THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE considering in any detail the Commons debate on the Marconi contract we may repeat our affirmation of some weeks ago that there is little public value to be derived from the exposure of public corruption. It is, as those know who have thought it their duty at any time, a thankless office to fulfil; but in addition it appears to us almost a useless office. The limits of public credulity are sooner reached than the limits of actual corruption. People simply *cannot* believe more than their fill—their credulity being as defined as the rest of their faculties. And this incredulity is in some respects a self-preservative instinct; for in the case of public corruption in a country like England, to believe that the House of Commons is corrupt is to believe that our last hopeful alternative to anarchy has failed us. The monarchy or the lords or the Church or any other pillar of the State may be discovered and believed to be corrupt without inducing complete political despair in the mind of the community; but the House of Commons is a different matter, it is the main and central pillar of all. Pull this down or prove that it is rotten, there is an end not merely of Parliamentary government, but of all government. For this reason alone public opinion in England will always resent exposures even while reading them; and in the end they will refuse to read or believe them.

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It does not follow from this, however, that we are deliberately to refrain from taking any opportunity of learning what public corruption is going on. On the contrary, he is a poor patriot who refuses to examine public life in its worst as well as in its best aspects. But the proportion and balance of the respective features of the bad and good must be maintained. Above all, it is desirable, while admitting the corruption, to consider its causes rather than its details. Public corruption, when all is said, is an effect and not a cause in itself. Where it prevails to any great extent it prevails in consequence not of this particular person or that, but of some defect in the public system. Whatever our views of the nature of man may be, we are bound to assume that under a better system men's conduct is better and under a worse system it is worse. The object, therefore, of all good government is to devise a system which will encourage the better rather than the worse elements in men; and when we discover that as a result of a certain system corruption appears to be excessive, the conclusion to draw is not that public men are worse than usual, but that the system under which public life is being carried on is no longer favourable to virtue. Hence while at this moment in our history we may admit that corruption is more rampant than it has been for many years, we need not despair either of man or of society. With patience we may discover the roots of the corruption and by eradicating them put an end to it.

* * *

The prime cause of corruption in a State is the existence of injustice in the State organisation itself. A State that is justly ordered has no need to be tyrannical or untruthful in its relations between the governing and the governed. On the other hand, if there is anything artificial and non-natural in the communal organisation, the governing element necessarily reflects it. Injustice alone can maintain injustice. To the extent, therefore, that the community is badly ordered, the governing body must be the instrument of this bad order and bad itself in consequence. Suppose that by an act of folly the present governing classes were to re-institute chattel slavery. We do not deny that they have the power to do it; we do not deny that they have the power even to maintain it. These things time may prove. But we do deny that the means of maintaining a system so contrary as chattel slavery to the prevalent notions of justice could conceivably be in themselves just or liberal. The task, to begin with, would demand a pretty low order of humanity in the governors themselves. Only those who had lost what humane feelings they ever had would consent to maintain by force such a system at all; and as the unnaturalness of the system became more and more obvious the depravity of its actual governing instruments would become more and more complete. In the case of the War of Emancipation in America it is by no means certain that abolition of slavery would not have come without a war and as a mere consequence of the refusal of the leading Southerners to continue a system or to employ others to continue it, which was ceasing to command their moral approbation. Lee certainly was wavering in his support of slavery both before and during the war. Left to himself, and under the influence of his own experience he would probably have become an abolitionist in horror as well at slavery as at the repulsive means which were necessary to maintain it. What we believe we are witnessing in England is the growth of a feeling towards the wage system that will compare in a very little while with the feeling in America towards the system of slavery. It is contrary to the most elementary notion of justice that in a population of twenty million adults some fifteen millions

should be permanently maintained in such a condition that they are *always* within a week or two of starvation or the worse workhouse. Such a state of mind as the constant apprehension of destitution engenders is in itself an abnormal state for men; it is contrary to every human passion or fixed desire. But, on the other hand, it is no less contrary to human nature for the remaining five millions to keep the fifteen millions permanently in that state. While the realisation on both sides of the violence to nature done by this system is vague and incomplete, doubtless men of good will can carry it on without conscious hypocrisy; but from the moment that it is realised that the system of wage slavery is fundamentally and preposterously unjust, the best of the men in both the governing and governed classes will begin to lose the heart to maintain or to assent to it. In the governed, therefore, the best individuals will begin to grow rebellious openly. Like the most intelligent black slaves of America before emancipation, they will set about freeing themselves and their fellows by every means open to them; in short, they will become agitators. And in the governing classes no less, the best and most intelligent minds will find it increasingly repugnant to maintain a system manifestly unjust and requiring with each new realisation of its injustice worse means of maintaining it; in other words, the best of the governing clases will retire from politics.

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We have not the smallest doubt that the recent growth of public corruption in England is due directly to the fact that the existing social and economic system is becoming daily more obviously unjust and anti-human. In consequence of this, the actual business of government is falling into inferior hands, into hands which in other days would have been employed in dirty work, but on a smaller scale. The increase, for example, in the lawyer element in Parliament is a plain proof to our mind that the system to be maintained has become so conscious of its injustice that only the scum of the professions, namely that of the law, is willing to undertake its maintenance. Gentlemen in the real sense of the word are beginning to find politics distasteful and therefore impossible to them. This is not because politics in itself is an ignoble art, for, on the contrary, it is one of the noblest, always has been, and always will be. It is because the task assigned to politicians nowadays is a vulgar and ignoble task, and one, moreover, destined to become more vulgar and ignoble as the immorality of the wage system becomes plainer. To-day, it is true, there are still some fine minds in politics; there are fine minds even in the Cabinet. But to-morrow such minds, already a minority, will be absent altogether—cultivating their gardens, it may be—while only the scoundrels and men of low cunning will be left.

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But again we say that the remedy for this state of things is not the exposure of the corruption or the denunciation of the agents of it. We cannot possibly keep pace in discovery with the perpetration of the thousand and one daily pieces of jobbery—jobbery, moreover, which is bound to multiply rather than to diminish with the continuance of the present system. Let it be supposed that we could succeed in driving out of public life the three or four persons at present suspected of public immorality, it is by no means certain that their places would not instantly be filled by worse persons. So long as politics does not demand of necessity a high type of mind, and while, in fact, high minds are repelled by its obligations, only low minds will enter it. It would be the task of Sisyphus to roll the critical stone up the hill of exposure, only to be certain that at the top it would be rolled down again. The conclusion to draw, we are convinced, from the alarming spread of suspected corruption, is that the present task of politics is essentially an evil task—so evil that only men of evil nature will undertake it with their eyes open. And it is therefore our business less to criticise, expose, and punish individual politicians than to abolish a system the maintenance of which will shortly only be possible by the public employment of narrow-minded and corrupt scoundrels. To the maintenance of the wage system, in fact, long after it has become immoral in the best minds of the community, we may certainly attribute the corruption now taking place in political life. And, as we say, exposure or no exposure, while this system is maintained, the corruption necessary to its maintenance will continue, and, indeed, increase with every fresh evidence of its anti-human nature.

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Nobody will deny that political life in general is now on a distinctly lower plane than it was, say, twenty or fifty years ago; and nobody who is observant will deny that it is still descending. The evidence is to be plainly seen in the fall in the prestige of the House of Commons. We do not say that the House of Commons is not still the most honoured public body in England, but we do confidently say that public faith in its integrity is declining. The public is not so unsuspicious as it once was of the righteous intentions (intelligence apart) of the mass of the Commons members; it is not so secure as it once was in the justice of Parliament as a body. The Liberal Press may attribute this decline, if it pleases, to Imperialism; the Tory Press may attribute it to the extended franchise; Ostrogovsky may attribute it to the Caucus, and Mr. Belloc to the secret Party Funds and the Party System; but our own opinion is that these causes, all of which are operative in their degree, are, nevertheless, secondary to the main cause, which is the systematic injustice of our economic organisation. Be that, however, as it may, the atmosphere of the House of Commons is low and lowering. With no exposures whatever, its prestige is declining as a mere consequence of the comparison in the public mind of what exists socially with what is done politically. When every elector comes daily into contact with economic injustice, and contrasts his experience with the far-fetched bunkum of the politicians, he cannot fail, sooner or later, to regard the latter as charlatans and their occupation as unworthy of respect.

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Turning to the Marconi contract, we have first to admit that the charges brought against members of the Government are, so far as we know, based on rumour, surmise, and circumstantial evidence. In the nature of things, unless their own colleagues on either of the front benches conspire with the public to expose a job, the material for the impeachment of official statesmen must needs be shadowy. For all we know or can prove, the Marconi contract may have been innocent of guile or fraud, or even of folly, on the part of members of the Government. How can private individuals, with no access to secret documents and interviews and with no precise and exhaustive knowledge of the surrounding circumstances, pretend to formulate a charge sustainable in a court of admissible evidence? We cannot do it and it cannot be done. On the other hand, when the rumours are persistent, when one's best surmises appear to be justified and when the circumstantial evidence accumulates, doubt absolutely must still remain, but agnosticism wavers towards belief. And it is, we confess, in this state that we find ourselves after reading the debate on the subject and the subsequent comments of the official Press. We are so familiar by this time with the dishonesty of the Press that almost nothing we read in it can be accepted on its face value. Pressmen in general are to corruptible politicians what the clients of Rome were to their patrons: lickspittles, sycophants and incarnations of their separate vices. Whatever virtues politicians may have, it is their vices that inspire their claqueurs in the Press. Thus we discount at least three-quarters of the indignation expressed by our newspapers concerning the charges upon the innocence of the political parties to the Marconi and other contracts. It is not, we say, in their nature to tell the truth; it is not their business as they conceive their degraded trade. A truthful journalist is an unsuccessful journalist. Their indignation at the charges to-day is nothing to the indignation they would express if by any chance the charges were publicly justified by a leader of their respective parties. Let

those now who bask in the treacherous flattery of their Press anticipate what the same Press would say of them if they should be caught publicly tripping, say in a divorce action or some such trifle. Mr. Lloyd George would be no more spared than were Parnell or Dilke. Only THE NEW AGE and what the "Daily News" calls other obscure weeklies might be found to defend him.

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It is from the debate itself, therefore, and from the facts or statements contained therein, that the observer from the outside must draw his own conclusions. The public is invited to sit in judgment with the jury on the evidence in criminal cases—why not also in political cases? From this point of view, we should like to ask what Sir Rufus Isaacs, for example, would have made of a defence in a court of law so weak in fact as his own defence in Parliament. In the Seddon case, it will be remembered, Sir Rufus Isaacs cross-examined a prisoner under peril of death in such a style as to remind everybody of Judge Jeffreys; even the "Times" was driven to protest mildly. How would Sir Rufus Isaacs on Friday last in Parliament have fared in his own hands? The contract, to begin with, is in itself apparently a bad bargain for the State. We do not *know*, of course, that it is; but judicial commonsense suggests that if the shares in a company rise in a few months from shillings to pounds, the company at least has made a good bargain, and a much better one than its backers had a right to expect. Again, we do not *know* that the fraternal relation of Sir Rufus Isaacs with the managing director of the Marconi company had any influence on the contract so favourable to the latter; but, once more, the same commonsense that led Sir Rufus Isaacs to the suspicion of motive in Frederick Seddon's case might lead us to suspicion at any rate in his own case. There may have been no connection between the positions of the two brothers, but as even the "Daily News" remarks: "The association entitled critics on all sides to watch the negotiations with the very closest scrutiny." When we take the past credit of Sir Rufus Isaacs into account we do not see that any of his unsupported statements must necessarily carry conviction. His career, save by its success, has been indistinguishable from that of any ordinary barrister. We have never heard of anything that he has done or said that marks him out as a man with any extraordinary public spirit or with any extraordinary public principle. What the average lawyer would do with the same ability and opportunity, that Sir Rufus Isaacs has done and no more. Never to our knowledge has he risked his emoluments, salary, personal position or prospects for any public cause more than the least of his legal tribe. Why, then, should we suppose that a fraternal relation, so close as his race makes it, should fail to affect in his case a transaction which if it had occurred between average brothers would infallibly be supposed to have been so influenced? And against this commonsense surmise we have only evidence as shadowy as the charge itself. There is Sir Rufus Isaacs' own personal denial the value of which we will leave a cross-examining barrister such as himself to estimate. There is the fact that his brother was made the managing director of Marconi's before Sir Rufus was made a member of the Government. But how long before and with what expectation that Sir Rufus Isaacs would shortly be in the Cabinet? There is Lord Robert Cecil's remark that it is almost an impertinence even to acquit Sir Rufus Isaacs of undue influence in the contract. But Lord Robert Cecil is a barrister and a casuist to boot. His tribute, we regret to say, is of no importance. Finally, there is the whole atmosphere of a section of the Cabinet which envelopes the particular case in a murky cloud of suspicion. The recent appointments to the Civil Service have been arbitrary enough to call for Lord Selborne's public criticism; the negotiations with the directors of insurance companies conducted by Mr. Lloyd George have almost made the City vomit; and the undisclosed but suspected corruptions involved in the Party funds and their dependence on wealthy patrons have recently become almost visible to the naked eye. In circumstances such as these we can easily believe, without any direct evidence whatever, that a little job more or less would not be held to matter much. The Marconi contract, we repeat, may not be such a job. With the circumstantial evidence available to us we would not hang a dog on it. But we find it hard to forget that on less evidence Sir Rufus Isaacs hung a man.

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We have already said, however, that we attach comparatively little importance to political corruption, even if it could be proved, considered as a symptom merely of the evil organisation of society. It is obvious that what we call the State is at this moment a conspiracy of the wealthy classes to keep the poor classes poor. Cover up this conspiracy as we may, embroider its garments with whatever purple names we please, the fact remains that the whole force of the State is directed to keeping the rich rich and the poor poor. Against the revolt of the poor thus unnaturally maintained in pauperism, it is true that the State makes provision in the form of legislation from time to time; and for such prudent acts of self-preservation the donkeys of the Labour Party bray their idiotic gratitude. But when these have all been duly collected and added up, what do they amount to, save devices for keeping the poor quiet and restraining them from taking by force property that belongs more to them than to its legal owners? It is monstrous to pretend that the politicians who deliberately maintain this system are not corrupt in their hearts, whatever they may be in their public dealings. The alternative to corruption is a senselessness for which there is no parallel in the human species. And this corruption being fundamental, the subsequent petty acts of corruption—if they take place—are of small account, being merely breaches in the etiquette of capitalists' lawyers.

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The worst of politicians, however, have a good excuse for maintaining the social system as it is, in the precepts and example set for them by professed social reformers. At the Memorial Hall, on Friday afternoon, there assembled, under the chairmanship of Mr. Sidney Webb, several hundred delegates from the I.L.P., the Fabian Society, and other bodies, for the purpose of urging the Government to devote the coming session to the abolition and prevention of destitution. We have already commented on the dishonesty of pretending that the Government can conceivably do anything of the kind, or is in the least degree likely to attempt it. Anybody who knows the political situation is quite aware that the Government has already enough to do to maintain its position until the Conservatives are ready to take office. Save in promises in view of the next General Election, we may be quite certain that the Government will be sterile. But apart from the absurdity of the demand in point of time, the absurdity in point of content is demonstrable. The "measures" demanded, at Mr. Webb's suggestion, of the Government are the same old measures which the tyro in economics knows to be useless, and worse than useless, to the working classes. They are the Universal Minimum Wage, the Eight-Hours Day, Minimum Conditions of Labour, together, we suppose, with the rest of the cruel and pedantic nonsense of the Minority Report on the Poor Law; and all are to be achieved without the smallest trespass on the existing capitalist system; in fact, with benefit to its health. Mr. Webb's great notion, it is well known, is the classification and separate treatment of the vast army of paupers and pauperescent. For him, as for any capitalist, the system of wage slavery is tolerable; or, at least, it can be made tolerable. The fact that three out of four of our population have, like horses and cattle, only employment in a profiteer's service to depend on for a living no more strikes him as a fundamental wrong than it strikes even the most soft-hearted of the capitalists themselves. What he would do is precisely what these latter would do: ameliorate the conditions under which wage slavery is conducted, and make a small provision for the wage slaves who for one reason or another are useless to private employers. And it is among this minority of the rejected, the unfortunate,

the rebels, and the cripples that Mr. Webb's schemes chiefly operate. Thence comes clearly his plan of classifying paupers in the categories of their misfortunes. The paupers from sickness are entitled in his arbitrary opinion to this particular treatment by this particular public body; the paupers from idleness are to be treated in another way by another body; and so on. And all the while the fact is *practically* ignored that the system which remains in operation among the non-paupers—the actual wage earners—not only turns out paupers with regularity, but depends for its very existence on its ability to do so. For, when Mr. Webb has licked the sores of the numerous classes of manufactured, confessed, and unemployable paupers, and turns his attention to the conditions of private employment, he is met on the threshold by this simple fact: the employers, by reason of their economic position, have the whip-hand, not only over their workmen, but over Parliament, the very instrument by means of which Mr. Webb hopes to coerce them. Let it be supposed that, under the combined influence of wire-pulling, badgering, wheedling, and statistics, Parliament is induced to establish a Universal Minimum Wage, what is to prevent employers in possession of the two instruments of production (land and capital) discharging from their service every workman whose increased wages would return them no profit? A minority of employers might, it is true, economise in some other form than in labour; another small minority might find the better spirit of their men a compensation; still another minority might take out from their men by efficient management as much and more work as the increase of wages demanded. But the majority would still be left to economise in the only direction their brains would be likely to take, in the number and amenities of their workmen. Thus we should have the number of unemployed enormously increased, and these would fall, by Mr. Webb's predestination, into one or other of the categories of the actual and confessed paupers. But what would he do with them? What would the State do with them? How and from what sources would they be fed? There is only one source of wealth; it is labour; and, in consequence, the cost of the new army of paupers would fall upon their mates still so fortunately in employment. It is calculable, therefore, how much better off these latter would be for the loving kindness and tender mercies of Mr. Webb.

