NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We thought the White Slave Bill had been killed for this session by the recent trend. There was so much clearance of window-stock to be done, the Bill had been maul’d in Committee past recognition, it had been denounced by critics outside, and it had been defended by such compromising persons, that it seemed blazed for an early fall. Yet on Monday evening, to the general surprise, Mr. Lloyd George announced that the White Slave Bill would rank with the Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment and Franchise Bills; and on Tuesday Mr. McKenna made the still more surprising statement that the Bill as left by the Committee last August would now be restored to its original form. The theory of political corruption that usually covers these mysterious goings out and comings in of Bills before Parliament cannot, we fear, be held to cover the White Slave Bill. The Plague Bill, we know, drafted by one of the Leagues supporting the former Bill, was dropped on account of the feather interests of the London Chamber of Commerce; that great body of merchant princes who would exploit bed-ticks if they had any commercial value. But, so far as we can see, the White Slave Bill promises immediate profit to nobody; on the contrary, for several Members of Parliament, for many of the clergy and probably for one in four of the big landlords of our cities it threatens immediate financial loss. What, then, is the explanation of the Bill’s survival in a House not given to legislating without personal motive? To discover even a plausible explanation of the mystery it is necessary to inquire who and what are the persons and forces behind the Bill. They appear to be composed, firstly, of a handful of lecherously minded persons of various sects; secondly, of a group of Parliamentary Pecksniffs; thirdly, of a number of females of the dangerous age; fourthly, of a nebulous mass of more or less indolent societies, such as the National Vigilance Society; and, lastly, of the Charity Organisation Society, known and dreaded of the poor under the name of the C.O.S. Concerning the C.O.S., the most sinister as it is the most powerful of all the reactionary orders of social connexion, we shall have something to say presently, but in the meantime a review of the minor elements in the conspiracy against social liberty must be attempted.

It was Talleyrand who said that language was given men to conceal their thoughts; but the epigram, a bonmot in his day, has, in our day, become rather less than a truism. For, in vast communities like ours, where the mass of public men are known only by what they say, language serves not only to conceal thought but to conceal conduct as well. In the absence of the very strictest criticism of the printed words, the public has, in fact, no means of knowing, in the case of any public utterance, whether the words are consonant with the character of the speaker or represent in any sense his thoughts and conduct. Thus it follows that in many instances the public impression of men and movements is the very contrary of the impression produced on close or privileged observers; and not always by any means are the impressions of the public more favourable than they ought to be. We could name plenty of men and even societies whose projections on the public stage have been too truthfully worded, with the result that the public has been misled. But on the other hand, no public person or society, professing to desire sexual repression or regulation, has ever, to our knowledge, been received on tenable terms; it is the less favourable than the profession of that profession. Why is this? Why is it that a man (still more a woman) or an organisation has only to proclaim its object to be sexual repression instantly to command not only public influence, but immunity from criticism, personal or social? Who slays fat oxen need not himself be fat; nor, it is true, must he needs be thin. But in the case of sexual “reformers” professing the slaughter of “impurity,” their personal and collective purity is immediately assumed.

It is a singular piece of bad national psychology, and singular most of all in this respect: that nine out of ten of those who assume it are individually aware that the assumption is unsafe. The most popular “fraud” in all literature is Pecksniff, a man, as Dickens describes him, known to everybody and a warning to all. But let only a Pecksniff arise in public life, the obvious and unmistakable type of Dickens’ Pecksniff and of all the little Pecksniffs privately encountered, he is, as we say, instantly taken at his face value. Yet as the smallest application of experience to public judgments would compel us to conclude, the protestations of Pecksniff, and even protestations snatching in the least degree of Pecksnifianism, ought to be held a priori not as conveying but as concealing truth. Above all, it is necessary in every such case to give credit only under the compulsion of accumulated evidence and after prolonged scepticism. We are not prepared to maintain outright that people who busy themselves
overmuch in purity leagues are of necessity impure persons, with thoughts or conduct to conceal; but, on the other hand, so many of such persons have been proved to be in urgent need of their own reforms that suspicion, for making up their mind, may yet be the best for the psychologist on all. When even so elevated and philosophic a man as Meredith can be found expressing in his private letters a yearning for dainty "tit-bits of women's flesh"—a desire conceded, we imagine, from the readers of his novels—what wild doxologies may not be secretly questing in the most elevated minds of the men and women engaged in the "purity" campaign? As remote from the normal as their views are of what sex relations ought to be, may be their views of what sex relations are, and not their views only. We confess that, just as we look with suspicion on any social reformer who sets up an extravagant ideal with the intention of punishing people who decline to accept it, we look with suspicion on purity propagandists who carry a whip for flagellation. The whip, we conclude, is what they fancy others need, because they secretly fancy they need it themselves. Nobody desires to punish another for doing what is altogether indifferent to himself.

