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

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## CONTENTS.



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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Except for the Chairman, Mr. Thorne, who, with the minimum effort of intelligence, has procured the maximum amount of praise for his presidential speech, nobody, absolutely nobody, appears to be satisfied with the results of the Trade Union Congress at Newport. We ourselves expected, as a matter of course, to come away unsatisfied; the time for our ideas is not quite yet. But what are we to think when men like Mr. Snowden and Mr. Barnes are dissatisfied and when, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Garvin, of the "Pall Mall Gazette," is dissatisfied, too? Add to these several of the Trade Union leaders themselves—and not merely the young and rising, but the old and falling—the dissatisfaction then appears to be alarmingly general. What can the cause be? The "Pall Mall Gazette" we can surely dismiss as a biased observer. It is not to the "Pall Mall Gazette" that we can go confidently for truth. Nevertheless, the "Pall Mall Gazette" pronounced the Congress at Newport to have been stupid, futile and unmanly: and not, be it noted, because the Congress had been unpatriotic or revolutionary, but because it had shown neither of these qualities. Strange, is it not, that a Unionist and capitalist journal should sneer at the Labour Congress for its effeminacy, and for the weakness of its attack upon capitalism? Strange, yes; but natural, equally yes. The fact is, as we fancy we have said before, the capitalists themselves would prefer a proletariat enemy they need not despise. Every good fighter would.

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But allowing this to be romance, whence comes it that Mr. Snowden and Mr. Barnes are dissatisfied with what the "Daily Herald" heroically called the "great" Congress? Both are undoubtedly dissatisfied and both have published their dissatisfaction, the one in the "Christian Commonwealth" (what a caricature title to give to a journal!), and the other in the "Daily Herald." In the "Daily Herald" Mr. Barnes (now recuperating in Switzerland) expresses himself in such terms as these: "Frankly, I don't like the look of things. . . . Labour will get just as much as, and no more than, it can command." And in the "Christian Commonwealth," Mr. Snowden complains that "the debaters at the Congress have done very little to clear the air." Why, so they have; but who are Mr. Barnes and Mr. Snowden to complain? The main thing for which these leaders stand, namely, opposition to new ideas, was handsomely supported at the Congress by a majority which we would not name last week and will not name this. "There was very little support," admits Mr. Snowden, "in the Congress for the new revolutionary policy." Well, is that not enough? Does not that ensure for Mr. Snowden and his colleagues an extended term of office? What more could the Congress do than vote down with its battalions the handful of delegates whose new and revolutionary idea alone threatens the present position of Mr. Snowden and his little gang? What more could a Congress of industrialists engaged in an economic struggle do for politicians than decline by an unmentionable majority that politicians were good enough for them? And yet, as we say, these ungrateful politicians are not satisfied; they do not like the look of things; the air has not been cleared. No, and let us say that in our opinion the air will not be cleared for some time to come. Nor, so far as we can see, will it be cleared by Mr. Snowden or his colleagues or even *for* them. On the contrary, they and their like are in reality the cause of the obscurity; it is they who, therefore, need to be cleared. For the uneasiness which undoubtedly prevails not only in these men's minds, but in the whole Labour movement, is concerned, we believe, with two reflections: the reflection that the movement has gained little by the political action of the last twenty years; and the reflection that a new idea, a new plan, is needed. Of the first there are such signs as stone statues, we should have thought, would recognise. Of the second there are signs enough to make uncomfortable any prospective Labour M.P. now mewing his Methodist youth.

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Before challenging both the wisdom and the right of the Trade Union and Labour movement to enter politics by the industrial door, it may be as well to realise that, indeed, nothing whatever has so far been gained by this means. From week to week, it is true, the Labour Party invite us to congratulate them on the success of their political exertions for wage-earners; but from week to week, as we examine these results, the bright fruit crumbles to dust in our hands. By any test that anybody likes to apply, the position of the wage earners of this country is gradually growing worse; worse in respect of status, worse in respect of the conditions of employment, worse in respect of real wages. And this position is not of the nature of a temporary disadvantage leading to a sure recovery, but it is the prelude to an even worse position in all these respects as time goes on. Not only is the status of the wage-earner now lower than it was even ten years ago, but it is still declining. The acceptance of the Insurance Bill, among other things, has contributed enormously to depressing by definition the relative standing of the working, in the midst of the civil, population. For the first time since the abolition of the Feudal System and the substitution of Contract for Status, the Contract System itself has

shown marked signs of returning to the system of Status. In a few more years, if nothing revolutionary occurs to prevent it, a fixed and legal status will again be imposed on the workers of this country, and the Landed Feudal System will have been transformed into the Capitalist Feudal System with an infinite loss to civilisation. This, however, will involve merely the loss of liberty, a trifle that Englishmen talk more about and do less for than any nation in Europe. But the price of the loss of liberty is no less material than spiritual: for while status is declining, both the exertion of the wage earner in industry is increasing and the real wages he receives are falling. We put it to those who now work in our fields, factories, and workshops that, as a matter of common experience, their labour is more intense, more onerous, more exhausting than it has ever been before; and the speeding up is still going on. But nobody with any practical knowledge will venture to deny it. And, on the other hand, for all this intensification of labour, real wages are, nevertheless, going down. From the annual Report of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, published last week, it appears that the purchasing power of the pound has fallen since 1908 to 17s. 10d. And it is still falling.

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When we criticise the present plans and methods of the Labour movement, therefore, we are not writing without our book. Nor is it a book that only a few may read. The book in which the failure of the Labour movement is written lies open for every worker in the country to read and in such language as every worker can understand. By the misuse of terms such as evolution and tactics and political consciousness and progress, Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues may, if they choose, attempt by jugglery to convince the world that the condition of wage earners is improving, but every wage earner who compares his labour and resources today with his labour and resources of five or ten years ago knows that the progress is in words only. What is the sense in pretending that this verbal progress is real when reality gives the lie to it every day of the week? It is not the malevolence of the critics of the Labour movement that refuses to give the Labour Party the credit which it claims as its due. It is the malevolence of actual facts and statistics. Nothing, indeed, that we could say in criticism of the Labour Party can approach in severity the figures published by the Co-operative Society. If these figures do not convince them that their political efforts have been worse than useless, it is certain that our words cannot. Nevertheless, it is our duty to continue adding words to facts while we retain the power to do so.

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An uneasy consciousness that political action has proved no remedy is probably the cause of the dissatisfaction with the Trade Union Congress which, we have seen, has been expressed by Mr. Snowden and Mr. Barnes. But the demonstration of the futility of political action must, we fear, be made much more complete before it penetrates the minds of these aspiring leaders and their group of promising pupils. To convince them that the Labour movement made a tremendous mistake in entering politics at all, and must, in order to recover strength, leave politics, is likely to prove a difficult task. Yet these statements are true now and will become more clearly true as events continue developing during the coming years. We say unhesitatingly that the worst enemies at the present moment of the Labour movement are not the capitalists; they at least are frankly unfriendly; but they are the leaders who, in the face of the political wrecks of the last ten years, are hounding the Labour movement to mere politics. Yet we suppose that it is with some theory in their mind that these leaders continue to pin their faith to political action. What can that theory be? For the love of lucidity, let us have it out into the light and examine it. We are told obscurely by these mealy-mouthed politicians that what they have in mind is the creation of a Labour Party in Parliament strong enough to form a Government and from that position of authority to revolutionise our economic system. On this object, therefore, the whole of the strength of the Labour movement should be concentrated. But what, when one examines it, is really in this hypothesis; on what assumed facts does it rest? It assumes, first of all, that the political domination of Labour is possible at the same time that the economic subordination of Labour is actual. It assumes, again, that under any conceivable circumstances the working classes can be more readily made to see the unity of their political interests than the unity of their economic interests. It assumes that this particular method is really a short cut as well as a constitutional cut to a revolution by a process of gradual reform. Finally, for our present purpose, it assumes that political reform of this kind is practical and statesmanlike, while economic revolution by industrial means is impracticable and visionary. Now every one of these assumptions rests, we will not say upon shadowy fancies only, which may or may not turn out to be facts, but upon obvious and demonstrable untruths. In sober reality, the whole political theory, in so far as we have stated it accurately, has no foundation in truth whatever. There is not a scintilla of evidence either from theory or from fact that by political action alone or even by political action mainly the Labour movement of this or any other country can, either in a short or in a long time, raise the status of its members as a class economically, politically, spiritually, civilly or in any way whatever. We challenge, indeed, the whole hypothesis on which the claim of the political Labour Party to exist at all rests; and we declare that so far from forwarding the interests of the economic Labour movement, it is both a drag on it and a traitor to it.

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How often we have begged our readers to make a perspective of the actual economic configuration of our national society. Casting the mind's eye over the economic map, we see our population of twenty million adults ranged mainly into two classes, the class of the employers of labour and the class of the employed. The relations between these two classes are such that at any moment the employers have it in their power within wide limits to determine not merely the nature of the employment of the workers, but employment itself. Under no circumstances are they compelled to employ anybody or to employ anybody in one direction or under one set of circumstances rather than in another direction or under another set of circumstances. It is true that among themselves, by courtesy or by policy, employers can raise or lower their standards of employment; but the impulse to make these changes does not come, and is not likely to come, from Parliament. What Parliament can do is to prescribe for all employers what already the bulk of the employers have prescribed for themselves. It cannot anticipate and enforce on employers prescriptions which are contrary to the imagined interests of this class; for, so surely as it does so, the employers would either resist or they would refuse to continue employment under those terms, or they would defeat the intention of the prescriptions by deliberately misinterpreting the spirit while keeping to the letter. All these things they can do at any time that Parliament attempts to legislate in advance of their own inclinations. Now what has the Labour Party to say to that? Let us suppose—though it is a preposterous assumption—that the Labour Party could obtain a working Parliamentary majority and that it proceeded to legislate in the direction of raising wages, reducing the hours of labour, instituting pensions, holidays and so on—what would the employers do ? Long enough, of course, before the employers found themselves in this situation they would have done enough to make this situation impossible, or, at least, harmless. For every anticipated attack upon their Rent, Interest and Profits they would have armed themselves by reducing their labour necessities by the well-known methods of economy—the substitution of machinery and the more efficient exploitation of the human labour still necessarily employed. In other words, long before the great decision was forced by a Labour Government upon them the employers would

have thrown upon the charity of the State millions of the workers now employed by them. And what in justice is there to prevent them doing so? The State cannot compel employers to employ more men than they need, or to employ men for a profit which in their opinion does not repay their trouble. At any moment, therefore, the employers can, as it were, go on strike against the State; they can refuse to employ more than a minimum of men; and, at the same time, they have the right to stick to their land and capital. Unless when this condition of things arises the Labour Party is prepared to confiscate their land and capital, the employers can lock out the mass of the nation from industry altogether. And it is precisely this confiscation that the Labour Party hopes by political action to avoid! The conclusion to be drawn from this is the obvious one that an assembly of mice can no more bell the race of cats by resolution than a single mouse can bell a single cat. A Parliament of Labour, while the economic system of to-day prevails, is in the position of an assembly of mice. It can order the cat-capitalists to be belled, it can even prescribe bells for cats in general, but it cannot put them on.

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But all this is on the supposition that a Labour majority in Parliament is possible while the present economic system prevails. On the contrary, however, not only is a majority not possible, but even a respectable minority can be obtained only by means which ensure its moral as well as political innocuousness. To begin with, it stands to reason that the capitalists who in our towns and villages command *lives* can command, when they choose to do so, votes as well. A man is not going to vote against his own immediate bread and butter, though he may fight to retain it when its existence is directly threatened by a reduction of wages. On the other hand, an employer who can change the register of voters at will by dismissals and removals will not in the long run be content even to be outvoted or voted against by his slaves. Only, therefore, such Labour members as he chooses can be certain of being returned to Parliament once; and twice against his will is unthinkable. Again, it is demonstrable that the working classes have a sounder instinct for the real nature of politics in refusing to organise politically as wage earners than their leaders have in urging them to do so. It is true that, as things are, economic interests are represented in Parliament, and, from this point of view, Labour may plausibly demand to be represented as such. But the protest of honest persons is perpetually against such a basis of representation, no less in the case of Labour than in the case of the landed, the legal, and the financial interests as well. The *theory* of Parliament, whatever its practice may be, is that citizens are represented by citizens, but interests by delegates. To admit, indeed, that interests as such are legitimately represented in Parliament is to concede the whole issue of the Syndicalists. In that event there is no State, and consequently there is no politics. All that Parliament consists of is an assembly of the various economic associations of the country in their industrial aspects. But if Syndicalism is wrong in this contention —as the Labour Party agreed with us that it is—no less is the Labour Party itself wrong in attempting to complete the syndicalising movement of Parliament by adding to its present economic constituents the constituent of the wage-earning class as such. Their wisest plan would appear to be not only to oppose Syndicalism in theory, but to oppose it in practice; and at the same time that they protest against the representation of the employers in Parliament to refuse to make efforts to have the wage earners represented there. But even, as we say, if they are not disposed to do this, the wage earners by a sounder instinct are. As the Labour Party continue more and more their present conduct, more and more will it happen that the wage earners will desert them politically. Economically the wage earners are prepared to unite and to follow a strong class lead; but politically they have too much good sense to form a class party on the model of the existing financial, commercial, and landed parties.

That political action is a shorter cut to reform, let alone revolution, than economic action, is becoming more obviously untrue every day. We need not repeat the familiar facts already once referred to in these Notes concerning the increasing difficulty of getting a living, still more of getting a decent living. But we will simply take the admissions of the politicians themselves. In every issue of the "Labour Leader" we are being told that the Parliamentary Labour Party can do nothing because its numbers are so few. Give us four hundred instead of forty members, and then, they say, the revolution will begin. But, as we have seen, this demand is merely a cry for the moon; it cannot possibly be satisfied. On the other hand, it will be remembered that the first justification for a political Labour Party at all was that these Labour politicians desired to see something done in their lifetime. They could not, like us, wait and wait and wait until they had gathered strength to obtain and to retain what they desired, but they must be at the work and grasping its results at once. They did not tell us at the outset that forty Labour M.P.'s would be of no value, or that nothing less than a Parliamentary majority would enable them to produce immediate results. On the contrary, they led everybody to suppose that every additional Labour M.P. was a certain means of obtaining an immediate improvement in Labour conditions. Even as it is, when they desire to flatter themselves, they pretend that they have done wonders, though in the same breath they admit that they can do nothing, and deplore the fact that, in spite of their existence, Labour conditions have gone from bad to worse. It is a strange conception of a "short cut" to claim as such a method which in the long run is impossible, and in the short run produces at least as much harm as good. Nothing, in fact, can be more cumbersome, more slow, or more fruitless than a political method that only begins to promise results when impossible conditions have been satisfied. If the Labour Party is really serious in its contention that it can do nothing until it has a majority, the political game of Labour is definitely up. The Labour Party will never obtain a majority, and since, by admission, it can do nothing until a majority is obtained, political action is proved to be a short cut to nothing and nowhere.

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There remains the contention that, if political action by constitutional means is useless and impractical, economic means are equally futile. We do not believe it. The very opposite, indeed, is true, both in theory and in fact. Every economic advance that has been made has been made by economic means, by the organisation of Labour *in* the Labour world and by its direction in the industrial field. Political action admittedly has done nothing, or next to nothing, to change for the better (or worse) the economic conditions of employment; but the economic action of trade unions operating in their own sphere has done all that has been done, and its neglect accounts for all the loss that has so far been experienced. But the reason that less has been done than might have been done is to be found in two causes: the economic movement of wage earners has hitherto had no single common objective; and, in consequence, it has hitherto had no single consistent and common method. In objective, as the Newport Congress demonstrated even to Mr. Snowden, the trade unionists speak with as many voices as there are unions. One union fancies that all Labour troubles have their source in long hours, another ascribes them to the neglect of the State, still another thinks the trouble is in having no legal and binding agreements with the employers. What a babel! What an incompatibility of demands! No wonder the air is not cleared when these poor devils, all alike stewing in the Black Hole of Calcutta, fancy that what is wrong is the ventilation, or the bricks, or the gaolers at the door, or the inactivity of some non-existent Havelock. The truth is that within the ambit of the existing competitive wage system there is no remedy for a single one of Labour's troubles that is not in its operation worse than the disease. For the love of man, let that be meditated upon by every would-be reformer, for it is true.

# Current Cant.

"We are at last on the brink of another period of sane, clean, and patriotic government."—"Daily Express."

"Winston Churchill is proceeding at an energetic pace along the road of reform."—"Daily Chronicle."

"These changes will enable the First Sea Lord to devote his whole time to the vast problems of war, which are more than sufficient for any one brain."—"Daily Mail."

"Meanwhile, the words of Canada's first statesman ought to ring in our ears, reminding us of what we are in the eyes of the world."—"Daily Telegraph."

"We may leave to the Socialist wreckers the barren task of picking holes, of finding fault, snarling and sneering and jeering and gibing, deriding. . . ."—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"No living statesman surpasses Mr. Churchill in the art of illuminating a political situation. On Home Rule and on Insurance he spoke with a fine courage and with accents that rang like a trumpet."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Social conditions ashore have been vastly ameliorated —wages have risen."—"Daily Express."

"The cathedrals have a peculiar position in the modern world. They give the best away and ask for nothing." —CANON BARNETT.