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An incident, however, appears to have taken place at the Conference which must have disturbed the placidity of the official organisers. An amendment was moved from the body of the hall to one of the platform resolutions in terms that we could not better. It was to the effect that both the existing social legislation, including Labour Exchanges and the Insurance Act, and the legislation then being proposed by the Conference, were worthless. It was in vain that the mover, Mr. Stokes, was urged by the Chairman to withdraw his amendment or to be satisfied at least with a "debate" on it. Mr. Stokes, we are glad to say, exercised his right of testing the feeling, as they call it, of the meeting, with the surprising result that fifty-five delegates voted for his drastic amendment and eighty-eight against it. Mr. Webb may extract, if he likes, great comfort from his majority; but we are inclined to extract hope from the figures of the minority. If in the very citadel of Webbery, and under the eye of the great little man and his wife, no fewer than fifty-five out of a hundred and fifty delegates were to be found to declare the whole campaign an economic fraud, what may we not expect in districts remote from Mr. Webb's figurative magnetism and after a few more practical lessons in economics? For a long time nothing, we confess, has given us more pleasure than this minority vote at the gathering of the Webbs. It is the beginning of the end of the social reform movement at its source.

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If argument has failed to convince our readers of the intellectual and moral bankruptcy of the Labour Party, we hope that they will turn to the latest revelation of its soul in the form of the new "Labour" daily. We can safely challenge any judge of newspaper to maintain that in any single respect the official daily organ of the Labour Party differs, except in being worse, from any existing capitalist sheet. The "Daily Citizen," to begin with, is no more entitled to its name than an organ of the ironmongery trade. The interests of Labour are the interests of a class and of a class that at present has no right or privilege or claim to regard its members as citizens. Until Labour has rights and privileges it is no more a citizen than a class of serfs or slaves. What, in fact, the movement of Labour denotes is the demand of its class for the privileges and responsibilities of active citizenship. But so long as these privileges (economic at base) are denied them and they refuse to take them, so long must their movement, whatever Mr. MacDonald may say, remain a class movement, a movement, that is, primarily for the improvement of the class of Labour and only secondarily and hypothetically for the improvement of the nation at large. No sooner, however, does one of Labour's number enter public life than he grows ashamed of representing a mere class movement. Mixing daily with unchallenged and full-blown citizens, he learns to despise the self-interested section whose devoted sweat has elevated him to citizenship for the sole purpose of lifting them into the same state. With Mr. Walsh he puts his new-found citizenship before his old-time trade unionism. With that incorrigible snob, Mr. MacDonald, he begins to prattle of Imperial duties and responsibilities, of high statesmanship, and such like incomprehensibilities—for all the world as if he had forgotten his class mission and was no longer aware that fifteen million wage slaves laboured in the mills in weekly peril of hopeless pauperism. The "Daily Citizen" indeed! It may be an aspiration, but at present it is merely a lie.

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The contents of the new journal are such as the choice of title would lead us to expect. A class Labour Party that can address the public under the false flag of citizenship will not fail to ape all the vices (believing them to be virtues) of the class to which it aspires. The "Daily Citizen" has, in fact, every vice of the class next above that of its official directors—the nouveaux lower middle class. It is would-be smart, it is would-be broad and tolerant, it is archly knowing, it is sentimental, it is mean, and it is comprehensively vulgar. It is, in fact, everything that the working class is not, and everything the "Yellow Press" thinks it ought to be. In sentimentality, commonly called in polite masculine circles, hogwash, the "leaders" of the new daily are distinguishable from the rest of the contents by their ineptitude even in the low art of claptrap. For smartness aping brilliance we award the palm to the feature known as "Their Views and Ours." Take, for example, the comment on our statement of last week: Wages, we said, can fall to any extent whatever; they can fall not only to subsistence level, but considerably below it. The comment of the "Daily Citizen" on this menacing truth is as follows:—"In fact, they can fall so low that they cease to be wages, and become insults." Our readers will picture the office-boys' grin with which such a comment must have been invented and printed. For vulgarity the prize awaits the writer of interviews with Mr. John Lane and other important Labour leaders. Even Mr. Gardiner, of the "Daily News," is not more defective in a sense of decorum. But for what its managers doubtless call "sheer brilliance," our readers must turn to the contributions to the "Daily Citizen" made by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. A. J. Davey. If the emancipation of Labour can be brought about by writers like these, thoughtless, trivial and provincial, what was it but folly that the long line of inspired writers from Plato to Carlyle should have spent their strength on a task so incomparably below their powers?

Current Cant.

"The nation is composed of individuals all owning property . . . the benefit is mutual; each is helped by every other."—"Morning Post."

"In the modern world force is never, in the nature of things, the weapon of the majority."—HALL CAINE, in the "Daily Citizen."

"State expenditure implies State activity at the cost of private activity—in other words, the advance of Socialism."—The "Standard."

"There is no alternative between the existing Establishment of the Church and the disappearance of religion from the public and corporate life of the nation."—Dr. LANG.

". . . each man for himself. That should be the great witness of the Church."—"Sunday Times."

"I travelled from Liverpool Street to Aldebury, at a flower-decorated table, with crême de gibier, whiting, roast leg of mutton and red currant jelly. . . ."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"If boys and girls are captured in their red-hot stage of enthusiasm, British men and women will neither refuse to bear arms nor to bear children."—"VANOC."

"The 'Strand' Magazine raises the important question —Is England on the down grade? . . . Sir Hiram Maxim and Sir Joseph Lyons are of the opinion that, commercially, we are all right and going strong; though Sir Charles Macara says that, unless English business-men show greater interest in commercial propositions, a down-grade movement will set in."—Advt. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"The Royal party joined the London and North-Western Railway special saloon train at Ballater. . . . The King and Prince of Wales wore grey overcoats and bowler hats."—The "Standard."

"The distinctive characteristic of the Socialism of the Labour Party was that it was evolutionary."—RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

"It is the association of the State with the Ancient Church which keeps alive in the hearts of citizens those Christian principles . . . "—NORTON, in the "Morning Post."

"On the stage, men and women start with an absolute equality of opportunity."—H. B. IRVING.

"To the idle, the slothful, the unambitious malcontent, Socialism at once affords an excuse for his own defects. . . . To such as these Socialism presents a constant temptation to persist in habits of idleness and thriftlessness."—PRESIDENT TAFT.

"Socialism is eager to exploit the powerful and influential organisations of Christianity . . . but it derides its fundamental tenets and its profound traditions."—HERBERT SHAW.

"The poor man and poor woman, now to be deprived in some measure of those spiritual consolations which are free to the poor as well as to the rich."—"Morning Post."

"I want to thank you very much for this lovely walking-stick. My husband and I will often use them. . . ." —Mrs. CHURCHILL.

"'Weekly Friend.'—Now on sale.—Four serial stories, entitled 'A Servant in her Sister's House,' 'Her Stolen Husband,' 'Utterly Alone,' and 'A Wicked Wedding'; also remarkable series of human documents—letters from a convict to his mother; other good things besides. 1d."—Advt. in "Mother and Home."

"If efficiency in the public services is to pass from an ideal to a reality, the middle classes must back up the King."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Like Lord Northcliffe, whose letter I read with great interest—that stirring letter which made me think that perhaps, triumphant as he has been in his present sphere, he might have made an equally distinguished career in another sphere."—LLOYD GEORGE.

Current Sense.

"The 'Daily Citizen' should be invaluable to employers."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Once again a protest must be entered against the deplorable lack of system in the City."—The "City Press."

"The middle classes are fettered by snobbery and apathy. That is why they fail to combine to fight against their grievances."—F. E. BAILEY.

"You must show a hatred of those people who want wealth for wealth's sake."—"Marmaduke."

"Democracy has no place at Court, according to his Majesty . . . "—"London Mail."

"The interest of the producer must be our first concern. . . "—HENRY PAGE CROFT, M.P.

"Some men write novels because they have got into a mess with a woman and want to see how it looks on paper."—E. V. LUCAS.

"The rich generally exercise the brain and body too little and eat or drink too much."—"Vanity Fair."

"The Socialists have been holding a meeting at the Hammerstein Opera House and have decided that the Labour Party is not a wasp, but a bluebottle."—The "Pink 'Un."

"To be rich—there is no other ideal."—HERR KERR.

"Our modern disease is not that we are proud, but that we are proud about the wrong things."—Professor T. M. KETTLE.

"Before we can get even an elementary concept of the basic significance of art, it is necessary to get some rough idea of what we mean by life."—HALDANE MACFALL.

"Our civilisation which, with all its manifold privileges and advantages, is probably to a large class of people the most crushing and soul-killing the race has ever seen."—JOHN BURROUGHS, in the "Atlantic Monthly."

"All the splendour of the external successes of civilisation cannot hide the fact that it does not satisfy the whole man with his inner needs."—Professor EUCKEN, in "Public Opinion."

"The King is as fond of his cup of tea as any old woman."—"London Mail."

"The first important fact we come across is that every year women are increasing in numbers proportionately to men. For every thousand women who may find husbands, sixty-eight must remain unmarried."—T. E. M., in the "Daily Mail."

"The Governments which entered into the First Hague Conference were backed by a public opinion which was ignorant, suspicious, and animated by false ideas."—NORMAN ANGELL.

"No one not a worker has a right to exist or be fed."—BISHOP OF OXFORD.

"It sounds nice theoretically to say that God is doing all He can do to save the whole world at the present time. Everybody knows that this is not true."—"Zion's Watch Tower and Herald of Christ's Presence."

"Success in war depends upon victory in battle."—"Daily Telegraph."

"The capitalist class are now showing their solidarity." —TOM MANN.

"Mr. Snowden wants State intervention because the strikes failed. But why did the strikes fail? They failed because of State intervention."—G. K. CHESTERTON.

"London has become a sort of clearing-house for the white slave trade."—CLAUD MONTEFIORE.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE gravest feature of the Balkan situation during the past week has not been the advance of Montenegro nor the Turkish war preparations, but rather the extraordinary disagreements still existing between the Great Powers and the tension to which such disagreements have given rise in the Chancelleries of Europe. Never since the Berlin Congress has diplomacy been in a more unsettled state; and to understand the position properly we must survey it generally before paying attention to the minor details.

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Events have taken a peculiar turn which is likely to put a considerable strain on the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance. It is all to the interest of this country, as I said before, to have a strong Turkey in the Balkans. It is also to the interest of France to maintain the status quo. On the other hand, Russia is bound to stand by her Slav brethren—even if the Government were not willing to do this, the unanimous force of public opinion is so strong that the authorities would have no option but to accede to the national desire. But a strong Turkey, and the preservation of the status quo in the Balkan States, mean a strong Austria to hold the Balkan States in check in the north. At present Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Greece are united, not merely by a military bond, which every one knows about, but by a definite political agreement which has not been referred to in the public Press. The plan is to establish, not exactly the Southern Slav Republic, about which there has been so much vague talk and no action, but a confederation not unlike the United States of America, each unit in the confederation having its own laws and system of taxation, but all being joined together by a common military bond.

* * *

A confederation of this kind would naturally interfere with Austrian expansion. More than this, it would interfere even with her safety into the bargain. A combination of Servia, Bulgaria and Montenegro could not be despised, leaving Greece out of account altogether. And then there is Italy. Although the present peace negotiations between Italy and Turkey are hanging fire at the time of writing, there is nevertheless every prospect that peace will be declared soon. When this happens it will be to Italy's interest to support Turkey against Austrian expansion in the direction of Albania. We have thus a curious combination: Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy are anxious to support Turkey against the Balkan States, and Russia wishes to support the Balkan States against Turkey. In other words, the entire Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria, and Italy—is joined by two units of the Triple Entente—Great Britain and France—in the endeavour to uphold the present state of things. The status quo once assured, however, two units of the Triple Alliance—Italy and Austria—may as likely as not come to blows over any future division of territory which may be impending; and if Austria at a later date attempts to extend her territories, by annexing, say, the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, which she evacuated when taking over Bosnia and Herzegovina, we should have France, England, Italy, and Russia opposing her, and Germany supporting her.

* * *

At the first reading all this may sound very bewildering, but there are other factors which make the situation more chaotic still. It is known that Roumania is tied to Austria by a military convention which diplomatists are pleased to call "secret," although the nature of it is known to all the parties interested. In spite of this, efforts are being made to induce King Charles to come into line with the confederation. Roumania, however, is not a Slav country. And, as if to add the last touch of complexity to this ironical situation, Bulgaria has for several weeks been tentatively endeavouring to negotiate an "arrangement" with Austria whereby the Slav States shall be guaranteed against interference from her while the war with Turkey is in progress.

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As I write, the feeling in diplomatic circles is most pessimistic; a general war in the Balkans seems inevitable. Efforts will now be directed, in the first place, to "localising" the outbreak, and in the second place to preventing any territorial changes when the war is at an end.

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It is precisely this latter factor over which trouble is likely to arise. When addressing the Delegations on Thursday last, the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, referred with careful emphasis to the fact that Austria had "vital interests" in the Balkans which she was determined to safeguard. It is generally believed that he referred to the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and the railway line, but his speech is susceptible to a wider interpretation. It means that if Turkey shows signs of breaking up, Austria will certainly demand "compensation" somewhere, and it means, too, that if Turkey appears to be winning, and Russia finds it necessary to intervene on behalf of the Slav States, Austria will also have a word to say. The effect of this speech will not be lost on the St. Petersburg Foreign Office; but this does not necessarily mean that Count Berchtold's unnecessary intervention at this juncture is likely to make for peace.

* * *

In the midst of all this excitement a bombshell has been cast into the financiers' camp. Turkey, it has been reported, is seeking a loan (the figure is variously given as £6,000,000 to £10,000,000) from J. P. Morgan and Co., and this raises an entirely new aspect of international finance. It has hitherto been the unwritten rule in Europe that no money shall be lent to a State which is at war—it was for this reason that Turkey could not get a loan from France last October, after the war with Italy had broken out. But will American financiers take this unwritten rule into their calculations? They will not, I fancy, if they can see any prospect of making money by disregarding it.

* * *

Apart from this specific instance, however, there has for some time been a steady agitation among American financiers for greater participation in international loans. They are not satisfied to go on lending money to China and South America; they wish for more extended "interests." Personally I welcome this American invasion, if only because it may help to break down the monopoly of the great European banking houses. In London financial circles people are saying even more bitter things now about the Morgans than they did about Mr. Birch Crisp a few weeks ago.

* * *

It is difficult to get the truth about international affairs published in English papers. Every newspaper has its special "interests" to serve; and even when both political parties support the foreign policy of the Government, a certain amount of latitude is allowed to their Press organs, as witness the "Daily News" and the "Nation," and the different tone adopted by a paper like the "Westminster Gazette." Even the Labour group of the Liberal party, as was made evident by some wild leaders in the "Daily Herald," must have its panderers. But a writer in Thursday's issue of the new "Daily Citizen" has exceeded all bounds of probability. In a leader on the foreign situation he assures his readers solemnly: "The International Socialist Bureau states that the working class movements in Armenia, Greece, Turkey, Roumania, have issued a joint manifesto against the war, and that the Socialist workmen of Bulgaria and Servia will join hands with them. . . By peaceful methods the Bulgarian workers aim at uniting the Balkan peoples into a single federal republic, free from the control both of Turkey and of the great European Powers." Comment would spoil this: I will only say that it is by far the funniest thing I have ever read. My newsagent shall be instructed to place the "Citizen" on my list of comic papers.

Guild Socialism.

II.—A Survey of the Material Factors.

BEFORE we can profitably begin our study of Guild Socialism, it is desirable that we should present a conspectus of the existing organisation of the industrial factors. As its name implies, Guild Socialism is necessarily a work of democratic social reconstruction. It is democracy applied to industry. Herein it differs fundamentally from State Socialism, which leaves to the bureaucrat the task of organising the industrial army without regard to the democratic principle. The term "Guild" implies voluntary organisation and democratic management. Historically considered, this is its true connotation. It is because of this tradition that we apply the word "Guild" to that democratic industrial organisation which our inquiry into the wage system has persuaded us is necessary if the future of the British national as well as working community is to be ensured. We have seen how certain it is that if the mass of the population consciously accepts the labour commodity theory and accordingly sells itself for wages, the servile state becomes inevitable. That way lie despair and the denial of every ideal, every hope and every democratic expectation for the future. The future welfare of Great Britain is bound up in its present will-power and capacity so to reorganise itself that it can produce and distribute wealth relieved from the incubus of competitive wages, rent, interest, and profits. As we have already proved, the first step is the abolition of the wage system, for it is by means of wages that rent, interest and profits are exacted. But a mere declaration that wages are abolished is obviously absurd, unless an effective and superior substitute for the wage system is forthcoming. That substitute, in its turn, depends upon the coherence of the new organisation. But we must not even begin to elaborate the main outlines of the new social structure until we have clearly realised the content and extent of our task.

Confining ourselves in this chapter to the material factors of the problem, these are mainly (i) production; (ii) population engaged in production and distribution; (iii) the number of wage earners as distinct from administration; (iv) the value of labour as distinct from the cost of the raw or semi-raw material. Inasmuch as the primary consideration is our capacity to produce wealth, we shall restrict ourselves to that aspect of the inquiry, leaving the question of distribution to subsequent treatment. We would, however, remind our readers that we have already partially dealt with distribution in our chapter, "The Economics of the Wage System."

