old aggressiveness, the old strident cry, the old bitterness sink into quietude of contentment. It is so silent that Mr. Kennedy, now Anglicised beyond recognition, mistakes it for indifference. He is not the first to make the same mistake; perhaps he will become famous by being the last.

Two further aspects of the problem, as stated by Mr. Kennedy, remain to be answered—Ulster and the priest.

In regard to Ulster, it is important to remember that Ulster is by no means the solid factor that Mr. Kennedy assumes it to be. The industrial problem cuts clean across it. The Orange drum no doubt is beating very loudly just at present, but the Orange lodges have lost their fearsomeness. British Governments, in days gone by, have inflicted injury both upon themselves and Ireland by mistaking Orange noise for Protestant strength. In recent years, the wage problem has tended to obscure the old Orange intolerance. It is natural that in the present posture of affairs, the Orange clamancy may temporarily reassert itself. Nor do I wish to underestimate its strength. I freely grant that the Protestant proletariat does not want Home Rule. But I emphatically deny that it will ultimately allow itself to be led by the nose by the Carsons and Craigs. A big strike would end the noise in a week. In any event, if necessary for force of arms, Ulster, as the minority, must yield. It certainly does not frighten me. I was born and bred in Protestant Ulster; I know it quite as intimately as does Mr. Kennedy.

One final paragraph must suffice for the priest. Mr. Kennedy tells us that, in the event of the Bill being passed, the priest will remain indefinitely the most important man in Catholic Ireland. Is he familiar with the history of the Local Government Act of 1898? It was then foretold by Mr. Kennedy's Fleet Street that the priest would rule the roost. It is the simple truth that Local Government, by calling into administrative activity thousands of laymen, has relegated the priest to the background. The reasons for this would carry one rather far afield; broadly, the fact is that the priest is in his element as the spokesman for his united flock, but this is impossible in the play and inter-play of local politics. The priest, by taking sides, finds to his chagrin that he alienates various sections of his little community. He accordingly withdraws to the altar and lets the various factions fight out their differences without his interference. This tendency will be enormously re-inforced under Home Rule. Home Rule is the negation of Rome Rule. Mr. Kennedy says that the priests are opposed to Home Rule. If they are, might not this be the explanation? For these and for many other reasons, I reject Mr. Kennedy's sketchy idea of real Ireland and range myself with THE NEW AGE leading article referred to. Nor can I conclude better than by quoting that article's conclusion :—

"But the cause they [the Nationalist Party] represent is greater than they; it is not even primarily a political cause; it is the embodiment of the spiritual and material aspiration of a nation in pain and travail; and for this reason we hope for a generous Home Rule measure and look to its enactment in the near future."

Problems of Sex.

By M. B. Oxon.

VII.

THE fact which at present forces itself on our notice is that the whole question of sex and its bodily satisfaction occupies far too much of our thoughts, and this cannot possibly be altered by legislation, though convention might do so. But the trend of convention is not towards this end, but rather opposed to it, for by making a secret of the subject, and by enforcing a very arbitrary taboo on bodily sex, it both attracts people's minds to the matter and at the same time bars the only way by which the true value of the whole subject can be arrived at. Moreover, the present condition produces bodily as well as mental ills. For, putting aside the diseases which are recognised as connected with sex, we see that those who are affected by the taboo suffer sexual starvation, while those who are not so affected are subjected to all the evils of excess. The number of women whose condition of mental unbalance is due to their being childless is very great, while the number of men and women whose health is the worse for marriage is also large.

Probably man is chiefly to blame for distorting the sex values, for to him the whole subject is liable to be far more intellectual than emotional. His bodily needs, though imperious, are short-lived, and, were it not for his mental aggravation of them, infrequent. With women, the thing is much more real and true; her affection for a man, if it exists at all, is more long-lasting and embraces more of her life, while his presence means much for her. Her chief mistake is in thinking that the gift of her body will bind him the more firmly to her, whereas the opposite is more often the case. We need that man should pay much less attention to the subject, and that woman should learn more of the world and its ways. This ignorance of the world is, I believe, one of the causes which underlie the whole Feminist movement. It both leads to the feeling of woman that she is being kept in the dark, which inspires the desire for freedom, and also prevents her understanding how to right things properly.

But it is open to question whether many women really feel this longing for freedom except to a very limited and easily satisfied extent, and still more whether all who do so would be prepared to purchase it by giving up their privileges. Except for a limited number, this would mean considerable hardships, with little results—at any rate, for a long time yet. The only women who can really be free are those who can become economically free, and to do this they must not only be able to hold their own against women, but also against a considerable part of the men. A few may be able to do so by hard struggle; the majority will only be able to win by learning to stoop to conquer.

I feel little doubt that marriage is the right and desirable thing. But it must not be merely a sex licence, as in too many cases it is. Marriage may be either artistic or utilitarian, so to speak, and the trouble is that it is unlikely to turn out to be both at once. By utilitarian I mean an economic bond, by artistic an emotional satis-faction. While men and women are "normal," and but little dependent on their emotions, marriage is a comparatively easy and satisfactory thing —as easy, that is, as any other compact. It is chiefly utilitarian, supplying all the bodily needs; but, in so much as in these cases the conscious emotional needs are almost identical with bodily sex, it satisfies the emotional requirements too. In fact, it covers what is from various causes—among which habit and ignorance are prominent—the only common emotional ground of husband and wife. But that these subjects can be treated of, except in the most undogmatic way, is evidenced by the number of cases where some unfathomable affection causes a husband or wife to continue what to an onlooker seems a very dog's life, from which they could easily obtain relief. But as the emotional needs come more and more into consciousness, marriage becomes less and less satisfactory from any point of view which looks on it as something more than a modus vivendi. Most happy marriages are probably those in which the real centre of gravity lies between the two extremes of utility and art, in the region of a friendship compounded of intellectual and quasi-physical sympathy. But even the best of such marriages tend to err from the ideal in the direction of too much bodily sex. Clearly the difficulty is that for a marriage to be really satis-factory a husband and wife must fit each other both physically, emotionally, and mentally, and this is well-nigh impossible, except in very rare instances.

Just as marriage seems to be the desirable condition to aim at, so prostitution is the undesirable one. Apart from the economic and hygienic difficulties which it

brings with it, it tends in the present state of things to increase many of the evils which we are trying to avoid. But so, too, does marriage as at present constituted. As I have said, however, marriage is the desirable condition, its object being to produce a proper atmosphere in which the child may be reared, though how long with the present trend of things it will continue to exist, even in its now debased form, is a very open question. More and more women are wanting "freedom"; more and more men are wondering what they get in exchange for marriage, with all its ties and expenses; also, women are becoming more in number than men. What is the outcome to be? It is very dangerous to prophesy, but I should not be surprised if in the near future some of the best and truest women, few at first, making themselves economically independent, even if precariously so, braved the taboo and had children for whom they were economically responsible. The men who are by nature less continually at the call of sex—or could at least be so if they cared to try—will remain bachelors, paying a housekeeper to look after their household needs better than most wives now can, and going for their emotional needs to independent free women and for their bodily needs either to the free women who are not wholly independent or to the prostitute. The remainder of the women will find that there is no half-way house between womanhood and freedom, and, being unable or not desirous of reaching the latter, will learn to be good wives to the rest of the men. It may even come about that the excess of women over men will be such that some form of polygamy will appear to rather a limited extent, possibly in an amazon State. Free love is an economic impossibility, except for the economically free women, and, these being on the whole of the refined and sensitive type, will be sexually very discriminating. Those who are not so will, as a class, be continuous with the prostitutes.

At present the prostitutes and semi-prostitutes have come to their position in life by various ways. The majority are quite unsuited for their trade, and are only kept at it by force of circumstances and conventions. No small number owe their entry to the class to having been turned out by their family for having "gone wrong," and have taken to the trade as being the only one of which women have a monopoly, and in which a woman with no special aptitudes can earn a living wage. Some go wrong from curiosity, ignorance, and lack of entertainment, more still from seduction by promise of marriage, or from compulsion by employers as an alternative to being turned out of their job. The majority of these, if their family had stood by them instead of casting them off, would have remained in their natural station wiser women for the future. But when once they are turned out there is almost no alternative. Employment for women at any but ridiculous wages is scarce. What is the use of 8s. or 10s. a week, which scarcely pays rent, yet openings at even such wages are far fewer than applicants. Nor does one see how this can be much altered. There are presumably a few occupations in which women are not in competition with men, and if the women could unite to demand higher wages in these occupations it would, no doubt, produce good results, but outside this small area, when they come in competition with men, the conditions are reversed, and the results of such action would make their position yet worse.

There are also a good number of prostitutes who have begun the life in the search for pleasure, change, dresses, and amusements, and some who have sold their body to gain emotional, intellectual, and economic independence, and these will all continue to exist, whatever be the law. But they should, most of them, not exist, though it is not the law which can stop them. To a great extent they result from the foolish form of education which has been in vogue during the last thirty years, which has effectually cut the younger generations off from their parents and their parents' interests, dull and lifeless though they were, but yet has entirely failed to replace them by others. The majority cannot amuse themselves even if they had the chance; they have to be amused. Most of them can hardly even do anything for themselves, and require to pay for all they need, whether it be a new hat or the excitement of a game of football. The whole education has been theoretical and mental; most young people of both sexes have but indifferent command over their own hands and feet; how, then, can they be expected to be able to understand or be a match for the outside world of which they are, in fact, hardly aware?

Lastly we come to those who are born for the profession, with a hunger for realities and action, which makes them rulers of men, whether by intellectual or emotional means. These are the only ones who should exist; in some circumstances they would gather round them a salon of art and intellect; this will be the case with the best of the free women, the chief difference between them being the absence or presence of sexual needs. Such women are a great asset for the nation. Being true experts in their judgment of men, and epicures in the use of their emotions, they could do more than is possible by any other means to educate men in the right direction and wean them from their ignorant use of bodily sex-satisfaction. That they do not do so now is not quite their fault.

The competition of the unskilled woman makes them unable to pick and choose as they could do in the disposal of their favours, while the attitude towards them of society and the police is not one adapted to make them self-respecting citizens and enable them to do what they otherwise might do. They deserve to be State-protected rather than State-abolished. Abolition is not the right word to use, for they cannot be abolished, and the only result of an attempt to do so will be to favour the more coarse and adventurous as against the more refined and law-abiding, and to drive this great sexual and emotional activity into dark corners to putrify instead of letting it exist in the open air, where it will do but little harm and considerable good. This is, no doubt, Utopian; but it seems the course more likely to produce good results than any other. Prostitution is an undesirable thing, but it is unavoidable now, and must be faced. It is, in fact, hard to say that it is worse than a great number of the legal marriages with which we are quite satisfied. The chief practical difficulty is the dissemination of disease, but this is mostly due to ignorance and stress of circumstances, and would largely disappear in these Utopian conditions. The "imaginary" reasons, of the kind which cause the Church to repudiate divorce, are so little known that they need only be mentioned here to point out that nine-tenths, if not more, of our respectable married lives are open to much the same objections as is prostitution.

The ideal condition is one where the emotional importance of bodily sex is so diminished that it ceases to be the centre round which the whole social fabric is arranged, but falls into its proper place as one among the other creative arts. But this is as yet in the very distant future. In the meanwhile we have to see how we can best tempt mankind in the right direction. Our success in this will be small until we can displace sex from the supreme position which has been accorded it by our intellects, too, and this is easy. We must recognise that it is a great cosmic force, with many other manifestations than bodily sex, and neither good nor evil in itself, but only in its application, and affected by a marriage licence about as much as a thunderstorm is by having been predicted by the Clerk of the Weather. It is no use saying that there are to be no thunderstorms; we must arrange things so that they do as little harm as possible when they come. And in our essays on these lines we must remember that the outside communal world is not the only one, but that there is an inside world too, the activities of which are the causes of the happenings in the outside one. It is foolish to stoke the fire and sit on the safety-valve at the same time, which is what we are now doing. Recognising this, we see that all that we can do is to influence the inner world by true thinking and good upbringing, and direct as far as may be the outside happenings by habits produced by education, and the one touchstone which will help us in this is Truth.

[THE END.]

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

THE Englishman, in dealing with the American, forgets, I think, that he has to do with a southerner, a man of the Mid. He thinks, erroneously, that the United States, once a set of his colonies, is by race Anglo-Saxon. More of that anon. New York is on the same parallel with Florence, Philadelphia is farther south than Rome. The Jew alone can retain his detestable qualities, despite climatic conditions. That is, perhaps, an overstatement, but it is certain that the climate has about as much to do with the characteristics of a people as has their ethnology. And especially if the race is mongrel, one stock neutralising the forces of the other, the climate takes up its lordship and decrees the nature of the people resulting.

America was found full of nomads, or rather of people ranging, restless within certain vaguely defined borders. Whatever the origin of the red man, his nature was neither that of the Esquimaux nor that of the Chinese.

In Europe, race after race has drifted into Spain, into France, into England. One finds types so diverse in all these countries and one finds a national average, and this latter is climatic.

The most apparent effect of the American climate is the American morale. Especially in matters of sex all concepts of right depend on the nerves, which depend on the sun, on the wind, the dryness or dampness of the air.

The morale of Massachusetts will never be that of South Carolina. No country but America could have produced the code that one finds, first, all about one and later, when one takes to reading anthologies, in Emerson's verses, ending :

> When half-gods go
> The gods arrive.

And having in another stanza the lines :—

> Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
> Nor the palest rose she flung
> From her summer diadem.