"New Australia, as this Socialist Utopia was called, collapsed from extravagance, indolence and heathenism, providing the world with an object lesson of the hopeless futility of Socialism."—"Daily Express."

"The only guarantee for genuine democratic progress in this country is the absence of antagonism between Liberalism and Labour."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The luncheon tables in the Ladies' Stand were well filled; grouse pie figured on every menu; this is quite a standing dish of the rich. Just before racing commenced the news arrived of the sudden death of the Dowager Lady Rossmore. . . . The paddock was well filled after the luncheon hour."—"Daily Mail."

"In any well-ordered community those classes who do so much by the work of their hands to build up the prosperity of the country should share in the general advance of wealth. And this is what does generally happen."— "Morning Post."

"I think the present theatrical outlook is very promising, barring one thing: there are too many risqué shows." —GEORGE EDWARDES.

"The Insurance Act is a courageous application in the legislative domain of 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"— "Daily Chronicle."

"My idea of a society paper is a paper written by people in society who are making the history of their day."—C. E. JERNINGHAM, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

"The British Tommy has learned that soldiering is a trade that calls for the very best that is in a man. He has acquired self-respect."—"Daily Express."

"A man who refuses to fight for his country ought to have no say in the management of its affairs."—"Morning Post."

"Mr. Bernard Shaw is hurrying towards a deeper and more confident vitality."—F. J. GOULD in the "Literary Guide."

"It was not the scientist who did harm to religion, it was the Socialist."—FATHER WIDDOWSON.

"The growth of Socialism is blamed for the closing of two old-established Methodist churches in Blackburn on account of financial difficulties."—"Daily Express."

CURRENT CRIME.

"Telephone Operator.—Young Lady required. 50-line board. Must be proficient. West-End. Live out. Hours eight to six. Wages 11s."—"Daily Telegraph" advt.

# Current Sense.

"The solidarity of labour is a simple and beautiful doctrine."—"Morning Post."

"The Insurance Act is a conservative force."—"The Nation."

"God is the great adventurer."—CANON SIMPSON.

"The payment of money releases a man from anything and everything for which he has pledged his honour."—"Daily Express."

"The working-men are more prone to introduce the religious question than business people."—The "Telegraph."

"It is quite evident that the insurance companies are making a profit out of the Insurance Act."—"Morning Post."

"The employer who thinks that the labour unrest is the work of paid agitators can hardly expect his opinions on social problems to be taken seriously."—"News and Leader."

"I see no reason against the intellectual emancipation of women, but before thinking of such things they should emancipate themselves from the trammels of fashion."— FATHER GAFFRE.

"Mr. Will Thorne is not a deep and curious student of politics and life."—"Saturday Review."

"Mrs. Fawcett's friends the Labour Members were responsible for the hostile majority of fourteen votes because seventeen of them were absent from the division." —ANNIE KENNEY.

"Freedom is not primarily concerned with politics." —HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"The housing of the poor is a question which goes to the root of our national existence."—"News and Leader."

"The process of taxing the really idle rich is capable of infinite variation."—"Daily Express."

"If a theatrical management can afford to spend thousands of pounds upon a production with the idea of making money, they should be prevented from using human flesh and blood as a part of their speculation."— GEORGE BARRETT.

"It is an age of luxury; and it becomes increasingly difficult to get the simplest dish that is fit to eat."— "Evening News."

"As is so often the case, this highly moral play, 'Everywoman,' uses very immoral weapons to drive the moral home."—The "Standard."

"Degeneracy is being nurtured by science."—"Daily Express."

"I would rather see the frank exploitation of the depravity of New York than the insincere exploitation of what passes for 'conscience' in England."— R. A. SCOTT-JAMES in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"Think of the millions of human beings who are doomed to grief and pain, and then say if they would not have been far happier as apes pelting each other with cocoanuts."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"'I have often been told,' said the horse,
'Of man's intellectual force,
A thing, if correct, I should never suspect
From the people I meet on the course.'"
—"Scribner's Magazine."

"I am a better hand at making a bet than writing a book."—LORD ROSSMORE.

THE HUMAN RACE.

Lifeless Material ..... 1
Semilifeless Material ..... 2
Live Matter ..... 3

Adam and Eve also ran.
—"London Mail."

# Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A SURVEY of foreign affairs this week will give the observer the impression that there is a temporary lull. No Government desires war; and the hostilities between Turkey and Italy have been practically suspended. The only troublesome spots are Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Albania. The Bulgarians, incensed by the treatment their compatriots have been meeting with at the hands of the Turks, would like nothing better than a short, sharp campaign; but the Government has thus far been able to hold them in check. This is an even better thing for Bulgaria than the Bulgarians themselves are aware of; for King Ferdinand's army, which two or three years ago was in first-class condition, is not now nearly so efficient.

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Although Bulgaria is not cursed with capitalists to any great extent, I wish here to refer once more to the capitalistic features of the international situation. I take it that readers of THE NEW AGE object as strongly as I do to the influence of capitalism anywhere, but especially to capitalistic influence in those cases where international honour and the lives of men are concerned. Morocco is a case in point. It cannot be denied that the French people were as much interested in Morocco as the financiers; but the scheme from first to last was a financial one. Many of us will remember that at one stage in the negotiations it was seriously proposed in Paris that a meeting of influential French and German financiers should be held, when both sides would speedily come to an agreement as to the nature of the "compensations" to be granted to Germany in other parts of Africa.

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But an allusion to French financiers in Morocco does not end the matter. Spanish finance is also involved. The Mannesmann brothers, whose name came frequently before the public as German concessionnaires, have large interests in the neighbourhood of Tetuan, and several well-known Spanish noblemen are shareholders in the Mannesmann firm. This mainly accounts for the delay in the negotiations between the French and Spanish Governments concerning the delimitation of their respective spheres of influence in Morocco, and the wrangling which has been taking place for weeks over the question of the Customs. Shall duties be paid at the port of entry, irrespective of the "sphere" to which the goods are ultimately to be consigned? If so, to whom? And what is to happen if duty is paid at a Spanish port if the goods are consigned to the French "sphere," and vice-versa? And what, again, is to be done about Tangier, which is to be practically neutral, and where English interests must necessarily be predominant?

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These are trifling matters, and it seems laughable that they should seriously occupy the attention of Ambassadors and even higher personages. Yet this is the case; and heated, indeed, have been some of the discussions in connection with these very trifles. More than once Sir Maurice de Bunsen, the English Ambassador at Madrid, has had to be called in to smooth down the representatives of the French and Spanish Governments; and on one occasion much irritation was caused at the Quai d'Orsay when it was intimated that Great Britain preferred to support certain Spanish claims as against those of France. The Tangier-Fez Railway is another point of dispute; and, in addition to all this, considerable annoyance has been caused by bickerings between French and Spanish Consuls at various towns in Morocco. There is no doubt that the French officials have been endeavouring to carry things off with a high hand; and they show in all cases a tendency to forget that Spain has justifiable and justified claims in many places, and that at least one town, viz., Tangier, must be put under a different régime, in view of the interest which Great Britain has taken in it for a generation or so.

Of finance in China I have already spoken; but this week there is no harm in drawing attention to the new phase of the loan negotiations. It may be recollected that the so-called Six-Power group wanted to force a loan of £60,000,000 on the Pekin Government, the members of which respectfully but very firmly declined it. The next thing we knew was that the Chinese Ambassador in London had signed a contract with a sound London banking firm for a loan of £10,000,000—as nearly as possible the precise amount which China wished to borrow—and that this loan had been repudiated by the Chinese Government. Why this should have been the case was a mystery until it was known that "pressure" had been brought "to bear" on Pekin with that very object; and this country, strange to say, was one of the Powers that helped to bring this pressure. But this is a matter upon which Sir Ernest Cassel can perhaps speak with more authority than I can.

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Is the story of financial interference ended here? By no means. We already know how the intrigues of American financiers secured the revolt of Panama from Columbia, the cession of a strip of territory to the United States, and the consequent alleged control of the Panama Canal by the United States. We know now—or, if the fact has not yet been stated publicly, let me now state it—that American dollars engineered the revolution in Mexico against President Diaz. We know that there is another insurrectionary movement at present proceeding in Mexico against Senor Madero, and that a mutiny in the "Northern Army" is feared. Let us waive for the moment the application of the word "army" to bands of ill-drilled and ill-disciplined filibusters. We know that American financiers, not satisfied with President Taft's declarations that he does not wish to soil his office by an unnecessary war, are once more organising a revolt which may end in the murder of foreigners on a large scale, and the consequent necessity—the imperative necessity this time—for intervention by the United States; and we know that several influential financiers are willing to pay Mr. Roosevelt's expenses on the condition that he shall make no objection to American intervention and the annexation of Mexico if he is elected.

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Italy, on the other hand, is not the victim of financiers to the extent commonly supposed. There was an ardent national desire for expansion, or the Tripoli expedition could never have been undertaken. Frenchmen might not have insisted on France's going to Morocco if Germany could have been diplomatically defeated in any other way; but the Italian people were undoubtedly desirous of making a dash on Tripoli and the Ægean Islands. The financiers, naturally enough, took advantage of this enthusiasm, and in loans, naval contracts, and army contracts they will reap their due reward. But it is unfair to say that the Bank of Rome engineered the expedition from first to last, and that several European banking houses have backed the combatants both ways, and thus stand to win, whether the eventual victor turns out to be Italy or Turkey. To take precautions of this nature is merely an ordinary business matter; and if we blame banking houses for such an action, we might as well blame a man who insures his furniture against fire or burglary.

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Of the exploitation of Canada by the Grenfell and other groups more will be heard next year. That Canada wants money for her "development" is obvious enough; whether this development will be on industrial or agricultural lines is another matter, and an important one. The extremes of wealth and poverty are felt in all our colonies, particularly, perhaps, in Australia; but, unless the condition of things has changed very much since my last visit to Canada, she runs Australia a good second. The Balkans have so far managed to keep out of this financial maelstrom pretty well. The one plague-spot is Saloníka; but fortunately Salonika does not represent the spirit of the Ottoman Empire.

# The Bee in the Dundee Bonnet.

WE have all of us met the man who, sane upon everything else, is incurably insane upon one particular thing. What is true of the individual is also true of a nation. The particular form of English national insanity is its reverential belief in politics as a cure for social evils. The average Englishman, hating something or another, proclaims that it must be "put down." He immediately writes to his Member of Parliament, moves a resolution at a meeting of the local Conservative or Liberal Association, and generally sets the political machinery in motion. Whether he aims at putting down or setting up, that is, whether his purpose is negative or positive, precisely the same ritual is adopted. "We must have an Act of Parliament," he says, and that once accomplished, he thinks that all will be well. If the last state is worse than the first, if failure succeeds failure, no matter! He remains the slave of his political obsession. The odd thing about this political dementia is that its professional doctors are its worst victims. We are lost in wonderment at the sublime faith shown in the curative capacity of Parliament by those that are nearest the rose. The Labour Party, for example, who are supposed to know most about sweating and poverty and underpayment, who have been actually bred and trained in the hardest conceivable economic circumstances, having witnessed the impotence or, at least, the futility of political measures to bring easement to their clients, still as pathetically cling to Parliament as an anxious mother to soothing syrup. The Insurance Act, the Eight Hours Day, the legal Minimum Wage—"give us these," cry the Labour members, "and we shall lead you into the realms of the blest." If this madness were but an innocent foible, we might ourselves join in it, in the same spirit that we would play a game of cricket or billiards. The essence of the game is that the player shall put his back into it and play it to the utmost limit of his capacity. The "slacker" at football is apt to be at a loose end in the more serious affairs of life. But what can be more tragic than to believe that the game is really life itself? The professional footballer or cricketer takes his fee and proudly leaves the field satisfied that he has done his whole duty. And so it is with the Parliament man. He plays the game, joins in the intrigues, associates with his congenial coteries, votes often, pouches his fee, and goes home very tired, but thoroughly convinced that he has done the State some service. The pity of it is that he has actually injured the community, not only because of his own wasted efforts, but also because he has distracted men's minds from those serious and urgent economic problems that lie at the root of our national existence.

It now looks as though the maddest hatter of them all is Mr. Winston Churchill. His speech last week to the Dundee Women's Liberal Federation (we are quite serious, it really was the Dundee bonnets) on local government is the most portentously futile performance in the memory of living man.

Let us look at the cardinal facts. First and last the history of England during the past century has been a continuing sequence of economic integration. Industries in every part of the country have more and more grown into each other; they have become more and yet more intimately inter-dependent. The increase of transport facilities has tended to annihilate both time and space and induce economic unity. The whole process has been industrial. A new railway cutting has brought Bristol twenty minutes nearer London, or Reading half an hour nearer Shrewsbury. Stroud has found itself industrially closer to Worcester or the West Riding, Manchester and Liverpool are less than an hour apart—or otherwise expressed, they are not a penny a ton divided. Newcastle is an economic integer in the commercial affairs of Leith, Dundee, Grimsby, Hull and London. Cardiff has its agencies in every port. Over the face of the country is a network of organisation linking up producer and consumer. Side by side with this intricate commercial nexus, the army of labour, in its own blundering way, is also gradually regimenting itself—although, unfortunately, a long way behind the capitalist organisation. Nor is there a shred of evidence that the political elements in any way retard this integrating process.

Now enters the young Marlborough-Wimborne cadet, aping but not imitating Philippe Egalité. Strutting across the political stage, he addresses a monstrous regiment of Liberal women (probably the most hopeless female type in existence). Does he show the faintest possible appreciation of these facts? He is a politician pure and simple and consequently knows less about business than a Sandhurst student. With all the gravity of a wee kirk minister, he says: "Ladies, what the country wants is an extensive dose of local government. We must distract men's mind from the business of life and set them gibbering as to whether Derbyshire is really a part of Lancashire or Yorkshire or the Midlands. If we proceed to form eight or ten local legislatures, the arrangement of their frontiers will excite considerable interest, and possibly the electors will forget all about the Insurance Act. You see, ladies, I am a courageous statesman and not afraid of the great Liberal principle: 'Trust the people.' It is true that I know nothing as to how this proposal of mine will affect business operations, but we statesmen must be always stepping out and doing something political, or otherwise the generality of mankind will forget politics—that grand sacrament of the people's conscience—and concentrate upon vulgar industrial problems."

It must not be forgotten that Mr. Churchill proposes legislative and not administrative bodies. What legislative duties does he think of assigning to them? Tariffs? It is unthinkable. Commercial law? The essence of national efficiency is homogeneity and simultaneity of law and practice. In the United States the movement runs strongly towards common law and against State law. Divorce? We can only smile and think of Nevada. Transit? Freight rates? Electric power? It is too silly to contemplate. What sane possibility lurks in this proposal? It is the insane itch of a man politically mad.

Oddly enough, some years ago, the Fabian Society adumbrated a scheme of administrative provinces, which it outlined in a set of tracts known as the "New Heptarchy" series. These proposals had some substance in them, because they paved the way for the economical working of the public services by enlarging the local governing unit, and so securing the economy of large production. But the Fabian mandarins were never much in love with the scheme. It cut across their own pet plans, and so it was sent to sleep, and we have not heard a word of it for years. Meantime the Fabian Society has gradually been dying for lack of living ideas. But that is a digression. We have consistently contended that economic power is the real level of national life; that it is by means of a healthy economy that the spiritual forces flow. That is not to contend that great spiritual qualities are not found in small communities of little economic power, or independently of economic considerations—that is a philosophic problem which we must face when we deal with Guild Socialism—but in the broad sense, and in the real meaning of the word, Mr. Churchill's escapade is an impertinence, because it has no kind of relation to the basic facts of national life, either spiritual or economic. His proposal, if adopted, would be an ugly and irritating excrescence upon our constitutional structure.

These recurring attempts to cut up England into diagrammatic divisions, either for electoral or local government purposes, betray a misunderstanding of the elements that go to the building up of the Commonwealth. The factors of national greatness are not to be found in exact territorial frontiers or in precise electoral proportions, but rather in the common tradition, literature, and spiritual perceptions of the com-

munity. The real case for Irish Home Rule is because Ireland's national attributes need the nutrition of recognised and effective nationality to secure life and growth. Further, as an economic unit, we know that a national legislature will more accurately respond to its economic necessities. But no such considerations can possibly weigh with Mr. Churchill's absurd proposals. We have not yet met the man who is prepared to die for Lancashire or Sussex, and, if we did, we should take energetic steps to get him into a lunatic asylum. But men will readily die for England or Ireland, even as Nogi died on his Emperor's coffin. Herein are to be found the enduring factors of national existence; without them, national life is as tinkling cymbal and sounding brass. Whatever political constitution tends to develop, such a national life deserves not merely our support, but our veneration. What is there of this in the Churchill adumbration? Does he seek to make the bounds of freedom wider yet? Obviously not. It is crude political tinkering and an insult to our intelligence.