We should be on too dangerous ground in attempting to specify in print the notorious instances we have in mind. Besides, as we say, instances must have come in dozens under the notice of even the casual observer. Furthermore, at another moment which has produced the White Slave Bill may be judged by the utterances of the people prominently connected with it; and these are published for everybody's comment. Take, for example, the Bishop of London's passionate advocacy of flogging for offences under the proposed Act. It is not conceivable that a modern educated mind, even though a bishop's, should demand the revival of a form of torture long known by penalists to be useless, and now known by doctors known to be inflammatory, unless in temper as well as in intelligence that mind was at least belated, and therefore relatively abnormal. The offences to be dealt with, as we shall show in a minute, are, when all is said and done, quite minor in comparison with offences committed wholesale and daily in our factories, without comment by the Bishop of London. Why, therefore, single out this particular offence for so barbarous a punishment? If procuring is so criminal that civilised penalties are insufficient, our case is too desperate for barbarism in attempt to suspend the principles of law by respectable legal means. It is proposed (by Mr. Hugh Law, who, we thought, knew better) that trials under the Act should be held entirely in camera, so that only the police and their legal brethren (we include the jury under these circumstances) should have to judge of their own conduct! But, worse than this, it is proposed (by Mr. Rowntree, we think) that previous convictions against the prisoner should be admissible as evidence at any stage of the proceedings. We do not know that there is a single offence in which this now legal obtains. We know, in fact, that there is none. Yet for this one offence the whole tradition of even legal justice is to be subverted, and all to enable the promoters of the Bill to discharge their bile. We can safely begin to ask: is that the state of things to be the object of a legal revolution for the purpose of punishing an old offence a little abnormal, a little strained. And it is quite consequential that the beliefs implicitly accompanying this state should be equally extreme. The first clause of the Bill as originally drafted, and as Mr. McKenna has promised to restore it, reveals a faith in the innocence of the ordinary constable which balances the hatred of the victim, it may be, of his error. As black as the suspected procurer is in the eyes of the promoters of the Bill, so white in their eyes is the common policeman. The former is a fiend from hell, a thing without shame or feelings or human intelligence; the latter, by contrast, is an angel of light, a St. George against the Dragon. But this romantic conception of the policeman, pairing the portrait of the procurer, reveals another characteristic of the promoters of the White Slave Bill. At the same time that they are as apprehensive and imaginative of sexual sins as destined with libertinism, and their ideas are also as innocent of worldly experience as new-laid eggs. If it is too cruel to lay on them the suspicion of amorous impurity, they can scarcely escape the charge of a worldly ignorance that what they want and with their pretensions, as culpable. On second thoughts, indeed, we will confine ourselves exclusively to this account of them; the promoters of the Bill (the C.O.S. excepted) are little innocents whose mothers should be informed that they are out in the world in an excited state of mind. But this, we fear, will not help us to account for the power the promoters of the Bill have shown to resuscitate their Bill after it had been buried. Something more than a picture-panorama view of life has been necessary to induce the Government to re-include the Bill in its already over-burdened list. And these reasons we must seek, partly, in the popular appeal all such Bills have to a silly public; partly, in their acceptability to the Nonconformist conscience and caucus; partly in the influence which the C.O.S.; but mainly in the economic drift and effects of industrialism. Of these four reasons for the revival of the Bill it is not worth while at this moment to discuss the first two; since, they, like other human weaknesses, are always with us; but of the economic position and of the position of the C.O.S. it is time now to speak.