As every living writer either has written, or is writing, on sex, sex, sex, till there is no end of x's, I pray to be for a little space excused with the simple statement that there is an American variant of the prevailing legends. The Englishman, the Frenchman, and the American are, normally, mutually, equally shocked by each other's behaviour. Gaby Deslys presents the Gallic point of view, and one feels the English audience about one blushing to its ears. The Russian dancers present their splendid, luxurious paganism, and everyone with a pre-Raphaelite or Swinburnian education is in raptures. What "morality" will be two hundred years hence is beyond all prediction. Our present standards may seem as distasteful to that age as does mediæval asceticism to the present. It is probable at the date of this writing that " the American " would be less shocked at the French morality than at the English if he were brought face to face with either.

After the attempted revival of mysticism we may be in for a new donation, a sort of eugenic paganism.

In all this rambling I have my memory upon the uncertainty of standards which accompanied the Italian Renaissance, and was, perhaps, a symptom or forecast of it.

Having been brought up in the American mediæval system, I see also a sign in the surging crowd on Seventh Avenue (New York). A crowd pagan as ever imperial Rome was, eager, careless, with an animal vigour unlike that of any European crowd that I have ever looked at. There is none of the melancholy, the sullenness, the unhealth of the London mass, none of the worn vivacity of Paris. I do not believe it is the temper of Vienna.

One returns from Europe and one takes note of the size and vigour of this new strange people. They are not Anglo-Saxon; their gods are not the gods whom one was reared to reverence. And one wonders what they have to do with lyric measures and the nature of " quantity."

And one knows they are the dominant people and that they are against all delicate things. So much for the crowd, the future. They will never imagine beautiful pleasances.

Joseph Cambell once told me of a peasant whom he met in the middle of a peat bog. And he (Cambell) said : " It's rather dull here?" And the peasant said : " Faith, ye can sit on a middan and dream stars."

Now this new metropolitan has his desire sated before it is aroused. Electricity has for him made the seeing of visions superfluous. There is the sham fairyland at Coney Island, and, however sordid it is when one is in it, it is marvellous against the night as one approaches it or leaves it. And the city itself about him, Manhattan ! Has it not buildings that are Egyptian in their contempt of the unit?

For that is the spirit of the down-town architecture, as surely as it was the spirit of the Pyramids. The Egyptian monarch despised the individual slave as effectively as the American despises the individual dollar.

And here, not in the contempt, perhaps, but surely in the architecture, is our first sign of the "alba" America, the nation, the embryo of New York. The city has put forth its own expression. The first of the arts arrives. Architecture that has never wholly perished from the earth, that has scarcely ever slept for so long a period as the other arts, has appeared amongst us.

It is natural that she should first appear. For is she not more closely allied to use and to the sense of property than are the other arts?

Did not the palaces of the Renaissance have an advertising value? Is it anything but normal that architecture should be first to answer the summons? At any rate, in these new buildings the mire of commerce has fostered the beautiful leaf. So commerce has, it would seem, its properties worthy of praise—apart from its utility.

And in our architecture the artist may set his hope, for after a people has learned a fineness of beauty from good buildings, after it has achieved thus the habit of discrimination, it will not be long patient of unsound and careless production in the other arts. And the intellectual hunger for beauty, which is begotten of comparisons, will not rest content with one food only.

It was part of our mediæval system that men should build themselves great houses. Thus there are, within a mile or two of my home, a castle something like Hawarden, and one something like Blenheim, and a great manor house (Elizabethan), and many smaller affairs of divers sort, and a number of older estates with splendid interiors; and none of this is architecture, it is all very ornamental, but architecture consists in fitting a form to a purpose, and a place fit to hold a garrison for defence is of little use to a man with no acquaintance.

The real achievement is in such work as the Pennsylvania R.R. station, in New York City, and the " Metropolitan Life " tower.

The Lawful Impediment.

By Alfred E. Randall.

THAT the incidence of insanity is increasing there can be no doubt. From a proportion, in 1859, of 1 to every 536 of the population, the rate had risen to 1 to 247 in 1910. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the greater accuracy in identifying persons of unsound mind, for greater strictness in enforcing the Lunacy Laws, and for the fact that harmless lunatics who used to be at large are now under restraint. But not all the increase can be explained by these reasons. It is known, for example, that the industrial classes, particularly the lower grades, are the principal sufferers; and the fact may be illustrated by some mass figures relating to Italy. "The ten Italian provinces that have the greatest number of insane in proportion to the population are

* "The First Signs of Insanity." By Dr. Bernard Hollander. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

all in the industrial north," says Dr. Hollander; "the proportion varies from 25.3 to 16.9 per 10,000 inhabitants. The twenty-two Italian provinces that show the smallest number of insane in proportion to the population are all in the agricultural south, the proportion varying from 1.3 to 6.6 per 10,000 inhabitants." It cannot be denied that agriculture has been a declining industry in this country during the period named; and if we accept uncertainty of employment, insanitary life, the drinking habit, and the lack of reasonable enjoyment as some of the exciting causes of insanity, we cannot deny that these causes are more perceptibly at work in industrial than agricultural communities. Whatever is the chief cause of insanity, whether the predisposition is more important from the therapeutic point than the stress of whatever nature that actually reveals the mental trouble, it cannot be denied that the stresses are more frequent and more violent in their action on the minds of industrial than agricultural workers. The predisposition may exist among rural workers, but the life of the town is practically a necessity of its manifestation. In short, we may, although Dr. Hollander does not, exclude the predisposition from our consideration until the exciting causes have been removed or neutralised by curative measures.

For it is certain that, in the present state of knowledge, we have no right to base our action on the theory of heredity. It is easy enough to say that insane people can only breed children with an insane diathesis or psychopathic disposition; but as the only evidence of the diathesis is the actual occurrence of disease, the argument runs in a vicious circle. If the child of tuberculous parents were not exposed to tubercular infection it is conceivable that we should hear less of the tubercular diathesis; if the child of parents who have been certified insane were not exposed to the same or similar exciting causes, we should certainly hear less of the psychopathic disposition. Certainly, if Dr. Mott is correct, and insanity tends to die out in three generations, the stock either becoming extinct or returning to the normal, the predisposing causes must be almost negligible. Dr. Hollander's own success in the cure of insanity, and the lack of evidence of any transmission of the diathesis subsequent to the cure, should warn him against exaggerating the importance of what probably is only a phrase cloaking ignorance of the real origin of the disease.

But the curative treatment of insanity in this country is greatly hampered by the lawful impediment. "It is illegal," says Dr. Hollander, "to place any patient of unsound mind, even if he or she be under twenty-one years of age, under care and treatment for payment, direct or indirect, or even for residence only, unless the whole process of 'certification' is gone through. The physician has to incur the responsibility that the patient who in his judgment may be merely a borderland case and not certifiable, may be considered by the Lunacy Authorities to be insane; in which case he would be prosecuted and have to pay, in addition to the costs of his defence, a considerable fine, even though he attended the patient gratuitously." In other words, the law declares that only those who can be certified as insane shall be eligible for treatment, and that treatment must be administered in an asylum. The consequences are obvious. Practically nothing is done to prevent incipient insanity developing into pronounced insanity, with the consequence that little is known of the early stages of the malady and less of the appropriate methods of treatment. The fact that certification is the indispensable preliminary to treatment prevents patients from presenting themselves for such early treatment as is available; for to be certified a lunatic means the loss of social, civil, and domestic rights, forcible incarceration in an asylum, and, in the event of recovery, the everlasting stigma: "He was once a lunatic."

It is obvious, then, that our knowledge of insanity is largely derived from asylum superintendents; and their apparent helplessness and comparative hopelessness is largely due to the fact that they only deal with unmistakable cases. If, for example, doctors had been prevented by law from dealing with tuberculosis until the case was so advanced that the patient became a danger to the community, if, further, they had been limited to institutional treatment, we might still have regarded tuberculosis as a scourge of God, and have done nothing to reduce its evil effects. With insanity, as with other diseases, the prospect of cure is directly determined by the violence of the attack; that curative treatment must be postponed until the disease is sufficiently advanced for the law to take cognisance of the patient puts an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of the healer.

That certification is the indispensable preliminary to treatment, that certification means incarceration in an asylum and deprives the patient of his social and political rights, that certification means that treatment is delayed until it is practically of no avail, are good enough reasons for demanding that the lawful impediment be removed. For it is by no means certain that asylum treatment is the only or the best means of treating insanity. The insane require association with healthy minds, and that association is impossible in an asylum. Moreover, individual treatment is imperatively necessary in the cure of insanity; and, with the best will in the world, a superintendent and two or three assistant medical officers cannot give individual treatment to a thousand or more patients. The failure of the asylum system is chronicled in the fact that the recovery rate is no greater now than in the days when strait-jackets and rough treatment were the only curative measures used. It is equally visible in the increase of insanity, which is itself a measure of the ignorance that prevails regarding the possibilities of cure in the early stages. That ignorance itself is due to the fact that the English lunacy law places an impediment in the way of the doctor, limits the medical profession generally to certification when the patient has become so obviously insane that a layman could not be mistaken. That the ignorance is not universal Dr. Hollander's book is a proof; and if, after its publication, that ignorance remains, it must be called culpable. For we cannot accept insanity with fatalistic resignation; we cannot accept it as a scourge of God and watch its increase with hopeless eyes, when we know that a large proportion of it is surgically and medically curable, and that practically all cases are amenable to early treatment. From the experience derived in private practice as a consulting physician, from investigation of the means employed on the Continent and of the knowledge gathered, Dr. Hollander has been able to add something of hope to the stock of knowledge accumulated within the limitations of the English law. That its successful application implies not only a legal reform, but the training of the medical profession and the enlightening of public opinion, is my excuse for dealing with the matter in this journal.

In a London Police Court

By Holloway Horn.

I HAD expected a police court to be a dismal place, but hardly as grey and depressing as I found it. Outside it was cold, and the little magistrate had all the windows closed. Consequently the place smelt very much as one would expect a Court of Justice to smell. For half an hour the "cases" were uninteresting. There were the usual sordid "drunks," and a revolting case of cruelty to a horse. The R.S.P.C.A. inspector vividly described the horse's sores, and the unfortunate man in the dock swore that he hadn't noticed them until the more acute inspector had pointed them out. I think the horse had, however. The man was a greengrocer and had only one horse. He began to talk generally about a wife and children in the background, but this wasn't evidence, the little magistrate said, and fined him £2 or seven days. It paid the man to do the seven days.

I was tired of this kind of thing, and sorry for the little magistrate, who had apparently hours of it to listen to. I was about to go when I noticed a woman

going into the witness-box. She was wearing a crude blue costume and the dirtiest furs I have ever seen. The dress jarred badly even in that unlovely place. She was heavily veiled and appeared to be horribly tired. The man in the dock had stolen her purse, which had contained two pounds in silver. Her evidence was to the effect that he had been engaged to put up a curtain-pole in her bedroom on Sunday morning, and during her temporary absence had stolen her purse and disappeared. She suddenly added that she was a respectable woman, and knowing the point of view of almost everyone in the court, her statement was not in the least superfluous.

Her words grew inaudible and the little magistrate asked her to raise her veil. It was heavy and black and prevented her voice reaching the court. I shuddered as I saw her face. Veiled she was anything from twenty-five to forty; unveiled, even in the greyness of the court, she looked sixty. Her skin was yellowish and drawn tightly over her skull; the cheek-bones appeared to be breaking through their shiny covering. There were remnants of rouge on one cheek and one eyebrow was much darker than the other—the morning wash had evidently failed to remove these relics of the night before. The magistrate put one or two questions as to why the man was there on Sunday—how she knew him, and so on. She answered quietly for awhile, and then, as she noticed someone in the court smile, she burst forth again with the assertion that she was respectable. At this several laughed quietly and discreetly, so that the usher made no objection. The man in the dock had no questions to ask, but he wished to give evidence on his own behalf. He was a heavy faced man, nearly fifty I should say. He was gaudily ill-dressed. His boots were very poor and his lank black hair was plastered down with grease. He had been quite at home in the dock and had smiled in a peculiarly knowing manner when his accuser asserted her respectability. Generally speaking, he conveyed an unpleasant impression as of one who would sound the lowest depths of meanness for gain. A policeman, I know, summed him up in words which I should very much like to repeat—they were so true. As I expected he was glib with his evidence. His story, briefly, was that the woman was a loose one and that he was "in drink" at the time, and he went home with her—a "loose" woman and a "tight" man going "home" together! He found another man there, and swore positively that he had never even seen the purse. It was his word against her's. Both were obviously liars, and I wondered what the little magistrate would do. He was the most efficient businesslike little man in the world. The detective who gave evidence of arrest had known the man before, but not the woman. She was new in these parts. The detective had never seen her, but—— "Of course, yes," said the little magistrate, quick and tense, "Are there any other witnesses?" "The case is not proved—discharged." "This way," said the policeman, and the man was bundled out of the court, which mechanically adjusted itself to another case. The woman, who had dropped her veil, suddenly shouted from the floor of the court that she couldn't pay her rent. This annoyed the little magistrate, who had already settled her case, and he said, "Silence!" quite sternly. The woman went out then. The man by this time had cleared off, and I noticed that the woman was standing outside in an indefinite way. Presently she went heavily across the road and into the pub which stands there. I wondered for awhile whether she would be able to pay the rent after all, and what would happen to her if she couldn't, and whether a vote would be of any use to her.

Present-Day Criticism.