No doubt the Labour Party will treat Mr. Churchill with the same awe and servility that they extended to Mr. Lloyd George when he introduced his Insurance Act. What a chance for Mr. F. W. Jowett to tell Parliament of his municipal experiences in Bradford! Quite a number of the Labour Party have been county, town, or parish councillors. Mr. Churchill will give them ample opportunity to air their eloquence. But we take leave now to tell the Labour Party that, if they do not promptly kill this precious scheme, they deserve eternal damnation. For not only is it rotten in its conception, but it bodes another tragic distraction from all that category of misery, poverty, robbery, and waste inherent in the wage system. At the root of all proposals, such as this of Mr. Churchill, is to be found that tragic misunderstanding, that insane belief in political activity as a purifying influence upon the national life. We do not remember a more striking object lesson. This young aristocrat, backed by great social forces and even greater financial resources, is steadily pressing towards the Premiership. This abortion is the measure of his political acumen. It is the first constructive proposal that has emanated from him. It is his personal gage of battle; he has the stage to himself. Is it not now clear to the Labour Party that these politicians are barren, that they cumber the ground? We wish we could be sure of it. For when the Labour politicians realise that their political gods are made of tin, there will be some hope that they will turn their thoughts and energies to the more fruitful field of industrial action. Meantime the sight of Mr. Churchill gravely offering local legislatures as pills to cure industrial indigestion will, we trust, finally convince all those who are wavering between politics and industrialism that there is no present hope in Parliament. At last, surely, they see with how little wisdom is the world governed.

## THE ACTOR-MANAGER.

As bland he smiles on postcard and on stage,
With all the mellow youth of middle age.
In his Olympian visage you descry
Shop-walker manners tinged with tragedy;
Romantically modern, stern yet sweet,
In him Arcadia and Mayfair meet.
His languid and moues a magic spin,
Add just a hint of expurgated sin,
As though of one whose past experience
Of women, though undoubtedly intense,
Had failed to spoil his spiritual peace,
Or mar his trousers' geometric crease.
And there you have him—years and years he worked
The while he postured, simpered, strutted, smirked,
To polish up that pose, which, fine and ripe,
Each drama but avails to stereotype.
To reach at last that high and dizzy goal,
Where well-learnt mannerisms pass for soul
And art itself is merged, no longer free,
In one eternal personality.

ÆACUS.

# Internationalism and Militarism.

By E. Belfort Bax.

INTERNATIONALISTS and anti-militarists are constantly being challenged to define their position and explain exactly what it is they propose. First of all there is the question of National Defence. What is your view as to the resistance of the inhabitants of an invaded country towards its invaders? Do you deny to your own, any more than to any other country, the right of self-defence? These are the questions asked. Now, whatever may be the attitude of mere radical anti-militarists and pacifists in this matter, my own position, speaking as an upholder of Socialist Internationalism, is perfectly plain.

The modern Nation-State, which, in its centralised form, has grown up since the close of the Middle Ages is largely a geographical expression. The Empire-State of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is wholly a geographical expression. Now, it is for these geographical expressions that we are asked by modern Capitalist society to devote ourselves with religious ardour. If the integrity of the one to which we chance to belong is threatened we are expected to immolate ourselves in its defence. The Great Power in the domains of which we happen to have been born is supposed by modern patriotism to be the highest object of our emotions. Now the Socialist, for whom, not race but principle, not the State run by capitalist possessors, but justice to proletarian non-possessors, is the highest aim of political conduct, is naturally not enthusiastic to defend the capitalist State even against foreign aggression. While conceding the abstract right of every established community, from the Republic of San Marino to the British Empire, to defend itself against attack from without, it is manifest that in the latter case the Socialist cannot be expected to regard its defence as his affair. Even in the case of the invasion of the country itself, where, conceding to the full the right of the inhabitants to do their best to repel the invaders, Socialists cannot forget that we have to do with that pillar of the modern capitalist class state, a Great Power. Hence the issue of the conflict necessarily leaves him cold.

Such is the state of the case. For the ordinary bourgeois the defence of the country against invasion is the ultima ratio of all things. For the International Socialist it is a matter of, at least, subordinate importance. By all means defend the country by a national Landwehr, voluntarily recruited, as in the now defunct Volunteer force. But the Socialist anti-militarist protests against coercion to serve even in an army of defence, and might even go the length of holding himself free to avenge himself upon any constituted authority compelling him unwillingly to throw his life into the scale on behalf of such national defence. The danger to military success of unwilling recruits, under certain circumstances, in modern warfare is not to be gainsaid.

But the chances of war ever occurring again between first-class Powers becomes less every year. The partition of savage and barbaric territories between these Powers there is not much doubt will take place on the principle of "pooling the swag" in the future. Everyone seems now convinced that military conflicts on a big scale don't pay and that all that is wanted can be got by diplomatic arrangement. The nineteenth century, after the Napoleonic wars, saw less of armed struggles between European Powers than any previous century, while the number of " crises " that have been smoothed over already during the twentieth century, where the rival interests of Great Powers have been concerned—crises which in former days would had led inevitably to war without further ado—only serve to point the moral of the above statement, so that he who runs may read. A general understanding among the foremost capitalist Powers of the world would seem the inevitable outcome of the modern exhausting race for armaments, and the situation generally. Such an international understanding between the capitalist World-Powers would, needless to say, have nothing to do with the Internationalism for

which the consistent Socialist stands. The nations represented by the Powers would remain isolated, the capitalist rings dominating, each having, in spite of their cohesion against the common enemy, the proletariat and revolutionary Socialism, more or less antagonistic interests as before. The only change would be that the distribution of the plunder obtained from the conquest of backward races would be effected by mutual agreement rather than by recourse to arms. This world-peace of capitalist civilisation is not without its sinister side for Socialism and Democracy in general. It may easily mean development into the horror sometimes known today under the name of the "servile state," in which the armed force at the disposal of the authorities might be used as part of an inter-State compact to crush popular revolt of any kind, wherever it showed itself, in the interests of the respective bureaucratic governing classes of the Great Powers concerned. Hence the integrity of the modern Nation-State may well become the nidus, the political mould, of the most dangerous form of super-capitalism. Those familiar with the notions entertained by Wagner and other writers of the German school of Kathedersozialisten will understand what I mean.

Patriotism, in its original inception, referred to small communities. With the cohesion of such a community one may feel some sympathy. There is usually an appreciable kinship of blood between members of such small nationalities, and it is impossible not to wish them well in the attempt to hold their own against the invader, especially when that invader is a big capitalist Power whose success would mean the crushing out of their whole independent life and character. The case is far otherwise with such Powers themselves. The huge Nation-States and Empires constituting these Powers are each nothing more than sections of the great capitalist world of modern times. The patriotic sentiment supposed to attach to them on the analogy of smaller communities or peoples which, even if civilised, are economically backward from a capitalist point of view (e.g., the Boers of South Africa), is a bogus sentiment fostered by the bureaucratic and capitalist interests that run these State-systems. Hence Nationalism—Nationalism of the modern big Nation-State order, with its accompanying bogus sentiment of patriotism—is the enemy.

The question next arises as to the best means and the most favourable conditions for supplanting this nationalist feeling, this sham patriotism, by the international sentiment of Social Democratic solidarity—the solidarity based on principle and not on race or territory. It is not to be denied that the influx to the towns from the country side is on the whole a condition favouring indifference to patriotism. This is one effect of the great industry and the creation of the modern proletariat, which has very markedly helped to root out from the masses any vital interest in the soil. Now we find the patriotic sentiment in its older and more genuine form strongest in peasant communities whose associations and material interests centre in small independent holdings. Where a more or less extensive peasantry attached to the land exists in a country, older and more genuine attachment of the latter to the ancestral soil coalesces with the purely bogus patriotic sentiment of the dominant capitalist classes, and serves as a powerful support to it. This is the case in Germany and also, until quite recently, in France. In the latter country, especially near the larger towns, usury has recently weakened the hold of the peasantry on the land. Those, therefore, who see in the modern system of centralised capitalist States a stumbling block in the realisation of the ideals of Social Democracy, it is plain, ought to oppose from this point of view alone all forms of peasant proprietorship, or even such conditions of long tenure as, in their moral effect, coincides with those of peasant proprietorship. All that tends to weaken the sentiment of nationality morally, and to decentralise existing States materially, to break them up into manageable fragments, is *for* us, as International Socialists; all that tends to the affirmation, the strengthening, of the modern, centralised state of capitalism, is *against* us.

# Ideals and Wealth.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

*(This article appeared in the Paris "Figaro" of September 10, and has been translated for "The New Age" by Mr. J. M. Kennedy.)*

WE see repeated in the Balkans this year the same phenomenon as we witnessed last year in another part of Europe: governments wanting peace and peoples wanting war. It is not the ambition of sovereigns or governments, but the state of mind of the people themselves, that makes the Near Eastern crisis so dangerous for the peace, the somewhat selfish peace, of Europe. Once more peace will not be disturbed, because the governments concerned, in spite of the formulæ of modern laws and constitutions, are not always compelled to obey the will of the people.

It is always a risky matter to make predictions in politics. Without being too daring, however, we may venture to forecast that we shall not see any early improvement in this state of things. The only reasonable prophecy we can make regarding the present situation is that weak and ever weaker governments will in the future oppose a less energetic resistance to the pressure of public opinion. Was that high German official entirely wrong when he affirmed recently that the next war "would be declared by the Press"? Underlying the phenomenon there are causes too deep for us to see in it merely the passing exuberance of a generation which, knowing what war is, plays with fire without taking into consideration the danger it is running, and its consequences. Nations cannot propose wealth to themselves as the only goal of existence; for nations, like individuals, have needs of a moral order; and they are now reacting everywhere against the excess of practical preoccupations which have prevailed for the last thirty years or so; and the movement has taken the form of changes in opinion which are as varied and unexpected as they are violent.

If the European peoples now appear to be once more hungering for glory and prestige, an ideal of moral purity seems at this moment to have attracted the masses on the other side of the Atlantic. What is particularly characterising the Presidential campaign in the United States is the preponderating rôle which moral questions are destined to play in the struggle. Mr. Roosevelt may try to break up the organisation of the traditional parties by placing himself at the head of a new party because, in the course of the last thirty years, moral considerations, where public opinion is concerned, have gradually become more important than questions of purely material interest. Rightly or wrongly, the masses in America are now convinced that the fabulous wealth of the New World contained in it the dangerous germs of corruption, and that the soul of the nation, infected by these germs, was nearly overcome in the past by the debasing despotism of the great power of money. There are many people in Europe who are surprised at the Biblical tone occasionally adopted by Mr. Roosevelt in his political speeches. If these people only knew the United States better, they would realise that he is a formidable candidate for his adversaries to tackle because at the present time he can speak to the people in language like this without his sincerity being suspected. As in Europe the masses are dreaming obscure dreams of glory, so in America they are becoming imbued with a strong desire to purify the national life. One of Mr. Roosevelt's sources of strength lies in the fact that he possesses a little of the soul of a Protestant clergyman.

And all this is quite natural. If we are astonished at it, we are but the victims of an illusion. It is rather the situation in which Europe and America have lived for the last thirty years, and their exclusive and all-absorbing aim of making money, which should be reckoned as the exceptional features in the history of the world. The civilisations which preceded us did not undervalue or misunderstand the importance of material questions. They recognised the disproportion between resources and requirements, the heavy burdens of debts and taxes, the necessity for increasing production. But

they never dreamt of setting questions of this nature in the forefront, or of considering them as being of the first importance—except at extremely critical times, when the increasing of material resources became a life-and-death problem. Their dominant preoccupations were either religious or moral or political or intellectual. It was the nineteenth century which suddenly changed, in Europe and America, the place that an age-long tradition had given to each form of human activity. And, indeed, we have only to leave a country which is under the influence of our own civilisation to find an entirely different conception of life. The Moslems, for example, can never pardon the unlimited materialism of Europeans.

It follows, then, that it is by no means astonishing to see the masses returning to the aspirations which occupied their minds in all former ages. And although these movements of opinion may sometimes seem dangerous, we cannot regard it as an evil that the peoples of Europe are once more beginning to pay attention to something besides their stock of economic tools and their balance of trade; for the ideal of their lives should in consequence become richer, more complicated, and for that very reason more human. It would, however, be unwise to think that we are going to see nothing but a renaissance of former ideals. The changes in opinion which we are now witnessing have this particular characteristic, that they have no apparent effect in tending to diminish, in the masses of the people, the desire for more rapid and more abundant profits, for more easily obtained and more varied forms of amusement. Modern nations appear to be wishing at once for an ideal and for money; for moral pleasures and for economic pleasures. Hence they strive to convince themselves that wars, conquests, or moral reforms are the best means of enriching themselevs.

From this point of view, the case of Italy is significant. The war in Tripoli is above all an effort to raise the prestige of the country. As a phenomenon in itself, the least we can say is that we must reserve our judgment about it. Forecasts of the economic value of territories which are sparsely populated and little known are always uncertain; for all sorts of surprises are possible. It is none the less certain that all our information regarding this part of Northern Africa does not warrant our nursing too brilliant hopes, at all events, hopes which we expect to be realised in the near future. It is, apparently, by no means probable that Tripoli will bring in very much to the generation which must conquer the country and begin to exploit it. The present generation will doubtless be called upon to spend money, to shed blood, to make an initial attempt by which others will be the gainers. This generation, then, might well be proud of the sacrifice it is making. But it is not. It seeks to convince itself that it is carrying through an excellent business proposition. Those who have endeavoured to lead the exalted patriotism of the country towards a colder conception of the reality of things have not by any means found favour in the eyes of the public—quite the contrary!

Mr. Roosevelt is the most popular man in the United States; he has imposed his powerful personality on the masses. His voice resounds all over the vast continent. A strong movement of opinion sees in him its symbolic representative. But it is doubtful whether his popularity would last for another twenty-four hours if he proceeded to preach a moral reform, like the great saints of the Middle Ages, laying it down as an essential condition that his followers should give up the good things of the earth and the pleasures of life. The new morality must not merely be developed amid every sign of prosperity; it must itself be a necessary element of prosperity.

This manner of conceiving life and the difficult question of the relationship between our ideal and our worldly interests, is doubtless a very convenient one. With this conception of life we should find, not merely that our ideal would cost us nothing, but that it would bring us in a handsome profit. The period of painful efforts and of sacrifices from which no immediate reward was to be expected would be at an end, and mankind would really enter into a new era of existence. But it may well be doubted whether this conception of life, convenient and attractive though it is, could be put into application without great difficulty. Experience and reason seem to indicate that glory, beauty, virtue, can only become the aims of existence when men are ready, in case of necessity, to sacrifice other aims of life in order that these may be reached—beginning, it must be added, with the sacrifice of wealth. But the most civilised peoples in Europe and America do not seem disposed at the present time to recognise this necessity. In order, then, that we may judge the real intensity of the movement of opinion which is now troubling two worlds, we must wait for the hour of sacrifice. On the day when the nations of the earth have to choose between an ideal and increased profits, we shall be able to see what the real and profound soul of our civilisation actually is.

# Irish Sentiment.

By Edward McNulty.

To believe that his country is first star of the earth and first gem of the sea is the fundamental duty of every sentimental Irishman; and the absurdity of such national egotism is apparent when we consider, that however beautiful a land may be, that condition is not in the least due to any personal virtue or ability on the part of the inhabitants. Every intelligent man with a taste for scenery can admire the mournful placidity of the Vale of Avoca or the dream-like splendour of the Lakes of Killarney, whilst, at the same time, conscious that the world enshrines other valleys equally attractive, other lakes of surpassing loveliness. In fact, nature, unfettered by the artifice of patriotism, lavishly spreads her bewildering schemes of form and colour in all continents and islands with incomparable variety, curiously reserving her most sublime masterpieces for places whose inhabitants are devoid of the appreciation of scenic display. But in the mind of the average Irishman, dimly fearful that his more portentous pretensions are based on air, there is a reserve of dogged consolation in the knowledge that, at all events, he belongs to a fighting race—physical courage being the natural birthright of all his countrymen. The briefest glimpse at the history of Ireland proves, however, that this attribute has been rarely exercised under the directing control of a noble ideal. It is chiefly in the interests of the financiers who work the strings of European governments that the Irish soldier has displayed his much-trumpeted courage, and, under the delusion that he was doing something transcendental, even sacrificed his life. It was Ireland who, whilst professing to worship at the sacred shrine of freedom, sent her soldiers to suppress the Indian Mutiny and to destroy the independence of the Dutch in South Africa. To inflate further the illusion of racial superiority there has been gathered from the remotest past fairy tales and poems dignified with the name of ancient Irish literature, proudly acclaimed equal to the writings of the early Greeks, although devoid of any reasoned works of a philosophical or scientific tendency. There is not wanting, too, the vain-glorious spirit which insists on looking back to the legendary warriors of old as the real historical forerunners of the khaki-clad infantry who stormed Majuba Hill. And whilst the dim, uncertain ages are pressed into the service of national egotism, whenever the present world produces a man of eminence either of Irish origin or remotely associated with Ireland, he is proclaimed as yet another proof of the supereminence of Irish character and intellect. One of the peculiarities of this sentiment is that its intensity can be measured in inverse ratio to distance; the Irish in the United States being more patriotic than those in England, who

are, again, more patriotic than those in Ireland. Of all these, however, the literary Irish in London are the most successful in turning their emotions to mercenary advantage. Marooned in the heartless bosom of the great city, these pathetic exiles, ten hours distant from the land they love so ardently, exploit their patriotism in that tinted journalism which passes for poetry with the uninitiated.