The first census of production, carried out in 1907, disclosed the fact that 6,936,000 persons (salaried and wage earners) are engaged in productive work, the annual labour value of which is £712,000,000. The labour value here mentioned is calculated by excluding the value of the raw materials before they entered the factories. In the words of the report: "It represents the total value added to the materials in the course of which wages, rents, royalties, rates, taxes, depreciation, advertisements and sales expenses and other establishment charges, as well as profits, have to be defrayed." It is extremely important that our readers should clearly understand that these figures do not include (a) transit charges, (b) raw materials, (c) wholesale or retail distributive charges of any kind. The £712,000,000 represents only the value added to the raw material by the application of productive labour power, direct or indirect. At the risk of being tedious, let us again remark that we are dealing only with production. It will be observed that the number of employees, quoted above, includes both administration, roughly speaking, salaried persons, and labour—i.e., the wage earners. As, however, we deemed it essential to the argument that these should be distinguished from each other, we have been at some pains to ascertain the exact number of wage earners engaged in the industries with which we propose to deal. It is fortunate that the preliminary reports of the Census of Production give us also the average wages of the wage earners in certain trades: it is unfortunate that these reports do not as yet cover the whole field.

As we write we have before us the particulars of about 140 different trades. We should like to set them all out completely in tabular form, but apart from the fact that our available space is limited, no serious end would be gained. We shall, therefore, arbitrarily select only those trades wherein 50,000 or more persons are engaged. Wherever possible we have given the average wages.

Trade Group.	Net output	Persons employed	Net output per person employed	Wage Earners employed	Av. An. Wage
	£		£		£
Building and Contracting Trades	42,954,000	513,961	84	476,359	59
Coal Mines	106,364,000	840,280	129	826,567	—
Iron and Steel Factories	30,948,000	262,225	118	248,161	82
Shipbuilding and Marine Engineering	17,678,000	184,557	96	175,105	72
Engineering Factories	49,425,000	455,561	108	416,924	67
Railway Construction	17,103,000	241,526	71	232,736	67
Clothing and Millinery Factories	27,237,000	440,664	62	390,863	36
Boot and Shoe Factories	8,965,000	126,564	71	117,324	46
Cotton Factories ...	46,941,000	572,869	82	560,478	50
Woollen and Worsted	19,452,000	257,017	76	247,920	40
Jute, Linen and Hemp (Great Britain)	5,020,000	81,703	61	79,534	34
Linen and Hemp (Ireland)	4,318,000	71,761	61	71,311	30
Printing and Bookbinding	15,288,000	172,677	89	156,161	—
Chemicals	9,464,000	51,088	185	45,107	—
China and Earthenware	4,596,000	67,870	68	64,043	—
Brick and Fireclay ...	5,060,000	63,287	80	59,880	—
Bread and Biscuit Factories	11,590,000	110,168	105	97,724	—
Cocoa and Confectionery	4,975,000	60,735	82	54,132	—
Brewing and Malting	41,140,000	85,222	483*	69,249	—
Timber Factories	6,201,000	74,564	83	66,224	—
Furniture	9,245,000	91,412	101	83,274	—
Laundry	7,161,000	130,653	55	119,863	32
Gas	17,278,000	83,531	208	74,967	75

* Including Excise Duties.

The average wage in this table is probably overstated. We have taken the average weekly wage as ascertained by the Census of Production and multiplied by 50, allowing, that is, only two weeks' unemployment per worker per annum. The Building group, as a seasonal trade, we multiplied by 40, the figure usually given. In one or two instances we have grouped the returns for the sake of compression, and grouped the average output and wage accordingly.

This industrial table is probably the most significant published in recent years. It lends itself to exhaustive treatment not only by the statistician, but by the social philosopher. Without entering at length into its full meaning, there are certain important conclusions germane to our particular text to be drawn from it, and only to these shall we now refer.

First: It is graphically evident that the wage system is the basis of modern wealth production; for only by treating labour as a commodity and subjecting it to a competitive wage price is it possible to pay rent, interest, profits, establishment charges, and all other expenses. Towards these expenses, the individual Building wage slave contributes every year the sum of £25; the Iron and Steel worker £36; the Shipbuilding worker £24; the Engineer £41. More striking are the figures dealing with such necessities as clothing, boots, cottons, woollens and linens. Here the average wage is decidedly low, largely owing, it appears, to the presence of the competition of the industrial woman worker. Yet, low as these wages are, it will be observed that the industry returns very much the same surplus value as do the more highly paid trades. Thus we discover that low wages are not really due to bad trade, but to the ability of the purchaser of labour power to exact surplus value. A laundress earning £55 annually, pays £23 from this amount for the upkeep of her employer's establishment. From the commercial standpoint (and the standpoint, that is, of surplus value) there is practically no difference in value between the combined labour of an equal group of

laundry women, building employees, and ship builders. Thus it is evident that profits really spring from the regular employment of large masses of wage slaves, no matter of what kind.

Second: The unequal wages paid to different trades yielding equal economic value is clearly an inequitable outcome of the existing wage system and calls for instant remedy. But it is certain that no immediate remedy is possible during the continuance of the present industrial system, because the capital invested in the various trades has been advanced on the implied understanding that wages shall not be raised at the expense of dividends. The return on capital must approximate in all industries.

Third: So far as the productive processes are concerned, it is evident that there is no economic justification for the categories of rent, interest and profits, providing that organised labour (in guilds or otherwise) undertakes, and is able, to maintain productive output and efficiency at, at least, the same standard now obtaining. We do not think it will be difficult to show that a better economic organisation of labour power would greatly improve upon the present system of capitalist exploitation. In the meantime, the conclusion is irresistible that, consistent with the maintenance of rent, interest and profit, at their present rates, the employing class can make no further additions of any consequence to real wages. We have, in fact, reached the breaking point. Either surplus value must be reduced (which is impossible under capitalism) or wages must be stereotyped at their present low average. It is for the Labour army to decide whether it shall remain for ever servile, for ever wage slaves, or whether it shall absorb rent and interest, and by means of guild organisation undertake the functions of the present employing class together with the economic rewards.

Fourth: There are probably fifteen million employees engaged in wealth production or wealth distribution. But we find from this table that less than seven millions are directly engaged in production. It will be necessary to inquire how far guild organisation can economise on distribution. If we put the cost of production at 100, it will be found that the ultimate cost to the consumer varies between 140 and 220. Economic distribution is necessarily an integral charge upon production. How much of the existing system of distribution is uneconomic? That remains to be seen.

We do not attach much significance to the problem so often discussed whether we suffer most from over-production or under-consumption or any variation of this irrelevant conundrum. But we draw two deductions from the returns before us of Census of Production: (a) That any considerable increase in production would necessitate a correlative increase in the number of productive workers; (b) that our capacity for increased production is only limited by our supply of raw materials and labour power. As, with one or two exceptions, there is yet no dearth of raw materials, it becomes an extremely important issue whether organised labour, obtaining command of industry by declining to sell itself for wages, and reorganising its forces, would not find it desirable to draft at least two more millions of workers into productive occupations, either from uneconomic distribution or from the under or unemployed. It would probably be one of the first tasks undertaken by a plenary conference of guilds.

Fifth: In view of the fact that there are nearly seven million wage earners occupied exclusively on production, and as there there are less than three million trade unionists, more than 200,000 of whom are distributively engaged, it is evident that the first step in the reorganisation of the labour forces must be such a change in the terms of membership as shall enable each union to embrace every employee in its particular trade. In this connection, it is important to note the apparently excessive number of employees assigned to the administrative side of production—foremen, clerks, and the like. In the Building section there are no less than 37,000; the Iron and Steel Factories have 14,000; Shipbuilding yards, 9,000; Engineering shops, 39,000; Clothing, 50,000; Boots and Shoes, 9,000; Printing and Bookbinding, 16,000; Bread and Biscuits, 13,000; Cocoa and Confectionery, 6,000; Timber, 8,000; Furniture, 8,000; Laundries, 11,000. Would it be necessary in these trades, under a guild system, to maintain an army of 220,000 men who do not to-day rank as wage earners, but as overseers of wage slaves? No doubt a considerable proportion of these are of economic value, such as the scientific and technical contingents, but, as a class and having regard to their number, they certainly constitute a problem demanding serious thought. For example, how many of them are slave-drivers, pace-makers—the drill sergeants of the capitalist organisation? And what is to be the attitude of the reorganised trade-unions towards them? Inclusive, we trust, for these men are just as much the product of their economic environment as are the wage slaves themselves.

Now the first general conclusion that springs to the surface, from an unbiased consideration of these facts and factors, is that the work involved in reorganising industrial society is an industrial and not a political task. The term "politics" has, in these later days, a special and narrow connotation. No doubt, in its broad meaning a man who occupies himself with the transformation of industrial society is engaged in political action. In that sense the syndicalists are politicians, none the less so because they spend half their time in disavowing politics. But custom has rightly ordained that politics is an affair of state, the pursuit of problems relating to the community as a state and without particular regard to its economic structure. Thus, a politician is one who devotes himself to that category of questions which may suitably be dealt with by Parliament. Experience has taught us that the Parliamentary function has practically no relation to production and distribution of wealth. It concerns itself with the conditions surrounding men in the pursuit of their industrial work; it may by laws touching the public health favourably or unfavourably affect industrial work; it may even specify the hours of labour a man, a woman, or a "young person" can work; but it cannot, from without, abrogate the actual industrial system because it did not create it. Indeed, as we have repeatedly shown, it is largely the creation and not the creator of the industrial forces. In the accepted and proper use of the term, economics dominates politics, and, in consequence, politicians are economically impotent. During the past decade a school of Labour politicians has arrived which has sought to convince the wage-slaves that the conquest of political power is a condition precedent to the conquest of economic power. We now know that the economic power of Labour, as indicated by the decline in real wages, has systematically decreased with the increase in political labour activity. For every Labour Member of Parliament there has been a corresponding loss to Labour of at least a million sterling annually as measured by the fall of real wages.

The work, then, that lies before us promises to be infinitely more fruitful than those barren political enterprises for which we have paid so dearly. Is there any man or woman who, realising the meaning of the industrial problem presented by the foregoing table, is so bereft of imagination that he cannot perceive how immensely beneficent an industrial campaign must be? The plain truth is that the capitalist exploitation of labour by means of the wage system has led to the most frightful disorganisation. Take, for example, our estimate of the average annual wage as set out above. We have allowed in every case, with one exception, for two weeks' unemployment every year. But look at the actualities as disclosed by the balance-sheets of the trade-unions. In 1910 the Building Unions spent £113,635 on unemployed benefit, or 28.9 per cent. of their annual expenditure; the Miners spent 18.1 per cent.; the Engineers and Shipbuilders spent £213,893, or 22.4 per cent.; the Textile Unions £170,434, or 56.2 per cent.; the Clothing Unions, 19.1 per cent.; the Printers, 43.9 per cent. Do not these figures disclose the failure of the employers to run their

businesses successfully in the interests of the nation? Is it not high time that Labour should refuse thus to maintain the reserves of employment out of its exiguous wage? We have already quoted Mr. Binney Dibblee to the effect that the maintenance of Labour reserves is a reasonable charge upon the employers. But we now see that rent, interest, and profits, in demanding their pound of flesh, have at the same time refused to maintain their victims, even while the flesh was growing again. Anybody may do this for them—the Trade Unions, private charity, the State; but the capitalists will not do it themselves. No vindictive attack upon the propertied interests need be considered—the situation is far too serious to be governed by low motives—what we must understand is that Great Britain is faced with a crisis so terrific, so far-reaching, that unless she grasps its true significance, her economic decline is inevitable. We do not deny that she might conceivably go far on the purely material plane by frankly adopting the policy of the servile State and by deliberately compelling the mass of the population to pass into standardised and irremediable wage slavery. But, apart from the fact that no nation can exist "half-slave and half-free," we believe that slavery, economic or psychological, is so repugnant to British thought and habit that when the Labour army wakes up to the realities it will sweep away the wage system and itself undertake the industrial work of the country.

The October Ogress.

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

A poisonous foe and a treacherous friend,
Like a blight and a curse on your roof I descend.

Language could not more fully or accurately sum her up than this couplet from a contemporary minor poet. She has necessarily nothing about her of kinship or impecuniosity. Yet she belongs distinctly to the poor relation tribe. She combines the peevishness of poverty with the smug satisfaction of a competence and an affectation of general superiority with an imperiousness of manner and a hardness of fibre, unusual even in the daughter of a British bourgeoisie, she waits for no invitation to your home, she simply invades it as an opening movement in her plan of autumnal campaign. Her presence is as much the token of preceding victory as is a foreign capital's occupation by an enemy, the next step to an armed nation's defeat in the field. She would have been welcomed by John Wesley as a concrete justification of his belief in witches. In the Middle Ages she would no sooner have reached matronhood than she would have perished at the stake. Even now in Italy she would be found to possess the evil eye. In our own land of liberty and happiness, at each stage of her October progress she diffuses about her an atmosphere of discomfort, suspicion, distrust, and ill-will.

Born, as she amiably flatters herself, to command, she is absolutely unrivalled in the art of setting at loggerheads all about her. It used to be said of a certain former Prince of Wales that whenever a man stood well with a friend, a husband with his wife, or a son with his parent, his Royal Highness would contrive to make mischief between them. It is exactly the same with the petticoated parasite whose social activities are roused by the fall of the leaf, in the same way as a ray of light brings into visible motion the creeping and the crawling things dormant in the cellar. She is far too good a mistress of the art that she has made the business of her life openly to spread calumny or even insinuations broadcast. Condescending to quarter herself on an ordinary household tranquil and comfortable till her advent, she finds in the smallest incidents of its daily life an opening for the exercise of her peculiar powers. Her presence, with her exaggerating claims to attention, have perhaps strained the domestic resources. Meals are unpunctual. The husband whose business is waiting for him in office or study, shows signs of impatience or irritability. He may, perhaps, pluck up courage for a word of remonstrance to the young wife he loves and of whose personal appearance he is proud. She happens also to be the ogress's dearest friend. The visitor, however, as a stormy petrel, instinctively feels she will fish with better results in troubled waters. His wife being out of earshot, she finds a chance of compassionating the hurried head of the home on the inconveniences he sustains as well as of admiring the composure he exhibits.

The words, murmured in an undertone, are scarcely out of her lips before she finds herself alone with the lady. "I cannot say, my dear, how much I pity you for the tyranny to which you have delivered yourself, or how noble I consider your forbearance under these cruel reproaches—reproaches, it is true, not of words, but of manner and expression of face. Still one can break a husband's spirit as well as a child's." "At least," she adds, "I know I did."

Having thus placed her leaven, she commits its working to time. Meanwhile, she takes for her social model the Mrs. Cummidge of "David Copperfield," whose craze, it may be remembered, was that, a waif in the wide world, she was a "lone, lorn cretur," of no use to anyone and the scorn and neglect of all. In the novel, this wronged and desolate lady no sooner receives an offer of marriage from a sailor than she "ups with a pail of water and flings it at his head." Any attempt at sympathy is accepted by the October ogress as an insult. Her contempt for all the gentler qualities of human nature is almost as great as her loathing in others of the approach to poverty which, wherever she goes, she shuns like a plague and considers the one unpardonable sin. It is like Tennyson's *Northern Farmer* over again; "the poor in a lump is bad." There is something almost criminal from the ogress's point of view in having either a taste ungratified or even a bodily need without its proper satisfaction. Those who are the subjects of such a deficiency should be made in some degree or other to smart for their want. A child desires a sweetmeat: the ogress produces a bon-bon box, only, without opening it, to replace it in her pocket. A street beggar begs an alms: she opens her purse, asks him whether he can change half a crown, then, having poured her little drop into the great sea of misery, restores her *porte monnaie* to her handbag with a vicious snap.

She finds herself, however, especially in her element when conversing with well-to-do friends before her less-fortunate fellow creatures. If she has nothing but scorn for the failures and miscarriages of everyday life, she talks at her ill-fed and ill-clothed inferiors as if they already had their hands in her pocket or had been detected in the act of purloining her trinkets. In all this she is but a type of a time and class tendency, and only personifies in herself the spirit and tone of the fat and greasy citizenship about which Jacques had something to say in "As You Like it." Her tea-table gossip about the rich and great, picked up from third-class society papers and the "Daily Mail's" review of Lady Cynthia Skinflint's last delightful instalment of "Patrician Reminiscences," may be wearisome and ridiculous, but is at least harmless. Any well-informed domestic servant could expose its exaggerations and inaccuracies. The mischief only begins when, without regard to the audience before which she takes up her parable, she reproduces the chit-chat of the housekeeper's room, spiced with her own venomous insinuations against those outside the circle of suburban villadom. And that when in the presence of those connected perhaps by fellow-feeling, or in some other way with what the ogress calls the kennel, meaning the "canaille."

Of the malignant humours thus spread, there is no conductor more potent than the chattering tongue that now finds its autumnal recreation in wagging beneath those middle-class roofs, invaded by its possessor with so light a heart, but unfortunately with consequences which she has neither the intelligence to perceive nor the good taste or feeling that might produce a wish to avert.

Home Rule from a Sane Point of View.

By Norman Fitzroy Webb.