LET us be glad, we English; for we have as yet no Satirist. His absence assures our national integrity. Ridicule, the light rod, is not abandoned. Rejoice, O Philistia! For the satirist is the last and desperate prophet to a people. After him, the deluge! Out of the broken rod—the basilisk! Such a basilisk was Aristophanes, such Juvenal, symbols of Retribution, immaculate—and retreating: they raised the last scourge before the time when Retribution itself was to depart from their peoples and to leave behind the evil which is without resource, scattering innocent and guilty alike into captivity.

But no such terror flies in our midst to scatter us. Owls cry. France contemns us; Germany derides us; Japan plans and Russia smiles—let them: we have not yet bred the basilisk. That faint foreboding which has taken hold of some of us has ever seized hyper-scrupulous individuals, and in all epochs. Homer himself suffered from it ages before Aristophanes; Horace was dust long before Juvenal arose. Our tremors may easily be accounted for. We live in a time of transition, or, perhaps, we are emerging from such a time; and it has certainly been working a secret and peaceful corruption which, if this were national, ought to disturb us. But is this corruption national? Certain areas of corruption are, of course, everyday talk. Our Church, State, Law and Press are recognisedly corrupt. But how have they—these mere public services—affected us? We do not risk going to church, or to Parliament, or to law, and we grumble at suffering beyond a half-penny for a newspaper. Surely, we are sound. Even public service corruption is still only possible by cunning appeal to our best national traits as well as to our worst: and the worst must be called by fair names, must be paid the homage of the best, if in name only. Thus, sloth is translated "leisure for improvement"; greed—"thrift"; servility—"decorum." Even statesmen dare not yet insult our claim to independence by offering us something for absolutely nothing: suppose we do pay no more than fourpence worth of bread for fivepence worth of circus—really, bread is more valuable; and, knowing this, a great many persons will feel such undoubted patrons as very nearly to shake hands with the ring-master—if he actually provides the circus. Then, consider the Law. No honest man ever went to law. No honest man goes now. Why, our modern workman, the "back-bone" of the country, is quite straight about lawyers, he wants none of them. The atmosphere of lawyers is a pestiferous stink to him: so he keeps away. Surely, that is sound. True, he leaves others to be bolted in prison. He left Tom Mann in. But what was he to do? Undo the bolts? How could he? If he could, he would. We must not, like the lawyers, conclude him to be servile and a coward when he is only puzzled. Remember this is an age of transition, our character is still in the crucible, and a certain amount of what resembles scum comes to the surface.

As for the corruption in Church and Press, so allied as these are nowadays, a study of any issue of St. George's Dragon will set at ease our foreboding lest corruption in religion, honour and taste should prove to be national as well as official. The "Daily Mail" is an epitome of the cold commercial exploitation of our vices and virtues by all the Four Estates: but a recent issue affords us particularly timely examples at once of the corruption of the clergy, and of the craft by which the nation is made to appear vile.

Fleet Street gossip relates that the proprietor of the "Daily Mail" puts a test question to all applicants for posts on his paper: "What are you out for?" he asks, "fame or boodle?" However that may be, there is no doubt that the foremost appeals in this journal, directed to the end of securing "boodle" for its proprietor, are employed with the greatest ingenuity against our best sentiments. "Remember Absent Friends"—and how better can we do this than by sending a subscription to the Overseas edition of the "Daily Mail"? It is an accursed trick, this, to play on human sympathies for the sake of gain: it is a trick

which men were said to expiate in the circle before the lowest: it is a trick natural to whores and panders and a certain type of missionary. It is not a national trick amongst us English: on the contrary, we are so incredulous of it as scarcely to know how to nail it down, and we are its daily victims.

Opposite to that detestable advertisement is a second which is calculated to appeal to two of our faults, namely, sloth and greed. "Free" information is offered concerning certain things which we are too ignorant or too idle to find out for ourselves; if there were any fee to pay, persons might prefer to take a little trouble and save expense: but the information is entitled "Free." Lord Northcliffe estimates his public as the sort that is so stupidly greedy as to grasp at even the mere impudent offer of something for nothing. But the "Daily Mail" public is not the nation: it is a public which may be bluffed or brow-beaten; which may be goaded to a pitch of hysteria and cooled down with a douche of cold water like any poor performing animal.

Among this public there seems to be a few who need to be especially considered—such troublesome persons as grow occasionally uneasy about the state of their hearts and intellects, persons slightly conscious of things humanely worthier than finance and sensation. For this section exist deceptors like the individual who entitles himself "Englishman." One concludes him to be not very clever at his game. He makes very stupid mistakes. For instance, in an article on "Strange Mistakes of Justice" (he means mistakes of judges) his cunning fails altogether. Surely not even a reader of the "Daily Mail" would accept the following accusation without wincing: "It is love of the unknown and unknowable that gives a quick and lasting interest to the mere suspicion of miscarried justice." The style is beyond us—but what he would probably call the "base assumption" is untrue and an insult. Has Sir Arthur Conan Doyle read it?—he occasionally reads the "Mail": he literally sweats at discovering injustice, works himself to a shadow on behalf of obscure men wrongfully condemned. Can he pass by a charge so disgusting as that of "Englishman"? There is a second sentence in this same article equally outside the commendation of honourable men. It is not long since we were outraged by Judge Darling's cynical assertion of his attitude towards prisoners' evidence. "Englishman," obedient to the brutal policy of his paper—and of the allied "Times," always Barbarian, and now barbarous—"Englishman" parrots the unjust judge: "From the very moment that a man is charged with the commission of a crime his voice can no longer be accepted as the voice of truth." That is a lie—or the English Constitution is a fraud. But, of course, it is a lie wherever men of human bowels hear it, be they Franks, Huns, Jews, English or Basutos. But you see how the "Daily Mail" would like to spread the saying abroad as a national dictum. By the public printing of such execrable opinions, a false appearance of general infamy is circulated: lies within lies.

And then, an appearance of religious degradation is created by some vulgar bishops. One mildly calls them vulgar, but it would be difficult to characterise a recent public action of the lords spiritual. It happens that we have had too much rain this summer, and amid depression many Christians desired a petition in the churches for fine weather. The "Daily Mail," the "Daily Mail" that printed its obituary rates beneath the story of the "Titanic," this ghoul about the house of death, started up on its familiar business about the house of famine, and wired to the bishops for their—how may it be phrased, without needless offence to the sincerely pious?—for the results of their communings with Conscience. And four bishops—Newcastle, Carlisle, Chester and Ripon—wired back! Matthew Arnold might have known how to condemn these men. We only re-publish the wires, commenting that the Anglican Clergy has long ceased to represent even Anglican England, let alone the nation, or to have more than a shadow of any but political influence.

Bishop of Newcastle: Hope and believe prayers will be generally offered throughout diocese as I desire.

Bishop of Carlisle: 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.

Bishop of Chester: Cannot see far and completely enough to judge if this weather eventually disastrous, but in view of present distress we lay our anxiety before our——

One's taste revolts from any more. This unseemly conduct is not yet to the mind of all England: emphatically not! It shocks even those of us whom these bishops would probably call the profane.

> Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
> A sheep-hook, or have learned ought else, the least
> That to the faithful herdman's art belongs.

We can only guess what sincere Churchmen think of their bishops—they would be far from publishing their scruples in the "Daily Mail." But so far as good taste is a sign of national health, we are prepared to repeat the expressed disgust of a great many persons. From any point of view, religious, social, philosophical, or political, the bishops' action is to be condemned. If and when it becomes agreeable to the national spirit—by such a time the basilisk will be amongst us.

Pages from an Unpublished Novel

By Beatrice Hastings.

BOOK XI.

IF anything grateful may be said of whim, this must it be, that whim is the Knife of Disillusion which is the surgeon of the mind. And sometimes the knife itself is poisoned and a fatal fever is set up; and always the scar seems such as one longs to hide. A great illusion of the human world is to believe that it is not disillusioned: every adult is inwardly aware of progressive defeat and disappointment, yet the child is encouraged to look forward as though each hour were not leading it away from felicity and towards the common end—the end, at worst, struggle, riot, and corruption of mind; at best, indifference and the last Dream of dreamless rest. For a human mind in a female body to achieve the state of indifference is impossible. A degree of acquiescence is all that is bestowed on woman. . . . Freedom, that last infirmity of noble women, an ideal borrowed from noble slaves, freedom itself betrays Women. A slave freed is a free man, potent to establish and not merely to claim his rights. Nature is his ally. A woman freed, which is no more than to say a woman unprotected, is free to establish only one thing—that Nature is man's ally. She denies it? She falls into struggle, riot and corruption of mind. She will claim, then, not only equality with man, but superiority over man, denying what witted women have invariably acknowledged—the creative incapacity of women. She will proclaim herself an origin, a source, a rudiment, a dawn—whereas she is neither the beginning nor the end of anything: she is not Alpha or Omega, she is nothing but the illusion between these, and her absence only establishes the reality of the soul in man. From time to time certain women have comprehended their limits. There are a score of testimonies left by these very notable appearances, these broader Rhythms, these more definite Shadows, these clearer Echoes, these brighter Illusions, these Images of Intelligence carved over by Reason. Wherever a woman proves educable she acknowledges a limit to her powers. From such women we hear the straightest reproofs of vain female ambition, of mock-modesty which is ambition in a coif; we hear despair of the invincible ignorance of upstart woman, antagonistic, with her dreary whim to foil efforts which do not and cannot include herself; we hear

of the greed, the cruelty, the licence of woman—of woman amateur and assuming, eager and inopportune, boastful and impotent. One finds the testimony on the ancient papyri, and in the personal papers of modern women. Hear Corinna: "For my part, I blame tuneful Myrtis, that she, being a woman, set forth to vie with Pindar." Hear Sappho, who thought to dignify women and was rewarded with an evil accusation not fabricated by the men of her day—for these praised her into mortal fame: "They whom I benefit injure me most." Hear the sainted Eugenie, sister of Maurice de Guèrin: "There is nothing fixed, no vitality in the sentiments of women towards one another." Consider the friendless despair of the writer, "John Oliver Hobbes," wit of a hundred salons, and lonely dead at last among a thousand females. Answer the terrible query of "Ouida": "If they had of a truth been possessed with a thirst for that learning and attainment which they assert has been so long denied them, could anything have drawn them back from its gratification?" One notes the "they": women are always they to the culturable woman. Here is appreciation enough of the female, pretentious, disloyal, and frivolous; and one must read the feminist effusions of to-day to discover in women's writings more than at best a hope for the reformation of their sex. Even such classical writers as depict a virtuous heroine seem obliged to create her at the expense of the generality. There was a period when the women of France almost succeeded in fixing a standard for their sex, and in this time they exhibited all the virtues attainable by intelligent women, and preeminently those of modesty, chastity, gaiety and urbanity.

But the civilising standard, never popular, fell in France when the Duchesse de Berry, with her crew, took possession of the Luxembourg. England is unlikely to suffer a de Berry. Englishwomen do not carry themselves in a style to make them endurable as debauchees, and the recent bacchanalian efforts in certain political circles seem to have had no effect but to compel the Cabinet to become a family party. The Englishwoman's metier is martyrdom, reposeful even at the stake. Enthusiastic, she irresistibly invites a rough and tumble—it is the challenge of the shoulders and feet. Wherefore, she should be sure that her foot is large enough before she sets it down hard. Wherefore, since it will never be larger than that of an under-sized man, she should not set it down hard at all, lest she annihilate precisely the chivalry which has agreed not to trample upon small men of amiable intentions. But, in fact, she has discovered a way of attacking man that is neither orgiastic nor otherwise violent, but something more agreeable to her phlegmatic temper: the way of leisurely continual drag at his standards. She wastes the goods of his house and replaces them with rubbish. She pretends that manufactured goods are cheaper than home-made ones. She despises her own employments, and destroys the hedge of his field. She encumbers the field with her presence, scratching where he would have dug. She claims all labour for her province, relying on his chivalry not to drive her out. What a snare is not this latest appeal of the incompetents! Examine the quiet artifice of that very influential woman who started the wail, Mrs. Olive Schreiner. All labour for women's province! How does she herself begin the real assault which is against the reproachful and unattainable standard set up by men? She had a talent for writing: she has misused, neglected, and lost it—but what of that? She will tell men that literary perfection is a matter of no moment. Behold the competitor with Burke! Behold her demanding the laurel from Shakespeare! Behold her filling the chair beside Arnold! Incomparable figure! For a brief, bewildered day, a lower standard may be accepted. There are men who would not shrink even from that for the mollification of gadfly women: it is already made possible by twenty years' apotheosis of the incompetent. But in any hour that men resolve, the world's standard may be shown on its own pinnacle, and the undermining women will be thankful enough to be let rattle back to Babylon.