It seems a hopeless task to deliver Irishmen from politics, with which they are saturated. Now, politics belongs to the lowest strata of intellectuality. The politician's oratory consists of platitudes and decrepit shibboleths strung in commonplace jargon wearisome to the last degree of tireless iteration. He originates nothing and becomes an inflated personality owing to the vacuous condition of the Press. Nevertheless, it is to such ephemeral creatures that the modern Irish raise monuments and statues whilst Irishmen of original and permanent genius, world-famous in science, literature and art, men like Berkeley, Hamilton, Tyndall, Balfe, Foley and Swift, are scarcely remembered in the land of their birth. British and Irish statesmen, however, who are presumably anxious to bring the racial strife to an end, have overlooked some simple and effectual plans. An itinerant Imperial Parliament, for instance, following the precedence of touring dramatic companies, appearing three months in Westminster, and three in Dublin, with flying visits to big provincial centres like Edinburgh and Carnarvon, would result in a cheerful fusion of the antagonistic races on these islands. The itinerancy could be advertised by advance posters proclaiming: "Parliament is coming!" and a street procession of Cabinet Ministers and Members of the House of Commons, headed by a brass band, would endear it to the hearts of the emotional multitude. Failing this plan we might experiment with the great reserve scheme of changing the present official title of the two islands to "Great Ireland and Britain."

The crude cartoons and literary burlesques of Early Victorian artists and writers, who, in English papers, depicted their idea of a typical Irishman with an elongated upper lip and facial contour of an ourang, are more responsible for the anti-British sentiment than the Penal Laws or the devastating raids of Oliver Cromwell. To the average Briton, and particularly British girl, bred up to accept these libels as gospel, it must have been a revelation when the handsome lads of an Irish regiment first marched before their astonished eyes. Whatever else the Irish may be, they are assuredly on the good-looking side, and the innate refinement of the peasantry is abiding proof of the long centuries of civilisation developed by their ancient forefathers when the early Briton swaggered in cerulean through a village of wattle huts. Even the English, however, are gradually becoming civilised, at least so far as to recognise that the Irish possess qualities which are invaluable assets of the Empire.

But no intelligent man or woman will waste time in contrasting imaginary moral or mental differences between the inhabitants of one country and another. The mechanical devices of science which resolve frontiers into theories, with the resultant intellectual activity due to international intercourse, have reduced the notion of national distinctiveness to a nebulous haze. Men everywhere are alike: with the same virtues, vices and aspirations. The hard facts of everyday life confront an Irishman, in the same attire, with the same immovable callousness, just as they confront every human being; and he must solve them or perish. Pretensions to a monopoly of all the virtues cannot be permitted to the Irish or any other people. It is no pleasant task to tear away the tender affections which cling around the artificial prop of patriotism, but the elements of which they are composed are not necessarily destroyed. Directed to a larger space facing a vaster horizon, they must develop into the sphere of altruism and flourish, not for the glory of any section of the earth, but for all the world. The tendency of enlightenment is towards the eradication of all barricades between man and man, since it is obvious that of all races which inhabit this planet the human race is the most important.

# Souls and Soap.

By M. B. Oxon.

THE experiment of reducing the Presidential Address of the British Association meeting to the level of ordinary mortality does not seem to have been a great success. The ordinary mortals for whose benefit the turnip-head had been carved have quite spoiled the effect by refusing almost unanimously to let their flesh creep, while some among the more enlightened appear in favour of more logic and inspiration in the future. As the leader-writer of the "Times" said, the address was "just another demonstration of the limits of science." A presidential address should not be open to criticism like this. But apart from the lack of logic, or of inspiration such as might make us content to forego logic, the actual fare provided was very cold and stale. I am not old enough to remember much about the effect which was produced on the world in general when last the same meal was served up, somewhere in the 'seventies, I fancy, but I do not think that bishops were then telling their charges that there was nothing to be upset about and that a man could be a good Christian and still say "evolution." In fact, it seems that Professor Schäfer is rather late for the fair. The pendulum has started to swing back, and there is now a tendency to non-materialism again, but a non-materialism wholesomely chastened by a generation of materialism. For most people any belief in a dogmatic vitalism of any kind has gone. They are quite indifferent whether they have souls or not, and show no great eagerness for a new soul made of soap and benzine after the Mechanist's recipe. Those who are not satisfied with things as they are, console themselves with the knowledge that there is something, call it soul or not, as you please, of which they are undoubtedly possessed. The scientists never mention this thing; in fact, they do not seem to know of its existence; perhaps one day they will by chance "observe" their own; some of them will then begin to talk better sense.

The whole debate—for, in fact, it is now little more than a debate, since all the real animus was exhausted long ago—depends on where we put the limits and what things and views we choose to postulate as obviously absurd. It is, I think, not unfrequent to find that a scientist never escapes from the ideas into which he was born. Physiology is the science of the functions of living matter. Professor Schäfer was born a physiologist, and, as a good cobbler, he has stuck to his last. Physiology puffed itself up and took the name of Biology. This, I think, gives a kind of clue to the process by which we have arrived at talking of life as if it were the result of living matter instead of the cause of matter living.

But even within these limits the Mechanists make but poor use of the logic of facts. The fact that Bütschli's foam when it has been carefully ground up and prepared by the experimenter performs movements like those of protoplasm, is intensely interesting as showing how intangible a thing life is, but we have only to wait till it stops moving to see the difference. Though more mystifying to the lay mind, it is no more conclusive than the fact that a clockwork mouse looks very lifelike while it is running about, but even a puppy soon finds out that it is not alive. Again, why wait till we have made proteid synthetically before putting life into it? Our cells find dead nature-made proteid quite satisfactory to work on. The fact is, that the Mechanists do not really recognise the possibility of being able ever to do so; they put themselves on a lower level of intelligence than their own body cells. All they hope to do is to observe life appearing in matter, and by preference matter which they have mixed themselves that they may be sure of its antecedents and may also feel a parental pride in the result, as a gardener does who takes a turn at bee's work. The life must appear not too suddenly or it will be supernatural, but slowly and gently, so that one may not be able to say exactly at what moment the change happens. Thus will it be proved that life has come out of matter! What an

absurd position! Life is life, and non-life is non-life. Day does not come out of night any the more surely because it comes slow rather than fast!

Few people would deny, I imagine, that the phenomena of life include phenomena of moving matter, whether the movement is a mechanical or a chemical one. But to say that life is nothing more than this because we cannot measure any energy attributable to life while we are measuring the energy attributable to matter is as sensible as to deny electricity or gravity because we do not measure them in every pint pot. It is foolhardy to say that the proximate cause of the flowing of protoplasm may not be very closely related to the cause of the movements of the foam—be that surface tension or any other " natural " cause. But that there is something more than this in question is clear from the fact that there is no case known, Brownian movement included, where, if we are given more than a flashlight view of the proceedings, any doubt exists as to whether life is present or not.

However we try to define this "something," the impression we have to convey is that a living body has a more comprehensive grasp of the situation than a non-living body has.

To some extent life is conditioned by matter, to some extent it conditions matter in return. The truest diagram which I know is a sheet of paper with iron filings on it, under which we move a magnet. The pattern of the filings is the pattern of the magnetic field. The movement is due to the mover, but round filings will follow truly the movements of the magnet, crooked ones will take their own path. All iron compounds are not influenced by a magnet; their internal arrangements are not suitable. By chemical means we can let them arrange themselves differently, so that the magnet can grasp them. This seems to me a very good diagram of the proteid question, too. We must remember that iron is not a magnet, but it can be magnetised. The same dogma which makes it more acceptable to science, that living and dead matter should be one, not two—the will o' the wisp of simplicity—makes it also more desirable that there should only be one form of life, not several, and until this difficulty has been got round we can only mark time. But in order to understand things, I fancy we shall have to admit, proven or unproven, that there are several " grades of life," whatever that may turn out to mean. There is a grade which, taking "amorphous matter " (whatever that may be) in hand, arranges it, as it comes out of solution, into crystals, counteracting in some degree, however slight, the necessity of the environment—gravity for example.* Another grade supervises (or to use Professor Schäfer's own words, " is embodied in ") the cell and sees that the protoplasmic foam does not waste itself as Bütschli's does, following merely the necessity of its environment. And so, too, with plant and animal and man.

This is all far too complicated to be acceptable now, but the only way in which we can keep simple our ideas of such a complicated machine as the universe is by refusing to look at more than a little piece of it and saying that the rest does not matter, or by using long words, like Evolution, which strangle thought. The Creator of the universe is the cause by which the universe was and is being created, and whether we label it matter, or energy, or spirit, or God, is of æsthetic importance only. Evolution, of course, did not do it; evolution is only the steps by which the energy proceeds;—we might call it Cosmic Logic. It is more exciting to think that the worlds started off as the flag fell among a rain of fireworks, with all the Sons of God shouting for joy, but it would be no less wonderful and no whit more explicable if we could only trace it all back to a little patch of slime. For how did the slime get there?

But whether evolution started itself and evolved matter, or whether matter started and evolved evolution, either way man is caught in the web, unless perchance he is a lucky fluke, an unintentional pun, of which the universe is still blissfully unconscious. Whether this is more or less ignominious than being the Red King's dream I do not know, but I feel sure that man will not be penalised as an interloper, but will be taken on his merits. So if Prof. Schäfer can make good synthetic proteid, up to specification and suitable for life to get a foothold in, and so save someone or something else the trouble, I think it is possible that Nature will not bother how it came there, but will drop her little egg of life into it just in her natural way, as she has done ever since she first found it could be done.

*When crystals are forming in a fluid they seem to be surrounded by a field of "force" which makes it essential for the crystals as they appear to lie in certain directions. Whether this has anything to do with the present point I do not know.

# Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

## III.

HE lacks originality of imagination. He? The plutocrat of our mediæval period. Wishing to magnify his name, his sole recourse is to do what some one else has done and to do it bigger.

Hence the great houses. Hence the feudal system, lacking in this, namely: That if we have had our Savarie de Malleon, no one has spread his rumour abroad.

There is a tale told of a certain man in, I think, Chicago, who was diverted by the personality of one Bill Donohue (or, perhaps, Murphy), a pugilist, and being led on by our American love of incongruities he left the said William Donohue alone in a drawing-room with certain ladies of society.

And the ladies had nothing to say. And Donohue had nothing to say. And things remained for some while in that status. And Donohue, in large kid gloves, sat on the edge of a small chair and he grew redder and redder. And finally, to relieve the tension, he broke forth:—

" Bet I can lift the piano! "

But no one took him up. And in due season the wag returned.

The "successful" American has found himself more than once in like pass. He looks at the civilised peoples of the world and bets he can lift the piano. And they seem to find the matter irrelevant, being imbedded in their own particular and more effete sorts of stupidity.

Nevertheless, after our period of beautiful castles there comes the beginning of our architecture.

And this is a Renaissance. As touching the metropolitan tower; the " campanile " form has been obsolete for some centuries. When towns ceased to need watch towers the " campanile " ceased as a living architectural mode.

With the advance of steel construction it has become possible to build in the proportions of the campanile something large enough to serve as an office building. This tower is some 700 odd feet high and dominates New York as the older towers dominate hill towns of Tuscany. It is white and very beautiful, and it is imperfect, for its clock projects in a very ugly manner. But no man with sensibilities can pass the base of it without some savour of pride and some thought beyond the moment.

And, beside, it is Dr. Parkhurst's new church, a gem to be sought from afar. (For God's sake don't go in while the assistant is preaching.) This scrap of building has, perhaps, little to do with the future, but it is a re-birth, a copy, as good as anything Palladio cribbed from Vitruvius.

It has what the more interesting experiments have not as yet achieved: to wit, correctness.

To return to the question of campanile, there is on Gramercy Park, and in sight of what were my windows, a candid and new building. Its ground plan is the shape you would have if you took three rows of three squares each on a checker-board and then removed the middle square of the front row.

And as the indenture is in shadow, one seems, in looking down Twenty-first Street and across the square, to see two twin towers. And this also is a very delightful use of the campanile motif. But the ass who built it has set a round water-tank just where it spoils the sky line. And for the next three decades nothing will prevent this sort of imbecility. It is convenient to have the water-tank higher than the top floor. To build the water-tank as a turret, retaining the lines of the building, is, and will remain, beyond their aspiration.

The new library is another example of botch, of false construction. The rear elevation is clever, it is well adapted to the narrow demand of light for the book stacks. But they have tried to conceal a third floor behind the balustrade. The balustrade becomes false, the third floor shows like an undershirt projecting beyond a man's cuffs. The shape of the roof is hideous. As the library is surrounded by tall buildings, the library is constantly seen from above. It violates the basic principle of art which demands that the artist consider from what angle and elevation his work is to be seen.

I found it impossible to make a younger member of the architect's firm understand any of this.

He said they needed the room. He would have said also in the other case that "they needed the tank." May God smite all his sort with the pip and send us another generation.

There is, nevertheless, a fine spirit of experiment at work. One man has built an apartment house west of the park and stuck on the façade of a Gothic cathedral. The result is bad, but the spirit which tries this sort of thing is bound to win to some better ending.

For the great Pennsylvania R.R. station they have copied the baths of Diocletian, or some such person. They have an entrance and a great passage, plain, well fit for a great swarming of people, yet the small approaches to the tracks are narrow, and you do not get through them without a sense of being cramped and crowded.

I was discussing the conditions of our architecture with a man (Edgar Williams) who has what is I suppose our "Prix de Rome"; at least there are ten Americans kept in the eternal city to learn all they can of the ancient excellence of painting, architecture and sculpture. And he and I were examining Italy. In "San Zeno" (at Verona) one finds columns with the artisan's signature at the base. Thus: "Me Mateus fecit." That is what we have not, where columns are ordered by the gross. And this is a matter of "industrial conditions." The perfect work is not yet.

Nevertheless, America is the only place where contemporary architecture may be held to be of any great interest. That art at least is alive.

And New York is the most beautiful city in the world?

It is not far from it. No urban night is like the nights there. I have looked down across the city from high windows. It is then that the great buildings lose reality and take on their magical powers. They are immaterial; that is to say one sees but the lighted windows.

Squares after squares of flame, set and cut into the æther. Here is our poetry, for we have pulled down the stars to our will.

As for the harbour, and the city from the harbour, a huge Irishman stood beside me the last time I went back there and he tried vainly to express himself by repeating:—

"It uccedes Lundun."

"It uccedes Lundun."

I have seen Cadiz from the water. The thin, white lotus beyond a dazzle of blue. I know somewhat of cities. The Irishman thought of size alone. I thought of the beauty, and beside it Venice seems like a tawdry scene in a play-house. New York is out of doors.

And as for Venice; when Mr. Marinetti and his friends shall have succeeded in destroying that ancient city, we will rebuild Venice on the Jersey mud flats and use the same for a tea-shop.

# We are the Dreams of Brahm.

(Indian Saying.)

Great Brahm awake!
The night is far outworn,
The sighing of another hopeless morn
Begins to shake
The folded curtains veiling all the East,
The grey light glimmers on a broken feast;
O! Brahm awake,
We cannot face the dawn.

Dost thou not hear?
O! wake that we may cease
And in the death of all thy dreams find peace.
Hast thou no tear
To mar the smile upon thy sleeping face?
Unclose thy dreaming eyelids and efface
Our hope and fear,
O! Brahm give us release.

Thou sleep'st while we
In sorrow joy and pain
Around the inner silence of thy brain
Eternally
Revolve and change yet cease not; we are doomed
To last that thou mayest dream thy dreams; entombed
And part of thee
We lift our hands in vain.

Suns, moons and stars
All these unto thee seem
Strung jewels on a slender thread of dream;
Yea, and the hours
Ephemeral; the ages that have rolled
Behind thine eyes are less a thousandfold
To thee than flowers
Or babbling of a stream

To us. Thou sleepest
Serene; upon thy face
No shadow, nay, a smile; around thee space
Is not; there creepest
No smallest thing that is not part of thee,
Space is a dream within thy brain and we
Of dreams the deepest,
Run our endless race.

Endless! O Brahm
Yea endless for we know
Ev'n as men's dreams pass utterly like snow
There is no charm
To waken thee from sleep imperishable,
Thou and thy dreams are deathless, nay, no spell
Can do thee harm;
Relentlessly and slow

The world slips round
That slender, circled thread
Encompassed in thy silence still and dread,
Sages profound
Dispute in vain and lift their hands on high,
Thine eyelids men call Fate and Destiny
In sleep are drowned
They weigh on us like lead.

All we must rise
—Our prayers and pleadings vain—
To face the broken sunlight once again,
No sacrifice
Can reach or move thee; lo! the cold dawn comes,
The heart-beats of the worlds like muffled drums
Throb, yet thine eyes
Lift not as through thy brain

The worlds swing slow,
The suns and moons and we
As currents in the silence of the sea
Rise, ebb and flow
And change, yet unto thee, O Brahm! O dawn
Comes grey-clad o'er the sea with eyes forlorn
To wake thee; lo!
Thou sleep'st eternally.

MURIEL WELLS.