We have hitherto written of the effects of capitalism (by which, as our readers know, we mean the use of wage-slaves as a raw material) as if they were prospecively merely: that is, as a late development, as something not misused, the evil effects of the segregation of the rich and the poor would begin to show themselves; not, in all probability in our generation, perhaps not in the generation of our children, but in a generation sufficiently remote to be inapplicable by a savage civilization unable to count beyond four. But the fact must be stated and faced that we are already generation on whom the effects of Capitalism can be traced. It is certain that effects are still to come which, compared with our symptoms, will feel a fever that they will suffer as we do not, and their children as they will not; but here and there now amongst us and our contemporaries, transformations of character, thought, feeling and will have already taken place, of which the signs, for that matter, are not at once easy to judge, but the most among these we would place a public irresponsibility in the masses no less than in the governing and possessing classes, which practically assures apathy in re-
ward to social welfare in all save philosophers and fanatics. We talk a great deal of the obligations of wealth, of obligations, that is, which wealth does not admit; but even more serious is the fact, cautiously referred to by Lord Haldane on Friday, of the absence of any sense of social obligation amongst the poor. We are not, it is understood, blaming the poor for their irresponsibility; nor are we telling the rich to take a greater responsibility for society as a whole. Down the gulf, as we said the other day, now gaping between the two classes, society, culture, civilisation, everything humane, will not only disappear in course of time, but has already begun to disappear. Of every precious human treasure that can be named, society has less to-day than a generation ago; and with the loss of human treasure the heart of society is being lost too. But as the gulf widens and apathetic endurance on the one side develops with apathetic endurance on the other, a special type of ghoul is being evolved, not to close the breach, but to span it with a kind of sentimental substitute for real heart-strings. This substituted organ of society is base, and from its very point of view, is the function of delegated charity being performed. There is scarcely a charitable pie in which the C.O.S. has not had its finger; and we cannot name a recent Act bearing on what is called the social evil of which the C.O.S. has not been the chief author. Of power, indeed, of the C.O.S. is tremendous; it ramifies everywhere, in Parliament, in the administration, in society, and among employers. No social legislation is complete without its approval; and little is even begun without its consent. In examining, therefore, the operative causes of the White Slave Bill we shall not be far wrong in naming the C.O.S. as the chief instrument. Wherever, indeed, wrong is to be done in the name of the C.O.S., we shall find the C.O.S., is to be found always at his work of transforming the community into a sort of lock-hospital on a national scale.

But how, it may be asked, has the C.O.S. come to possess so much power? We have seen that its power is created in the gulf which sunders the rich from the poor; but this alone is insufficient to account for its pre-eminent position. It is that the gulf does not only contain the illusion for the masses and the classes that no gulf really divides them; but, under cover of this disguise, it enables the gulf to be still further widened. In other words, it is an instrument of capitalism. For what, after all, are the facts on which the industry and its own power, of which the C.O.S. has not been the chief author. Of power, indeed, of the C.O.S. is tremendous; it ramifies everywhere, in Parliament, in the administration, in society, and among employers. No social legislation is complete without its approval; and little is even begun without its consent. In examining, therefore, the operative causes of the White Slave Bill we shall not be far wrong in naming the C.O.S. as the chief instrument. Wherever, indeed, wrong is to be done in the name of the C.O.S., we shall find the C.O.S., is to be found always at his work of transforming the community into a sort of lock-hospital on a national scale.