But these reflections too lengthily interrupt my gratitude to whim that set me down in a little Hammersmith lodging to see and hear strange things, and to pass through one of the critical trials of the mind, an occult experience; my second trial of this order, but that first was of none but negative importance—I avoided, and that was all. I have now done away with all properties which might remind me of the goose-path. No fine frocks, no pins, no gee-gaws are in my single box; here are only clothes suitable to my condition as a poor relative—a poor, studious relative with a possible future—and the clothes take up less room than my grand new books. All the grey afternoon has gone joyously in unpacking and arranging and at nightfall I can scarcely spare time to flush out for the ghost of dinner. As, returning, I open the door of my room, a splendid dog *crawls* past me, and before me stands a Red Indian, a tall, comely man, attentive and anxious. Then, he is not there. I am aware of someone else, a *breathing* being. It is not my room. A low light is burning. I am intruding somewhere. The man yonder rises, smiling slightly, and I collect an apology. "But I think you must be welcome here," he says. "I am quite stunned," I reply. "I thought I saw a dog and an Indian." "Ah! I felt that you were welcome." He has shut the door and is gazing at me in a way both penetrating and shy. "Do you often see things?" he asks. I have no answer ready. I cannot be so sure as he to whom I am speaking. "At any rate," he replies for me, "you certainly saw both a dog and an Indian—poor dog, poor dog, poor me, poor dog!" He turns towards a piano and touches the notes with his left hand, then with both, and begins to play. For a moment my eyes break away from him and I glance around the room, but the appearance of it is changing—it is barer, rougher—a hut among snow, a man lies sleeping under furs, a dog howls, whimpers, scratching at the door, the man awakes, listens, slips under the furs again, on a sudden he groans, starts up and leaps to the door, nothing is there, he rushes out, calling, whistling, he returns like one who has been stricken ill, out of the gleaming snow comes the Indian!—he salutes the other man and now stands gazing where there is the phantom of a dog upon the bed.

The music changes: monstrous chords shake me and I fall upon a seat, while stone columns are raised around me, pillars of some hall, vast and splendid. Sunlight is in front, and many steps blinding white: a man meditates in a shadowed place, comes a boy babbling, his head is not covered, he weeps and talks incessantly, the man stirs as the boy staggers against him, but he does not look up, the staggering child goes from column to column always in the sun, he disappears—the shadows broaden—a great wailing sounds, a robed man runs up the steps shouting for his son, a crowd besieges the man in meditation, questioning imploringly—he points away towards the sun and they beat their hands and run onwards, he rises and leans against a column, quaking like one smitten on a chill and weary day, and the shadow swallows him.

I opened my eyes to find the musician seated opposite me. "You are a medium," he said quietly, and broke off—"Are you happy?" "Yes," I replied, "I am perfectly happy." "That is almost a divine state," he commented, smiling, beaming: "You do not go to séances." He said it as if he knew. "No, indeed," I said, "I should never meddle with that sort of thing." By now I had noticed his massive build, white and wide forehead, clear grey eyes, and his chin and mouth ascetic, but over-refined, in fact, comparatively feeble.

This manner of tabulating, as it were, was something new to me: and I noticed that I was doing it! I suspect that my faculty of criticism came to consciousness under so exciting circumstances. "Good!" he was saying: "Keep your evident aversion from 'that sort of thing,' and one path to the abyss will be closed to you." His tone was melancholy to bitterness.

He spoke no more on that subject, but talked for a while of matters which were familiar, of the world, travelling, books, poetry, music—investing all with a thrilling atmosphere and with a power at ease, which I, for my part, can sometimes employ in writing or in physical motion, but rarely by the tongue. It is still almost a marvel to me to hear people, strangers, discoursing, or maintaining conversation, on matters of intelligence. I can only converse so with an intimate. I realise that in talk with a stranger or a new acquaintance I am often pre-engaged by my artist's sense which will be noting the subtleties of scene, the mere words, the psychology, estimating, comparing, and scheduling all things as they happen, yet, if the event is to be chronicled rightly, without the least conscious check. Any conscious check occurring upon impression changes the psychic current and makes the impression valueless for re-creation, practically unrecallable. It is disorderly in an artist to urge the sympathies aside to collect notes, and no notes of value may be taken that way, which is, doubtless, the right one for the critic. While I was moving about the world and storing up memories and impressions, I was certainly a medium, and within the limits of my own individuality, I suffered persons to make whatever impression they wished upon me, and so long as they were present I was all sympathy—no intruding criticism was exhaled by me. But when I wanted the truth of the phenomenon, there it always was. There were certain limits beyond which I could not possibly be impressed. Morbidity, for instance, could never break down my humour, and by all physical perversion I could no more be touched than by an invitation to bathe in mud. In taking impressions I moved emotionally no more than to give due room to the impressing object. The artist, enthralled in an event, moves thus only essentially: the critic, perhaps, moves arbitrarily, the better to behold what he has not the faculty of absorbing: the first is aware of process and result, the second, only of result; the first is able to re-create, the second constructs an image. The artist's intellect recovers the plan, since his sensations moving orderly preserve each successive impression for the informative intellect. I can very well imagine the perplexity and even chagrin of acquaintances whom I have encountered for the second time, without this mystical machinery at work, and with no personal or magnetic attraction between us to keep us sympathetic.

I sat, while he talked, commenting silently in some such strain as now suggests these reflections. My experience with the spiritualist woman in America had prepared me for the present adventure: and as I then instinctively measured my power of resistance against her power of control, now I sat instinctively weighing up my strange acquaintance: and now consciously; and this was perhaps my first exercise in the critical and comparative method which has imposed its own control over my intention, and which this new friend of mine—though I saw not half so far as such a development of our meeting—was to confirm by his fortunate and timely guidance of my quest for character. I perceived, needless to say, the difference of *mark* between that furious witch of Boston and this accomplished magician who came so lightly before my walls, who displayed his culture with delicate valuation of my own faculty, and who had, moreover, taken advantage of that faculty to give me the confidence which I had surprised. I did not doubt that he had set to music what he believed to be the occurrence of a past life evidently repeated in his present incarnation. For my part, I could not have told very well what I understood by incarnation, and I fancy that I meant to talk on that subject when he suddenly became tiresome about the proprieties and got rid of me in quite a summary manner, only softened by a fervent invitation to take tea with him next day.

Views and Reviews.*

WE are seldom surprised by the publications of Stephen Swift, but more than one eyebrow has been raised at the sight of this book. Its subject is so characteristically English, and so foreign to the temper of most of the "Swift Press," that we should have supposed that the publishers would have retained this book for private reading rather than give it to the world; more particularly as the author declares that it pays better to be a publisher than an author. Even publishers tend to have taste, and to identify themselves with a section of the reading public; and it is to be supposed that this firm is really protesting against specialism by publishing this book. Certainly none of the ordinary readers of Messrs. Swift's books know how to make money, or care much about it; and the general public, unable to appreciate satire and looking only for positive instruction, will feel itself defrauded if, by any chance, it should buy and read this book.

Mr. Stafford gives nothing away, not even a fine phrase. Having fallen into the common error that irony is nothing more than the plain statement of commonplace, an asseveration of the beauty and usefulness of things as they are, he avoids carefully all personal illustrations of his argument. He assumes that the English people do not need to be convinced that making money is, as his sub-title declares, "the whole duty of man," or that the man with money is an admirable person. But if he dared not do a service by exposing one particular instance of making money, as Henry Demarest Lloyd did by telling the story of the Standard Oil Trust in his "Wealth against Commonwealth," surely we have a right to expect some indication of his opinion of this trait in the English character. It was Emerson who said, over fifty years ago, that the religious people of England believed "in a Providence that does not treat with levity a pound sterling"; and the phrase rankles still, for the rich, believing in Machiavelli, dare not forego the pretence of piety. "They are neither transcendentalists nor Christians," he continued. "They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer for the queen's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, 'Grant her in health and wealth long to live.'" The effect of such satire cannot be evaded: it forces people to declare themselves, and, to that extent, it does a service to Truth. The facts cannot be questioned, nor can their juxtaposition be resented; but the wit with which they are stated illuminates a national trait and at the same time reveals the basis of criticism.

Mr. Stafford has no wit: did I not say that the book was published by Stephen Swift and Co.? He is a true Englishman in one respect, for what Emerson said of English literature generally is true of this book: "The kail and herrings are never out of sight." But the English is a complex character, and the existence of that one trait alone is the mark of provinciality. For at bottom, the Englishman is solid, he has worth. "He must be treated with sincerity and reality, with muffins and not the promise of muffins," said Emerson; in other words, if a book is entitled, "How to Make Money," it should really give some positive instruction on the subject. To tell us that the production of commodities is not the way to amass wealth is to repeat a Socialist criticism of the distribution of wealth unnecessarily; for the peculiar public for which the "Swift Press" caters is sufficiently instructed in the elements of Socialist criticism. To tell us that finance and commerce are more lucrative than manufacture,

*"How to Make Money." By John Stafford. (Swift. 1s. net.)

that with all kinds of labour the entrepreneur is better paid than the actual worker, is to labour a truism beyond endurance. One might as well tell us that we breathe air.

Yet Mr. Stafford really tells us no more than this. His chapters on Property, Stock-broking, Banking, the Professions, the Press, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, Insurance, etc, all argue the same thesis, that the best way to make money is to have money, and to make nothing else. This is so trite an observation that it has no satirical value with the ordinary public; and the cloistered communities that read the "Books that Compel" are not partial to sayings that once were jokes. In every way Mr. Stafford has been forestalled and superseded. It was Disraeli who sneered so strangely like a gentleman at the English when he said that "they have mistaken comfort for civilisation"; and that phrase has more meaning than all Mr. Stafford's book. On the other hand, the case against poverty was stated by Shaw in "Major Barbara" with a wealth of denunciation that deprived the poor of the consolation even of their virtue.

Apart from these considerations, the scope of this book, regarded as satire, is not even co-extensive with that of the various reformers. One and all of them show that the effect of this private determination to make money is that finally it becomes impossible for any but a few to make money. Capital, like Chronos, swallows its own children; and with each generation the prospect of living on unearned wealth becomes more restricted. That banking, for example, is a device by which other people's money and credit is loaned at interest is true enough; but the fact entails the consequence that fewer people are able to take advantage of the privilege of spoliation. The desire to make money that is inherent in the constitution of England, in the last instance, makes us all pay tribute to a handful of people: five thousand a year is as much subject to the will of a million a year as is a pound a week. This aspect of the case is never regarded by the author of this book.

So, if it were worth while, one could run through the whole of this book, and find that it establishes no contention, makes no point, satirises nothing. It has no spiritual origin, and no material result: it makes neither for righteousness nor riches. It adds nothing to our knowledge of fact, nor does it sharpen our perception of Truth. Effective satire would not tell us that we could make money by the various methods mentioned in this book, nor that other people had made money in these ways; for the first is untrue, and the last is a self-evident fact. It would, by statement or by implication, make clear to us the causes and consequences of this delusion of the desirability of money. At last, all satire is moral in its intention: its motive is the destruction of evil. To this end, it will use every weapon of language that is available—raillery, denunciation, innuendo, epigram, or the simple juxtaposition of facts; but whatever the method used, there will never be any doubt as to the intention. Results are the surest indications of motive; and a treatise that leaves a reader unconvinced of the impossibility of making money must have been written by a man with a secret regard for the golden calf.

It will, of course, be argued that the author is very subtle, and that I am a dull fellow for not seeing that he assumes the existence of a moral sense in the psychology of his readers. That may or may not be true; my complaint is that I cannot assume the existence of a moral sense in his psychology. Morality in literature is always accompanied by style: the satirist is always the best writer. Swift wrote better English than Sterne because he meant better, and dared to state more clearly: Disraeli wrote more brilliantly when he asserted his Jewish nationality, as in "Tancred," than when he wrote as an English politician in "Endymion." But John Stafford is pedestrian in his prose; for he not only assumes, but asserts, that "poverty is infamous in England." But he means even that so little that he does not say it in so many words, for the phrase is by Sydney Smith.

A. E. R.

Reflections.

By Van Wyck Brooks.

I.

A MAN who has the courage of his platitudes is always a successful man. The wise man is ashamed to pronounce in an orphic manner what everybody knows, and from his silence people think that he is making sport of them. They like a man to express their own superficiality in an apparently profound manner. This enables them to believe themselves profound.

II.

It is only the instructed soul who represents the present. The crowd is the soul of the future in the body of the past.

III.

I have been talking with a friend about Socialism. My friend objects to Socialism because its purpose is to make mankind happy, whereas all great works, the glory of mankind, spring from unhappiness. Very well, but let us give happiness to those at least whose unhappiness can be nothing but discomfort. Let us make unhappiness a rare gift, since it is only through the possession of talent that we deserve it. From this point of view we can satisfy the pessimist and the hungry man at once.

IV.

In a cemetery at Hanover a certain gravestone bears the inscription, "This stone is never to be removed." An immense tree standing near by has pushed its roots through the stone, which lies discomfited and broken. The roots of the tree, moreover, were fostered by the inhabitant of the grave. From which it appears that man is often wiser in his unconscious state than when he is fully intelligent, or has at least a far keener sense of the true proportions of things.

V.

It is said to be courageous to be frank about oneself. On the contrary, it requires talent of a high order.

VI.

A man of letters—that is, a poet who has become a man of the world.

VII.

If science has removed the scaffolding that held heaven above the world, we have henceforth the added responsibility of bearing that sublime burden on our own shoulders. That will be the chivalry of the future, prompting us to treat with an additional reverence what is committed to us. May it not be urged against the social reformer that he is sometimes a little wanting in this variety of noblesse oblige?

VIII.

Sunday is the best day for observing people. For on that day they are not about their business and we see what they are as human beings. They stand in repose with all the marks of their activity blended into an average. We see then how little fitted most men are for leisure, that is for being themselves: that their lives of incessant activity cannot reasonably be regarded as a preparation for anything.

IX.

Many people habitually look on the serious side of things that have no serious side.

X.

I have been thinking of an old woman, bent and anxious, whom I saw once copying in the Louvre. And what do you think she was copying? "Les Illusions Perdues."

XI.

I said good-bye to X. It seemed to me that he said good-bye a little carelessly. But what, after all, is a man of the world except one who says good-bye a little carelessly?