THE position of the broad-minded man who has any belief in nationality as a force, and who yet finds himself in the ranks of the opposition to self-government for Ireland, is difficult to explain to those whose political horizon is bounded by modern politics. His opposition appears to them to be either material and unpatriotic, or the result of a bigoted obscurantism. That it is the outcome of neither makes no difference: he cannot get a hearing. But the Nationalist can always gain our sympathy. The dullest of us can understand his sentiments. They do him credit, and us, too, if we endorse them. His is a popular air, with "my country," or words to that effect, for a refrain. It is inspiring, and given the due season we would all like to be singing it. But now hear the other side.

A revolutionary Act of Parliament is a contradiction. It is not merely that it is out of the Parliamentary sphere, it is an impossibility. Acts of Parliament may breed riots: they cannot make a revolution. Were Ireland in reality as hot for revolution as the Nationalist Party aver it is unthinkable that she should seek relief by means of legislation. The revolutionary's place is not in the Commons. The Nationalist Party contradict themselves. If the day comes when Ireland really elects to govern herself Acts of Parliament will be powerless either to bestow or withhold self-government.

This present agitation which its leaders would have us believe is a great national movement. Look at it for any of the signs of a revolution. There are none. There is more of revolution in the temper of Ulster than in all the rest of Ireland. The source of this agitation is no longer patriotism, neither does economics enter into it. It has become entirely political.

Of late the Nationalist members have protested that they agitate solely in the interests of a revered and overworked Imperial Parliament. They disavow intention of identifying Ireland in any way apart from England. Here is another flaw. For inasmuch as their cry of "Ireland a nation," which they keep for their speeches in Ireland and America, is sincere, in just so much is their movement a true movement. We in the North point attention to that cry as an indication of the cloven hoof, but the phrase has no longer the ring of truth: the party is held together by a common hatred, not bound in a common cause and good fellowship. The feeling upon which the agitators play is resentment, not patriotism: a chance to pay off old scores upon England and upon Protestantism is the prize held out. That is the fuel with which the party pot is kept boiling.

An arrested popular movement, however revolutionary and patriotic it may have been in the beginning, if it does not die at once, is sure to crystallise into a political tradition. And what one man believes to be the only hope for his country, a belief for which he is ready to undergo any hardships, even the supreme test of eclipse, may mean to another, his son may be, or his party successor, but a sentimental personal vindication. And with the Nationalist Party, as with so many of us in this present day, the reason for doing the thing has disappeared, and the doing of it become everything. Not long ago a member of this same party drew attention to the fact that through all the breaks and changes in the English parties the Nationalists had remained unswerving—and he put this forward as an argument for the reality of that for which he stood. Thus does party politics dull what little intelligence a man may have!

There have been just indictments in THE NEW AGE of what is termed the Irish literary movement. "It is stuff such as this that has filled the heads of our youth with gauze and their hearts with bitter." And those words are applicable to what passes for national sentiment in Dublin to-day. It is inconceivable that there is a thinking Irishman who has not his moments when he sees "Ireland a nation"; a live entity with a heart. For a central executive, however corrupt, is essential to national life, and Ireland, receiving her pulsation from across the sea, is still attached by the umbilical cord and can have no real life of her own. But if in the ripeness of time the day for that severance should dawn, the operations will not be performed in the manner favoured by this party of self-appointed midwives, who would deliver England regardless of whether the Irish heart is capable of independent circulation. Even though the opposition of Ulster seems smug and material, even if a large number of its supporters keep up their courage with fiery words of personal and religious hatred, yet be sure that their resistance is based upon an instructive knowledge of the fundamental falsity of their opponents' case, and a wise fear of an aimless agitation. And whatever the party Press, of either side, says of the feeling in Ulster, one thing is certain: it is the only real feeling of its kind in Ireland to-day, and as such will triumph.

Three Generations of Feudalism.

By Sir Francis Vane, Bt. of Hutton.

I OFFER this story—a very true, nay, a much too true story—to your readers because it illustrates, I believe, the evils of a system which has passed the period of its utility, and yet is retained. It will, perhaps, be remembered by some that I wrote for your columns an article which I called Feudal Socialism, in which I compared Feudalism with Collectivism, and showed (at any rate to my own satisfaction) the close connection there exists between the two principles. Because in the Feudal system every man had a job to do, according to his degree, and he either did it or was thrown out. He had something more to do than the mere collection of dividends or rents, which were his privileges. He had a duty to perform for his dividends or rents. Directly the "duty" side of the question becomes moribund, the system is out of date and must go.

Now this is exactly the position of our Land Laws to-day. They were quite excellent four hundred years ago when the "duty side" was uppermost, but they are entirely rotten—the mere husks of a system—when, as now, the service to man has been left out.

Now what is my story? Well, it will show that three good men's lives have been wrecked to maintain an impossible system—the lords of a property. It will show that a large estate, on which many thousands of farmers and labourers ought to live, and, alas, now do not thrive, for they go in shoals to Canada, and I think I can prove that the only people who have were the lawyers, who may be a luxury, but who never can be considered a necessity in any well ordered State. They got £50,000 out of us and out of the tenants and labourers on the property.

I say that lawyers are a luxury, not a necessity, because rather carefully I have gone into the question of the conciliation committees in the villages in Tuscany. These are popularly elected committees of three persons who voluntarily accept office to settle disputes arising in their neighbourhood. The disputants are encouraged to go before this council—it costs exactly 50 centessime (five pence) to do so—to arrange their disputes.

An eminent Italian lawyer, who I think now is a Cabinet Minister in Rome, told me three years ago, expecting me to sympathise with him (he knew I was a J.P. and supposed that, therefore, I was of the Guild of Sharks), that 80 per cent. of the cases were settled by these voluntary courts. How sad, he remarked, and I smiled, remembering my family's £50,000! Now let us get to the story.

Sir Lionel Vane happens to have been my great grandfather (through no fault of his or mine), and if I could be proud of these things—being an Englishman, being a Vane, and the rest, all those things which one cannot help—I would at least feel some satisfaction in my descent from him because he was a friend and sup-

porter of Howard the Philanthropist—and he was called the Protector of the Gypsies at a time when every vulgar man's hand was against this outcast tribe. Sir Lionel settled our estates—and incidentally settled, in another manner, nearly all of us. His son, my grandfather, Sir Frederick, was clearly a good fellow—I have all his letters—and a good Whig. At any rate, he knocked the Tories out of Carlisle in 1798. He was Member for Winchelsea and Carlisle, and would have been a good man if he had not always had "too much beans." As the head of his family he rather played havoc, socially, in that he, like most of us, "with beans," had too great a regard for the other and more charming sex. He was draining the property all the time. Then came his son, Sir Francis. My uncle I do not know much. He had been always kept in the background by his father, and I fancy, from the letters, his life was never a very happy one. My father, Frederick, was at Eton with W. E. Gladstone, and was among those distinguished persons who were swished by Dr. Keat because they had broken bounds to go to Windsor Fair. Of my father I can speak with some certitude, because he was the best and noblest comrade any son ever had, though I suppose I cannot remember him before he was nearing the age of sixty. He was the youngest man in spirit I ever knew. And as he had been a friend of Henry Brougham, had been in society in London during the reign of George IV of blessed memory, knew "Almack's" and "Crockford's"—in the latter place he won money and never gambled again —and was in Canada when Lord Durham protested against the British dominance over the French Canadians, it will be seen that our friendly intercourse in our innumerable walks was in itself a liberal education. I learnt well how to deal with the Boers in South Africa —and it has been publicly said by General Prinsloo that I converted more of his race than most others—through these comrade walks as a child with my father than I could ever have learnt to do in all the universities of the world—Balliol College included.

But my father's life was ruined by the *husks* of Feudalism. He had been brought up expensively—Eton and the 12th Lancers. When his father died, as a younger son, practically nothing for him. *The husks of Feudalism.* You start by ruining a man for ordinary work in the world—the younger son—and as a rule you blame him because you have ruined him. It seems a foolish policy. As to my father, Frederick Henry Vane, I can say this: he was the noblest and most chivalrous man I have ever known, and, incidentally, one of the most intelligent. I have seen him fighting roughs in Seven Dials to protect a woman. And I know he was entirely ruined for useful work in the world by the system.

Now my predecessor, Sir Henry. I found him a most amiable, sympathetic, and intelligent man. In the matter of county affairs he conducted everything well. These are all very well, but he had much more capacity than for these things. A more reasonable system would have employed him possibly as an ambassador, possibly as a governor of a colony, instead of the Red Tape officials they generally get. But certainly he might have been more than a local J.P. had he not become the head of his family at an early age.

In the three generations—Sir Frederick, Sir Francis, and Sir Henry—the younger sons have been doing things handicapped by a vicious system—but doing them. Walter Vane (the brother of Sir Frederick) wrote quite well. Another Walter, the brother of Sir Francis and of my father, was killed as a captain in the Grenadiers of Bayonne, and my father did something, but not very much or nearly as much as he ought to have done, and Frederick Vane, the brother of Sir Henry, a major in the 25th, was wounded at Inkerman and never recovered from his wounds. But after all these cadets were doing something, but handicapped by their surroundings, while their brothers, the chiefs of the house were, in spite of their capacity, simply "sitting tight"—wasting! They were not even good as administrators of a property on which depended the lives of so many thousands of people. Bound by an ancient tradition, they were prevented from adopting modern methods and allowed the estates to go down. Consequently, the emigration to Canada which is now draining the life-blood of the locality.

Finally, as an example of what can be done by our laws, which are, as I have said, but the husks of Feudalism, my estates are re-settled on to my son—or sons (and I have no sons)—and put into a trust which starves every one on the estates for the benefit of non-existent heirs.

And in the meantime the only heirs after me—my cousins, the de Heris family—are starving. The estate is starved, everyone connected with it is starved, and they go away to freer and more rational climes.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

It is permitted us to believe that the millionaire is no more a permanent evil than was the feudal over-lord. And it is permitted us to hope that his predominance will be of shorter duration. Nevertheless there seems to be no reason why he should not confer upon society, during his reign, such benefits as he is able. And the centralisation of power in his hands makes it very easy for him to display a virtue if he have one.

I am not much afraid that any donation from the wealthy will blind the people to the lay of things. Moreover, if the millionaire have by rare chance any acquaintance with history he will remember that the Medici—to use a hackneyed example—retain honour among us not for their very able corruption of the city of Florence, but because they housed Ficino and various artists and in so doing even reaped certain credit due to their forerunners, the Orsini.

In fostering and hastening a renaissance the millionaire may be often very useful. It is his function as it is the function of any aristocrat to die and to leave gifts. Die he must, and he may as well leave gifts, lest people spit upon his tomb and remember him solely for his iniquities.

Also his order must pass as all things pass from this earth, save masterwork in thought, and in art. It is well, therefore, that he leave behind him some record for consideration. When the fire of the old learning began to run subtly from one end of Italy to the other, certain rich collectors sent out their agents through Greece and through all the East to gather what fragments they might of the ancient beauty.

And I honour in Mr. Morgan (God damn his politics) and in our other American collectors a similar habit. Until a country hold within it many examples of fine work you will never find there that discrimination between the sham and the real which is essential to the fostering of all art worthy of the name.

American poetry is bad, not for lack of impulse, but because almost no one in that country knows true from false, good from bad. It is only by familiarity with masterwork that one has flair. There must be knowledge of degrees and differences at the hearth and in the city.

Nevertheless, a nation has honour not for what it acquires but for what it gives, and one would respect Mr. Morgan infinitely more if he employed, or bought from or subsidised contemporary American artists.

It might be a no less profitable investment, though I count this but little argument. An old thing has a sort of fixed value. If one acquire property in possessing it, it is a fairly safe investment. The clever dealer buys modern work cheap, and lives thereby; but there is more risk in so doing. "You never *know* unless you yourself happen personally to care."

Yet after the collectors of the fifteenth century there came the academies, and these likewise spread their enthusiasm. A real academy is not the kind of thing which we see now bearing that name in the United States. This latter is a sort of mortuary chamber wherein those who have earnestly endeavoured to

succeed are for a few years, ante mortem, permitted to repose.

When a man has done his work, good or otherwise, you may as well chloroform him, give him a pension. You show a more kindly spirit if you feed him. You bolster up your own self-respect if you feed him. But you do nothing to assist awakenings or liberations. If it lie within your desire to promote the arts you must not only subsidise the man with work still in him, but you must gather such dynamic particles together; you must set them where they will inter-act, and stimulate each other.

It is most economical to do this when they are in the most energetic state, to wit, the beginning of their course, during the years when they will work for least money. Any artist who is worth powder to blow him to Sheol wants, at the start, liberty to do his work and little beyond this.

I respect the founders of our academy in Rome, who subsidise ten artists to stay there and study and work together.

But there should be a respectable college of the arts in New York * (or Chicago, or San Francisco, or in all three), a college of one hundred members, chosen from all the arts, sculptors, painters, dramatists, musical composers, architects, scholars of the art of verse, engravers, etc., and they should be fed there during the impossible years of the artist's life—i.e., the beginning of his career.

As it is, you can, in the United States get subsidised for "research." You can make a commentary on Quinet and draw pay for three years doing it, or you can write learnedly on "ablauts" with similar result. And you can in all arts save literature and musical composition (there is one college in Ohio giving a special fellowship in original composition, but this is, I believe, the sole exception) get subsidies of one sort or another.

The cost of an efficient college of the arts, an institution not unlike a "graduate school" without professors, would be a trifle in comparison to the funds used in endowment of universities in which the system of instruction is already obsolescent—whenever it has concern with anything save utilitarian knowledge.

Wherever there is direct ratio between knowledge and immediate definite profit you will, as I have said, find the American marvellously efficient, both in intuition and in methods of training. It is, perhaps, foolish to print in detail the constitution of such a college as I propose. I tried vainly to get it printed in New York.

Yet this much is certain, if America has any desire to be a centre of artistic activity she must learn her one lesson from the Ptolomies. Art was lifted into Alexandria by subsidy, and by no other means will it be established in the United States.

It is not enough that the artist have impulse, he must be in a position to know what has been done and what is yet to do. He must not be like the plough-boy on the lonely farm who spent his youth devising agricultural machinery and found when he went out into the world that all his machines had been invented before he was born.

How often do I hear it said of the American writers, by the Europeans, "I can't see that they do anything but send us back copies of what we have already done."

"Transportation is civilisation" was Mr. Kipling's last intelligible remark, and it is doubly true in art and in thought.

The American artist must at least find out what is worth doing before he can expect either to do it or to be "taken seriously."

It is possible that "Individuals" cannot be produced except in old countries or from old stock. I am not sure of this. But this at least is true, that a man's mind must be hand-made and not machine-made if one is to take interest in it.

The Iron Age.

How came this pigmy rabble spun,
After the gods and kings of old,
Upon a tapestry begun
With threads of silver and of gold?
In heaven began the heroic tale
What meaner destinies prevail!

They wove about the antique brow
A circlet of the heavenly air.
To whom is due such reverence now,
The thought "What deity is there"?
We choose the chieftains of our race
From hucksters in the market place.

When in their Councils over all
Men set the power which sells and buys,
Be sure the price of life will fall,
Death be more precious in our eyes.
Have all the gods their cycles run?
Has devil worship now begun?

O whether devil planned or no,
Life here is ambushed, this our fate,
That road to anarchy doth go,
This to the grim mechanic state.
The gates of hell are open wide,
But lead to other hells outside.

How has the fire Promethean paled?
Who is there now who wills or dares
Follow the fearless chiefs who sailed,
Celestial adventurers,
Who charted in undreamt of skies
The magic zones of Paradise?

Mankind that sought to be god-kind,
To wield the sceptre, wear the crown,
What made it wormlike in its mind?
Who bade it lay the sceptre down?
Was it through any speech of thee,
Misunderstood of Galilee?

The whip was cracked in Babylon
That slaves unto the gods might raise
The golden turrets nigh the sun.
Yet beggars from the dust might gaze
Upon the mighty builders' art
And be of proud uplifted heart.

We now are servile to the mean
Who once were slaves unto the proud.
No lordlier life on earth has been
Although the heart be lowlier bowed.
Is there an Iron Age to be
With beauty but a memory?

Send forth, who promised long ago,
"I will not leave thee or forsake,'
Someone to whom our hearts may flow
With adoration, though we make
The Crucifixion be the sign,
The meed of all the kingly line.

The Morning Stars were heard to sing
When man towered godlike in his prime.
One equal memory let us bring
Before we face our night in time.
Grant us one only Evening Star,
The Iron Age's Avatar.

A. E.

Present-Day Criticism.

IN examining Mrs. Beatrice Hastings' verse, "Ariadne in Nysa," we intend to take technical points only. The form of the verse is imitated from Milton's "Lycidas," and from this we must select also our exemplary comparisons. "Lycidas" is a very favourite stand-by of the "free verse" writers; but, as ever in works of genius, the technique of "Lycidas" displays not a breaking of rule, but rule within rule unbreakable. The passages which are technically perfect are composed of decasyllabic phrases, with or without a punctuated cæsura, of "internal" phrases of sixteen syllables, and phrases of six. The perfect decasyllabic phrase divides into a set of two, and a set of three, feet. The phrase of sixteen syllables feels the cæsura at the third foot—

And on the level brine : sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

Here is a faulty phrase :—

When the remorseless deep closed : o'er the head of your loved Lycidas.

But we should not be inclined to oppose outright justification of even this phrase : there will scarcely be found another faulty one of sixteen syllables throughout the poem.

And with forced fingers rude : shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. . .
Ere the high lawns appeared : under the opening eyelids of the morn. . .
And both together heard : what time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn.

In his decasyllabic lines Milton is as nearly immaculate. He will pass an internal octave, and without that absolute quantity in the words which alone saves a combination of the foot and four from being offensive to the ear :—

How well could I have spared for thee : young swain. . .