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We have mentioned the exaggerations which mark the statements concerning the White Slave Traffic made by the puritan evangelicals. But these exaggerations are natural enough when we remember, firstly, that these evangelicals are but a fraction of the society which they are seeking to strangle into extinction, and that the extent of their own devilry. But in the White Slave Bill and kindred legislation we, for our part, see only the appearances and disguises of purity or morality or sexual decency; beneath the appearance is the wage-slave driver's whip urging women into the mills and factories and sweating dens of the capitalists. The organisations of the C.O.S. may not be aware what ignoble part in capitalism they are playing. Capitalists themselves are probably ignorant of the extent of their own devilry. But in the White Slave Bill and kindred legislation we, for our part, see only the appearances and disguises of purity or morality or sexual decency; beneath the appearance is the wage-slave driver's whip urging women into the mills and factories and sweating dens of the capitalists.
designing exporters, and with the police within a wave of the hand! They are probably more afraid of the police than of their so-called captors.

For again we must remark on the extraordinary faith manifested by the purity apostles in the superhumanity of the average police, and in the purity of what the police are, or of what, when society is not looking, the police can become. Nobody, we venture to say, who has had dealings with the police on any serious matter, would deny that, in his or her own personal experience, the police have been found as grasping, as incompetent, as unscrupulous, in a word, as human, as any other set of mortals. But if in cases known personally to any of us the police have thus behaved, what is it but a sheer illusion to credit the force with virtues denied to the individual? The police of England, we do not say, are not as good as, and probably better than, any police in the world. But like the father of the family in Butler’s phrase, the police, too, are capable de tout. The prostitutes of London, at any rate, have not the moral verve of the average constable. It is plain that, except in cases of gross and flagrant wrong to society, the police will not go on steadily pressing for the reform which the Woman’s Social and Political Union is supposed to have at heart.”—RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

The seven hour day, the extension of Bank Holidays, the protracted Christmas break, are all projects well designed to foster the spirit of purposeless idleness. It is true that the possessing classes can take all that the wage-slaves of to-day, but will go on steadily pressing the nation and to-morrow? But with all this devotion to itself and the day only and neither for the ever growing State.”—VANOC in the "Nation and Leader.”

The programme of the Cabinet is Socialist, and Socialism has no chance when the question of National Safety is forced into the open...”—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Post-impressionism is the cloak of the incompetent.”—SIR HERBERT TREE.

"The Socialist hasn’t a scrap of Sincerity, all his opinions are due to black envy, his wretched vulgarity and oblique character are contrasted with the refinement and straightforwardness of the aristocracy.””—Pall Mall.

"Unionism, as we know, stands for no particular class or interest, but for all classes and the general good.”—The Standard.

"Everyman will endeavour to strengthen the moral and intellectual life of the people for the ever growing responsibility of Citizenship.”—J. M. DENT’S Advt.

"What has the Labour Party done? Above all else it has changed and is changing public opinion.”—Daily Citizen.

"It is the rarest thing in the world to come on a novel written as well as a daily paper.”—Pall Mall.

"Do you know of a school in Bristol where mothers are taught to bring up their babies.—Wife’s Inquiry in "Mother and Home.”

Current Cant.

"I wish every churchman would give as much to the church as he spends on tobacco.”—ERNEST BREE.

"I do not want to be rich, I am quite satisfied with £4,000 or £5,000 a year.”—G. B. SHAW.

"A single man can live in London with decency and some comfort on £50 a week.”—The Commonwealth.

"We urged him to confess to God and make a fresh start. He said, I will sign a decision book and went off quite happy.”—"Christian Endeavour Times.”

"Next week—a New Serial Story, The Web of Fate’ will begin in the 'Christian Endeavour Times.' The authoress writes with brightness and vivacity... with those elements of sensation and mystery which newspaper readers demand.”—The "Christian Endeavour Times.”

"The week before the Church Congress we ventured to predict that such a gathering under the presidency of the Archbishop of York could not be other than a brilliant occasion.”—The "Guardian.”

"Which should a woman save in case of fire—her dog or her husband?—Sir George Alexander telegraphs..."—"Daily Mirror.”

"Life in the House of Commons is full of charm and interest for the man who is keen about his politics; but a dreary routine for the man with the axe of selfish politics to grind.”—E. N. BENNETT in the News and Leader.”