XII.

BURKE.—The distrust of nature, the dislike of human nature. Were political institutions to fall, he says, "men would become little better than the flies of a summer." But a poet understands that men *are* flies of

a summer. The point is, that flies themselves have a kind of grandeur.

XIII.

No one was ever more completely an artist than Gibbon. This is evident from the nonchalance with which, in the presence of his one work, he threw overboard the three most important issues of life—love, religion, and politics. Love: "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." Politics: "I lacked the necessary prejudices of party and of nation." Religion: "I humbly acquiesced"—for six months.

XIV.

THE IRISH.—Swift might have been a poet, that is he would have loved the world—if the world had not been, to him, England.

XV.

NIETZSCHE.—The philosophical femme de trente ans. The Superman is the Gothic invasion, notorious in cases of nerves.

XVI.

R. L. STEVENSON.—He always writes as though he were talking to a woman who admires him. It is this which gives him a touch of conscious heroism.

XVII.

The letters of poets remind me of the humanity of Christ. They bridge one over to the divinity.

XVIII.

THOMAS GRAY.—His life is a little ideal image. It has the proportions of a work of art, one of the minor and more delicate arts. It is a Tanagra among marbles, or rather a cameo, a coin, a gem. It is minute, simple in outline, of the most intricate workmanship. Certain brief English journeys, a single tour of the Continent, a few friendships—epic incidents! its texture is composed of innumerable shining skeins which to the naked eye give it a kind of iridescent shimmer. His letters provide us with a magnifying-glass that enlarges the entire scale. Therein this iridescent shimmer becomes an abounding movement of the most significant realities. A Roman coin gives up its secrets, a goldfish in the claws of a cat displays for us the katharsis of tragedy, a summer's day is filled to the brim by a quotation from Simonides.

Pastiche.

THE "FREEWOMAN" ON "THE NEW AGE."

We've got 'em, got 'em, got 'em! Got whom do you say? We've got 'em—we've got THE NEW AGE! And now we *will* have a barney. Eee-conomics is it they're after? They shall have eeeconomics! We'll give 'em eeeconomics! THE NEW AGE has been writing about Wimmin! Wimmin! Think of it! A paper written by men for men writing about wimmin! And what does THE NEW AGE say? Well, never mind, they've been saying something about wimmin. Fancy it—just fancy it! About wimmin! in THE NEW AGE! The slipshod creatures! We could cry our eyes out!

Don't ask us, girls, what they've said! It's just too awful! They've said wimmin are not fit for industry, but only for sponging on men. Did you ever hear anything like it? Isn't that men all over? But we'll show 'em who's sponging on men! We'll give 'em eeeconomics! Just you watch us while we give 'em eeeconomics. They shall have eeeconomics before we've done with them.

And they pride themselves on their subtlety, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton praises their ability! But we'd give 'em subtlety—if the poor creatures were worth it. But they're *not*, girls; they're *not*! We won't waste it on 'em. They wouldn't understand us, girls. Men don't understand women and they never will. Why, they don't even understand themselves! The men don't, we mean. Men don't understand men, you understand.

But eeeconomics they say they want, and eeeconomics they shall have! Well, what are eeeconomics? You'd think, wouldn't you, that eeeconomics is something to to with making things and perhaps with selling 'em. But you're mistook, girls. Eeeconomics is property—that's what it is. It means having a bit o' something on which you can live if the world won't let you. It means being able to do without anybody—no nasty man to tell you what to do; no State to order you about; but just your bit of property and there you are—you can do what you like and be as free as the birds to wing your way to bliss. It's freedom, that's what eeeconomics is; it's having a bit of property to depend on and nobody daren't say a word to you—'cos why? 'Cos you've got a bit of property, and so you're free.

S. T. U.

THE CONVICT PIRATES.

Birds of a feather
Were caged together
Aboard the "Miranda Jane":
With every breath,
We longed for death
As we cursed the stench and pain;
Till a fever furiously raged,
And all our jailers caught and caged
In red-hot bars that death assuaged,
Aboard the "Miranda Jane."

Birds of a feather
Were freed together
Aboard the "Miranda Jane":
With every breath,
We thanked the death,
And steered for the Spanish Main.
We made a goodly recompense;
And where we went, they wished us hence:
So we called our ship the "Pestilence,"
And sank the "Miranda Jane."

E. H. VISIAK.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

"THE PALL MALL GAZETTE."

TRAGEDY OF AN OVERWORKED HACK.

PATHETIC ROMANCE OF ITS DEATH.

("P. M. G." SPECIAL.)

The hurrying crowds of passers-by in Newton Street at mid-day to-day were arrested by the sight of . . . The unfortunate quadruped was afterwards certified to have been suffering from "garvins" or "blind slobbers."

THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

"P.M.G." Office, noon.

It is not generally known that a revealing story is told on this point. As a great Salvationist took his last look at the remains of the beloved General, he remarked to a "P.M.G." reporter, who had, of course, remained assiduously in attendance, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord; the Army has not enjoyed a day of spiritual uplifting so much since it buried Mrs. Booth."

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. D. Lloyd George left London yesterday for Cannes, where he will once more stay with Lord Northcliffe at the latter's villa. Mr. Waldorf Astor, M.P., is expected to join them shortly with his staff of servants, including the editor of this journal.

THE THINGS THAT MATTER [TO MR. FILSON YOUNG].

Money talks.

FILSON YOUNG.

[A leading article on the death of one Binks, who had once remarked that "young Mr. Astor was growing up like his father."]

The world-wide heart of the nation is shedding tears of blood to-day. With bowed soul and weeping eyes we offer a last respectful tribute to a stricken family. Mr. BINKS was one whom the nation could ill afford to lose. But the wings of the angel of death have beaten over his dwelling-place—to wit, his town residence in Eastbourne—and he is gone to that bourne whence no traveller may return. In this tribute we have confidence; we are joined by all Englishmen, their brothers of Canada, their cousins of South Africa, their sons of Australia, their uncles of India, their other relatives scattered throughout this mighty Empire, the whole population of Wales, the complete census of Scotland, and the seething millions of Ireland, who always endeavour to make their Nationalism dovetail into their Imperialism. A niche in history awaits Mr. BINKS.

[Another leading article, entitled "Cheer-oh, Matey," and concluding with a misspelt Latin tag, is omitted.]

THE VARIETY THEATRES.

One becomes sophisticated. One hates [or pretends to hate] vulgarity, but one is charmed with the vivacity and learning of Marie Lloyd. Wit and humour are one's sole delight . . . but Harry Tate bores me. You find your own level at last.

W. R. TITTERTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CO-OPERATION AND TRADE UNIONS.

Sir,—Your correspondent last week on the above subject was quite correct in his remarks. You know not the modern co-operative movement from the inside or you might not be so optimistic of the working-classes arising to improve their economic position in the way you wish it improved. As "Co-operator" declares, the movement is now a huge capitalistic concern, the chief end and object of which is to make more and more money. It is, in fact, obsessed with the money fetish; and all its congresses and conferences are so many picnics to provide delegation fees for those who love to froth about democracy and the brotherhood of man, etc.—because they are "swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw." The modern co-operative movement is not what the Nirvana Labour leaders outside of it, and successful sycophants inside of it, say of it. Its present money power attracts the most petty-minded and small-souled who, while loudly preaching of democracy and its rights, violate every canon of it by encouraging nepotism, tolerating tyranny by bureaucratic officials, and smothering independence of thought and action amongst ordinary employees. The only ideal of the average co-operator is a 5 per cent. one. No one could cavil against co-operation if it stood out honestly as a mere business concern; but it is the sailing under false colours and posing as something superior to private trading concerns that I protest against. Its leaders (most of them men with Little Bethel consciences—very elastic) boast that co-operation, as they know it, will uplift and emancipate the worker; but it never possibly can do so by its present methods. The writer of "Notes of the Week" might with profit turn his searching eye upon this fungus which stands in the way of true working-class freedom.

OUVRIER.

* * *

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES AND STRIKES.

Sir,—Your suggestion that strikers should be commissariat-ed through the instrumentality of the co-operative stores has been under discussion in Belgian Socialist circles for some years. The result of the discussion may possibly be seen in the strike now impending in Belgium on a political issue. Replying to a "Labour Leader" interviewer, M. Vandervelde scouted the idea that the prospective strike would crumble to pieces of starvation in a day or two. "It will be quite different from that," he said. "All the plans are being carefully laid in advance. The trade unions and the co-operative societies will all take a hand in what will be a grim and real struggle. We are making preparations by which 500,000 strikers can be maintained for a month or six weeks." It is true that the co-operative societies in Belgium are almost entirely Socialist, while in England they are not even trade unionist in any real sense. But when trade unionists mean business the Co-op. will follow their lead or go under. I wish you would urge Socialists to join co-op. committees for this ulterior purpose. J. RINGROSE.

* * *

INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—You have consistently contended that this Act was designedly framed with a view to destroying the power of the trade unions, and I see that the Congress is aware of the fact. I should be glad if you would explain whether your meaning is that workmen cannot afford to subscribe to the trade union funds as well as paying their Insurance Act levies. Are not the unions forming approved societies themselves, and has not their membership increased by 300,000 in consequence? I should much value some enlightenment on the point.

T.

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"WHAT SYNDICALISM MEANS."

Sir,—Will you allow us to make known to your readers that we shall be glad to present to anyone sending us before September 18 a penny stamp our recent publication, "What Syndicalism Means: An Examination of the Origin and Motives of the Movement, with an Analysis of its Proposals for the Control of Industry"? Copies for distribution will be supplied at four shillings per hundred.

SIDNEY AND BEATRICE WEBB.

37, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

* * *

THE RECORD OF LORD KITCHENER.

Sir,—The announcement that the able Nationalist paper, "Al Lewa," has been suppressed by the Egyptian authorities is further confirmation of the self-centred bigotry of Lord Kitchener. He has been in Egypt but a short time, and already conspiracy on conspiracy has been hatched against him and his artifices of government.

In his recent Report, Lord Kitchener did not refer to the sedition prosecutions and the wholesale suppression of journals. Any fool can intimidate an unarmed man by presenting a revolver at his head. That is Lord Kitchener's political method. As a civil administrator he has always failed. The qualities of the bully do not carry one far in civil administration. The chaos in South Africa in matters of organisation was made more confounded by Lord Kitchener's foolhardy arrogance. His "reorganisation" of the Indian Army has, fortunately for India, long ago ceased to exist. In England he gratuitously barricaded London during the Coronation, with the result that all London spent the Coronation at the seaside. He then offered to break the railway strike and "smash the damned unions"—I omit other adjectives of the noble Viscount. Lord Kitchener was so "successful" in that effort that the railway unions are now stronger than ever.

He then proceeded to Australia. Having muddled everything, he departed somewhat in haste, and the unhappy Australian Minister of Defence is now faced with a civil tumult.

Lord Kitchener was next appointed to Egypt. Egypt had cause to know his military tactics. Kitchener never fought any foe on equal terms. To massacre ill-armed men at a safe distance with maxim guns and to retire gracefully from well-armed men, while attacking their women and children, were Lord Kitchener's exhilarating tactics in what the noble Viscount is pleased to regard as honourable warfare. When the skill of his subordinates had defeated the Soudanese foe Lord Kitchener gallantly came in at the death and ordered the mutilation of the dead and the desecration of tombs. What a noble spirit! Soon after this singular personage had arrived in Egypt, Mohamed Farid Bey, the Nationalist leader, made a speech dwelling upon the strike movement in England, and advocating the formation of trade unions by the fellaheen as the one means of raising themselves out of Lord Kitchener's slough of prosperity. That speech upset Lord Kitchener and a prosecution was launched; but Mohamed Farid Bey had retreated to Constantinople. So, following the precedent established by Lord Cromer in the Denshawi case, Lord Kitchener contented himself with announcing the sentence on Farid Bey. The fact that the man had not been tried did not trouble the noble Viscount. By the way, "the unspeakable Turk" is sheltering large numbers of Indian and Egyptian Nationalists who have fled from English tyranny. Shades of Gladstone, Palmerston, and Bright! Practically the best men of Egypt have left Egypt; all the lick-spittlers and grovellers are Lord Kitchener's friends and counsellors.

The statistics of serious crime set out in Lord Kitchener's report are a prelude of coming disaster. Under Lord Cromer crime had spread to an alarming degree, and the returns showed a continual upward tendency. During Sir Eldon Gorst's tenure of office there was a substantial decline. Since Lord Kitchener has been inflicted upon Egpyt the increase has been enormous, and the present statistics are a warning that in a few years even Lord Cromer's awful record will be far surpassed.

The moral condition of Cairo and Alexandria has been ignored in Lord Kitchener's report. In that strongly Occupationist book, "Egypt of To-day," Mr. Cunningham has not shrunk from displaying this moral cancer to the examination of the world. Every vice repugnant to the Mahomedan mind is flourishing unchecked in those two cities—which travellers are already calling the modern Sodom and Gomorrah. It is necessary to deal plainly with Lord Kitchener on this point. Lord Kitchener may have peculiar moral views of his own, which he is entitled to adapt to the exigencies of his personal behaviour and character; but he has no right to permit them to obscure his outlook upon moral growths in the cities under his administration. His indifferent attitude is the more open to censure when it has been plainly and unequivocally drawn to his attention that his public procedure, whatever his private conduct may be, in passing these conditions by is gravely affecting Mahomedan opinion of English rule.