But you must listen hard to hear another line as halting as that. The "Lycidas" is a divine miracle of form. Hear how the quantity is given even in phrases that threaten rhythm :—

Begin : and somewhat loudly sweep the string . . .
Hence : with denial vain and coy excuse . . .
Or taint-worm : to the wearling herds that graze . .
Alas! : what boots it with uncessant care.

The unarguable fault in the "Lycidas" is the occurrence of phrases of fourteen syllables, a thing here to bring tears to the eyes and a longing for deafness :—

But mounted high through the dear might : of Him that walked the waves.

Again you must look close to find another so raw.

Mrs. Hastings accentuates and multiplies in her poem the faults just to be observed in the "Lycidas." She has blocks of technically perfect lines; but we are not now concerned to notice the merits of the "Ariadne," but the faults, and particularly those which may serve for correctives of bad technique. Her opening lines are bad, each containing an octave which confuses the rhythm from the start. We may take the first twenty lines :—

Rose, blue as Cytherea's eye, the morn
On Nysa : seemed no thing might live forlorn
Or shade the breast with sorrow in that isle :
Yet here drooped Ariadne by a pile
Of rocks, her head downborne,
Her arms outflung as she sank sick for wings
To flee that splendour. So with grieving worn,
So heavy cold in woe, so numb the springs
Of breath, so hopeless she—she might not heed
Though cheerly with prophetic ministrings
A flock of nymphs warm clasped her hands to lead
Her spirit lightward, that now fluttered lorn
Upon dark, deathly ways, Love's 'wildering scorn
And snake-swift treachery her bitter guides;
Her reason, probing where no reason bides,
Fettered between these furies all unlit—
Treachery that hath impulse but no wit,
And cold-fed scorn that coward's whim oft hides.

Now, a free-verse writer should adore this passage—and we are well aware that no criticism might worse wound the poet of "Ariadne." But see how riotously it may run, if phrased as it must be phrased :—

Rose, blue as Cytherea's eye,
The morn on Nysa :
Seemed no thing might live forlorn
Or shade the breast with sorrow in that isle :
Yet here drooped Ariadne by a pile of rocks,
Her head downborne, her arms outflung,
As she sank sick for wings to flee that splendour,
So with grieving worn,
So heavy cold in woe,
So numb the springs of breath, so hopeless she—
She might not heed though cheerly with prophetic ministrings,
A flock of nymphs warm clasped her hands to lead her spirit lightward,
That now fluttered lorn upon dark, deathly ways—

But so much is probably already too much. This is almost gabble and not poetry at all. It is plain that the poet has not the mastery of the rhymed couplet, and certainly one must first possess the couplet to make any variation of it possibly perfect. The best passages of the "Ariadne," with one, perhaps two, exceptions, suggest that much more experiment in the strict couplet should have preceded so difficult a variation as the variation of "Lycidas." The structure of the couplet itself forbids octaves and phrases of fourteen—and these, though not frequent in Mrs. Hastings' verse, come, when they do come, with a fearsome jig—

At the will of Ceres' child : I fill the morning chalice . . .
A flock of nymphs warm clasped her hands : to lead her spirit lightward.

But the ruination of rhythm by incompetence in the form here selected is clearest shown in the decasyllabic *lines*. Over and over again the lines are split by a full-stop, showing that the phrase in mind simply would not fit into the form : the phrase needs the lyric, or the blank decasyllable, or one of those variations of strict forms which Mrs. Hastings has achieved successfully in her odes. You may detect numerous rhymes which are nothing but fillings, and the rhythm fails constantly. One of the finest passages contains an octave :—

She searched the speckless waters—"I have learned
Somewhat the mariner's frenzy, who oft turned
In swoon from Ocean's stare, upon his raft
Stands silent in imagined shout :
his brain
Roaring with cheers sent from no mortal craft
Over the bright blank main."

We may be accused of pedantry in this instance; yet in such an age of anarchism do we live that an accusation of inexorable judgment would almost reassure us.

The number of internal octaves in "Ariadne in Nysa" would, in fact, tire one's patience to count them; and there occur, even, blocks of them. Here is one block which, taken apart, is lyrical—but is entirely out of rhythm in this poem :—

As a bee too early lured
From sleep by sunny ray,
Bewildered flits, and seeks the flowers
Still in the green immured. . . .

We give, for example, the next two lines, a true couplet, though internally faulty :—

And its first flight uptaken, folds its wing
And waits in drowse that is not sleep, for Spring.

Again :—

For Proserpine rules half his year,
And when in starry trine,
Orion leaps upon the north,
And hunters shine their spears
And take the hills, she sets him free. . . .

We hear, further, the tune of "Hiawatha" :—

Ariadne, like a statue,
Stole to please some rover's fancy . . .
And desire, that serves red Ares,
In her bosom sits awakened . . .
Chained to walls which Cyclops tempered . . .
By mortals seen in trackless passage . . .

And an echo of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" :

While through the keep of hell rushes veiled Hermes.

The combination of decasyllables and alexandrines is poetical, though great art only can place the alexandrine. Spenser experimented with this line in various

combinations more or less unsuccessfully until he found the stanza of the "Faerie Queene." The "Lycidas" contains one perfect "internal" alexandrine :—

He knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

And after this, one imperfect :—

He must not float upon his watery bier unwept . . .

We do not know of any other occurrence of this metre throughout the "Lycidas." The alexandrine does not naturally *interweave* with the decasyllable; it forms a noble close to a decasyllabic passage. Phrases of sixteen and six combine best with the decasyllabic phrase. Mrs. Hastings is unhappy in scarcity of sixteens. The frequency of isolated sixes may suggest that her inspiration demanded the decasyllable (which divides into six and four) all through : and the correct technique of over a hundred lines (by no means all poetry) exhibits a natural intimacy with this metre, which, we can only regret, was not permitted to inform the poet wherein possibly successful effort lay.

The merits of "Ariadne in Nysa" are fullness of subject, rapidity of narration, clear and bright imagery, correct metaphor, and finally, if not firstly, correct technique where the phrase takes the mould of the basic ten; but the battle of irreconcilable rhythms places it outside the rank of art.

The Little Sweetheart.

(*From the Swedish of Hans Magnus Nordlindh, Translated by Leila Scholefield.*)

THE announcement of their engagement had appeared in the papers early in spring, about the same time as the accounts of the first blue anemones,* but the trees had burst into leaf and the leaves had withered before I came across them. It was an October Sunday, just when their banns had been published for the second time. The leaves fluttered among the trees in the Humlegarden like big yellow butterflies, and in the ice-clear, attenuated air their slender figures seemed as light and ethereal as though they were of different stuff from the rest of us.

We met on the empty causeway of Sturegatan : arm in arm they marched down the slope with quick, decided little steps, youthful and elegant both of them, with blue eyes and something newly-awakened in their looks, and a suspicion of sunburn still on their round childish cheeks.

They looked so serious and determined and important, there was something so dainty and droll about them, that it was almost impossible to keep from smiling. But I hastily hid my amusement, assumed a suitable expression, and congratulated them with great ceremony. I had known both of them for a long time, and I was right glad to see the happiness welling from their youth and health. They really were the nicest pair you could imagine, with those sparkling blue eyes of theirs, and when they burst into laughter at my imposing mien, they became simply irresistible, and I seemed to feel a waft of lilies and roses in the autumn air, and I invited them to dine with me next day, so that I could drink to their happiness in a glass of champagne.

"We three to go and sit in a restaurant without a chaperone? Oh, that wouldn't do at all!" objected the girl.

What a deuced little prude! thought I quietly to myself, and we laughed her out of it, and declared that it *would* do, excellently.

The following evening, therefore, I found myself on my way to my friend the fiancé, as we had agreed that I should fetch him. Darkness had fallen, swift as disaster. The wind was blowing so bitterly that one felt pinched to the very soul, and the dry leaves flew madly in whirling flocks without finding rest. High in the heavens sat the moon, little and livid blue, grinning worse than usual, and told of horrors from the sea, so that the little stars blenched round about her.

The weather was, in short, abominable, and it was with real satisfaction that I was just thinking of diving into the door-way of my friend's house when I was called by a feeble feminine voice. The little sweetheart stood before me.

"It's a good thing you have come at last. I have been walking about here freezing for ten minutes."

Her nose really was blue and her cheeks pale with cold, and in her big, white boa she resembled one of those "fleurs du pays du soleil" which are sent to us swathed in cotton-wool.

"But why on earth didn't you go in?" She stood aghast. "Oh, I daren't do that, you can easily understand! It wouldn't do for me . . . alone . . ."

What a deuced little prude, thought I for the second time, and drove her up the steps to the waiting fiancé, who had already begun to be impatient.

Obviously she had never been up here before.

"Goodness, Figge, what nice rooms you've got! Goodness, what nice rooms!" she called repeatedly, and while Figge telephoned for a cab, she wandered humming and peering about the rooms, admired the pictures, shrugged her shoulders at the books, and fingered the knick-knacks on the writing table.

The cab came, and in a few minutes we stood in a warm, carpeted vestibule, and took off our coats. Figge did not permit anybody else to help his sweetheart, and quite involuntarily I saw him suddenly bend over her and kiss her on the neck, just under the heavily-coiled-up tresses, on the soft downy hair. At once she went quite red in the face.

"Oh, Figge!" she burst out. And her eyes shone as from tears suppressed. "You know you promised Mamma . . . . that . . . ."

What a deuced little prude! thought I again; poor Figge, his engagement must be a little purgatory. Good thing for him it's nearly ended!

We marched into the dining-room, where an alcove-table was festively spread for us, with sparkling glass and great, dull yellow chrysanthemums gorgeous in silver vases. A sensation of devotional quiet struck us. From the tables came a muffled sound as of murmured prayers; the clean-shaven waiters moved to and fro grave as priests and choir-boys, and over the white cloths the lights on long candelabra burned like altar-flames.

Solemnly, as if it were a matter of performing a religious ceremony, we sat down. The little sweetheart had looked so sorrowful ever since the hasty kiss in the vestibule. She leaned over one of the giant-like chrysanthemums, and a strange yellow gleam passed over her chin and cheeks, as if the flower had mirrored itself in her fair, young face. And suddenly her eyes grew dark, distrait, mysterious, as if she had glanced down for a second into the magnificent flower's soul.

But the champagne came, and when the drops splashed and danced from jollity within the golden circles of the glasses, the momentary uneasiness disappeared at once. It was a very merry dinner: everything tempted us to laugh, and our laughter sounded comical and encouraging in the solemn environment. We laughed at the waiter, who served round the dishes with a stiff seriousness as though he were officiating at a communion service, and at the dark, gloomy head-waiter, who went about eyeing the guests as if he suspected that they intended to steal out without paying, and at the failure of the dessert which was served warm in a bowl with ice.

"Well, in a couple of months, it will be our turn to invite you to dinner," said Figge, with a real fiancé's look towards his pretty neighbour. "And that will be at our house, won't it, my little wife?" And the little wife blushed and agreed, almost gasping for breath with embarrassment. And so the dinner ended and the coffee was brought in, and we drew close the heavy, red curtains in order to be by ourselves.

* Anemone hepatica.—In Sweden the first appearance of the flower is eagerly looked forward to as a sign of spring.—L. S.

I don't remember now how it came about that we began to tell ghost stories. I don't think much of such things myself, perhaps because I have nothing to relate, and have to sit a quiet auditor. At any rate, we told ghost stories. The little sweetheart had had the opportunity during the summer of making the acquaintance of a celebrated old manor-house ghost with exceedingly curious habits; and during the childhood from which she had just emerged she had seen this, that, and the other, and into the bargain had once been present at a spiritualist séance. She was, therefore, chock-full of stories, and told them with infectious eagerness. To get the right mood, we had put out the electric light, and now the only illumination came from the little cigarette-lighter's blue and uncertain flame.

When the young lady finally stopped, a little out of breath and flushed in the face, it was Figge's turn.

"Now, Figge, you tell something," she said, and her eyes shone through the smoke's blue mist. "Well, but I really don't know anything—except—ah! yes. The other night something exceedingly strange did happen to me. I lay in bed asleep when I suddenly woke up and sat straight up in bed, listening. I had evidently heard some noise in my sleep. After a bit, I heard a sound like big newspapers being crushed together with a fearsome rustling in the next room. I got up, went out and examined the whole flat. There was nothing."

The little sweetheart was listening so eagerly, that she couldn't sit still; now she leaned forward over the table, now she threw herself back in her chair and stared fixedly at the speaker.

"Well, I went and laid down again," continued Figge, "and tried to sleep. And I had almost succeeded, when I was suddenly startled by someone knocking on the pane, hard, really hard, and several times. I made a new examination without result. I live in the second storey, as you know. Yes, it sounds strange all this, but the explanation which you shall soon hear is simple enough," broke off Figge, turning to me. The little sweetheart had evidently heard the story before.

Her big eyes wandered from the story-teller to me, from me to the story-teller, but mostly they rested on me. She wanted me really to understand, really to feel, how wonderful and terrifying it was, and she was like a little child that, hearing a fairy-tale for the hundredth time, listens with all the old suspense and shudder of horror, and is anxious that the grown-ups shall be equally impressed.

"I had now given up all thoughts of sleep," continued Figge, "and let the light burn. In a couple of minutes I heard a sound as if someone were walking backwards and forwards in the next room, backwards and forwards. And then suddenly there was a voice outside singing, a hoarse, masculine voice, and I heard it as clearly as if the singer had put his mouth to the key-hole of my room, so that I should hear better."

"Now listen, just listen!" whispered the sweetheart to me, although I looked as interested as I could.

"I was now certain that there was someone outside. I took my revolver, crept slowly through the bedroom, and sharply pushed the door wide open."

Now the little lady's eagerness exploded.

"And you can imagine, you can just imagine my fright. I simply lay and shook!"

All at once everything became very silent. With a delicate and side-long glance, I saw how the blushes rose in the girl's face until it positively swelled.

Neither Figge nor I said anything. Indeed, what could we say?

I suspect that the waiters beyond the curtains believed that all the three of us had suddenly fallen asleep, as a result of the heavy dinner.

The cigarette-lighter's little blue flame flared up and died down as if it felt sympathy. And there we sat. In darkness and silence.

And as for the explanation of the wonderful ghost story, I never got to hear it. Otherwise I should tell it, of course.

The Calumny.

By Anton Tchekov.

Translated by P. Selver.

SERGEI KAPITONITCH ACHINEYEV, teacher of caligraphy, was celebrating the marriage of his daughter Natalie with Ivan Petrovitch Loshadinitch, teacher of history and geography. The wedding festivities were proceeding swimmingly. In the drawing-room people were singing, playing, and dancing. Waiters, hired out from the Club, in black frockcoats and soiled white neck-ties, were running up and down the rooms like mad. There was noise and the sound of chattering. Tarantulov, teacher of mathematics, the Frenchman Pasdequoi, and Egor Veneditkitch Mzda, the junior customs official, seated in a row on the sofa, were relating to the guests with gusts and frequent mutual interruptions cases of living burial, and expressing their opinions concerning spiritualism. Not one of the three believed in spiritualism, but they admitted that there is much in this world that human understanding cannot grasp. In the second room Dodonski, teacher of literature, was explaining to the guests the circumstances under which a sentinel possesses the right to fire on passers-by. The conversations were, as you see, of a gruesome nature, but extremely entertaining. Through the windows in the courtyard were gazing the people who by their social position did not possess the right to enter in.

On the stroke of midnight the host Achineyev went down to the kitchen to see if all was ready for supper. The kitchen was filled from the floor to the ceiling with steam in which was contained the odours of roast goose, roast duck and many other dishes. On two tables were laid out and spread in artistic disorder the hors d'œuvres and the liquid refreshments. The cook Marfa, a red-faced woman, the bulky arrangement of whose clothing gave her the appearance of having two stomachs, was fussing round about the tables.

"Show me the sturgeon, my dear!" said Achineyev, rubbing his hands and smacking his lips. "What a fine smell, what a lovely odour! It's enough to make anyone eat up the whole kitchen! Come along; show me the sturgeon!"

Marfa went up to one of the chairs and carefully lifted up a greasy sheet of newspaper. Beneath the paper, on a huge dish, rested a large soused sturgeon, adorned with capers, olives, and carrots. Achineyev gazed on the sturgeon, and uttered a sigh. His countenance gleamed, his eyes rolled. He bent down, and with his lips gave forth a sound like an ungreased cart-wheel. He stood there a little, and then snapped his fingers with satisfaction, and once more smacked his lips.

"Ha! The sound of a fiery kiss. You're kissing someone down here, Marfusha?" came a voice from the adjacent room, and in the doorway appeared the close-cropped head of Vankin, an assistant master. "Who've you got here? Ah—very nice! Sergei Kapitonitch. A nice old fellow; 'pon my word. Having a tête-à-tête with a lady!"

"I'm not kissing at all," replied Achineyev in embarrassment. "Who told you that, you ass? I only—hum—smacked my lips because of . . . in consideration of my contentment . . . at the sight of the fish. . . ."

"Get along with you!"

Vankin's face was lit up by a broad smile, and vanished behind the door. Achineyev reddened.

"Confound it all," he pondered. "Now he'll go, the beastly fellow, and start telling tales. He'll fill the whole town with scandal, the miserable lout."

Achineyev went straight back to the drawing-room and gave a sidelong glance to see where Vankin was. Vankin was standing near the piano and bending down in a devil-may-care manner; he was whispering something to the inspector's sister-in-law, at which she laughed.