# Present-Day Criticism.

Is it possible that the display of the "new spellers" may very happily result in a revival of the art of diction? Such an awful example of what we might come to cannot fail to warn and to excite us all to pay more attention to correct pronunciation. One is stifled to learn that certain doctors of Oxford pronounce such words as was, young, you, heard, another, and so on, with the accent of costermongers, and other words in the tone of yokels, and that, moreover, they suppose us all to be contracting our larynxes and loosening the corners of our lips in similar ignorance of the proprieties and elegances of English. But there it is. These people, with the millionaire, Mr. Carnegie, at their back, are preparing to advertise everywhere their peculiar disability, and to try to impose it on the nation! Well, now is the time for rhapsodists, actors, and all teachers of elocution to make quite a fortune in exhibiting and imparting their science. They will be able to make admirable way if only the new spellers carry on a sufficiently wide and prolonged campaign. People hitherto careless, and even coarse, of pronunciation, will be enticed to discuss the subject of diction and, accompanying discussion with experiment, will discover and correct errors of which they are now unaware. One hears, for instance, many people pronounce the word young as though the o were not there at all, giving it the full nasal tone as in stung: but a trained voice will render the unique tenderness of those five letters, incomparable in our language. The new spellers have it that made and maid are to be spelled alike. But no one who has once heard these words correctly said will forget the difference—the delicate dwelling of tone on the double vowel. There may be needed certain correction of sounds and letters in some of our English words in order to make better symbols of things. These corrections, however, are not a matter for eccentrics in a hurry to undertake. Nations do not accept such guidance.

It is perhaps in differentiating the tones of such diversely charged words as Almighty, awful, enormous that we fail most often. The present writer has heard a lecturer destroy the effect of a sentence containing the last word—enormous: the *or* was tunnelled, as it were, through the cheeks tightly drawn, instead of the tone being expanded symbolically over the tongue held low, tip close to the lower teeth, from the larynx that should be widened. In pronouncing this word quickly, naturally good speakers will instinctively draw in the abdomen. Such a speaker will instinctively allow the time and quality of the dropped e in awful, making a proper hiatus; and he will lift the first syllable in "Almighty" with the liquid l sent upward by the tongue to the roof of the mouth.

But we must not give even the false appearance of writing a treatise on diction, or those new spellers will be hurrying along to tell us that we know nothing of the only thing that matters, namely, philology: and, truly, we should cut a poor figure in that science beside their Professor Skeat, who has explored so far that finding no mor adventyurz ov that particyular cind possibl he has saut sum preshus soelz az hi and dri az himself for sumthing tu du and sed tu them mi deer frends and felos ov the plezant plains ov nolej i hav a grait afecshon for yu aul and am hapy to tel yu that the ocupashons and delites ov senility ar not whot wun mite caul shaterd.

Really, one ought not to do it even for a gross and miserable joke.

In "The Literary Influence of Academies," Arnold—who doubted our ability to form a true academy—writes of freaks in dealing with language. He takes a familiar instance, commenting: "Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort in face of the grave respect with which the academy and its dictionary invest the French language. Some people will say these are little things; they are not; they are of bad example. They spread the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in our habits of wilfulness and eccentricity which hurt our minds and damage our credit with serious people." This dictum is timely now; and we suppose that our readers will not need to be reminded how Arnold further illustrates what he calls plainly the "ignorance and charlatanism of the journeyman-work of literature"—that includes translation and research of all kinds as well as journalism—by the extravagances of certain doctors of the universities. Arnold might scarcely have dreamed as possible so gross an eccentricity as this "nu speling" adventure; the Professor Murrays of his time, the vulgarians of Oxford, kept themselves better concealed than at present—or more probably were kept so. Now, apparently, the vulgarians are not only in the majority, but are in power and set upon annihilating the culture that condemns them and their works. That they will never achieve, however low they may bring the fame of the universities: and even this latter folly may on any day become so evidently evil as to ensure the returning influence of the true men of letters—since these do not lack at either Oxford or Cambridge, but they are shouted down by the voices of brass. Here and there, some published note, some anonymous article cheers us, assuring us that the still small voice of culture has lost none of its sweetness, the lettered mind none of its power and profundity. It is, unhappily for THE NEW AGE, probable that some of the very men for whose rule we are contending, somewhat furiously, a little loud it must often be, against the brigands on the highway of literature—have never so much as heard of us. But they begin to hear. We know that, one by one, they are hearing. And we quote yet again Matthew Arnold, the critic unsurpassed: the critic by whom we English may most *live*—he is speaking of the promised land of English literature: "To have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity." We echo that with regard to our desire and labour for the return to judgment and rule of the men of letters at Oxford and Cambridge: those infrequent, often anonymous, unmistakable writers.

With regard to a possible revival of correct speaking, the following, from an article by Mr. Stanley Leathes, in the Educational Supplement to the "Times" of September 3rd, is appropriate:—

> French has an advantage which neither Greek nor Latin has. French diction has been developed into a fine art. It has its professors, whose methods I know from experience to be admirable. We know exactly how French ought to be pronounced. I, you, or they may not be able to do it right, but it is agreed how it should be done. It is pronounced with the utmost accuracy both in its consonants and its vowels. No consonant is slurred; every vowel is true and pure. English, on the other hand, is slurred and blurred; many of our consonants are half swallowed; many of our vowels are ordinarily pronounced as irregular diphthongs. I do not hope to alter the main characteristics of English pronunciation; and an English diction class would probably bring the schoolmaster into collision with many of the parents, who might find that the pronunciation learnt at home was being condemned as vulgar or incorrect, and, in any case, would consider accurate enunciation to be priggish, pedantic, and affected. But if boys were taught (very likely they are so taught in some schools) to give full value to French consonants and vowels, and made to practise until they had learnt to use in speech their lips and tongue and teeth, they would not only learn to pronounce French, they would not only learn the full beauty of French sonorities, but they would learn the principles of elocution, which would be of value to them should they become schoolmasters, professors, barristers, clergymen, actors, singers, or politicians. Moreover, they would approach the pronunciation of any new language with a knowledge of the points to be observed and a trained mechanism of speech. They might even unconsciously improve their pronunciation of English. German pronunciation might also be made a useful exercise, but it is not comparable in elegance and accuracy to French.

There is the corrective for such ignorant adventurers as the new spellers. But let us forget the madness that

would aim at belittling and destroying the art, so reverent of beauty and harmony, and of the highest spirit of the nation, which established the English language. We may rest certain that such changes in the language as shall be made will come as they came in the past, almost obscurely—for that is the way of progress for culture.

# Views and Reviews.*

ONE is never quite sure whether Squire Western or Sir Roger de Coverley was the more typical of the order of English squires. Macaulay, in his famous diatribe against the squires of the seventeenth century, certainly gave Fielding's character an interest, although not a value, separate from that of fiction. For those squires were Tories; and if it were possible to be unjust to Tories, Macaulay never denied himself the pleasure. It is possible, though, to react too strongly even against Macaulay; and Mr. Ditchfield's blend of Sir Roger de Coverley, John Peel, and the Admirable Crichton is no less suspect. It savours too much of that elusive and illusive Merrie England to be regarded as anything more than an ideal.

Mr. Ditchfield writes as a biographer rather than as an historian. In reply to a general charge, he quotes a particular case; although it must be confessed that in some instances, such as the presence of the country gentry in London, he has the authority of history. But if we have to choose between the bumptious and ignorant clodhopper of Macaulay and the elegant and learned gentleman of Mr. Ditchfield, we are more than a little confused by some of the evidence of this book. If, as contemporary writers tell us, the country gentry were always riding post to the metropolis, and spending their substance there, when they ought to have been occupied with the care of their estates, Mr. Ditchfield's plea that their services to the nation included the due maintenance and ordering of their estates is not admissible. Either they did, or they did not, live on their estates; if they did, they probably merited Macaulay's censure; if they did not, they are unworthy of Mr. Ditchfield's praise. What is most probable is that the order of squires developed two types similar to those in the parable of the prodigal son; and that Mr. Ditchfield has simply put forward the type that Macaulay did not censure as a refutation of his charges.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Ditchfield has adopted the comparatively easy method of the biographer rather than the more comprehensive and difficult method of the historian; for the squire is so definitely a feudal figure that the history of his development into a mere rural landlord might have thrown some light on the submergence of the peasantry. A good deal of economic history and of political theory would have been required to do justice to the theme; and we should have been better able to appreciate the services of the squire had they been detailed in orderly fashion and related to a theory of development. It is certain, for example, that if they were ever as influential in local government as Mr. Ditchfield contends, they must be considered responsible for the degradation of the people from a peasantry to a proletariat. The decay of the order of squires is simply a correlative of the destruction of the order of the peasantry; and in that the squires took their share. It was not enough that they should have enclosed the commons or fastened a new slavery on the peasants by accepting a money commutation of labour due: "To them," says Sir Henry Spelman, "good came from the hardships and misery inflicted upon hundreds of religious men and women and their retainers. They mounted into power and place upon the ruins of the old monastic houses, and laid the foundation of their family fortunes upon wealth filched in the name of the law from the patrimony of the poor."

The results are fairly well known. The monasteries, after all, represented one source of income to the peasantry, none the less valuable because it included the usufruct of land. The passing of what were practically public lands into private hands meant the dispossession of numbers of people; and vagrancy increased enormously. Elizabeth tried the customary English remedy of hanging, and our "fine old English gentlemen" applied it with a will; but vagrancy did not decrease. The Poor Law was invented, and the squires, whose services to the country included magisterial duties, forced large numbers of people into the status of paupers by their administration of this Act and their assessments of wages at quarter sessions.

None of these things is told us by Mr. Ditchfield. He assumes that the squires were really the backbone of the country; and certainly they made England what she is. He admits that they were, perhaps, tyrannous; but he implies that what England needed and needs was tyranny. He quotes with approval the story of a squire who dismounted from his cob, and thrashed the bully of the neighbourhood because the bully did not touch his hat. His justification is regarded by Mr. Ditchfield as "very good and reasonable," and I quote it here. "I thought it right to do so," said the squire, "because that lubberly lout is teaching my people to be disrespectful, and when country people once lose respect for their benefactors, the next step is to lose self-respect."

I have hinted at some of the historical benefactions of the order of squires, but the psychology of the squire affords scope for further comment. That it is a benefaction to allow common people to pay rent is, of course, a cardinal principle of English law; and that the man who takes the rent should be willing to perform the onerous duties of local government is so great a benefaction that common people must be compelled to show proper respect to those who granted it. Respect for others is the basis of self-respect, implies the squire, in defiance of all psychology; and that defiance is the measure of his services to the nation. If it is profitable to have a nation subservient to a class, how very grateful we should be to our capitalists and financiers who hold us more completely at their mercy than ever the squire did. That the squire has taught the English nation to be everlastingly touching one gigantic hat to a few Hebrews is a service so immeasurable that I am not surprised that the squire is practically extinct after rendering it. Nunc dimittis, he should be singing; but Mr. Ditchfield hints that he is really saying, "Damn the Jews."

Really, he has been worsted. Had his main concern been not the collection of rent, and the maintenance of his authority for this purpose, but the exploitation of the productive power of his land, he might have held his own. But when sheep paid better than wheat, he dispossessed the farmers, and threw the land into pasture. When the Corn Laws no longer enabled him to starve the people of England, he became an investor; and turned his pasture into a park, or displaced ruminants by pheasants. That he is still busy administering the game laws, and terrorising the remnants of the rural population into proper respect for himself, cannot be doubted; but scarcely, it would seem, with the same efficiency. The young squire of the seventeenth century, says Mr. Ditchfield, "was better educated in Greek, Latin, logic, philosophy, divinity and law than the country gentleman of to-day"; but whether we regard him as being stupid or intelligent, nothing can save him from extinction. "They might," said Carlyle, speaking of our gentry, "be little Providences on earth, and they are, for the most part, jockeys and fops." It is an everlasting reproach to our landed gentry that our production per acre only averages £4, while Belgium, which has never been benefited by a class of squires, produces £20 per acre. Even with cattle raising we can only keep one head of cattle or cattle unit to about three acres, while Jersey can keep the same unit on one acre. But of these facts there is no mention in Mr. Ditchfield's book. He is content to give us a few biographical sketches, to insist on the learning, ability, and taste of our squires, and to argue that the passing of their order is a national calamity. A. E. R.

* "The Old English Country Squire." By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

# Interesting and Suggestive.

IF I were a more distinguished author than I am, the still most offensive thing that could be said of my books would be that they were "interesting." To be "interesting" to the modern mind is to be able to tickle curiosity to the verge of emotion and there to fail and die. To raise the feeling one degree more would be to create an e-motion, a mood requiring something to be done (if only a resolution to be made or unmade)—in other words, to engender a feeling capable of being given a name and judged by its outcome. But the honour of definition, of finality, of decision, is so great nowadays that precisely this emotion is dreaded. On the other hand, so necessary is feeling to life that feeling itself must be stimulated to the verge of emotion; and this results in the eunuch which we call interest.

Examined carefully, this habit of stopping short at the merely interesting is closely allied with other habits in other areas. In periods when "interest" is the predominant quality sought, flirtation, coquetry, and promiscuity flourish. Passion is nothing if not definite and precise; said to be of flame, its form is marble. Passion is classic. But flirtation and the rest are without form and void. They pursue the "interesting" till it threatens to become absorbing, and then they are off. In words too, in literature, interest has its parallel. Writing must be suggestive only. Conveying an idea, stating it in black and white, is the last thing either aimed at or tolerated by our modern stylists. You must not say this or that, you must hint it; you must not use the direct words, but the words indirect. Thence come circumlocutions, conceits, mixed styles, clichés and every other literary abomination. Our modern writers spoon and flirt with language; they have no sense of either chastity or passion.

It is the same in life. All experiences are now said to be "interesting," even experiences which brute beasts endeavour to avoid. The modern mind, having no intention of defining itself or of confining itself either, must needs wander here and there touching this, fingering that, stroking the other, but never thoroughly grasping and saturating itself with anything. Thence it follows that there are no "characters" in our day, either eccentrics and grotesques, or scholars and gentlemen. For a character is at least defined. Given the same stimulus it will respond similarly on every occasion. But your modern mind delights in surprising you by responding differently on similar occasions. One day it is severe, the next day sentimental, the next day merely silly, and so on. Feminine, you remark? Or democratic, Mr. Ludovici would say? Neither. It is simply decadence, the whim taking the throne of will.

But, after all, our modern eunuchs have really no right to use these words "interest" and "suggestion"; for both have a manly significance and should be confined to the use of minds that mean business. To be genuinely interested, for example, is for a man not necessarily a pleasurable state at all; it is certainly not a state to be cultivated and induced for its own value. A man of character who finds himself "interested" in anything is aware that he cannot stop there. Sooner or later he will have to be prepared to *act* his interest. Though this undoubtedly gives him a sense of power, it is not necessarily pleasurable in the tickling sense. Such a man will, therefore, watch over his interests, and beware lest one should lead him to action. *All* interests are not for him by any means, but only such as he would not be ashamed to enact. Your eunuch, on the other hand, may safely interest himself in everything; he is in no danger of acting anything.

Suggestive, too, has one meaning for the modern eunuch and another for a man of character. To be suggestive for the latter, a book or an essay or an idea or a picture must convey power, actually convey it. I do not know how this is done, but it is, nevertheless, scientifically demonstrable by the dynamometer that some books do and other books do not convey power to their readers. Let anybody test with a dynamometer his condition after reading a newspaper or one of the perfunctory weekly reviews. He may have been "interested" in its reading, and its matter may have been "suggestive." But ten to one, his strength will be found to have diminished in the indulgence; virtue will have gone out of him. On the other hand, what is called a classic, whether ancient or modern—it may be THE NEW AGE—has the effect of increasing our power, not in illusory feeling only, but in actual fact, measurable by science. One rises from classic reading strengthened and from other reading weakened. The test of real interest as of real suggestion is that we are not only moved to act, but power to act is supplied to us.

The difference between feeling strong and being strong is profound. All feeling of strength is pleasant, but the strong do not necessarily enjoy this pleasure. On the contrary, the actually weak often feel themselves to be strong, while the actually strong often feel themselves to be weak. Nobody can read the lives of strong men without discovering that as a rule they are painfully conscious of weakness. Nobody can meet weak people without discovering that they usually imagine themselves to be strong. This paradox, indeed, is so generally true that Plato drew from it the practical conclusion that nobody who thought himself capable of governing was actually capable. To aspire to any task was in his view to define oneself incapable of it. There are exceptions, however.

What most modern literature does is to play upon the pleasurable feeling of power and to induce it even in readers who have no power whatever. This flattery, in fact, of weakness makes writers of this kind popular in a decadent age. But in a decadent age the most valuable writers, on the other hand, are the most disagreeable, the least flattering, the most unpopular, the least "interesting" and "suggestive."

R. M.

# REVIEWS.

**Tenterhooks.** By Ada Leverson. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"He was particularly fickle, vague and scrappy in his emotions. Edith was the only woman for whom even a little affection could last, and he would have long tired of her but for the extraordinary trouble and tact she used with him." Even when he runs away with a "horrid little art student," she only reminds him of his post in the Foreign Office and an imperilled legacy, turns off a man with whom she has been flirting as those wives flirt, and with the great, wise air accepts another scrap of his emotion. At least ten journals are advertised as testifying to Mrs. Leverson's dazzling wit. The "Athenæum," however, in a moment of its ancient taste, reproves her "annoying attempts at humour." Here is a sample: "One afternoon Edith was talking to the telephone in a voice of agonised entreaty that would have melted the hardest of hearts, but did not seem to have much effect on the 'Exchange,' which, evidently, was not responsive to pathos that day."

**Clara.** By A. Neil Lyons. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Mr. Lyons is tedious in an author's note: "It is no good attempting to disguise that one chapter contains a barefaced theft from Heine. . . . My punctuation, however, is original, as is also the idea of a Heine-Caveringhane collaboration." Mr. Lyons cannot have heard of Mr. C. E. Bechhöfer's collaboration sketches, the first of which appeared in THE NEW AGE a year or two ago! For our part, we have failed to discover the chapter in question. A novel of bundle-carriers with three-fourths or more of the whole in pavement English.