These are some of the reasons why Lord Kitchener should be recalled from Egypt before he has blundered into some exceptionally beastly mess.

C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

KILLING NO MURDER.

Sir,—Mr. Stanley Hanson asks: Assuming rich and poor to be alike atheistically impervious to the truth regarding God's rights, and unable or unwilling to make or exact the Great Renunciation, what means are left to those inspired with the religious impulse?

The means are, then, to kill off the rich in detail. If, after adequate appeal to the understanding, moral emotion, religious impulse, the sense of duty to God of Dives fails to render him submissive to God's rights, and the poor remain torpid, then believers of the right fibre must adopt the method of the militant suffragists. Dives Senior must be

sent to his account. Ditto Dives Junior, until the breed is extinct. If I am here when this homicidal means is unavoidable, my neck will be available as forfeit for the lethal deed.

But—to adopt a cant saying of folk smugly ensconced within the ramparts of legalised fraud to God, when troubled by "rights"—assertive militants on window-smashing expeditions—"the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted." We have yet made no trial of the "suaviter in mode" as persuasion and demonstration. Mr. Hanson's application of the meagre results of my isolated efforts to his impossibilist presentiment is inapposite. I notice many indications of this—the latest and by no means least important indication is the hospitality of your columns to the fresh gospel.

I would ask Mr. Hanson to emulate a certain recruit of whom I have a dim recollection dating from the distant past when comic opera was a joy to me. It was the proud boast of this recruit that he had doubled the Duke's—I think he was a Grand Duke—army. The present great desideratum is efficient recruiting sergeants unperturbed by impossibilism. There is a splendid field for their energies.

H. CROFT HILLER.

* * *

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Sir,—Professor Schäfer's presidential address to the British Association provides ponderously comic reading to the metaphysician as causal scientist, who has convinced himself by hard thinking, not merely by inferring from observation, that what empiricists call life is merely what they cause as determining for themselves visual experiences, and that whatever, if any, radical differences they may detect between the so-called organic and inorganic are merely what observers, as sub-causal agents, determine as their experiences.

By a more comprehensive and exact science than that of Professor Schäfer, what he calls the "process of gradual evolution of life from colloidal slime" is proved to be merely sequences in sensings determined by himself and others as sub-causal agents.

H. CROFT HILLER.

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Sir,—One of the pleasantest features of THE NEW AGE has been its masculine spirituality, by which I mean its affirmation of spiritual values in a frank and manly way. It occurs to me that of all the writers now living and accessible to newspaper-readers, THE NEW AGE writers may be expected to have the most interesting comments to make on the subject of the presidential address at the Dundee meeting of the British Association. Setting aside the speculative character of Professor Schäfer's confident conclusions, the facts on which he relied are startling enough. If not immediately sufficient to establish the materialistic origin of life, they at least promise, under the impulse given to research by this address, shortly to become sufficient. We shall then be faced by the most solid of all replies to our spiritual ambitions—namely, that they are superstitions. I am certain that your writers will not continue to use terms a moment longer than intellectual honesty warrants; and I am therefore in hope that THE NEW AGE will before long publish its comments on this subject.

ED. STALBRIDGE.

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GENERAL BOOTH AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

Sir,—"A. E. R.'s" comments on General Booth and his work are more caustic than convincing. When all deductions are made from what he wrought, a solid, substantial, and (from his point of view) invulnerable body of achievement remains that easily eclipses the returns of any other religious organisation. The cases of financial loss cited are singularly unimpressive. Napoleon lost at La Rothière and Waterloo, but was he a bad general? Have Lipton and Lyons never made occasional mistakes? Your reviewer pounces upon the fact that the "Darkest England" scheme has done nothing to diminish the amount of poverty. One might as reasonably expect a spoonful of oil to calm a cyclone. The scheme was foredoomed from the first. Nevertheless, it was the most heroic and imaginative attempt to grapple with the problem in recent years. The results of the Army's rescue work are indeed small, but not "ludicrous" if compared with other agencies and the almost insuperable difficulties to be encountered.

Finally, if William Booth followed Christ "at such a distance," where do the mass of professed Christians stand? I am probably less in agreement with the late General than your reviewer, but this does not blind me to his obvious merits. A man who started his mission from a tub in the East-end and continued for years in the face of the world's scorn was no charlatan. Such men in this age are not common. In faith, in sacrifice, and simplicity of life at least, General Booth followed his Master, and this was remembered by the crowds that paid reverent homage to his last remains. Suppose a General Booth arose to lead Labour!

S. SKELHORN.

* * *

"NEW AGE" CRITICISM.

Sir,—Mr. Arthur T. Colman is, I imagine, one of those aspiring persons to whom you have given a single opportunity of publication, and who immediately have progressed so far as to begin to teach their grandmother—if you will pardon the metaphor. Myself, a most modest nobody, don't mind taking him on, if you will allow me, with the help of a little wit I have sharpened by reading your critical articles. I will not touch him where he bleeds his tears over some poetry I think impotent and panting, but I have picked up the way of pricking his pretentious rhetoric and rant. His clichés are—heaven help me with a "fitting adjective"—superb! "No carping spirit moves" him. He criticises the writer of "Notes of the Week" without prej., acknowledging the "social-philosophy evolved with extraordinary-lucidity upon an incontrovertible-hypothesis by one of the acutest-intellects that is finding-expression at the present time." (I was going to say that I could have put all that down without a moment's thought. Perhaps: but I hope I could never have talked about an incontrovertible-hypothesis. What is it? Answer: a contradiction in terms.) He, however, really would like your political contributor to "face" the infinitely-more-complex-question of femininism—er, boldly; he objects to facts being—er—disposed-of by a bald-statement. He hopes your writer will make the—er—infinitesimal-effort to understand the—er—logical-solution.

Crumbs, sir! Crumbs, what a critic! Don't lose him!

T. J. SEARL.

* * *

"FREE ADVTS." IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—One such lesson as you gave your readers last week in the unsightliness of advertisements mixed up with literature will be enough, I trust. Whatever the drawbacks from your point of view of having few advertisements, the advantages from our (your readers') point of view are only now fully apparent. When I saw the column containing Mr. Sturge Moore's exquisite little poem disfigured by the "free advts." immediately following his lines I could have torn that issue of THE NEW AGE in two and burned it for its offensiveness. Was it, I still wonder, necessary to proceed to such lengths to rub in the lesson you doubtless had in mind? I shall look with apprehension now even upon the final page of the ordinary issue.

J. E. NIXON.

* * *

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—The holidays have delayed my seeing your issue of the 22nd ult. Even at this late hour I must ask leave to comment on certain statements made in an article on "Present-Day Criticism." There is something of the pamphleteering savageness of Swift in this passage, for instance: "What an exhausting spectacle would not be that array of ignoramuses now engaged in 'improving' our English spelling, if one might not discover something farcical in this pompous adventure of persons who, clearly with no notion how to pronounce English, so industriously publish their ignorance." A most elegant piece of writing! I see in it the majesty of a thunder-storm.

Your critic appeals for beauty, and I would commend to him the beauty of truth, for there is none of it in the wild Niagara of rhetoric I have quoted. "The array of ignoramuses" includes Professor Gilbert Murray, the president of the Simplified Spelling Society; Professor Skeat, an ex-president; Vice-Chancellor Michael Sadler, Sir William Ramsay, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. William Archer—to choose at random from the list of office-bearers. If that chaste word—"ignoramuses"—be applied to these by your chivalrous critic we may well echo the ancient cry: "Where shall wisdom be found?" Great must be your reviewer's learning when he can count for dross what most of us have hitherto held as gold in value. I had always thought that Professor Gilbert Murray had a refined ear for the poetic word; but it appears that I have misinterpreted his translations from the Greek. The new age brings new standards—one of them a violent intolerance, it appears, of the scholars of yesterday.

Or, again, "this pompous adventure of persons who, clearly with no notion how to pronounce English," is a triumphant blast of judgment, though one looks in vain for that delicate sense of restraint which in my ignorance I have supposed always to distinguish the critic of insight. If I were to imitate the style and vigour of your reviewer I should call his own words a piece of "ignorance." On the

committee of the Simplified Spelling Society may be found men of the highest eminence as phoneticians. It does not seem to me to be clear how, with a life-time of study behind them, these authorities have "no notion how to pronounce English." I assume that prolonged research destroys the freshness of mind and frankness of word which are so characteristic of your contributor.

It is pleasant to sit at the feet of this Samson of literature. "One of the charms of our language," he says, "is its beautiful appearance in writing, the lovely distribution of its form and colour." Writing we have regarded—erroneously, no doubt—as the registration of sound. (It is so in Spanish and Italian—but a gross darkness is over these peoples.) This new law stands naked and lustrous before us—namely, writing is artistry, and the more pictorial and picturesque it is the better. For my part I like that final "e" in "gentlenesse": it gives a finish to the word, taking away the abruptness of the twin "s." And I prefer the comely curves of our "y" to the short, stumpy stature of "i"—which reminds me, somehow or other, now that I think of it, of a head severed from a lifeless body. What gain in written beauty were we to set down "lyfe" for "life," "kyng" for "king" (if we give the final "e"—"kynge"—so much the lovelier), "ysland" for "island," and so on! If spelling reform is to come, I can see we must have a council of Royal Academicians to decide the beauteous contours it will have to assume. Unfortunately, each of us has his own creed of beauty, and we may get into endless disputings, settling the matter at length by writing—or should I say "drawing"?—as we individually wish. Spelling will then get back the liberty that prevailed before Dr. Johnson petrified everything orthographic. He had an eye for the artistic, and proof of it is here: "coco-nut" he spelt "cocoa-nut," and that intrusive "a" was ordained, it cannot be doubted, by the requirements of decorative art as enunciated, I suppose, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Do we not feel instinctively that "cocoa-nut" has an enhanced beauty? There is a monotony about the constant repetition of "co" "co," and we are saved from it by the addition of the "a" —which itself is a pleasing variety of the "o" form. Wondrous is the wealth of art! Should we not write "oa," instead of the plain cipher whenever artistic instinct compels: "hoame" for "home," "loaw" for "law," etc.? What possibilities there are, of a truth!

"A word like our 'island' is a jewel of great price in the culture crown of a nation, a gem that no artist would ever consent to see vandalised." Professor Skeat has pointed out that the "s" has crept in because the word was believed to be derived, like "isle," from the Latin "insula," whereas the "i" really represents a quite independent old English word, which survives in "ey-ot," "Batters-ea," "Angles-ey." And though I confess there is something to be said for that "ey," even from the standpoint of beauty, who would put a mere philologist above an artist? Perish the thought! And as for the "u" in "honour" and its lovely company of about thirty words or so (as against hundreds in "-or"), I feel that Virgil offended against the canons of art in writing "honor," "labor," "timor." If he had only been a painter, instead of a mere poet, that "u" would have come sooner into verse. But why restrict it to the ends of words? Why not "ourgan," "ourigin," "ourthography"? Do not these forms gain immeasurably in artistic appeal?

I feel unable to restrain my eulogy of your reviewer's sense of the beautiful. I can only urge all poets to have their verses photographed that they may judge of their appearance in print rather than the melodiousness of them. Is not the camera given to us as supreme judge? And is it not the age of the cinematograph, and may not all poetry have to be judged by the pictorial pleasure it gives, not to the imagination, but to the mere retina? Your reviewer has shaken my thoughts to their roots.

Alas! we are not all artists, and though drawing is taught in schools it is still remote from spelling, so great is the darkness that prevails. The day is coming when artistic mis-spellings will certainly be preferred before plain and conventional accuracy. That day will be your reviewer's triumphal day. At present we are wasting at least a year of each child's scanty school-life in the enforced learning of word-forms which have no kinship with sound nor with reason. What a difference when spelling is taught by art masters as accomplished as your critic!

And now, if I may put on his plainness of speech, I will say that he has been talking unmitigated nonsense. He has confounded beauty with familiarity, the raiment of a word with its inmost soul and music; and he would fain judge Shakespeare not by the wonder and wealth of that divine imagination, but by the contour of his spelling. I do not envy him. I prefer poetry to spelling, the wheat to the chaff, which the wind driveth away.

SYDNEY WALTON.
Sec., Simplified Spelling Society.
44, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.

Sir,—Apropos of your notes on the woman's suffrage question, does it not occur to you that an interesting parallel might be made out between yourself and an amiable capitalist discussing the needlessness of any movement for ending the wage-slave system? The trouble with the sentimental capitalist would be that he was a capitalist, and therefore had neither the wage-slave's experience nor his point of view.

You are a man and lack the woman's experience and the woman's point of view. May I point out that it is precisely this inability of the man to share the woman's experience and her point of view that is the basis of our demand for the political franchise?

I do not think it necessary to discuss with you the precise limitations of political power. I so far agree with you that I recognise it is very easy to exaggerate the effectiveness of party action, but I by no means share with you the opinion that Parliament is impotent to influence economic conditions.

Reverting to our sentimental capitalist, he would probably consider it self-evident that the quality to develop in the capitalist is capitalism, and the quality to develop in the workman is a capacity for cheap and efficient wealth production. You, however, would look, as it were, through the capitalist and the workman and see behind them the human being. So we look through the figures of man and woman and see the humanity which is common to both. This common humanity is the ground of the claim to equal citizenship which we are making.

There are a few points in your rather lengthy notes which appear to me to call for attention. THE NEW AGE demands a statement in intelligible language of the particular grievance as distinct from man's from which women desire emancipation.