"That's about me," thought Achineyev. "About me, deuce take him! And she believes it, too; yes, she believes it. She's laughing. Oh, good Lord, no; that can't go on. No. I must do something so that

they won't believe him. I'll tell all of them and that'll soon stop his devilish idiotic cackling."

Achineyev rubbed his head, and, not yet rid of his embarrassment, he went up to Pasdequoi.

"I was in the kitchen just now making arrangements about supper," he said to the Frenchman. "I know you like fish, and I've got a sturgeon, old chap. Whew! Over a yard long, it is! He, he, he! Yes, by the way, I almost forgot. Just now in the kitchen with this sturgeon—a capital joke. I just come into the kitchen and want to have a look at the food. . . . I look at the sturgeon, and in my delight at the relish of it . . . . I smack my lips. And at that very moment in comes that idiot Vankin quite suddenly and says, Ha, ha, ha!—and says, 'Ah-h—you're kissing down here.' With Marfa, the cook! What ideas he gets, the silly man. An ugly old creature she is, like I don't know what, and he talks about . . . kissing. The fool!"

"Who's a fool?" inquired Tarantulov, coming up.

"Why, Vankin there. I come into the kitchen. . . ."

The story of the sturgeon and Marfa was retailed for the second time.

"He made me laugh, the fool. Why, as for me, I'd rather kiss an old greybeard than Marfa," added Achineyev, looking up and catching sight of Mzda behind him.

"We're talking about Vankin," said he to him. "A silly ass. He comes into the kitchen and sees me next to Marfa, and thinks all kinds of stupid things, if you please! 'Who are you kissing?' he says. Must have been drunk, seeing visions. Why, as I say, I'd rather kiss a turkey than Marfa. And I've got a wife of my own. What a fool. He did make me laugh!"

"Who made you laugh?" inquired the reverend teacher of religion, coming up to Achineyev.

"Vankin. I was standing in the kitchen, you know, and looking at the sturgeon."

And so on.

After about half-an-hour all the guests knew the story of the sturgeon and Vankin.

"Let him say what he likes now," thought Achineyev, rubbing his hands. "Let him! He'll start talking, and they'll say to him like a shot, 'Dry up, you ass; keep your silly mouth shut. We know all about that!'"

And Achineyev was so relieved that in his joy he drank four glasses extra. After supper he accompanied the young couple to their apartment, and then betook himself to his own room, slept like an innocent babe, and on the next day he thought no more about the affair with the sturgeon. But, alas! Man proposes, and God disposes. The evil tongue did its evil work, and Achineyev's cunning availed him naught. Just a week later, it was a Wednesday after the third lesson, when Achineyev was standing in the middle of the common room, discussing the evil propensities of the pupil Visyekin, the headmaster came up to him and took him aside.

"Look here, Sergei Kapitonitch," said the headmaster, "you will excuse me. It's not my business, but for all that I must just mention it. My duty. . . . You see, there's a rumour going about that you're living with—er—with your cook. It's not my business. Live with her, kiss her . . . just as you please, only, if you don't mind, not so openly. I beg of you, don't forget that you're a member of the teaching profession!"

Achineyev's jaw dropped, and he nearly fell over.

As if he had suddenly been stung by a whole swarm of bees, and scalded by boiling water, he went home. On his way home it seemed to him that the whole town was looking at him, as if he were smeared with tar. At home fresh tribulation awaited him.

"Why don't you eat anything?" his wife asked him at dinner. "What are you thinking about? Of your love affairs? Are you pining for Marfushka? I know all about it, you Turk! Good people have opened my eyes. Oh, you barbarian!"

And he got it right across his face! He rose up from the table and without feeling the ground beneath him, without hat or coat, he made his way to Vankin. Vankin he found at home.

"You cad!" said Achineyev, turning to Vankin. "Why have you dragged my name in the dirt all over the place? Why have you spread a calumny about me?"

"What calumny? What are you thinking about?"

"Why, who was it made out that I kissed Marfa? Out with it. Wasn't it you? Wasn't it you, you ruffian?"

Vankin began to blink, and all the muscles of his worn countenance started twitching. He raised his eyes to the eikon and declared:

"May God punish me! Let my eyes be destroyed, and may I perish if I said even a single word against you. May I be eternally damned, and may the cholera . . . . !"

There was no doubting Vankin's sincerity. It was clear that he had not spread the rumour.

"But who is it then? Who?" reflected Achineyev, mentally ticking off all his acquaintances, and tapping his breast. "Who can it be?"

"Who can it be?" we also ask of the reader.

The Anti-Irish Irishman.

By Hugh Hankin.

From Polar seas to torrid climes,
Where'er the trace of man is found,
What common feeling marks our kind,
And sanctifies each spot of ground?
What virtue in the human heart
The proudest tribute can command?
The purest, dearest, holiest, best,
The lasting love of motherland!

Then who's the wretch that basely spurns
The ties of country, kindred, friends—
That barters every nobler aim
For sordid views—for private ends
One slave alone on earth you'll find
Through nature's universal span,
So lost to virtue, dead to shame—
The anti-Irish Irishman.

Our fields are fertile, rich our floods,
Our mountains bold, majestic, grand;
Our air is balm, and every breeze
Wings health around our native land.
But who despises all our charms,
And mocks her gifts whene'er he can?
Why, he, the Norman's sneaking slave,
The anti-Irish Irishman.

The Norman—spawn of fraud and guile—
Ambitious sought our peaceful shore,
And, leagued with native guilt, despoiled
And deluged Erin's fields with gore!
Who gave the foeman footing here?
What wretch unholy led her van?
The prototype of modern slave,
The anti-Irish Irishman.

For ages rapine ruled our plains
And slaughter raised his "red right hand,"
And virgins shrieked, and roof-trees blazed,
And desolation swept the land;
And who would not those ills arrest,
Or aid the patriotic plan
To burst his country's galling chains?
The anti-Irish Irishman.

But now, too great for fetters grown,
Too proud to bend a slavish knee,
Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall
And firmly vows she shall be free.
But mark yon treacherous, stealthy knave,
That bends beneath his country's ban!
Let infamy eternal brand
That anti-Irish Irishman!

Views and Reviews.*

WHATEVER may be their literary value, the spiritual value of confessions is nil. If they are true, they are only the expressed egotism of the criminal; if they are untrue, they need no further description. It is difficult for them to be true, in any precise sense of the word, if they are, as Mr. Benson's are supposed to be, of a spiritual nature; for the spirit lies beyond consciousness, and is falsely delineated when represented in its formulæ. If the attempt is made so to represent it, "achievement lacks a gracious somewhat," as Browning not too gracefully phrased it. "O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate, carelessness or consciousness, the gesture." When a man like Mr. Benson, who is Christian to a cliché, attempts the task, one would smile if the performance were not so blasphemous. For if that man who was caught up into Paradise "heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter," Mr. Benson's pedestrian attempt to describe his vision of God is parodisaical. For we find that Mr. Benson, like St. Paul, but without his blessed brevity, glories of such an one; and to carry the resemblance still further, "of himself he will not glory, but in his infirmities."

For Mr. Benson has become beatitudinarian because he has been ill. He has suffered, he tells us, from neurasthenia, hypochondria, melancholia; and he has made this calamity his excuse for this paraphrase of the Twenty-Third Psalm, which he carefully quotes in his conclusion. He has no doubt that this affliction was Divinely ordained to purge his soul from guile and his mind from cant, and to enable him to write another book: in fact, he corresponds admirably to Nietzsche's description of the pious man. "This is a kind of volitional insanity in spiritual cruelty, such as has not its parallel anywhere; it is the *will* of man to find himself guilty and condemnable even unto irredeemableness; it is his *will* to conceive himself as punished, the punishment being incapable of ever balancing the guilt; it is his *will* to infect and poison the inmost nature of things with the problem of punishment and guilt, in order to make impossible for himself, once for all, the exit from this labyrinth of 'fixed ideas'; it is his *will* to erect an ideal—the ideal of the 'holy God'—in order to be in the presence of what plainly assured him of his absolute unworthiness."

These symptoms are characteristic of melancholia, and, in fact, most confessions, including those of the "converts" of the revival missions, are inspired by the egotism of depravity. Like Hamlet, they would say, if they had the literary gift: "I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse myself of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in." Mr. Benson's case, then, is typical; if not to Ophelia, to Mary he will declare that he was so full of vanities that the chastisement of the Lord fell justly upon him, and the Lord only knows of what unnamable sins he might have been guilty had not the redundant hypochondria fallen upon him. "I had in reality lived a very spectatorial life," he says, "delighting much in ocular impressions, in forms and colours, in the picturesque and romantic qualities of things seen. I had led, moreover, an intellectual life, interested in books and ideas, and the record of human personalities; it had all been a very artistic business, things, landscapes, buildings, *even persons* [italics mine], delighting me, by giving me the perception of their characteristic qualities and peculiar charms. But now in my time of suffering the whole of that interest was gone." The very house that he furnished, "to please the eye and the mind," made him ill; and he was obliged to let it to a friend until "I found myself looking at all my treasured possessions with a sense of entire detachment and even curiosity. I saw them through the eyes of a stranger, with no sense of possession, and hardly any desire for possession; and then when I was better still, I began to spend money on various designs, the money which, strangely enough, had accumulated fast in my time of illness." This must have been the finger of God.

Fra Lippo Lippi, in Browning's poem, says:—

> "I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
> Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house.
> Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
> Have given their hearts to—all at eight years' old."

Mr. Benson, it is to be supposed, did similarly at a period approximating to puberty, with approximately similar results; for he says, "It is not too much, then, to say that my illness revealed to me the existence of the soul, an essence profound, imperishable, divine, something wholly apart from the physical life, the intellectual life, and even the moral life. It may be said that I ought to have discovered this before, brought up in religious belief as I had been, fond of speculating about the problems of existence, and interested, or believing myself interested, in all that concerned the inner life. But it had escaped me for all that." This would be really a serious confession if it were not already common knowledge that the last thing a Christian learns is Christianity. But the mittened Marys for whom he writes will doubtless be consoled to learn that, having found the kingdom of God, all the other things are being added unto him.

But if Satan really did say of the human race, as Byron declares he did, "I think few worth damnation save their kings," one may be pardoned for wondering whether Mr. Benson was worth saving from the suicide that he was prevented from seriously considering by his early training. Apart from the peace and plenty that have come to him, and pass all Mr. Benson's understanding, we have to consider his new outlook on life. Of course, we have to understand that Mr. Benson does not write now for fame, or the delight of the artist in his power, or for any other worldly object. "I now write," he says, "for the comfort of others, and not for my own delight, except the natural delight of the wayfarer in his escape from the whirlpool, and the monsters of the deep, and the beguiling goddess in the woodland isle." There is a hint even here of literary abandon, which Mr. Benson would do well to check: the uncinctured Venus is not the best viaticum for a saint. But apart from this access of humility, he has discovered that life is in need of transformation. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man are, of course, fundamental truths that Mr. Benson has neurasthenically discovered; and somehow it now seems to him to be wrong that Christian nations should terrify each other into keeping the peace by increasing their armaments. The Valley of the Shadow of Death seems to lead to different conclusions; for soldiers, who also have walked through it, are all in favour of preserving Christianity by the use of standing armies and floating navies. But Mr. Benson has also discovered that the poor are really pleased with their poverty, that it is less irksome for them to suffer it than it is for him to witness it. He declares, therefore, that he has no talent for ministering to the poor, that they prefer not his artistic, intellectual, mystical presence, but the typical Poor Law or Charity Organisation Society official. It is to be presumed, though, that his new-found sense of sympathy with his fellows will prompt him to subscribe to a charitable agency from that mysteriously increased revenue. Above all, the education that the poor need is education in the dignity and nobility and spirituality of labour.

Beyond that, there are no more revelations. The glory of God has faded into the gospel of social reform, with due regard to the blessings that attach to the poor in being allowed to do the work of the world. After such a conclusion, we can only accede to Mr. Benson's request, and join with him in saying the Twenty-Third Psalm. A. E. R.

* "Thy Rod and Thy Staff." By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

The Prevention of Insanity.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

THE prevention of insanity raises the question of the relative importance of the psychopathic disposition as compared with the exciting causes of the disease. If, as most alienists agree, heredity is the most frequent and most potent predisposing cause, it ought to be possible to stop the spread of insanity by preventing the propagation of insane people. But Dr. Hollander speaks with two voices on this subject. He agrees with the segregation of the feeble-minded as being the most humane method of preventing their procreation; and he asserted, in his lecture on "Eugenics and Marriage," that "the greater part of feeble-mindedness, insanity, and criminality could be eliminated by segregation in one generation." But he tells us somewhere in his new book that, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of every thousand persons born five were hanged, yet crime did not decrease. The elimination of the socially unfit must have been well-nigh complete, as complete as the elimination of the Norman nobility by the Wars of the Roses; but the peerage still survives, and the last fifty years have witnessed an abnormal increase in the number of mentally unsound people. It is at least certain that segregation will not succeed where execution has failed.

We have only to turn to the chapter on "The Hereditary Disposition to Insanity" to read Dr. Hollander's own description of the transmission of mental qualities, to see how completely inadequate and futile is the Eugenic solution of the problem. Here is the passage. "We know that the brain controls the whole of the life processes of an organism, hence those acquired characters which do not affect the brain directly are not transmitted; on the other hand, those which do affect the brain directly, either through voluntary or involuntary action, are transmitted. For instance, we may cut off the mouse's tail for generations, yet they will still be born with their tails. Such mutilations have no modifying influence on the nervous system, and brain in particular, and therefore cannot be inherited. It is otherwise, though, when an acquired character directly affects the brain, that is, increases or lessens any of its functions in any way. Loss of a limb or any other portion of the body does not affect the brain, at least not to any appreciable extent. But if, through change of circumstances, new efforts for the preservation of existence are called forth, such efforts must originate from the brain, and hence the brain is directly modified, and this change in structure may be transmitted. We thus learn that not all kinds of acquired characters are inherited, but only those which produce a modifying effect on the governing portion of the nervous system, that is, the brain."

This passage, with its frank admission of the susceptibility of the brain to external forces, supplies the key to the problem; for it admits that it is as possible to force degradation on a people as it is to encourage their development. Take a man with all his faculties normally developed, and keep him making the eighteenth part of a pin for thirty years, and if his children are not deficient either in mental capacity or vigour, as compared with his original state, everybody will be considerably surprised. THE NEW AGE has emphasised this aspect of capitalist industry until it has become a truism; but Emerson, in 1856, emphasised the same fact. "A man must keep his eye on his servants," he said, in the "English Traits," "if he would not have them rule him. Man is a shrewd inventor, and is ever taking a hint of a new machine from his own structure, adapting some secret of his own anatomy in iron, wood, and leather, to some required function in the work of the world. But it is found that the machine unmans the user. What he gains in making cloth he loses in general power. There should be temperance in making cloth as well as in eating. A man should not be a silkworm nor a nation a tent of caterpillars. The robust rural Saxon degenerates in the mills to the Leicester stockinger, to the imbecile Manchester spinner—far on the way to the spiders and needles. The incessant repetition of the same hand-work dwarfs the man, robs him of his strength, wit, and versatility, to make a pin-polisher, a buckle-maker, or any other speciality; and presently in a change of industry, whole towns are sacrificed like ant-hills, when the fashion of shoe-strings supersedes buckles, when cotton takes the place of linen, or railways of turn-pikes, or when commons are enclosed by landlords. Then society is admonished of the mischief of the division of labour, and that the best political economy is care and culture of men." In the first article of this series, I quoted some figures relating to Italy from this book, which proved the extraordinary relation between insanity and industrial production; and Dr. Hollander specifically states that "the conditions of modern life are largely responsible, more than any other factors, for the increase and extension of insanity. It is an acknowledged fact that insanity is very much less common among savages than among modern civilised nations. An undeveloped nervous system can give rise to idiocy and imbecility, but not to insanity. When a savage race comes into contact with modern civilisation, insanity increases rapidly. As life grows in complexity, there must be an ever-increasing liability to a breakdown on the part of the nervous and mental machinery."

We have to face the fact that we are, on the one hand, breeding a race of machine-minders who ask less and less of life, and, on the other hand, so intensifying the conditions of life for the intelligent people that insanity is becoming almost synonymous with intelligence. Economic instability is, as we all know, the chief subject of worry; and worry is, as Dr. Saleeby said and Dr. Hollander agrees, the disease of the age. The supposition that worry, and all that it implies, can be eliminated by eliminating the worriers is seen to be absurd when we remember that the chief subject of worry remains undiminished in intensity and practically unrestricted in incidence. "We have mistaken comfort for civilisation," said Disraeli; with the consequence that we have secured neither, but have increased our susceptibility to one of the most devastating and degrading diseases known to pathology.

There is more hope, as a preventive measure, of the mental discipline proposed by Dr. Hollander. Certainly, the whole system of elementary education, with its machine-like purveying of tabulated facts, is in no real sense a mental training. From the mental specialist we learn that no good can come from the attempt to overcome individual repugnances; that education, if it does not mean the actual training of faculties, is nothing but an injury inflicted on the infant. Education not only of the special faculties of the mind, but of the desirable qualities of character, and the acquiring of self-control, are, in Dr. Hollander's opinion, among the most important means of prevention; more particularly if they are accompanied or followed by an intelligent choice of occupation. "A man always runs more risk," he says, "if he spends his life doing uncongenial work, especially if he has an innate craving for something else." But the choice of occupation is almost impossible to the mass of people, who are subject to the most intense economic pressure, without any alternative to labouring for another.