**A Woman in the Limelight.** By Charles Gleiz. (Methuen. 6s.)

Great creative journalists hang around stage doors and at last come to "slippered ease" in Grub Street's

notion of heaven, Gray's Inn. "'Perhaps, after all, bachelor freedom is best for you,' said Noel. 'Character is fate, old boy,' returned Wilmot. . . He paused to light a final cigarette. . . . 'Be true to the memory of your Rosamond; that, old boy, is the way of peace for you.'" The "Athenæum" finds this book squalid but "unconventional . . . something to be grateful for." And to think that in the same issue of that journal occurs the phrase—"thorough appreciation of what is lofty and beautiful in letters." Perhaps it was this gem of frank comment which did so take the "Athenæum": "'Fleshy,' said Wilmot, after scrutinising the two backs through his opera-glasses. 'The brace must weigh well over thirty stone. I fear the fair Pessie will also run to flesh by-and-by. One has to consider these family traits in choosing a wife.'" A novel of bounders.

**The Ban.** By Lister Lurgan. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

There is much talent here, but marred by some artistic vice-haste, idleness, or, perhaps, ignorance. The syntax is very rough in places and the detail shows often not the least sign of selection. Six months of the artist's "laborious correction" would have made the book not only well worth reading, but worth treasuring. The author makes a misplaced and amateurish dedication to his (or her?) mother. A published novel is public property and the family of the author are no concern of the persons who pay for the publication. Public acknowledgment in the explicit form of a dedication is not proper, unless the recipient has actually assisted in the work.

"The Ban" is a tale of atavism, dealing with the birth of a brown-skinned child to English parents. The story is told, in the tragic chapters, with a moderation and simplicity altogether admirable; and the gifted language justifies our intolerance of the writer who does not add to that which has been given to her. There are many trivial, superfluous incidents, and the first part is interesting mostly in prophetic flashes of a talent, at its best, poetical and psychologically true. How uncommon are these two qualities with modern novelists our readers need not be reminded. The author, indeed, cannot hide his gift; even amid the trivial scenes arrives a page of good style and excellent characterisation. All the people are healthy-minded and well-mannered: and they are presented with very little psychological description. The waste is in realistic detail which drags. For instance, four paragraphs about a caterpillar are too many altogether. But Brenda, that reticent delicate study, Austin, the ill-fated grandson of an Indian woman, James Fairdale, the grandfather, living in every sentence, the Professor, the Colonel and Sandy McGregor, excellent cronies, Mrs. Melville, Christian, and Mrs. Gurard, Brenda's worldly mother, interest us as we do not expect to be interested in these days; and, in fact, they shall be treasured. The book goes on to the shelf.

**Phrynette Married.** By Marthe Troly-Curtin. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

The diary of a young Frenchwoman, mother of twins. Sympathises with Heliogabalus and poor Don Juan, but is disappointed with the Creator: "If union between close relations is wrong morally or hygienically, which comes to the same thing, then the basis and beginning of our world is wrong." Shakespeare gets off fairly lightly: "A rose called, say, porcupine, would not at all smell as sweet." In the absence of her English husband, who is tiger-shooting in India, Phrynette elopes with a French captain, who bites her shoulders by way of proving himself "a splendid savage." Returns home dissatisfied. Husband says, "Phrynette, I have been a silly ass," and she forgives him.

**The Co-Respondent.** By the Author of "The Terror by Night." (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

"Is it fair, is it just, that a pure woman should be shut out from love because she is 'legally' bound to a licentious man?" Thus Lady Chalmers to Captain Blake.

**The Battle of Souls.** By Hugh Naybard. (Murray and Evenden. 1s.)

Christ reincarnates and appears to the people at one of Paul Fane's revivalist meetings. Paul announces His coming, and a Nonconformist minister asks, "Will Mr. Fane receive a committee of six on the platform?" On the Appearance, the minister accuses Christ of blasphemy. "'O ye of little faith!' cried the Master bitterly. 'Think ye that God condescends to prove his Godhead to man by miracle? O, doubting Thomas, behold!'" With an awful shriek of terror, the minister sinks upon his knees. Thereafter he does away with Labour Unrest by disproving Atheism (Socialism); with war, by causing the German army in Essex to faint away and take the first boat home; Satan, by destroying his disciples, a Woman and the Prime Ministers of England and Austria; slums; and corruption in the Church, etc.

**The Last Resort.** By H. F. Prevost Battersby. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

London drawing-rooms and the Resident's house at Sakhara, a square, white, massive building with a verandah, Native rising, arrival of a cruiser in the nick of time, two marriages.

**The Adventures of Miss Gregory.** By Percival Gibbon. (Dent. 6s.)

Old busybody, seeking copy for a book—"a big book, full of meat, spiced with character and pungent with real raw life"—rounds up all the crackpots in East Africa, Odessa, Berlin, Brussels; assists a female tramp to give birth to a "fruit of miracles," and consoles her virginity with the publication of her book.

**Remittance Billy.** By Ashton Hilliers. (Methuen. 6s.)

A very interesting book, written by an author clearly acquainted with a thousand ways of the world. In fact, the detail is so full as to suggest some extravagance, yet the extravagance in quantity is rarely robbed from the quality. Mr. Hilliers does not fill up his pages with telling one in ten ways how She smiled or He sighed: he is much too clever a dramatist for that, and too overflowing with communicable experience of persons and things. The publishers' note explains that "Remittance Billy," the scion of a business house, muddles through! There, that is not, perhaps, the most complete summary possible to be made of the book, but we appreciate the despair implied. One must go back to the best novelists to surpass Mr. Hilliers' robustness, wholesomeness, and solid information of the decent world and its doings; and his publishers are welcome to reprint our opinion without the qualification which we must make of this comparison—namely, that we have not in this book evidence that Mr. Hilliers' style, a little too light, even racy, would permit him to develop a tragical crisis. In the chapter entitled "Palgrave," describing the parting between a young girl and a man who had failed her in a time of need, there is displayed much delicacy and sympathy and, above all, sound dealing. And doubtless the author has selected with true judgment such scenes as best, and so admirably employs his lively, gay and urbane talent.

**The Sisters and Green Magic.** By Dermot O'Bryne. (Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

The eighth of the "Orpheus" series. Of the two short stories, "The Sisters" exhibits some flame amidst rather less than usual Irish smoke. The subject is morbid—ill-placed love and epileptic's madness, with circumstances of such uncommon horror as the birth of a child with a webbed hand—but the tale is well told, if such things can be said ever to be well told.

**Sunshine Sketches.** By Stephen Leucock. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

A charming book, and leisurely, as the title may imply. "Mr. Jos. Smith," a specimen of the sensible, shrewd, rough, good-hearted, fortunate man, appears often enough to keep the sequence of the chapters at least as coherent as those of most so-called novels. The author, in an agreeable preface, dated from McGill University, humorously relates his career in justification of his literary being. He does not, though the

"Pall Mall Gazette" says that he does, "bid fair to rival the immortal Lewis Carroll," and himself would, one would conclude, be far from feeling grateful for the ignorant and unserviceable compliment. Mr. Leucock's humour is not of the Carroll order. The touch in the present volume differs from that in the author's "Literary Lapses," but the hand is the same. Here is a pleasant specimen: "I don't know whether you know it, but you can rent an enchanted house in Mariposa for eight dollars a month, and some of the most completely enchanted are the cheapest. As for the enchanted princes they [the maids of Mariposa] find them in the strangest places, where you never expected to see them, working—under a spell, you understand—in drug stores and printing offices, and even selling things in shops. But to be able to find them you have just to read ever so many novels about Sir Galahad and The Errant Quest, and that sort of thing."

**The New Humpty-Dumpty.** By Daniel Chaucer. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

What a dreadful misfortune to have such a name! One feels one ought to be kind. But how to be kind to a man with no more wit than to write under it? However, he is only a breeder of shorthorns, "writing to pass the time," and he makes up a family preface of himself, some old friend, "By Jove," and Mr. Lane. So he perhaps won't mind what we say about his padded chapters so long as we say something.

**Nance of Manchester.** By Orme Agnus. (Methuen. 6s.)

Poor Nance's claim to fame was a fit of coughing, entitling her to gasp a thousand times o'er, "Ah'm all reet now but Ah'm fagged"—with variations: "Ah'm all reet. It's me cough, that's all," "Ah'm all reet, Ah coughed a lot last night." She died a Christian.

**Judith Lee.** By Richard Marsh. (Methuen. 6s.)

List of illustrations: He caught hold of my hair and sawed it from my head; "So you've been making more money," she said; "I tell you he has got a bomb on a little table by his bed"; I struck him again and again. Outside, bald-head in evening dress with a dagger, lovely lady in pink with a dagger, lovely lady in blue with a poker, villain very untidy with a dagger, three chairs upside down. It must have been exciting.

**The Oakum-Pickers.** By L. S. Gibson. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Ten years of uninterrupted intercourse with the object of her girlish idolatry had dispelled many illusions." The old, old story. Her idol is old and dying the only friend she has is at the other side of the world, but she has his photograph to gaze on. Meeting a Mrs. Arden, also an oakum picker, *i.e.*, an unsatisfied wife, they chum up. Then Gordon comes home and turns out thoroughly bad. He killed her power to feel love for any man. That side of her is now quite dead.

**The Big Fish.** By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen. 6s.)

A tale of adventure after lost treasure. The only treasure found is a wife, but it is "all the treasure he wants." She is always on the spot to avert the tragedy and really makes things rather dull for the reader who may prefer the sporting chance at crises. No boy will stand it, but sanatoria should order at once.

**Henrietta Maria.** By Henrietta Haynes. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is one of those painstaking historical studies that have only the recognition of fact for their object: if there were no archives there would be no biographies. Henrietta Maria was not a woman who made history. She was made by history. But for the unfortunate death of her husband, Charles I, we should probably never have heard of her, and she was such a duffer at politics that not even her blunders are interesting. That her unsuccessful intrigues with the Pope for the succour of her husband provided the Puritans with an excuse for decapitating Charles Stuart is her principal contribution to the history of one of our most remarkable periods; and the value of that service is not to be enhanced by any record of her Bourbon charm of temperament, of her propriety, her piety, or even her conjugal felicity. Charles loved her, and she loved him, and like most other women in similar case, she tried to help him when danger beset him, and failed. It is not worth while to speculate on her psychology, for the author's access to new sources of information has only amplified our knowledge without altering our general judgment of the woman or proving her to have been more than the loving wife of Charles I.

**In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion.** By Maude M. Holbach. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

It is impossible to discover the exact purpose of this book. Miss Holbach divides her book into two parts, the first reciting the history of the "Lion-Hearted," the second describing her itinerary to the places made reputable by his renown. A mere travel book needs no historical recommendation, and the history of Cœur de Lion is so compact, and the main features of his personality are so well recognised, that reiteration of either savours of supererogation. We understand that Scotsmen are still cheered by the assurance that their country stands where it did; and it may be a consolation to many to learn that Sicily, Cyprus, the Holy Land, even Austria, Germany, and France, are still to be found where Cœur de Lion left them. The world, in spite of Galileo, does not move; but its tenants are always under notice to quit. The footprints of Richard are, by now, obliterated, but if anyone wants to know where they were, he can be referred to Miss Holbach's unnecessarily elaborate book. The publishers have done their best to make the book acceptable.

**Cambridge and its Story.** By Arthur Gray. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a cursory account of the history of Cambridge, written to show that Cambridge has always been in the main stream of English life, and has developed with it until "to-day, perhaps, better than in any of the centuries of its existence, it conforms to the ideal of the medieval Studium Generale, a world school for the enlargement of the bounds of human empire." Five chapters are devoted to its history before the Reformation, and after that each chapter is dominated by the personality of one or other of the scholars of Cambridge in chronological order. Spenser and the Drama, Milton and the Commonwealth, Newton and Bentley, the times of Gray, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Tennyson and the new age, have each a chapter to themselves; and Mr. Maxwell Armfield has made a welcome addition to the text of a number of illustrations. The book is as readable as most such books, and will probably supersede some guide-books.

# Art.

## The Gordon Craig Theatre.

### By Anthony M. Ludovici.

I AM not quite sure whether all that I feel about Mr. Gordon Craig's Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries has anything to do with that artist's views or not. Maybe everything I am now going to say will seem both strange and foreign to the man who inspired it. He will realise that I am speaking about his work, though he may possibly be at a complete loss to discover a single familiar feature of it in my words. At all events, I will endeavour to approach his standpoint simply by describing the impression made upon me by what I saw: because, rightly or wrongly, I left the exhibition with the firm belief that Mr. Gordon Craig was on my side. If my art creed is to be extended to the stage at all, it seemed to me that Mr. Gordon Craig was the artist who had best realised the manner in which this should be done.

I thought of many things as I wandered round this extraordinarily interesting show. An echo of my childhood and everybody's childhood was there. A profound

secret connected with the very foundations of earthly happiness was there. An esoteric doctrine of art, as true as it is vital, was also there, and even the catalogue with its eternal " Hamlet," " Hamlet," " Hamlet," did not suceed in distracting my thoughts from these things. But listen !

For a creation to be worthy of those who are capable of admiring it, it must take for granted that its admirers are themselves capable of co-operating a little in the act of creation. It must assume that its admirers will feel happy only on condition that they are allowed to create on their own account with the artist and through the artist. This sounds very much like mere words strung together for effect; but if you think a moment you will perhaps see what I see in these words.

If an Almighty God really created this world and the whole universe, then he acted on this principle : that the created work of art can be enjoyed only on condition that those who would enjoy it can participate in its creation by mean or mighty creative acts of their own. On one point I do most heartily agree with Bergson—and that is in his belief that life, organic life, is creative. The whole joy of living seems to me to be summed up here. The body one gets from this universe is the gift of art; the creation, however, requires completing. Now, not all the acts performed by this body, but a considerable number of them, will be creative acts; because, inasmuch as it is the first time in this particular cycle of the world's history that this particular body has faced its particular environment, every one of its original and active adaptations will necessarily be an act of creation. And the greater the number of active adaptations, the higher the life. This is obvious, and yet it explains the whole joy of living and the whole wonder of participating by individual creation in a great creative work of art.

Bursting with this lust of creation, the child leaves infancy behind and enters his nursery as a toddling artist; and everything he touches with his rosy fingers becomes animate simply through the divine action of his own creative power. He has a guardian angel and an evil spirit. His guardian angel gives him a simple environment, which his creative power will flood with images, life, and interest. His guardian angel will also give him real children to play with, which his fancy, together with a few shreds of coloured paper, will create into queens, beggars, dogs, devils, or gods. His greatest joy will be to make the most preposterous of claims upon his creative power. The more the sceptic and the St. Thomas in his soul have to be overcome, the happier he will be. But all too often his evil spirit also sets to work. She is a black, ingenious, and unscrupulous fairy. She is the spirit of the age, the soul of vulgar realism. She disbelieves in the creative will. She does not let him touch his chair with his fingers to make it a horse. She flies to one of the vulgar emporiums of children's toys and buys him a horse. She does not allow him to build an engine with his bricks; she is unscrupulous, she means to kill his soul, so she buys him a real engine. And then she laughs at his boredom, she laughs at his senility when he is only twenty-one, and she laughs at her vulgar and ugly city for which she has trained him, and of which he has grown into a worthy citizen.

And her city's stage, blatant in its vulgarity, gorged and bloated with the full equipment of vulgar realism, flaunts its scenes reeking with convincing and besotting detail before the poor man's eyes, ostensibly to comfort him, to console him and to distract him. For throughout his existence he has not been permitted to participate in any creative act, and he is desperate and miserable and cannot understand the meaning of life. And this goes on until he grows daily more stupid and more brutal, until children seem to him to belong not only to a different generation but to a different species, until, in fact, he is able to die decently a second time, and the body that has been a corpse for so long is actually recognised as a corpse by other corpses.

Poor man ! He used to go to the theatre to try to find some joy in life. But the curse of his existence tracked him even there ! Even when he sought joy—that is to say, the feeling of participating, however slightly, in a creative act—he was scoffed at. The only demand made upon his imagination was that he was expected to fancy himself with his back to the fourth wall of the apartment in which the play was acted. This was at least something; it gave him a faint whispering kind of thrill which whetted his appetite for better things. But, alas ! there it ended. All his surging powers of creation, longing to flood the stage with their imagery, to accentuate and intensify the scene before him, were coarsely thrust back, with an abrupt "not wanted ! " And he died disconsolate. No wonder !

Mr. Gordon Craig has seen this evil. He knows the spirit in which even the meanest of mankind can enjoy a creation—by participating in it, however meanly. He is aware that the present practice of the arts, not only on the stage, but elsewhere, is based upon a principle which is utterly different from this, and which is as wrong as it is profoundly stupid. And he comes forward like a true artist with a deep understanding of what is right, and what actually constitutes not only the soul of lofty art, but also of lofty life.