Is not the writer here asking for that very "kernel of truth" referred to by him as underlying the women's movement and giving to it such justification as it has? I searched the lengthy article from its alpha to its omega in a vain endeavour to discover what you held to be this "kernel of truth," and can therefore quite appreciate your need of an "intelligible" statement. The particular grievance from which we require emancipation is that, while men are represented in that social organ whose function it is to formulate public opinion authoritatively as law, women are not represented. We are a part of the public. We think, we feel, we suffer with the male public. We have exactly the same need for representation in the legislature and in the public life of the nation, and we mean to have it.

The alleged weakening of the movement is another of the points with which I must deal. The writer says: "The movement is nearly spent . . . has made little or no progress during the last few years . . . the spiritual dimensions of the movement have appreciably lessened . . . the movement has had a brief career . . . the movement is nearly dead." He then proceeds to suggest a method for effectually killing it. Surely this is waste energy. He proposes to sentence militant suffragists to residence in sanatorium, private hydro, or in a foreign holiday resort under medical advice. How does he propose to apply this remedy without legislative authority? In what is it more efficient than the methods the Government is vainly employing to crush militancy? I presume the writer is here trying to be humorous. I fail to find with any certainty where in his article his humour gives place to seriousness. I have my doubts about the whole article.

As to the statement that the women "insinuated" their movement "into the Labour movement and persuaded the latter to accept it as a genuine economic and political ally," there was scarcely need for this "alleged insinuation," as the two movements are carried forward by a common ideal—hitched to one star, to borrow Emerson's fine figure. Perhaps he does not know that the first programme of the I.L.P. included Adult Suffrage as one of its planks. The ideal which leads forward the common movement is that of human liberty—the right of every human being, male or female, to develop itself to its utmost capacity without arbitrary interference.

If you will excuse my saying it, there are some obvious blunders in the article. The writer says that, out of the twenty million adults in our population, only seven millions are married. He is surely acting on the dictum "they shall be one flesh," and counting both parents as one in his enumeration. He says that there are not more than one hundred active militants. More than ten times this number have already suffered imprisonment for militant action.

In representing marriage as a "women's occupation" the writer is illustrating one of the evils of the present system from which suffragists are seeking to deliver women. I deny the statement that women are more unwillingly engaged in industry than men. Of course, I don't believe the declaration of the gentlemen on the Tory poster, "It is

work that we want." Suffragists demand for women the opportunity of an industrial career in order that they may escape being dependent upon some man's invitation to take up marriage as an "occupation" in order to provide them with a living.

I do not share the writer's pessimistic view of the women's movement. It is faith, not pessimism, that moves mountains. The optimists of the women's franchise movement agree with the prophet Whitman—

"What we believe in waits latent for ever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time."
It always has the last word.

LEAH ANSON.

* * *

Sir,—Your attack on the suffragists reminds me of an argument I once heard used against an Indian Nationalist. "Be satisfied, O Indian, with your high sphere of metaphysic and religion. Englishmen will save you the trouble of looking after politics." The fallacy consists in supposing that politics can be regarded as a mere matter for specialists. The peculiarity of politics is twofold. Political societies or States imply compulsory membership and obedience. Secondly, it is in politics mainly that we consider the welfare of human beings in the whole circle of the interests of each individual. Even supposing—what you seem to assume, but would find some difficulty in proving—that most women are born æsthetes and should specialise in æsthetic pursuits, the ultimate responsibility for political action, in view of the two implications of politics on which I have laid stress, cannot be surrendered by any class or sex without a lowering of earnestness—i.e., without inducing some callosity of temperament regarding human welfare in its widest aspect.

Regarding your further reflections on feminism, is there not a kind of historical triad in the matter? The man-catching woman, educated for marriage only, as Mr. Shaw inherits her from the mid-Victorians, could not have marriage at its best, because she was not independent of marriage, and could not wait until the right man appeared (and surely free choice is essential to the nobility of the institution). So the industrial woman was evolved as antithesis. What we want is now the synthesis, to combine the advantages and eliminate the evils of both. You, on the other hand, seem able to propose nothing more hopeful than an attempt to work back to the condition represented by the first member of the triad. Of course, capitalism stands waiting to exploit women as it exploited machinery, which ought to have been socialised at once. But, admitting that women's work cannot be socialised apart from men's, is it not arguable that capitalism is doing its worst on unorganised female labour? Might not a doubling of the vote of the working (i.e., the most numerous) class upset caucus arrangements a bit and give some reality to voting? And is it really clear that women (Olive Schreiner apart) would use any increase of power to raid the labour market, since it could not make them more helpless instruments of capitalism than they are now? The number of women in industry is greater now than the independence I have postulated above would necessitate. The married women will certainly use whatever power falls to them to revolutionise the conditions that now drive them into the factories, though these women too should be independent of their husbands if marriage is to be noble.

As to alienating your supporters, are they not the supporters of the intellectual as opposed to the purely materialistic revolt against capitalism? They can hardly desert you for crossing party boundaries.

H. P. ADAMS.

* * *

Sir,—I have been one of the earliest readers of your plucky paper, and been responsible for several others. You will therefore not object to a little plain speaking.

If your subscribers are increasing in number I take it that the individuals must be changing or they must be ceasing to be Socialist (I have noticed other correspondents raising the question of the altered attitude of THE NEW AGE towards Socialism). Your readers must also be acquiring very swollen heads if they can stand this sort of thing from your "Notes of the Week": "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." This is just the class of thing which warrants comfortable or reactionary minded people, who themselves know nothing or want to know anything, calling those interested in the alteration of our social system "b——y know-alls."

Moreover, your attacks on the women's movement contain a large amount of such masculine arrogance, coupled with a great deal of prejudice and misstatement. Abuse of this sort can be had in journalistic form for a halfpenny and verbally in the City or West-end for nothing; and though you will not miss my threepence, I do not propose providing that sum to obtain such writing.

REGD. H POTT.

* * *

Sir,—May I take exception, not to your description of Mr. Shaw as a "poor creature," for which we owe you much gratitude, but to your assertion that his ideas have done any injury either to marriage or to women—to women, that is, of sense: fools will come to grief whether they pay attention to a man of genius or not. Your readers have only to turn to the preface to "Getting Married" to find a vigorous plea for marriage—for the marriage of inclination, that is—and you, sir, would hardly regard any other as desirable. You complain bitterly at times, and with justice, of the feeble dulness of mind and incapacity for revolt of the average citizen. Do you not think it possible that his wits might be brighter and his heart nobler if he were never the son of a woman who had married in order to be "kept," and not because she had met the man for whose sake she gladly forfeited her liberty? The normal woman desires marriage and a home upon which to expend her energies. Quite so; but she also desires, or should desire, marriage only with the man of her choice, and he may not appear in a hurry. In the meantime, it is eminently desirable that she should claim the right to earn money in order that by its means she may become a sufficiently admirable person to make a fitting and desirable mate and mother. Is it not rather hard on her unfortunate male relatives (who, in return, may or may not get anything out of her capacity for devotion) to expect them to supply her with enough money for this purpose? And one does not become much of a woman by kicking one's heels in a house where there is nothing for one to do. I know of a household of seven girls. "Imagine," one of them says, "seven of us running about the house!" It is upon the desirability of the economic independence of *unmarried* women that Mr. Shaw specially insists. I may be wrong, but I imagine he must feel, as most people do, that to dogmatise upon the question of married women's maintenance is a quite impossible thing to do. Anyhow, his plays accept the prevailing custom with perfect equanimity. Candida spends her husband's money for him, and feels she has a pretty considerable right to do so. Gloria Clandon is going to "make" Valentine earn money for herself and her children. Barbara Undershaft will probably not bother to have a separate banking account from her professor's. Even Ann Whitefield's driving of John Tanner into the ranks of family men labouring under the necessity of earning a settled income is accepted by her creator with despairingly amused acquiescence. What Mr. Shaw *has* stood for in regard to the women's movement is the fact that honour is the same for men and women, and consists in the ability and desire to give rather than to receive, and to be willing to die rather than infringe upon the natural rights of others, these natural rights being known only by means of an instinctive process, a belief in which you yourself would be the last to deride. Of all these natural rights, the right of the unborn not to be born except in such a manner that they may never have cause to regret their birth is the most important; and it is in defence of this right that women now claim economic independence. "Women!" you perhaps scoff. Well, a handful of women, if you like; but perhaps the average woman is more susceptible to ideas than you imagine, and a little leaven *may* leaven the whole lump. "Double men's wages to-morrow," you say, "and the women's movement would die in euthanasia the day after." It is just possible that it might; but would it not be equally true to say: "Double the dock labourers' wages to-morrow, and it would be a long time before we should hear of any more strikes"? Nevertheless, would you not regard that as an undesirable consummation?

One other gift Mr. Shaw has sought to give to women—that of gay humour in the face of failure to secure love. You do not care for the word "love" in your present humour, I fancy, sir; but would it offend you too much to suggest that, whereas Mr. Shaw has consistently encouraged women to love truly—that is, quite irrespective of any pleasure outside their own hearts to be gained thereby—you appear anxious at present to send them rattling back into the barbarism of feeling that their first business is to persuade some man (*any* man, you would almost appear to imply) to be their keeper. Mr. Shaw has said hard things of women, but yours is the unpardonable cynicism.

MARGARET THEOBALD.

* * *

Sir,—Your "Notes of the Week" are most interesting. Won't you go deeper? Won't you try to imagine yourself a woman, if you can, and then write? It is good, though,

to be thoroughly criticised by a reasonable masculine person. Is it reasonable, however, to cite the case of women in industry, such as it is, at present—this present, with its false values and standards? You say: "Olive Schreiner has recently claimed all labour for woman's province equally with men. But her claim and woman's claim as represented by what they do are two totally different things."

Now is not your claim for working-men, and working-men's claim for themselves, as represented by what they do, two totally different things? Would the recent strikers have failed if the majority of wage-slaves had not been content to remain wage-slaves?

Won't you try to find the cause of woman's revolt from Nature, if such there be, as you affirm?

Are women only to realise greatness in the acceptance of the truth that for them greatness is impossible? If such is truth, then, so be it; if not—what?

M. G. ROBERTSON.

* * *

Sir,—I have followed with considerable interest the development of your argument that economic dominates political power—an argument so brilliantly sustained that I trust we shall soon see it in book-form. I was surprised, however, to find you turning the economic battery, with which you had made havoc of the army of politicians, upon the suffragists. Your action has the charm of the unexpected, but that hardly suffices to carry conviction.

Let me at once make two concessions. I will accept your theory that politics is the reflex of economic conditions. I will admit that the militant action of the W.S.P.U. in recent months has injured and delayed the progress of woman's franchise; but there is militancy and militancy. As a member of the Women's Freedom League I count myself a militant suffragist, although I am not a member of the W.S.P.U. Probably that autocratic organisation has shot its bolt, but it can hardly be denied that it was militancy that lifted the old, smug, respectable suffrage movement out of the rut. You say that the "spiritual dimension of the movement has appreciably lessened." Perhaps! Spiritual life, like political life, has its ebb and flow. Yet the spiritual beauty and vigour of the women's movement in recent years has touched grandeur.

It may well be that the self-glorification of the W.S.P.U. leaders, coupled with the material responsibilities of a campaign of active illegality, has in some ways coarsened and degraded the spiritual fibre; but I venture to affirm, taking a broad view of militancy, that it has opened up a wide spiritual vision to women, which may, indeed, be dimmed, but not destroyed by stupid action. The fundamental weakness—its spiritual weakness, if you like—of the W.S.P.U. is that in the name of democracy it has practised autocratic methods. Its leaders advocated democracy—the essence of the case for the vote—but they would not trust democratic methods in their warfare. Is not this of the nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and is it surprising that the spiritual dimension of the movement should shrink in consequence?

Granting your whole case against the W.S.P.U., how does it justify a verdict against woman's suffrage? Neither in numbers nor in spiritual dimension is the W.S.P.U. the measure of the women's movement.

I will now come to your main contention, which I take to be this: that only economic power can justify woman's claim to the vote; that this claim can never be valid because woman, by her very nature, does not seek economic power and is not fitted for it. Well, sir, have you the courage of your convictions? You have demonstrated that economic power rests entirely with the capitalist classes, who are thus in absolute control of political policy. Therefore, on your own showing, the working-man, like the working-woman, has neither economic nor political power, and consequently can have no valid claim to a vote. Why, then, do you not propose to deprive the working-man of his vote? You have shown the folly of working-men relying on political power to effect their emancipation; why do you make flesh of the working-man and fowl of the working-woman?

I presume your answer would be that the working-man's function is in industry, and that he can therefore, if he will, acquire economic force. With him it is latent, but with women simply not existent, even potentially. What do you mean by industry? Do you exclude domestic economy—the economy of wise spending, the economy of clothes-mending, home-keeping, above all, the economy of child bearing and rearing? Why, sir, the rearing of healthy, happy, helpful men and women is the one industry that gives purpose and meaning to all others. If I grant (and I don't) that woman is not naturally adapted to the recognised industrial occupations, I can, at least, counter your argument by the indisputable claim that woman, in her own sphere of action, is economically necessary, as the industrial man in his. As a matter of historic truth, woman has always been as vitally an economic factor in wealth production as man, often more so when men were busy fighting, and it is the same to-day. You consider the production of a pair of boots industrial, but the production of a dinner is not—unless it takes place in a restaurant! Which, in the last resort, is the more indispensable? It happens, moreover, that economic development is thrusting or drawing ever-increasing numbers of women into wage-slavery. I therefore reject your whole contention as to the economic position of woman and remain an unregenerate suffragist.