Dr. Hollander does not realise it, but he is indicting the whole evolution of industrial production. "It is among the industrial classes," he says, "especially in the lower grades, that insanity is most frequent, probably on account of their poverty, uncertainty of employment, less sanitary life, exposure to drink, want of reasonable enjoyment in life, and probably also because of the lower type of brain amongst that class of labourer which caused him to sink to that social status and prevents him from rising into a higher position." It is to be regretted that Dr. Hollander's sociology is not more accurate; but if he will devote a little attention to the psychology of the recent Marconi scandal, he may alter his opinion of the relative value of the brains of the successful and unsuccessful types of people. Socialists at least do not need to be told that

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

the present system penalises morality in the economic struggle; and all those mental and spiritual traits that Dr. Hollander is obliged to combat in his professional practice are the ones that ensure the success of the few, and the corresponding virtues ensure the servitude of the many.

REVIEWS.

Modern Science and the Illusions of Professor Bergson. By Hugh S. R. Elliott. (Longmans and Co. 5s. net.)

If this is the official reply to Bergson from the camp of the scientists, it cannot be said that the French philosopher has suffered much damage. It would have been possible to write a very strong scientific rejoinder to Bergson, covering a volume even larger than this one. As it is, Mr. Elliott has been content to devote two chapters, or about 90 pages, to Bergson's philosophy, and the remainder of the book, comprising 245 pages, he gives up to a kind of historical survey of philosophy through the ages. Even if the two chapters on the Bergsonian "Weltanschauung" had consisted of a close and careful argument directed against Bergson's weakest points, alone, against his use of science, something of value would have been achieved; but Mr. Elliott's 90 pages are interspersed with a host of allusions which have little to do with the purely scientific attack, and in almost all of these he shows himself as the inferior and not the superior of Bergson. For instance, on page 60, Mr. Elliott, discussing Bergson's contention that intuition and intellect, working together, arrive at a deeper insight into the phenomenon of life than intellect alone, argues as follows:—"Take the sciences which deal with life—biology and medicine. Every step in the progress of biology has been taken by intellect moving among ascertained facts: instinct has discovered nothing in biology. It is unknown, as a method, to the workers in that science. The same, and more also, may be said of medicine. Which of us would employ a doctor who had abrogated science, intelligence, and all acquired experience, and proposed to treat us by intuition?" Now, apart from the fact that this suggestion as to the abrogation of science, intelligence, and all acquired experience is a purely gratuitous one on Mr. Elliott's part, may we not also ask, Who would think of employing a doctor who exercised no intuition, no instinct at all? Does Mr. Elliott forget that both Herbert Spencer and a still more hardened empiricist, Buckle, laid stress upon the emotional and intuitive factor in the matter of scientific discovery? What good, then, can Mr. Elliott do his cause by saying that "knowledge can be attained only by painfully crawling along the dull material path of facts, not by the ambitious soaring of speculative intuition"? Surely the very attitude a man assumes to the "dull material path of facts" is first determined by an emotional and intuitive power in his being. The history of scientific discovery in many instances proves Mr. Elliott correct, but it also proves Spencer and Buckle correct in another number of instances. Again, listen to this. Mr. Elliott says, on page 62, "When a philosopher affirms on the second page of his chief work that 'there is no essential difference between passing from one state to another and persisting in the same state,' we may reply that, if we are to believe that, there is simply no limit to the absurdities which might be founded on it"! Now, taken in the context, even without the able proof which Bergson gives, this statement is so obvious that it would seem quite impossible to take exception to it; but Mr. Elliott goes gaily on, not troubling to ask himself whether his lack of comprehension is his own fault or Bergson's, but calmly laying the whole of the blame upon his opponent. A few quotations without much comment will suffice to conclude this short notice of a book on which Sir Ray Lankester's introduction seems to have been rather wasted. Page 66: "It is no good telling us to think hard about it; facts are required, and facts alone; no amount of thinking is of any use unless we have material to think with"!! Page 70: "Biologists try to explain evolution by reference to forces which everybody can understand and experience. To explain it by reference to a new force which nobody can understand is the same thing as not explaining it at all"!! This is a modest attitude, to say the least. Biologists may find themselves led very far astray if they explain everything in evolution by reference to forces which everybody can understand and experience! Finally his little gem of scientific romanticism and idealism:—

> "What is life when wanting love?
> Night without a morning:
> Love's the cloudless summer sun,
> Nature gay adorning." (P. 244.)

Pride of War. By Gustaf Janson. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

A really good book, with one serious fault. The Swedish author (it is a translation) shares the default of Byron, "As soon as he begins to think, he is a fool." The work is a series of tales dealing with the Italian operations in Tripoli. It pictures the seamy side of war: with the tyranny, the bloodlust, the hysteria, the wounds, and death. It is one of those works which, in Mr. Chesterton's phrase, are damned because they are intended to depress men: yet it is full of a dreadful graphic power. Of course, one can prove anything in a novel, and by using his abundant literary power to conceal all that is noble in battle and to exaggerate all that is horrible and mean, Gustaf Janson has dealt an effective blow on the anti-militarist side. He would have done better to leave it at that, and to dispense with the precious morsels of philosophy with which his puppets point the moral now and then. But the book should be read. As a nightmare it is excellent. The lion-hearted martinet of a captain, the converted anarchist, Zirilli, ground by the machine into a soldier, the bestial Rapagnotti, the scheming Bedouin chieftain, Djafar, live with the life of unreal, yet fascinating, figures in a dream. We hate, but cannot forget them.

The New Gardening. By W. P. Wright. (Grant Richards.)

"A guide to the most recent developments in the culture of flowers, fruit, and vegetables." Mr. Wright confesses to having made an endeavour "to impart a literary flavour to the chapters without impeding the practical movement." But the literary flavour is much better than that sentence seems to promise. Mr. Wright has a very entertaining and natural way of taking suburbia and the small holdings to account. "I have read a great deal about the formal garden," he says; "and a great deal more (for it is a very wordy thing) about the 'natural' garden." Again: "Odds and ends of travel-talk, and a six days' 'personally conducted' tour transform many a hitherto harmless person into a fierce and uncomprising Alpine gardener." This flavour, if not the literary miracle of such gardeners as grew in Temple's time, is most refreshing after one has read some dozens or so of those modern gardening books which servilely beg the honour of teaching you a little about your hobby. Mr. Wright, like that old "jobber" of yours, who turns up forty spuds to your four miserable marbles, will prove your best friend next year if you have patience and really love the plant and not merely the flower or the fruit. There is here a valuable dictionary of flowering plants, with instructions about when and where to sow. All branches of the art are discussed, and the amateur may learn what to do with an ugly wall, a pool, a tangle in the hedge, a scrubby shrubbery, or an old mound. The orchard and kitchen-garden come in for especial attention. But the best thing about the book is that it tells one considerately and with benevolent detail how to make the most of things as one happens to have them. The reader is nowhere goaded into extravagance. The six illustrations in colour are no more ruinous to hope than a glimpse of gardeners' Paradise might be; they inspire an ideal, the most serviceable ladder towards grace. Forty-six photographs complete a handsome volume.

Buried Alive. By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen. 6s.)

A reprint of Mr. Bennett's extravaganza on the theme of the Druce mystery.

Art.

White Roses at the Stafford and the Carfax Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

ONLY the other day a certain painter said to me, "Why, Mr. Ludovici, don't you write up the younger men, the rising generation of painters?" Taking the term "write up" to mean praise, acclaim, or embrace, it must be pretty obvious why I, at least, refrain from doing any such thing. It is not pleasant to be perpetually cursing and anathematising. The "nay" attitude to all things is enervating, tiring, and, I believe, thoroughly unhealthy. If one has any damns to utter it is even better to shout them back along the corridor of life than to shout them forward. And yet, if one were at all fastidious nowadays where would one's damns end and one's curses cease? I cannot expatiate for two columns, as some critics can, upon a picture as a thing in itself, divorced from all its various relations. A picture to my mind is a symptom. It is difficult to help speaking in this medical manner, because to-day every critic must be more or less of a pathologist. He who at present can be a critic without being a pathologist is a lucky but ignorant man.

Well, then, if one is a pathologist, a picture is very much more than a good or bad page of colour, or a good or bad decorative scheme; just as a poem is very much more than a good or bad effort in the art of prosody. The work of art is a voice crying somewhere with pain or pleasure, with desire or loathing. What is the pain or pleasure about? What is the desire or loathing about? These are the questions which immediately occur to me. To dwell merely on the timbre and tone of the voice would be to regard the voice as otherwise meaningless.

To-morrow or the day after at the latest there will be only two kinds of people in the world—sick men and their medical attendants. At about the same time the world of art will be divided into two classes, invalids and their pathological experts, the critics. Who comes into contact with real health to-day? Who expects it? What, then, would be the use of "writing up" younger men? Because the malignant growth is still young, because as yet it looks only like a pimple, must one praise it as a benign pimple?

But perhaps this is going too far. Maybe it is a little too hopeless. In any case, though, even if other critics hold back, I don't mind confessing quite openly that the art-critic's duties nowadays seem to me utterly and completely useless as practical pathology, unless some greater pathologist first discovers what is wrong with life itself. Do you see any meaning?

You remember that picture in "Alice in Wonderland" where cards five, two, and seven are painting the Queen of Heart's white roses red? Now it seems to me that, however honest and painstaking he may be, this is precisely all that the art-critic could hope to do to-day. We can but patch art or fake it up. But it is simply foolish to do that, because if you want some other roses than a white rose, the thing is to seek another root, another tree.

Art is the bloom of life; if you object to the bloom it is no use correcting that alone; you must correct the root. That is the only reasonable thing to do. But to correct the root is a much mightier task than to fake up the bloom. The task of correcting the root belongs to the artist gardener (the artist legislator in societies). Any art-critic who year in year out merely goes on like those cards in "Alice in Wonderland" painting white roses red is only fit for a nonsense book or a nonsense world.

What, then, ought he to do? It is clear that he ought to lay down his pen and cease from cursing individuals who are only victims of a system, and, as a minor pathologist employed by society to find out what is wrong, he ought to write his report and send it up to a higher pathologist, a pathologist not of art, but of life; in order that the evil, if evil there be, should be remedied at its source, at its root.

Has any art-critic done this? I have done it, for one.

You can well understand that I naturally try to avoid as much as possible that abuse and condemnation of individuals which art-criticism at the present day would really require; because I believe that these individuals, like myself, are victims of a system which comprehends and comprises not only their art but also themselves and me. That is why I am loth to "write up" the younger generation. If I do so with any indignation at all, as for instance, in my article on the Futurists at the Sackville Gallery, it is because they were in my opinion not only roses of the wrong colour, but actually withered, blighted and rotten specimens which could be cut off straight away without demur. In cases of dire need, amputation, even on a sick plant, can be proceeded with unhesitatingly.

We are all growing on a particular social tree whose art, i.e., whose blooms, are the inevitable outcome of this tree's nature. They are not all necessarily hopelessly sick, withered or blighted blooms like the Futurists, you understand; but they are, in my opinion, simply wrong and in keeping with the plant on which they grow. Must I then fulminate against these wrong blooms because they are the inevitable outcome of the tree from which I myself also draw my sap? I can do so. I am often tempted to do so. But cui bono? The real evil lies deeper. I have already sent in my protest against this deeper evil.

Albeit, sometimes, here and there, I see a trace of the right colour. It is then that I am at liberty to praise; it is only then that I can speak with hope. But for the rest, I, in any case, do not like wholesale abuse. Let any of those wrong blooms raise their heads, however, and impudently declare that they are right; then, of course, the matter is different. The white rose then has to be told that it is not red. And this I shall always be prepared to do.

I have, however, no reason to believe that any of these artists who are exhibiting at the Stafford and the Carfax are actually prepared to uphold the proposition that they are right. I am much too familiar with the majority of painters to suppose for one instant that at present they are men or women who have a deep faith in themselves. How could they have? Why, then, should I try to disabuse them of an illusion they do not cherish?

At the Stafford Galleries I recognise a good deal of minor talent, which it seems to me would be better employed in designing chintzes and cretonnes than in painting pictures; for I see nothing of that deep passion and those great riches which, to my mind, are essential to a creative work in the fine arts. I see nothing of that capacity of waiting and garnering until a great day comes, when with restraint and vigour, all that is pent up in a man's spirit at last finds expression. It is only then that one can with decency frame one's work and thus concentrate attention upon it.

Thus, very often, I feel not only that the blooms are wrong; but also, that if our society, if our culture, had been in a proper condition, many of them would never have grown at all. The mediocre life behind them would have been employed in more suitable, more modest, and therefore much less assailable work. This, I cannot help feeling, applies not only to the Stafford Gallery group, but particularly to Mrs. Haweis at the Carfax. But, as I say, where one sees, not rottenness, not blight, but merely wrong or superfluous blooms, it is really useless to hold individuals up to scorn and ridicule. It is useless inasmuch as it is offensive without being in the least fruitful.

Let me, however, entreat Messrs. Peploe, Simpson, Fergusson, King, Foottet, and Atkinson, and Anne E. Rice, Ethel Wright, and Jessie S. Dismorr, of the Stafford, as well as Mrs. Stephen Haweis of the Carfax, to consider the first part of this article. Oh, why is there not someone strong enough, trust-inspiring enough, to be able to say to them all, with some hope of being listened to: "Put down your palettes and follow me!" Then only, perhaps, might George Moore's prophecy that art will be dead in fifty years, prove to be false and unfounded.

Pastiche.

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

WHICH IS TRUE?

ONCE I had for a friend a beautiful lady called Benedicta, who filled the atmosphere with the ideal, and from whose eyes streamed forth the desire of greatness, of beauty, of glory, of all that makes men believe in immortality.

But this miraculous child was too beautiful to live long; she died only a few days after I had come to know her. And one day, when Spring was swinging her censer over the graveyards, I buried her with my own hands. With my own hands I buried her, shut down tightly in a coffin of wood, perfumed and incorruptible like an Indian casket. As my eyes were fixed on the place where I had laid up my treasure I beheld suddenly a little person, strange with the strangeness of one dead, who stamped on the fresh earth with the grotesque violence of hysteria, and said, shrieking with laughter: "Look at me! I am the real Benedicta! A pretty sort of wench I am! As a reward for your folly you must love me just as I am!"

I was mad with anger, and replied: "No! no! no!" And to make my denial the stronger I stamped on the ground so violently with my foot that my leg sank to the knee in the earth of the newly-made grave. Now, like a wolf in a trap, I remain fastened, for ever it may be, in the grave of the ideal.

Translated by Hester Brayne.

THE ILLEGAL LAWYER.

The twisted lips, the long and narrow jowl
Heavily pendant make the perfect scowl,
While the ironic thunders of his brogue
Could make e'en innocence appear a rogue—
As gaunt there looms this adroit advocate
Law's melodrama to manipulate,
With all his grim, gruff humour's racy fashion
And ready taps of hot forensic passion.
But now are law and practice clean forgot
While megrim presses on his brain's weak spot,
And round and round that whirling orange swerves,
One blood-red poisoned ball of spleen and nerves,
One mass of bouncing madness whence there leak
The pestilential humours of his clique
(That clique, whose faith that its divinity is right
For all its petty perquisites to fight,
Is quite as genuinely altruist
As Dervish, Jesuit, Thug or Anarchist,
Quite honestly invoking God Himself
Kindly to save their preferential pelf,
The God of just rewards for worthless toils,
The God of Tammany, the God of Spoils,
And backing up clear Providence's will
With human bluff of speech and pomp of drill,
Lest heathen Catholics should try to rob
Protestants of their heaven-given job).
So at this heyday of seditious season
We boom the great Arch-loyalist of treason,
Who, cunning sportsman of that rebel game,
Sheds vitriol, not water, on the flame,
And though a lawyer plays the pious parson
Of imitation war and verbal arson.

R.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

XXV.—"VOTES FOR WOMEN."

THE OUTLOOK.

YET another victory to us! Once again the brave efforts of a small determined band of noble members of the W.S.P.U. have carried the day with their settled policy of keeping the Liberal out! Every responsible and important London morning paper, with twenty possible exceptions, is agreed that the election turned entirely upon the question of votes for women. The Rothschild Insurance Act, Home Rule, Free Trade, the Single Tax, all these paled into insignificance, and were mentioned only to be ignored. Women's enfranchisement was the deciding and only feature. Enthusiastic meetings were occasionally held daily near the Gas Works, addressed by General Drummond, Sylvia Pankhurst, Israel Zangwill, and other well-known Suffragists; poster parades and chalking parties were the order of the day; Miss Monifield Wilkins stood on her head in the market-place from seven o'clock on Monday morning till midday on Thursday, and gained over hundreds of disgusted Liberal voters. Three Cabinet Ministers were scalped and one had his bootlace broken by militant martyrs, and were told that the only way to stop all this was to give women the vote. We are winning! Sisters, stand by us in this fight! (And so on, so on, and so on.)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

[The cartoonist finds it so difficult to distinguish between the features of Messrs. Asquith, Redmond, George, and Isaacs, that it would be too cruel to examine his witticisms. Besides, he is probably "only a woman."]

FOR THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Question 1.—How is it that women are always more excitable and stupid than men?

Answer.—In the first place, what decent man would dare to say this of a lady? In any case, it can be and has been proved that the opposite is really the case.

Question 2.—How is it that it can always be proved that the opposite is really the case?

Answer.—Because any male interrupter denying your statement to this effect would be giving the lie direct to a lady—a thing no decent-minded man would bring himself to do.

Question 3.—Is it not true that men, and not women, have been responsible for all the greater achievement in politics, painting, literature, music, drama, and football?