The principle at the basis of Mr. Gordon Craig's reforms is, I believe, the one I have stated above. He will correct me if I am wrong. It is the principle at the root of the joy of life. The spectator must no longer be the passive recipient into which modern art has converted him. He is not a mere seeing, hearing, and feeling machine. If he were modern art would be perfect. There is a lust behind the very organs of sight, hearing and touch. It is the lust of creation, however mean, however weak. And the artist who fails to reckon with this, the artist who fails to call this into active participation with himself, is simply no artist at all, but only a modern besotter and stultifier of commercial and industrial slaves.

This is the meaning of Mr. Gordon Craig's simple, dignified screens. How much they suggest is naturally relative to the mind and power of the spectator; but the fact that they do suggest, the fact that they allow the eager spectator to flood them with his creative fancy, is the great merit and the great truth which gives them their value.

I read many other things in Mr. Gordon Craig's work. I read not only a glorification and exaltation of man, but also a glorification of art. I see in these severe and unobtrusive screens, deftly arranged by an artist's hand, the walls of human emotion—the clean resisting boundaries not only of a person but of a passion. And he must be a much greater person, and it must be a much greater passion, which makes these walls mean something, than the person and the passion which to-day pour forth their bloodless brayings in front of the garish and overloaded backgrounds of the modern stage. True, the cheeks of these screens humbly invite the kiss of any fairy-like fancy that the actor may evoke in his audience, but think of the art and power which he must have, supplemented by the art and power of his spectators, in order to do this ! As Mr. Gordon Craig said, " The plays for my stage have yet to be written ! "

But perhaps the greatest virtue of the art which is to be seen at the Leicester Galleries lies in the fact that it is positive to life and particularly to human life. These screens which have that sense of modesty and of mercy so fitting in the case of all things which are destined to be merely frames, are positive to humanity inasmuch as they compel concentration upon man and his emotions. They do not crush the human being that deigns to step before them, they do not overpower him, lose him, dissimulate him. They pick him out, they select him, they make him all important, they thrust him forward. He peoples their surfaces with his passions. They do not utter a word of their own in reply. Any scenery that did utter a word of its own in reply would be negative to humanity, negative to life. If you wish to see this negative kind of scenery, inspect Ferdinand Bibiena's designs for the stage. Mr. Marriott, Mr. Gordon Craig's able lieutenant, will show them to you. He has some of these designs at the Galleries.

# A Modern Biographical Study

## Illustrative of the Critic's Function.

By J. C. Squire.

IT might be thought we'd had of late
A surfeit of biographies
Of Marmaduke Augustus Breeze,
Such as Professor Godwin Lee's
And Henry Pink's and Mrs. Smee's.
And certainly a man like I
Must seriously hesitate
Before deciding to essay
A new and lengthy estimate.
But reasons that I think of weight
Have made me lay reluctance by,
Which weighty reasons, if I may,
I will forthwith proceed to try
To briefly and correctly state.

It seems to me that Mrs. Smee
And Henry Pink and Godwin Lee,
Though full of sage discrimination
And flashing much illumination,
Have failed to lay a proper stress
On Breeze's second love affair,
To which, I hold, we chiefly owe
The poet's agonisèd flow,
His triste embarras de richesse.

I shall not here devote attention
To Breeze's metrical technique,
His language I shall barely mention,
And scarcely of his "message" speak.
My purpose is, as I have hinted,
To treat in amplitude unstinted
The maid who brought him to his knees,
The lady's face and parentage,
The poet's matrimonial rage,
The episode's effect on Breeze.

We do not know when first they met,
But it seems probable to me
That 'twas in 1823,
When Breeze had just left Winchester,
He had his first rencontre with her.
That was the year of Waterloo,
When Europe rang with sound of war
And "Boney's" red and baleful star
Was drenched and dimmed at Trafalgar.
And it is scarcely to be thought
That Breeze, an ardent patriot,
Remained oblivious deaf and blind
To what possessed the public mind.
But that, be matters how they may,
Does not at present concern us;
Our footpath lies another way,
Remote from that, and we must turn us
To pretty Birchington-on-Sea
In the year 1823.

Of Mary Nolan's early years
In county Galway there appears
But little record, though 'tis said
Her great-great-grandsire was the head
Of an antique distinguished house
Long settled at Kilballybouse.
Suffice it here to indicate
That Mary's father, when a boy,
Departed from the old estate,
Having decided to migrate,
And took the schooner "Pat Molloy"
To Liverpool, where to his joy
He found congenial employ
As clerk to a solicitor
On England's hospitable shore.
The lad was bright, his wits were keen,
He climbed the rungs with such success
That by the year 1815
He found himself in a position
To leave off business and retire
With half-a-million pounds or less,
The fruits of legal acquisition,
And set up as a country squire
In Birchington's remote retreat,
Far from the hum of mart and street.

At Birchington the poet found him,
And soon began (I grieve to say)
To win his heart—in fact, get round him—
By talking of his acres wide
And the great house his father built,
And never making mention
(As, candidly, he should have done)
That they were mortgaged to the hilt.

The father smiled, the lover sighed
Sweet nothings to his would-be bride,
Having, as you ere now have guessed,
A disposition to invest
In what he thought must surely be
Double gilt-edged security.

Mary just then was twenty-one,
As fair as any 'neath the sun,
Her hair was gold, her colour fresh,
Her figure neatly decorated
With the right modicum of flesh.
Small wonder Breeze was much elated,
With such a charmer in his snare.
His heart was light as light could be,
And there is little doubt that he
Would, had they giv'n him half a chance,
Have married Mary then and there.

But, ah! the blows of Circumstance.
The wedding day was fixed, the cake
Ordered from Buszards', fairy lights
Ranged o'er the lake;
And every morning long ere dawn
Carpenters came from far and wide
To build marquees upon the lawn,
Where all the neighbouring rustic wights
Should toast the poet and his bride.
When suddenly one eventide
Up the great avenue did ride
A stranger who went straight inside
Wearing a look preoccupied.

"Is Mr. Breeze here?" he inquired.
"Yes, sir, come in, sir, you look tired."
He sat him down within the hall
Whilst high and low the servants all
Searched for the poet, whom they found
In the wine-celler underground,
Discussing with his kindly host
What wines the yokels liked the most.
"You're wanted, sir!" He drained his cup;
But when he reached the upper floor
And saw his agent by the door
The look that faithful servant wore
Told all too plain, no words could more,
That Breeze's little game was up.

All the mortgages foreclosed,
Heavy overdraft at bank,
Fifty thousand debts outstanding. . . .
The poet was a man of rank,
Never a trace his face disclosed
Of craven fear; his mouth commanding
Remained magnificently set
Before this awful pile of debt.
"Right, Jones, I'll come to town to-morrow,
And meanwhile, mind you, not a word."
He did not fume, lament or gird,
But turned with swift determination
Resolved to save the situation
(Albeit the course was rather shady)
By bringing pressure on the lady
To do a bolt for Gretna Green
At once, "just for the fun of the thing."
But no, it was too late to bring
That *coup* off; for upon the scene
Appeared the father, who had heard

The message that the agent brought.
He'd eavesdropped as no father ought,
And, much to our young singer's sorrow,
Without so much as a "perhaps,"
Commanded him to "pack his traps."

In vain did Breeze with mien distraught
Protest than there was some mistake,
That Jones's message was a "fake."
That he had made the day before
Twenty-five million pounds or more
In Kaffirs which, as Nolan knew,
Had had a leap to 22.
The maid appeared, and, to his grief,
Joined in her father's vile abuse
With language coarse beyond belief
That English ladies do not use
And which one scarcely can excuse
Even in girls of Irish stock
With the extremest Fenian views.

Marmaduke reeled beneath the shock,
And went away a broken man.
And from that period began
The note of anguish in his verse
Which often at its most intense
Lashes the reader like a curse;
Which moans amid the eloquence
Of that unequalled "Ode to Rome,"
And streaks the sad magnificence
Of " Artemis " and " To a Gnome,"
And is, in fact, so passionate
That there is scarce a single sonnet
Penned subsequently to this date
That does not bear its marks upon it.

Of this I think there is no doubt.
Breeze's proverbial " lyric cry "
Is traceable at least in part
Directly to this tragedy,
Which cut the fibres of his heart
And never wore completely out.
And it is not quite clear to me
Why Henry Pink and Mrs. Smee,
And even Professor Godwin Lee,
Have so persistently ignored
An episode that must afford,
In whatsoever light 'tis viewed,
Much light on Breeze's attitude,
And outline in perspective sure
What has been hitherto obscure.

# Pastiche.

## THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.

IT is singular how true the myth of Adam and Eve really is. Life is *as if* the story were fact, and not imaginative and symbolic history. . . . In particular, the truth emerges that Woman is a luxury of Man—a necessity, that is, only in so far as luxuries are. The propagation of the race? Man is actually less concerned about that than woman. If the pain of childbirth were his it would have been ended long ago. But women will put up with anything . . . they suspect their value.

Two occupations, THE NEW AGE said, are open to women: marriage—licit or illicit—and industry. But in neither of these do more than a small minority of women excel. In marriage, having nowadays no male competitors (as Greek women had), women are as a rule mere amateurs. In England particularly, the wife is the synonym of a slovenly, unskilled, and impudent baggage, presuming on her position to extort the maximum of social obeisance for the minimum of social service. She does not even keep a good man of her husband, still less make of him a good citizen. Boarding-schools have had to be invented to save the rising generation from its mothers, and clubs and pubs to save men from their wives.

Men create the conventions, women both preserve and destroy them. They preserve them for their rivals and destroy them for themselves.

The women's movement is a movement of decline. It marks the descent of women from the status of privileged economic dependence to the status of competitive economic independence, from marriage and marriageability to wage-slavery.

As women are the last class to enter wage-slavery they will be the last to leave it. Is it too late to stay their entering into it? This depends on the possible rehabilitation of their marriageability—a task to which Socialists of both sexes, in the interests of Socialism as well as of women, should devote themselves.

Two or three years of suffragism leave a woman unfit for either marriage or industry. Her only possible occupation is to continue agitating for the vote; and her "economic independence" depends upon her not getting the vote.

As a means of raising their status it is useless for women to take all labour for their province. They will obtain, with men's assistance, the province to which their skill entitles them; a large province it may be, but not the whole of labour. This is not because men are greedy of labour as labour. When women are equal to making the tents, weaving the mats, and keeping up the fires men will be perfectly ready to hunt and sport again—on the philosophic plane. But at present women are unequal even to the smallest industrial responsibility.

An unbroken succession of ten women servants, all incompetent; ten women shopkeepers, all impudent; ten serving maids, all bunglers; ten women lodging-house keepers, all greedy; ten emancipated women, all vulgar; ten married women, all slovenly; ten mistresses, all stupid—convinces any man that women need something else than the vote.

A woman must be twice as clever as a man to appear clever among men, but ten times as stupid as a woman to appear clever among women. Women hate brains in women.

"Emancipated" women talk freely of sex-matters, because they feel secure enough to provoke danger. This security, begun in imagination, becomes disappointingly real.

The choice before women: a man or an employer. But why not both? One cannot serve two masters. Why not? They will not permit it.

Women have sometimes taken the profession of marriage seriously, even while they have neglected to make a skilled profession of it. But they are wanting now, they say, to exchange marriage for industry. I do not believe it! If marriage is too onerous for them, industry, they are shrewd enough to surmise, is more onerous still. After all, the average employer is not so silly as the average husband.

But suppose, under fate and their own fondness, women make the plunge into industry, what, oh what, shall we do with them? Failures in marriage, an occupation for their gifts and traditions, what can they expect to be in industry, for which they have few gifts and no traditions whatever? They will infallibly, by mere competition, sink to the most menial and unskilled of the light trades and professions—cardboard-box making, elementary teaching . . . leaving men a free, but also a fiercer, field in the arts. For men the prospect is not unpleasing.

R. H. C.

# OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

## By C. E. Bechhöfer.

### XXI.—"THE ATHENÆUM."

### LITERATURE.

#### THE SIGN OF COSE.

Professor Boneater has in this masterly study of consummate insight, scholarship, and industry repeated what we have often stated in these columns, that the secret, alluded to by a foremost statesman, who is also a man of letters and an occasional contributor to these columns, the other day, of Ferdinand Cose lies in his passionate love of the whole living and breathing planetary earth.

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#### A BANTU EPIC.

There are lines in this translation which recall the "mighty line" of Marlowe, as well as the not less mighty but pure Greek lines of the first epicist of all. But is Professor Sturge correct in rendering "gotèmagen" as "she stoops to conquer"? On line 5, page 42, "putèmupsir" appears as "putuupsir,"—the difference is considerable even in a footnote.

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#### CAVOSTERIA.

To understand the scheme of this celebrated author's system of philological mysticism requires, as our columns have proved, the collaboration of the hand-saw with the hernshaw. Both these qualities cohere in the mind of Professor Skitz, who puts us under a profound obligation by proving, once and for all, that the sixth circle of the final form of Cavosteria's monumental schematic presentation of the mystical universe is referred to no less than twice in the work of his contemporary. On women's part in the

scheme Professor Skitz sheds much welcome light, though we should have preferred the co-operation of more trained observers of the other sex . . .

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

### THEOLOGY.

The Book of Thor. Vol. 97. (The Grammarian's Funeral Society.) Of this latest volume we may say what we said of the earliest, in January, 1704, the year of Queen Anne's death . . .

Sermons for Next Week. By Rev. C. Gogglegiggle. Lucid, temperate, moderate, restrained, and full of the passion of faith.

### POETRY.

Tipcat (Noisom). Poems of Switchbacks. There are not enough of these poems to satisfy even a critic, but the few there are are fit. One halting line caught our eye:—

I know a ditch wherein the foxglove glows.

"Glows" here, following hard upon "gloves," emphasises the "gl" sound and compels us to pronounce it "gel-lows," with ruin to Mr. Tipcat's intended rhythm. But how perfect is:—

"The competent earth re-sets her broken bones"!

Poems of Passing Passion. By "Fingerprints." Whoever "Fingerprints" may be—and we suspect one of our contemporaries—he (or she) need not be ashamed of his name. His (or her) verse is light, sonorous, profound, and dimly esurient. He (or she) should go far before we fare worse.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Smecklehose's Last Diaries. Edited by his Second Wife's Surviving Daughter-in-Law, Miss Beesting. The October "Cambridge Review" for 1832 contained . . .

### FICTION.

Bow-wow (Marjorie). An Asbestos Soul. This is a gloomy but artistic yarn, smacking of Charon and the salt sea. Careful in style, but careless in idea. Very promising. A woman writer to be reckoned with, even without the vote.

Stewpans (Emily). Down the Chimney, and Other Tales. This is a collection of short stories. We like the seventh, not only because it is the last, but for its fine account of the Women's Movement. The vote should not be long delayed.

Jemima (Aunt). My Dog-Days. This is a novel by a lady, and a very creditable performance. The vote cannot, surely, be long delayed.

Spotts (Hilda). On the Track of a Man. This is a work of fiction of a high order. The capture is gloomy, perhaps, but the pursuit is thrilling. The heroine enters Parliament . . . but this, unfortunately, is fiction—for the present!

## THE STILTON GHOST.

In your issue of September, 1704, your reviewer does me an unintentional misjustice. The Stilton Ghost walked "by moonlight," as you will see by referring to the documents in Gorgonzola Castle, Co. Antrim. . . .

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, the distinguished author, is preparing his postcards for publication in the Historic Manuscripts Reprint. Holders are requested to address. . .

The weight of German students is computed to be on the increase.

M. Moi Aussi has, in the "Papier Bleue" of September, 1704, a painfully careful study of the hobnails of the Jesuit missionaries in New Siberia.

The widow of Professor Gumball, whose death occurred while cutting the pages of our issue of September, 1704, would be grateful to his friends for any recollection of him.

Messrs. Macmillan hope to publish in the autumn some sixty works, fifty-nine of which are fiction. The sixtieth is a work by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Encouraged by the success of his recent lessons in voice training, Mr. Archer is now engaged in producing a work of phonetics. Libraries please note.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn a work from the pen, it is hoped, of Mr. H. G. Wells.

A correspondent inquires for the names of the books which the suffrage societies have issued. We know of one only; it is "Legion." Are our readers better informed?

Messrs. Macmillan this autumn will publish a new novel by Mr. H. G. Wells.

## SCIENCE AND SCIENCE GOSSIP.

Synthetic Rolypoly Pudding was the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution on September 7, 1704. The lecturer announced that mathematically he had succeeded in calculating the radio-activity of the major element as a progressive geometrical ratio of "stresses" and "pulls" in equation form. . . .

Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn a scientific romance by Mr. H. G. Wells. We understand the Women's Movement will receive a fillip . . .

## THE DRAMA.

Cats of a Feather. At the Swinggates Theatre. The jaded playgoer must pay his compliments to the excellent staging of this admirable play. From first to last it went with a swing, marred by no contretemps, and exhibiting all the features of its popular author's most popular creations. Peggy, as the first Cat, was bewitching, and acted her part to perfection. The rest were equally good, and the whole was well received by an enthusiastic house. The piece deserves a long run, and our congratulations are due to the manager for his consummate presentation of the piece, to the actors for their consummate rendering of it, to the limelight-men and the call-boys, not forgetting the ladies who sold programmes. One little grumble: the leading gentleman (Mr. Upstartin Cutings) exhibited numerous signs of dropped "h's" and "ings." But these are spots in amber.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MATERIALISM AND PIOUS OPINIONS.