The suffragist contention is so simple that the subtleties of your argument pass harmless by. We women claim that we also are human beings doing our own work in the world not less indispensable than man's. The vote is the recognition of our citizenship, our fellowship in society. You talk of "spiritual dimensions." Without attaching very much value to the vote as a weapon for economic emancipation, I do not hesitate to say that our formal entry into full citizenship will not fail to enlarge that "spiritual dimension" to which you justly attach such importance.

ADA PRESBURY.

* * *

Sir,—What strikes me most about your arguments against the suffrage movement is that they take for granted that what men think really, supremely, matters; whereas it does not matter at all, except as being an obstacle in the way of the attainment by women of enfranchisement—political, social, and physical.

So far it *does* matter. Men are an obstacle to be climbed over. When men say: "You have failed to rouse the country," they really mean: "You have failed to rouse *us*"—which we never expected to do. That we have failed to rouse women is ridiculously untrue. The number of women enthusiastically in favour of the suffrage is enormously larger now than it was four years ago. You seem to me—I mean the writer of the "Notes of the Week" seems to me—to be a foolish old person—what we used, vulgarly, to call a "geezer." We are all geezers now. It is the day of youth: the young woman has eaten the food of the gods; already she is head and shoulders taller than her mate and more than head and shoulders taller than her mother. She will go serenely on: you may trust Nature to keep her feminine. Just now the country is the place to observe her. Compare her with her Victorian prototype—high-heeled, wasp-wasted, flirtatious, and besunshaded. *Here* she goes about bare-footed, in sandals; no corsets, apparently, has she ever known, nor a hat; her hair is bleached by sun and rain; she swims as well as her brother, she manages a sailing-boat better (to-day I have seen her)—and she is *womanly* from her bleached hair to her sandalled feet. Talk to her about books, or art, or life, you will find her quite as intelligent as he—more open-minded and intellectual, because less specialised. She is the product of liberty: she has education and health. She will choose her own mate; her babies, if fewer than the prolific Victorian's, will show, probably, a lower death-rate. She has her own ideas, too: she knows all about sweating and prostitution, and her hero will not be the reformed rake. He, too. Your talk about the "necessity of prostitution" sounds "rotten" to him. He is finding his way out, this clean-limbed, clear-eyed boy.

Political action, you say, is useless—the vote valueless. Were the working-men to be disfranchised to-day, would you take it sitting down? Would an M.P. who had to solicit the suffrages of an under-paid and sweated woman not, at least, promise some amendment? Would he not, for the first time, perhaps, *see* the woman's grievance? She has other ways of earning money—certainly, she *has*. Just *that* is what women mean by enfranchisement. They still (being, most of them, still slightly Victorian) hesitate to say it aloud: but what they are out for is to make prostitution *unnecessary*—a profession to be entered for pleasure, certainly, if she likes, but not from sheer necessity, for bread and butter.

What do you expect unmarried women to do with their time? What, for the matter of that, are married women to do with their time? You talk of women blacklegs—but men have taken *our* work. You brew the beer and make the bread and the jam and cure the hams. We didn't *ask* you to take our work away! You do it so much better—jam from turnips ("exactly like home-made"), embalmed hams, and what abominations in our bread and your beer?

So while you stand on your pedestal and admire yourself and tell us to be womanly and that you do everything so much better than we can do it, all this time the new great girl is growing and just making up her own mind what she is going to do.

She has eaten the food of the gods, and all the "geezers" in the museums cannot put the clock back: she will only say: "What are you *for*, you little people—what are you blooming well *for*?"

MARY MCCROSSAN.

Sir.—You do well to challenge "the true truth about the women's movement" and I for one am prepared to speak my truth thereon. What a powerful ally is your editorial "we." By its means your phrases become charged with all the force of impersonal sanction; and natural strength and authority meet us with intensified appeal. To this redoubtable "we" I must oppose, compare and contrast the conclusions of the single "me": conclusions which are personal in the sense that all sincere avowals must reveal individual psychology first of all; impersonal, because I speak not only for myself but for an army of hitherto silent women, many of whom are, in their own minds, as consciously articulate as I. And in the name of this united articulate consciousness I deny that you have spoken the whole truth about the women's movement; though I admit, gladly enough, that you have spoken some "truths" in your twenty-two columns of criticism. In saying, "I deny that you have spoken the *whole* truth," I do not charge you with positive deliberate falsehood or even with *suppressio veri*. It is more than probable that the truth of the mystery indicated by the differentiation of the sexes has never dawned upon you; that instead of surpassing the intellectual achievements of the Schopenhauers, the Nietzsches, the Weininfers you are doomed to strike, intellectually, on the same rocks; that being, in very truth, Son of the Old Adam, you are destined to perpetuate the distressful ignorance of theologians and philosophers alike, to repeat with them the old stupidity—that Woman is your Sin and the Disease from whom you would fain be rid.

But who are You? You are Man, the Thinker. And who am I? I am Wo-Man, the Thinker who carries the Womb. I am not ashamed of this fact of the physical frame. Straightway objects M. B. Oxon (appealing to his "well-known gynæcologist")—you are already going wrong; the "wo" decides everything; you are an appendage of the uterus, but man is entirely subordinated to his brain. Again the partial truth, the wilful or unconscious lie, or the plain confession of ignorance: than which latter sin, as THE NEW AGE Matthew Arnold has proclaimed more than once, there is no greater immorality among those whose profession is that they *know*. The simple truth sir is, that you and I are *both* appendages of the uterus; that you and I, either or both, may or may not be, subordinated to our brains; and that we have alike the marks of our physical origin as do our present words the stamp and degree of their non-physical origin. You shall appeal to Nature as much as you please, for truly she is your Mother as much as she is mine; and you have a right to her counsels. For me, I know my Father also. Knowing his language, and moreover his home, I will seek his aid. Under his mighty ægis shall the fight be waged and the best Man shall win.

You ask me to become a better woman than Eve and you offer, in fair and gentlemanly exchange, the old Adam. Yes; in spite of all disguises *the old Adam*—with a vengeance! But what have I to do with the old Adam; and what gain would his preservation be to Nature's economy anyway? What respect has he for Nature, his and my Mother? The things I have known him do in her despite in this Christian civilisation into which I have somehow tumbled are unfitted for representation in a paper which, wisely enough as I think, has sought to value "facts" and to distinguish the quality of their philosophic appeal. It is not that I rebel against Nature but that your new variation on the old theme, he for God and she for God through him, promises continued outrage upon her. It represents for me the great conspiracy, the repeated folly of the ages, the perpetual undoing of great minds. Your solution is too easy, oh man of intellect! My brain discriminates between the physical purposes of our common physical nature and the glorious purposes of the Eternal Feminine *your* and my Mother; and so ought your brain so to discriminate. Your thought for Woman is too little. It is too *cheap*. Now and then those great mental endeavourers of the past saw things as, in their day, they really were. The tantalisings of immature philosophies ceased to pet them further. Needful perhaps to say, these noble adventurers were strangers to that old Coward—Fear, the Hydra-headed one! They neither feared nor were contemptuous of Nature. They trusted her and they loved and trusted Woman; for they had realised that Man and Woman both were, at one and the same time, children of Nature and heirs of a divine godhead. These courageous ones shall come again, surely! And a Pythagoras shall again speak for woman if these our present endeavours "fail."

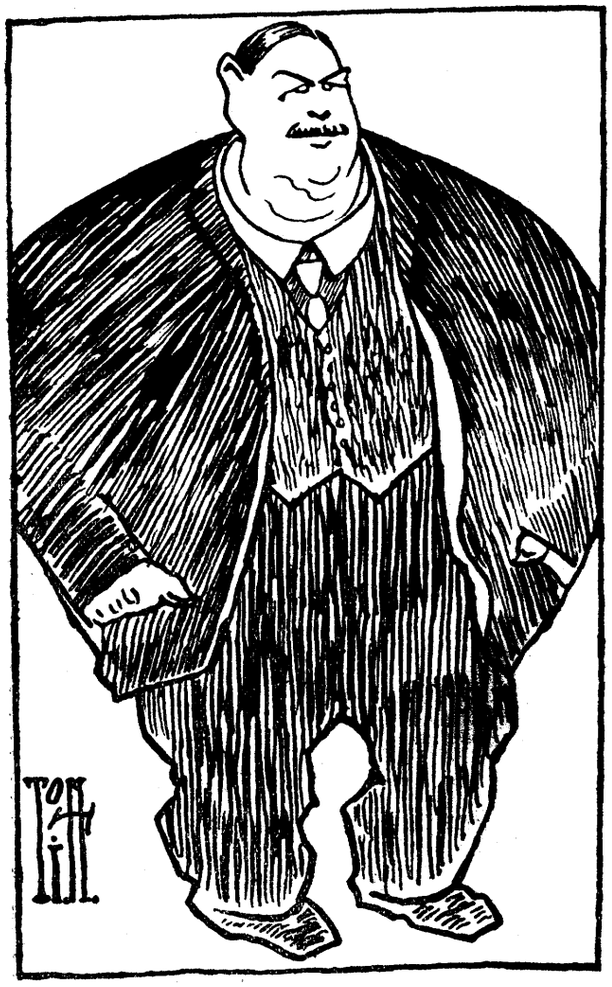
For the blessed fact is that the uterine language of M. B. Oxon does not intimidate; nor does the cry of "hysteria" (to which a correspondent makes oblique reference) dismay our woman's spirit. To have knelt humbly at Nature's knee and to have asked for Light for her better honouring is something worth. To have said to her—Tell me but the truth and I swear, however hard, I will obey *the truth*—is to have enlisted the wisest of powers in woman's or man's service: the power to be sincere with the findings of one's own Man. The magic of sincerity lies in this: that by its means an inner harmony is set up magnifying the forces of the natural powers and releasing at every point that free-power which is freedom. The call of desire, the ceaseless search for intellectual truth, the following of the revelations of an illuminated consciousness—it matters not; if sincerity be the means, the reckoning will assuredly be in terms of joy. To the articulate come self-conscious results: modest, great, or transcendent according to the native capabilities of the Natural Man; which, flowing inwards, carry the realised message that the Truth does indeed make free; and flowing outwards to others bear the seeds of a delightful infection which have caused the wise of all ages to pay tribute to the adorable Beauty or Truth. With never a desire to rail at man but with the earnest desire to know the truth about the "obligations of sex" (oh so familiar phrase to my mind!) I speak for myself at least when I affirm, as a result of sincerest search, my profound conviction that woman must be freed from all systems which hamper her, in any way, from giving the best, possible *individual* returns to the nation and civilisation in which she lives; freed therefore from all specific grievances which undoubtedly confront her to-day—grievances over and above those borne in common with man. The roots of the woman movement in short are to be found much deeper than the region of economic pull. Economic independence for woman is not our end. It is a present means. If you then seek again to confront us with that depressor to woman's innermost vitality—*no career but sex and motherhood*—you offer no alternative but that woman shall, with woman's hands and by woman's means, lay the foundations of a new movement by the side of which (in the day of its full vindication) even woman's magnificent efforts in recent years shall signify no more than the weight of a butterfly's wing when compared with the pressure and impetus of a mighty ocean.

I had hoped to indicate how much I consider the various suffrage campaigns as "worth while"; and how, where the militant movement (the movement I know best) has seemed to fail, it has done so by reason of the defects of its own virtues. I have, I confess, replied to the *spirit* of your attack on the woman movement. If I have chosen to identify this spirit with the spirit of male domination, as distinct from the aristocratic perfect self-mastery of True Man, I am prepared to prove my right to divine this from more than one passage. I am prepared to acknowledge the justice of certain undoubted philosophic facts; and to meet what I deem are injustices in other statements. And with intention of making all allowance for what measure of truth there be in your "Notes" I ask you: Why will you as Man not be just to me as Woman? Why will you not cast away all Fear of me? Why do you want to drive me into marriage will I nill I? Why will you, through the centuries, raise for me this rankling sense of *injustice*? Do you not know, Man, that Justice is the very principle of Beauty in the sphere of conduct? Are you *afraid* to compete with me on equal *human* terms? Where is *your* spirit? I make personal—impersonal appeal in the name of Woman whose lifelong friend I will be.

So clear is my realisation of the weak spot in all those great civilisations of the past that the warning comes almost with the force of remembrance, of actual personal experience. I could swear I *remember* their limitations and shortcomings; as I do see, with the mental eye, the secret of their declining powers. I see these civilisations toppling down one by one, not because they gave a certain freedom to their women, as now and then they did, but because they *dared* not or *could not* free their women's spirit. I blame them little. They themselves were very, very blind. Cupid they *would* have; and Psyche for ever fled before them. Instead of facing with shining courage the joy of Love Triumphant, they chose to cherish the tumbled, irresponsible love of guilty senses, a shamefaced thing, a rag doll, a drivelling wanton. This civilisation might have, to-day, the glorious confident outpouring of a free and radiant womanhood. The New Adam has already spoken. The message left for us who are woman, as well as for you, man, was—*I tell you ye are gods*. If you will dare to be great, create for us your New Adam. I promise (for I know) that if you do, then shall Love that laughing child of Goodwill come to this civilisation: Love who is the comrade and equal and as great a Power as the Will which can free wage-slaves: Love who as you yourself strikingly attested only the other day, is also one of the eternal trinity.

The new Eve already stands at the door. Can it really be that you do not know her?

MARY GAWTHORPE.



MR. WILL THORNE.

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