Answer.—Miss Ethel Smyth, Mus.Doc., has written the pick of the basket, "The March of the Women," and it can be and has been proved that the opposite is really the case. Besides, who denies it?

POETRY.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence to Mrs. Pankhurst in Holloway, it being spring-time:

"There's a thrill and a throb in the air, my friend,
And a throb and a thrill in the air . . . "

Mrs. Pankhurst's reply, it being lunch-time:

"There's a grill and a chop in the air, my friend,
And a chop and a grill in the air . . . "

LEADING ARTICLE.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

The more we have to do with politics the more we see how degraded it is, how corrupt, how faithless, how illogical, how all what we find quite impossible to state in words. Apparently the only justification our leading statesmen have for their presence in the political arena is the amount of gilded plums to be surreptitiously passed on to their supporters and backers. But women want some pickings, too! Why should they not be included? Well, it is true that a few sops have been thrown to the Suffragettes in the shape of fat lucrative appointments on commissions and councils, but can any honest observer deny that women with their wonderful wisdom, integrity and self-denial, as witness Mrs. Pankhurst's noble paroxysms of terror when Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was forcibly fed in Holloway, would not have found many and many a very, very soft job for some of their frailer and weaker sisters? Now, we have suffered much from the political system of this country and we want to share in the plunder. That is the deathless spirit that animates this noble army of martyrs, true unto death and still living on after it! We have cause, too, to hate and distrust the brutality of a police drawn from the lowest class in the country, but yet with our noted magnanimity, forbearance, common sense, and good will, we are determined to grant them the privilege and the power of arresting suspected persons without the possession of any warrant whatsoever. The prison system, too, we have reason for despising and condemning, but our only anxiety is lest those vicious, inhuman, brutish foes of the eternal sanctity of pure womanhood who desert their wives should escape their just punishment of a life sentence to jail in this world and the next. We will now make our usual quotations from Gladstone's speeches, draw our familiar conclusions, and make our customary appeal for funds to the poor persecuted, downtrodden women of this country.

CAMPAIGN THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

BRANCH REPORTS.

. . . Money urgently needed. Send contributions, also cast-off clothing, jams, etc., for jumble sale to the Hon. Sec. and paid Organiser. . . Also push sale of paper.

. . . Money urgently required. Sale of paper must be pushed.

. . . Money . . . money . . . money . . . Collection realised . . . Profits from shops . . . From selling paper, £ . . . Money . . . money . . . money . . . money.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MINIMUM WAGE.

Sir,—In your issue of last week you said that if the fixing of a minimum wage did not reduce profits the position relatively of the wage earner would be unimproved. There is, however, one subtle result of the legal fixing of a minimum wage which is liable to be overlooked which is of some interest.

The process of fixing the minimum draws all the employers in the trade together to discuss the policy to be advocated on their behalf by their representatives on the Wages Board. Economical business methods thus receive far greater consideration in the trade than would otherwise be the case, and the conclusions arrived at are distributed amongst all the employers both by their trade papers and by means of the Employers' Association.

In any trade there are a large number of employers who make up for their business incapacity by paying a very low wage. When they are faced by the necessity of raising their wages to a legal minimum they are forced to improve the organisation of their business or be outstripped in the competitive struggle. Hence much waste comes to be avoided, and this provides a source out of which wages can be increased.

J. A. Heaton.

* * *

"IN VINDICATION OF COMPETITION."

Sir,—Perhaps you will permit an anti-Socialist to point out to your correspondent, Mr. Whitehouse, that the obvious advantage of the "system" of competing milkmen over the "organised Post Office" is the freedom of choice on the part of the consumer and the incentive to invention offered by the former. I admit that there is over-competition in the lower walks of industry to-day, and I ascribe this to existing clumsy State interference with the medium of exchange. But if Mr. Whitehouse would take the trouble to inquire of the housewives in his road as to the reason why they deal with milkman Jones instead of Brown he would receive from a goodly portion of them the reply that "Brown's milk did not seem of such good quality," or "Brown was rude to me," or "I saw Brown ill-treating his horse the other day"; moreover, even those whose sole reason for dealing with Jones is that he begged their custom will be able to tell Mr. Whitehouse of their certainty that Jones is only kept up to the mark in quality of milk and civility because he knows that his customers are free to deal with Brown if they so choose. But even though many milkmen are "wasting" their time in competition, slowly, without fuss or political agitation, the Browns are being weeded out in favour of the Jones who supply the community's needs.

On the other hand, it is perfectly futile to adduce the Post Office as an example of economical organisation, because this institution is protected from competition by the Postmaster-General's monopoly. In the City you may hear continual grumblings at "Post Office stupidity" and continual complaints regarding Post Office methods. We know that where the public has the opportunity of testing competition—namely, in the parcel service, the superiority of the Post Office is by no means so marked. But "Papa State" has decreed that no one shall be allowed to endeavour to improve on Post Office letter distribution methods. We might have been for many years already sending letters to the ends of the earth for a penny and sending them inland for a farthing. We might be able to deal with firms who would compensate us for lost letters for a less charge than 2d. per letter. But no: we are exhorted to cherish the "simple childlike faith" that Mr. Samuel's system (oh yes, an *organised system*, I admit) is the best possible.

Henry Meulen.

* * *

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Before this letter can reach you I have little doubt that you will have received many comments, both hostile and approving, on your criticism of the woman movement. I venture to add mine because I have waited in vain for someone abler than myself to attempt to challenge your explanation of the phenomena of feminism. I am one of the many who look to your "Notes of the Week" for illumination on the tendencies of the age, and I do not hesitate to confess that you can throw more light even upon this question than any feminist journal. It is for this reason that I regret that you do not add to your (often wholly justifiable) criticism of the aims and methods of suffragists, so clear an exposition of the meaning and true objective of the woman movement as you are doing in the case of Socialism. I am not ungrateful for your perception that "the mystical idea of the emancipation of woman is not unlike the mystical idea of the transfiguration of man into superman." But in the case of man you admit that this "interior conversion" is hindered by external social conditions, the removal of which is the object of Socialism. I contend that the same holds good of woman, and that in spite of your denial, the woman movement has an economic root, little as its leaders appear to grasp economic questions.

Let me at once admit the truth of all that you say regarding women in industry. The cause of male and female wage slaves is identical, and they must free themselves together. With that question the woman movement, as such, has nothing to do, and it will be well for its leaders when they perceive this fact. I am not concerned to deny the muddled thinking that has discredited the movement in the eyes of thoughtful people. But when you challenge us "to define in intelligible language the particular system, or grievance, as distinct from men's, from which women desire to be emancipated," I feel that it is time that some woman took up the gage, not in a partisan spirit, but with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth.

I would define the women's grievance thus: Their economic dependence on their husbands (legal or otherwise) and the consequent degradation of the love relation. This is "the common object that unites Lady Cowdray with Miss Annie Kenney" (the latter a potential wife), because it does not matter whether the "keep" of a wife consists of diamonds and a motor, or of two scanty meals a day; as long as she only receives it at her husband's pleasure she is economically subject to him. Now, I need hardly point out that neither a wife's keep nor the household labour, which she usually performs in return for it, forms part of our industrial system. They are a survival of earlier economic relations. Whether or no you are right in saying that there is "no real analogy between the movement for the emancipation of women and the movement for the emancipation of economic wage slaves," there can be no doubt that the analogy is much closer between the former and the movement for the emancipation of chattel slaves. Wherever slave labour was not used for profit—i.e., as part of a commercial system—the life of the slave was comparatively easy and pleasant, and in many cases luxurious.

I venture to think that if the men wage slaves of today were offered the alternative of a return to chattel slavery which, at the same time, provided them with a certain social standing (such as marriage gives a woman) and the satisfaction of their sexual instincts, the majority would be found willing to sell themselves. No further explanation is necessary of the readiness of women wage slaves to "escape into marriage." They will be set free, like the American negroes, against their will.

It thus appears that the underlying aim of the woman movement is not (any more than it was the aim of the Abolitionist movement) complete economic emancipation, but the bringing of women into the industrial system. Small wonder that Socialists look on it with suspicion; nevertheless, it is preparing the ground for Socialism. Its work will not be complete until all women not employed in other industries are paid domestic workers or paid mothers. It will then be possible to organise those industries, and it will further be almost impossible to blink the fact that every woman who accepts keep, gifts, or pay from a man in return for sexual favours is (1) commercialising the sex relation, and (2) making profit out of a commercial monopoly. At present the huge army of dependent married women is a dead weight on the progress of industrial organisation. I do not claim that many women recognise these facts. Too many still believe in the possibility of economic freedom under present conditions; but the desire for freedom has been awakened, and in their struggle for it women are bringing about an economic revolution which is a necessary preliminary to social reconstruction.

That, like the Labour Party, they have fallen into the error of seeking their end by political action and social reforms, does not prove that there was no need for the movement. If you, sir, would recognise this, you might lead feminist thought in new and fruitful directions, but as long as your prejudice against all things feminine appears so manifest you can scarcely hope to influence the women who idealise their sex.

I dare not take up more of your space by touching on the other points you raise, except to express my amazement that The New Age should descend to advocating methods of repression against militancy. Surely there is a simpler "cure." Give women the vote, and let them learn that with it they are still powerless.

A South African Woman.

BIBLE TEACHING AND BIBLE STORIES.

Sir,—As a country parson who reads most of the articles in THE NEW AGE, I was interested to see a layman's view on Bible Teaching and Bible Stories, with which I entirely agree. I do not think, however, that the writer has realised the difficulty an official teacher, such as a clergyman, has in teaching any idea which is new to his congregation. Sixteen years ago I went down from Oxford and found myself in a Yorkshire artisan district under a vicar who made himself somewhat unhappy because I seemed to be unsound on traditional explanations of the Bible. My Bishop released me from my engagement. My next adventure was with a clergyman who had bought an enormously wealthy living, and from the obscure country village in which he lived, rose to be an Archdeacon and one of the most important rectors in the Church. He engaged three curates. Two of them made the mistake of taking the evolutionary view, and they were both soon dismissed. One was again my fortunate self. A penniless squire, thinking I had a well-lined purse, within a few months presented me with a living. With a thousand people to look after and about 150 children in the day school, I had sufficient work not to make me dilatory. I tried to teach the teachers. With one exception they did not want any traditional method superseded. The rural dean asked me to give two lectures to the clergy on the "New Way of Reading an Old Book." The second lecture did not take place. They were rather unsettled by the first. Two curates in this neighbourhood have recently left. Both found themselves at variance with their vicars and some of the pious of both sexes, on traditional interpretations of the Bible. Another, an honours man, was teaching in the day school and explained something to the boys over twelve in an untraditional way. The head teacher said it upset the children, and his rector, a friend of mine, forbade the curate to teach any further.

Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale are still the stock-in-trade of the majority of the clergy and of the majority of the congregations we still hold. The clergy as a whole are indifferent to Truth. They may think knowledge an excellent thing, but they are afraid to give it to the laity.

The best thing for our Church would be for the educated laity to take the instruction of the young into their hands and for Sir Francis Vane to join a society of which I am a member, and which numbers amongst it some of the clergy and laity of the Church of England who are desirous that we shall once again become the Church of the English people.

He need only pay 5s. a year and he will receive a magazine monthly which will show him that there are still many who wish to make the Bible a more vital book than it appears to be at present.

ARTHUR FULKE.

* * *

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO WOMEN.

Sir,—I think that this was left unstated by any newspaper: That the audience which rose in its seat to cheer the Bishop of London's proposal to flog *men* souteneurs was composed of women, parsons, and a sprinkling of lay members of the third sex. Men are to be flogged and, presumably, men are to do the flogging. But why? Why not flog women brothel-keepers, far more numerous than men as these are? And let us have women floggers. I hate this inequality of the sexes. Women always get left out of everything. It's not fair!

FIAT JUSTITIA.

* * *

GRACE IN THE "DAILY MAIL."

Sir,—May I draw your attention to a new feature in the "Daily Mail"? In my opinion it marks more of a revolution in the direction of honesty and sense for women than everything that has been done by women for the last decade. The new feature is an article of advice on toilet affairs, written by a Miss Mildred St. Aubyn, who gives only simple recipes, and urges women to let alone most of the advertised preparations. I say that there is no calculating how far-reaching may not be the effect upon women's *minds* of an article of this sort, simply honest, and concerned with the first duty of woman—to be comely. I have never met the nice woman who was not more or less furtive in the use of patented preparations, and the psychological explanation of this secrecy is not nearly so often a false puritanism as the consciousness of behaving like a voluntary dupe taking a suspect thing on trust. The other sort of woman, who brags about purchasing each advertised novelty and urges one to "try" something of whose contents one is ignorant, is just the type that, in attempting to "rise," shouts from the cart-tail her superior intuitional powers over the powers of knowledge and reason, and will offer to govern in matters of which she has not acquired even the rudiments. The "Daily Mail," with its huge domestic circulation, has an equal responsibility; and one must respect the new policy which permits Miss St. Aubyn to write so uncommercially.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

* * *

CHURCH AND STAGE.

Sir,—Apropos of Mr. Edward McNulty's amusing article on "Holy Herbert," I am reminded of a retort made by a certain living actor, who shall be nameless, to Sir George Alexander.

It was the day before the company was to go on tour, and Sir George stood delivering his usual intolerable homily regarding the true way of Sabbath travel. "I trust that there will be no card-playing in the train." Silence. "I trust that such of you as may be in the habit of taking liquor will carry a flask and not rush to the station bars." Silence. "Pray do not—" Then our actor, a very fat man who always played the heavy, stepped forward, letting his hands drop. "I trust, sir, that you will have no objection to my taking a little plain sewing."

O. E.

* * *

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Simplex," must serve as an example of how much bad there is in the best of us. All too lightly he would do away with the doubled "l" in "travelling" and the "a" in "read." But, sir, people who know how to speak English suggest the breathing "a" in "read": the word is *not* pronounced "red." An elocutionist would immediately show the difference. As for words with a consonant doubled, the quantity of the first letter, which is given in hiatus, is required to balance the shortened vowel: carrying, stopping, running, travelling. Of course, we might all begin to say carying, stoping, runing, traveling—but there are no such words! Our spelling has been arrived at through centuries of experiment and criticism by men of letters, of leisure, and of taste. We are not to-day famous for any of these things; but, at least, we may refrain from deliberate violence against our own heritage. There is probably no English word which was current before Johnson's time of which the sound, the symbolism, and the psychology were not studied during the countless hours devoted to English by our learned and poetical ancestors.

If anyone will try a simple experiment in pronunciation, let him begin with the word "travelling." Pronounced with all its necessary letters it sounds clear and open. Pronounced without the breathing quantity of the doubled "l" the teeth shut down too quickly upon the lower lip.

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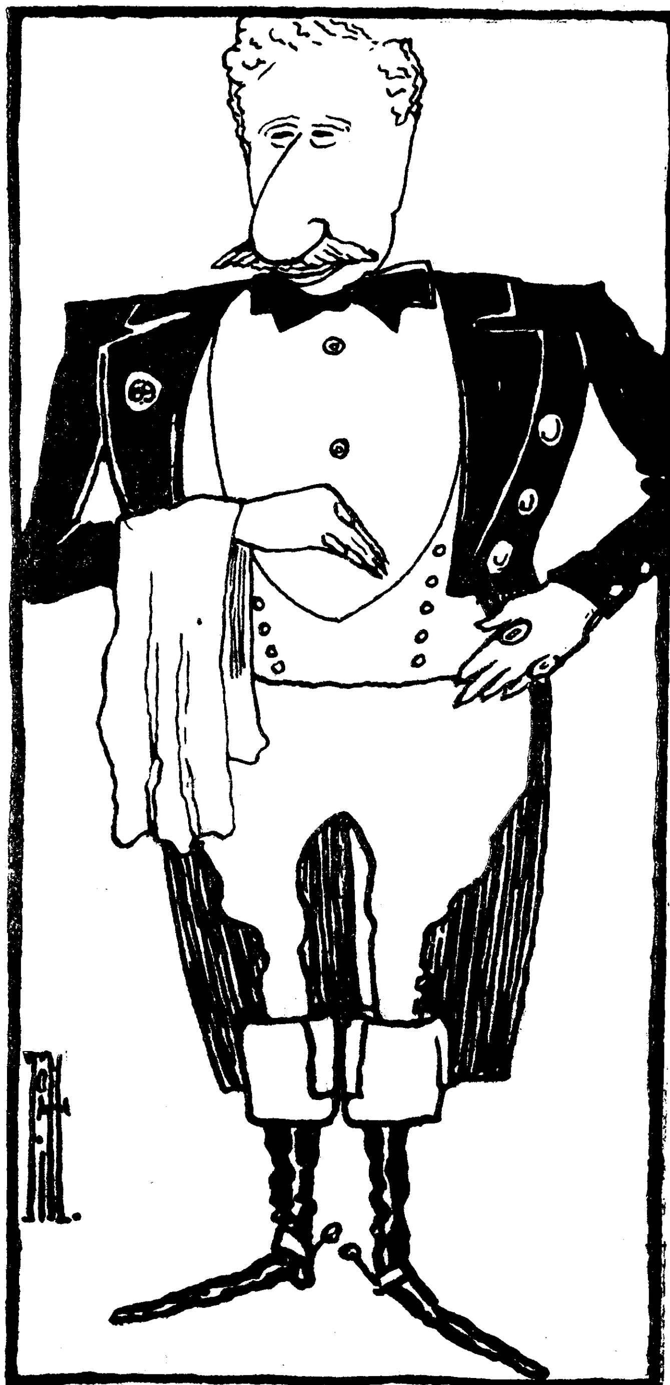

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