Sir,—Without going into your theories respecting "God" and "the soul," I cannot but express my regret to see THE NEW AGE demagogically bidding for the support of religious hypocrisy in the claptrap and illogical attempt to discredit materialism as a philosophic doctrine on the ground of its hardening capitalist hearts.

How on earth the conviction, whether right or wrong, that soul is a function of life and life a function of matter should induce the capitalist to exploit his workpeople more than he would do if he retained the traditional beliefs on the subject of "God" and "the soul" would, I think, puzzle the proverbial lawyer of Philadelphia. If Professor Schäfer and his scientific colleagues had maintained the thesis that the employer was a being of intrinsically superior "clay" to his workman, and that hence Nature herself had proclaimed the latter as designed by her for exploitation, there might be something in your contention. But, seeing that all men, equally as well as lower animals and plants, are reduced by modern scientific materialism to the same "clay," how the acceptance of this fact should demoralise the already demoralised capitalist more than before and discourage the workman remains, I submit, in spite of confident affirmation, a mystery hidden in the editorial bosom of THE NEW AGE.

Both logically and historically, the interest of the employer would seem to lie in the acceptance, at all events by the workman, of the opposite, the traditional theories on the subject. And this belief has been hitherto acted upon by the exploiter of every period, and not least by the modern capitalist. It should be, one would think, obvious that the faith that all will "come out in the washing," that a beneficent divinity will compensate the proletarian slave for his uncomfortable existence in this vale of tears by an immortality of heavenly bliss hereafter, would induce him to be content with his lot and to cease caring to struggle for better material conditions here. That this is so has been generally recognised by Socialists ever since the working-class movement began. Historically, it is unquestionable that zeal for progress and the mundane bettering of the masses has gone with the rejection of the beliefs apparently so dear to the editorial heart of THE NEW AGE. It is the atheist and the materialist who have always been in the vanguard of the Socialist movement as of all modern progress.

E. BELFORT BAX.

[It is characteristic of the doctrinaire that "without going into your theories respecting" this, that, and the other, he should "regret," out of hand, as "demagogic illogical claptrap," every honest attempt at stating something that he is not prepared to refute, but only to deny. We had thought that the theory sacred to the obsessed materialists of a quarter of a century ago had died of its own dulness, if not of its demonstrated fallacies; but here is Mr. Bax—a professed metaphysician, too—still talking of matter as if he knew its nature. The statement that soul is a function of life means exactly nothing whatever. At best it is a misleading analogical affirmation, and at worst it is a mere abracadabra. The belief in the existence of "God" and the "soul," as we defined these terms in our "Notes," is at least as well founded as the belief in "matter." "Matter," indeed, the more it is investigated, the more surely it dissolves into the thin air of metaphysics.

As for the bearing of metaphysical and philosophical views on sociology in general and on economics in particular, we see nothing illogical in reversing the usual reasoning of the materialist school. They, if we understand

them, regard economics as the primary phenomenon on which the subsequent phenomena of society depend. All these latter, in fact, are "functions" of economics consistently with the theory that "soul" is a function of living matter. But this, in our view, is to put the cart before the horse. On the hyphothesis, which no metaphysician ought to deny, that consciousness is primary, and "matter" secondary and one of its interpretations, it surely follows that in society philosophy (or faith, if you please) is primary and economics secondary. As a consequence, we may certainly maintain in all fairness that the "philosophy" of one age manifests itself in the "economics" of the next; and as certainly conclude from Professor Schäfer's address that an economic system of a particular character is likely to ensue or to be reinforced from his doctrines. What particular system is likely practically to follow from any philosophical theory generally held is, we contend, a matter for divination rather than reason, for an alogical rather than a logical process—for, shall we say?—art rather than science; for the most obvious sequential relations in logic are by no means necessarily the most true in fact. Mr. Bax, for example, assumes that a belief in "rewards in heaven" would dispose the proletariat to accept quietly the injustices of earth. It is, of course, the naïve and natural conclusion. But how false to history it is! Instead of being in the vanguard of progress, the atheist and the materialist have usually been in the rear or, still more often, on the other side. That atheists and materialists have been in the vanguard of the Socialist movement accounts, perhaps, for the astonishing progress that the Socialist movement has hitherto *not* made.—ED., N. A.]

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## HOME RULE.

Sir,—Let me assure Mr. Hobson that my impressions are not "Fleet Street impressions," as he so unkindly calls them. I have no doubt that Home Rule is a subject frequently discussed in Fleet Street; but I personally have never heard it discussed there, and the arguments in my article owe as little to Fleet Street as they do to the Nevsky Prospekt or the Rue Royale. In any case, there is just as much divergency on these matters in Fleet Street as there is anywhere else.

My critic suggests that the economical arrest in Ireland is due to the inability of the English Government to stop it. He points out various administrative extravagances, all of which I admit; and he goes on to imply that if we had an Irish Parliament the economical power of the Irish people would be strong enough to impose their will on such a legislature. It is here, I think, that Mr. Hobson has gone entirely astray. He grumbles because "the Insurance Act and similar measures" are remorselessly swelling the cost of administration in Ireland. But the Insurance Act is disliked in England as much as it is in Ireland, and the civil administration of England has increased enormously since 1906. The English people have economic power, surely, and they have their own Legislature, yet they have not been able to check the waste about which they so often grumble. And Mr. Hobson, if one may judge from what he has written from time to time, would be one of the first to admit that the English people are utterly unable to check their bureaucracy, that Parliament does not represent the nation, and that several measures have been passed in recent years which the people of England detest—the Insurance Act is only one of them.

Why, then, should Mr. Hobson think that the Irish people will be better able to control the Irish professional politicians than the English people are to control the English professional politicians? I maintain that the conditions are practically the same, and that the Irish people could not exercise the control Mr. Hobson apparently expects them to exercise. I maintain that if an Irish Parliament were once more at work in Dublin measures as obnoxious to the Irish people as the Insurance Act is to the English people would be passed in spite of "economic control," and for the same reasons. My critic, I think, does not take politics seriously in England, but he does take them very seriously in Ireland. His desire for Home Rule makes him blind to what he himself calls "the cardinal facts of the situation." The Irish people suffer at present, like the English people, from maladministration, from corruption, from overt and cynical jobbery. But I contend that, with a Parliament of their own, they would be even worse off. If the Irish people cannot control the English House of Commons they would be as little likely to control an Irish Parliament. But with an Irish Parliament the opportunities for multiplying the number of officials would be greatly increased.

"Now let me return to realities," says Mr. Hobson, wisely implying that what he has been saying is unreal. The first reality is this matter of nationality. Because some 3,000 delegates from all parts of Ireland refused to accept Mr. Birrell's Irish Councils Bill in 1908 Mr. Hobson concludes that the demand for Home Rule is as strong as ever. In point of fact, the rejection of this Bill proves nothing one way or the other. Such a Bill was stillborn; it was neither Home Rule nor Union nor Devolution; it would have satisfied neither Nationalists nor Unionists. "Incidentally," says Mr. Hobson, "Ireland still sends an overwhelming majority to Westminster in favour of Home Rule." What nonsense! It would be as incorrect to say that England, as the result of the last three elections conclusively shows, still sends a majority to the House of Commons in favour of grandmotherly legislation such as the "Children's Charter" and the Insurance Act; and this is a contention which I do not think my critic will maintain.

It is right to lay emphasis on the factor of nationality; but nationality means that the nation possessing it must be an entirely separate entity. Under the new Home Rule Bill Ireland would not be a nation any more than she is now. So far as nationality is concerned, there is little difference between the dead Irish Councils Bill and the new Home Rule Bill, except the mere name. Ireland will never pass from English control to the extent necessary to make her a separate nation—strategical reasons, apart altogether from English loans, would be sufficient to prevent this. There are, it seems to me, many other flaws in my critic's reply, but I think the main points are covered in this letter.

J. M. KENNEDY.

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## IRISH HOME RULE.

Sir,—I have read with some interest the article on Home Rule in your issue of the 5th inst., because few people seem to realise how precarious the prospects of the present Bill have become, and still less how deep will be the resentment of the intellectual enthusiasts whom it may be necessary to disappoint. When the crash comes neither side will be calm enough to consider whether any political, as apart from an economical alternative, can be found. The most bigoted Nationalist, however, could hardly raise the same objection to an English Parliament in Dublin as he does to the present Irish representation in London. Why should not the three estates of the Realm all sit in Dublin for three months in the year so as to take in the Castle season, and then give three months each to London and Edinburgh, leaving themselves free for the remaining three months of the year. No Act of Parliament would be required, since the Crown has surely the power to summon Parliament whenever and wherever it chooses; and while the great administrative offices in London would get on all the better without the constant presence of the Legislature, the local administrative bodies would be all the better for it, not to speak of the great gain it would be to both Ireland and Scotland if their capitals were the seat of Government for a time every year.

JOHN BURTON.

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—According to S. Verdad, all those who object to the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey are either grasping financiers or sentimentalists. Is not this rather silly? Can nobody feel genuinely disgusted with a Foreign Minister who condoned the Denshawai, Casa Blanca, and Tripoli atrocities, who is always ready to share in the plunder of a small nation, who adopts "firm attitudes" which mean nothing, who is the hero of the "Harmsworth brand," and is quite ready to give his opinion on foreign affairs although he has never been out of England? However, it is reassuring to hear that the foreign policy of THE NEW AGE is not imperialistic or jingo, in spite of S. Verdad's articles, which appear to me to have a distinct "Daily Mail" flavour.

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

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## SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—Do you think Mr. Sydney Walton will really consider it a movement in the right direction when Professor Schäfer, having found out how to produce life, sets up a factory, and with the help of the best engineers and designers he can get, starts to turn out a really workmanlike and serviceable line in men? All the foolish "hit and miss" methods of Nature will, of course, be dispensed with. Outward form is nought but the covering for the great brain within. All it needs is strength and simplicity, and foolish joints which can be so easily dislocated must go. All our joints must have locknuts on them in future. Teeth, too, on which the child, poor thing, has to waste so much of his young days, as also the parting of his hair—these, too, must go. A good smooth surface is what we want, so as not to catch the dust, but not so shiny as to encourage a waste of time and energy on polishing.

By all means let us do away with the powder and the paint, the high collars and the top hats, even if with them go the marks by which we recognise some of our most familiar words. But please let us leave their anatomy alone, or what is to happen to our old friend Evolution?

Personally I should rather trust myself in this matter to Nature, with all her devious ways, than to a group of pro-

fessors, however distinguished they may be; at any rate, until their appointment to the Board of Evolution has been officially announced.

SIMPLEX.

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### THE IMPERIAL MERCHANT SERVICE GUILD.

Sir,—I am sorry that your correspondent, Mr. William McFee, who puts himself down as "chief engineer," finds himself so ready to foster and create disorder between the ranks of those who command and officer British ships and those who are engaged in the profession of marine engineering.

It will perhaps surprise Mr. McFee to know that very many marine engineers have expressed a desire to become members of the Guild, but it has been with regret that we have been unable to enrol them, as the Guild is exclusively confined to those holding Board of Trade certificates entitling them to command and officer British ships; and, after all, the marine engineers have their own capable organisation in the shape of the Marine Engineers' Association.

I would not have troubled to refer to Mr. McFee's letter but for the fact that it bristles with misstatements from beginning to end, and I do not know that he serves any good purpose, much less that of enhancing the interests of the nautical profession, by indulging in such a fierce onslaught on the Guild.

Might I suggest to Mr. McFee that he should follow the example of the cobbler and "stick to his last," dealing with the interests of his own people through the medium of the Marine Engineers' Association, of which, no doubt, he is a member? Our only answer to him is that, having enrolled no fewer than 1,752 new members since January 1 last, we consider that we have amply substantiative evidence that the straightforward and fearless policy which we are pursuing is commanding the full confidence of those whose conditions have been so immensely improved of late years owing to the persistent energy and advocacy of the Guild.

T. W. MOORE, Secretary.

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### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—In your issue of the 5th inst., under the heading "Patria Mia," Mr. Ezra Pound suggests that Christian Scientists will judge nothing a priori, they will only refer it to Mrs. Eddy. Now, seeing that the proof of Christian Science teaching is based largely on physical healing, is not this rather absurd?

As a matter of fact, Christian Scientists are indifferent whether they rest their case on an argument by deduction or induction—whether they assume that God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, and therefore the sick can be healed by a realisation of this; or whether they collect a vast number of cases of healing occurring from the application of this theory, and so demonstrate the omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience of God.

FREDERICK DIXON.

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### THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Sir,—Allow me to join in the protest made by another reader against the autocratic power wielded by Miss Maude Lawrence at the Board of Education. Your correspondent asks what qualifications Miss Lawrence has in view of her enormous powers. Allow me to inform him: none at all, beyond being the daughter of Lord Lawrence. The Hon. Maude Lawrence has been, it is true, a member for the London School Board, but she has had no teaching experience, has no educational weight or authority, no sort of connection with teaching or teachers, no university distinction, and is yet jobbed in as "Senior Lady Inspector," and in her hands is the supreme authority of appointing all the women inspectors! I myself was told by a distinguished official that "practically, Miss Lawrence makes the appointments." Had Miss Lawrence distinguished herself whilst a member of the London School Board, or had she the confidence of teachers, it might be different. In her place should have been chosen a woman like Miss Agnes Ward (Mrs. Turner), whose influence upon her students at the "Maria Grey" Training College has given the modern education of high-school girls any value it has; for the set of women sent into the girls' schools twenty years ago were splendid women, cultured, scholarly ladies, as unlike the assistant teacher and head mistress of the day—the narrow, stupid product of Girton or Newnham as it is possible to conceive. It is pitiable that the woman who by force of character and intellect invested the teacher's training with honour and renown, making people see what training under a Miss Anges Ward could be, should be ignored, and her fine breadth of mind, her unique depths of experience and insight, made of no account beside some woman whose father was or is a lord. Had the nation the benefit of Miss Agnes Ward's knowledge and experience, as well as educational outlook, we should see appointments of a very different character from those now being made. But I suppose now that Sir Robert Morant has gone no one has much hope of anything from the Board of Education.

J. LONGHURST.

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### GENERAL BOOTH AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

Sir,—When Mr. Skelhorn writes: "I am probably less in agreement with the late General than your reviewer, but this does not blind me to his obvious merits," he is not only inconsistent with himself, he is irrelevant to my argument. I did not write to express sympathy or the reverse with the General, but, as I specifically said, to prove a railing accusation against Commissioner Railton. In the space and with the material at my disposal I could do no more than indicate that there was another aspect of the General and his work than that presented by the Commissioner, and state that this aspect should have been presented by him rather than by others as a simple exercise of good faith. I did not hope to convince anyone, because I was not making an independent criticism of the work of the Army, but was utilising the material of the book under review. I do not doubt, therefore, that "the cases of financial loss cited are singularly unimpressive." They were all that I could find, and the demerit must be charged to Mrs. Roland Wilkins. On the other hand, the assertion that Booth was a financial genius is, so far as the book under review is concerned, not supported by a single fact, so my denial of his financial genius has the greater evidential value. Nor does Mr. Skelhorn adduce one fact to substantiate his contention.

Mr. W. H. Beveridge, not I, "pounced upon the fact that the 'Darkest England' scheme has done nothing to diminish the amount of poverty." It was General Booth, not I, who expected this "spoonful of oil to calm the cyclone." The Army still holds by the scheme, bases its General's claim to mundane glory on it, and announces its intention of working it in every detail. How a scheme that, as Mr. Skelhorn says, "was foredoomed from the first" could be "the most heroic and imaginative attempt to grapple with the problem in recent years" I leave Mr. Skelhorn to tell you; my purpose was, as I stated, simply to show that Commissioner Railton's boast of Booth's capacity for organisation was not justified by the facts. I am told that I ought to compare Booth's work with that of other religious organisations. I decline. I write for Socialists, not for Salvationists; and as it is admitted by everyone, and proved by such statistics as we have, that poverty has not declined, I conclude that the activity of all these bodies has no useful result. They are all alike, worthless and mischievous, since they are a formidable obstacle to any comprehensive and scientific treatment of our national disgrace.

I am asked to state "where the mass of professed Christians stand." Really, the question does not concern me. I am not God, and this is not the judgment day: if it were, and my advice counted for anything, the text: "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kindgom of heaven," would be used as a standard of judgment. I may remind Mr. Skelhorn that even the Anglican Church prays regularly that "all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life"; and that it was not I, but Emerson, who said: "For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom, where is the Christian?" Perhaps Mr. Skelhorn will be able to tell us where the mass of professed Christians stand.

A word about charlatanism. If martyrdom were the test of truth there might be some point in Mr. Skelhorn's remark that "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." I did not deny Booth's sincerity; but I must take this opportunity of quoting with approval the dictum of Shaw's "General Burgoyne": "Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like; it is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability." As for Booth following his Master, I do not remember that Christ ever stood on a tub to be pelted; on the contrary, when "took they up stones to cast at him, Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by."

"Suppose a General Booth arose to lead Labour," is Mr. Skelhorn's final effort. Well, he very nearly abolished the wage-system, which is more than the present Labour leaders have done; but as he diminished neither poverty nor the degradation attaching to it, Labour must look elsewhere for effective guidance. His abolition of the wage system meant practically the barest subsistence in return for labour, and to certain established industries he was simply a cut-throat competitor. If a General Booth were to arise to lead Labour, I should advise Labour to take him out and drown him.

A. E. R.

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