"The 'Daily News and Leader' has a splendid tradition behind it.”—The Star.

"Mr. Balfour is a master of the ironic method.”—The "Nation.”

"The Labour Party will not be influenced by the threats used against it, but will go on steadily pressing for the reform which the Woman’s Social and Political Union is supposed to have at heart.”—"Daily Express.”

"Hence arose the principle of the Sanctity of private property in land being essential to the Safety of the State.”—VANOC in the "Referee.”

"The quest is hopeless, for the huntsmen are scattered, and oblique character are contrasted with the refinement and straightforwardness of the aristocracy.””—Pall Mall.

"Unionism, as we know, stands for no particular class or interest, but for all classes and the general good.”—The "Standard.”

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"Do you know of a school in Bristol where mothers are taught to bring up their babies.—Wife’s Inquiry in "Mother and Home.”

...THE NEW AGE...
The real news which has come to hand about the war has naturally been swamped in a series of rumours concerning the attitude of this or that country. As definite information is desirable, I shall take this opportunity of commenting upon the two most prominent rumours current during the last week, viz., that Greece was anxious to withdraw from the Balkan League, and that the Cabinet, especially since King George's return, began the discussion of the Greek Cabinet to admit the Cretan Deputies into the field. This is the biggest exaggeration of the times.

It is not quite true to say that the Greeks as a whole are anxious to leave matters where they stand. Last week, when the Government for the first time took to considering the situation in all its details, which it should have done from the very start, the members of the Cabinet, especially since King George's return, began to realise that Greece stood to gain little either way. If the Bulgarians were successful, their position at sea would be strengthened as well as their prestige on land. The prestige of Greece would be lowered accordingly, and various classes, such as they are, really do think that M. Venizelos is anxious to leave matters where they stand. Last week, when the Government for the first time took to considering the situation in all its details, which it should have done from the very start, the members of the Cabinet, especially since King George's return, began to realise that Greece stood to gain little either way. If the Bulgarians were successful, their position at sea would be strengthened as well as their prestige on land. The prestige of Greece would be lowered accordingly, and various classes, such as they are, really do think that M. Venizelos is anxious to leave matters where they stand.

On the other hand, if Turkey proves to be the victor—and the opinions of military experts will be badly falsified if she does not—the Porte will not forget that her enemy of the late 'nineties once more tried to pluck the beard of the Pasha, again, the hastyession of the Greek Cabinet to admit the Cretan Deputies to the Chamber has greatly annoyed the Powers. So Greece looks like being a loser either way. It is true to say that the Government and the Greek ruling classes do not think that M. Venizelos has erred in binding the country to the Balkan States on the present occasion; but it is too late now to do anything in a contrary direction. Greece has begun to play her part and she must now go through with it. The masses of the people are enthusiastic for the war.

As for Austria and Russia, their relations are not particularly friendly. Austria refuses to allow anybody to lay a finger on the Sanjak of Novi Bazar; and Russia day after day unctuously proclaims that she has no desire to add an inch of territory to her possessions. At the same time, each country is wondering precisely what the actual operations are concerned, comparison for, as Sir John Brunner deplores armaments: "If this destructive rivalry in naval armaments goes on unchecked, it threatens to submerge civilisation and to destroy society." Exactly what we have been saying (and proving) about the Insurance Act and other trifles of that sort which Sir John's party approves of. Sir John mentions the naval panic of 1909, and complains because the Government "yielded to the clamour of the Jingo Press." But if the Government had been a strong Government it need not have done so. How many Liberal financiers, I wonder, benefited by that scare? "The invention and advertisement of the Dreadnought by our Admiralty have proved a curse to mankind." Not at all—Japan invented the Dreadnought, and advertised its effectiveness by demolishing the Russian Fleet. We then took it up in self-defense, as did other countries.

If the Government has no more serious criticisms to meet than these specimens, our present foreign policy may continue for untold generations.
The New Age
October 24, 1912.

III.—An Outline of the Guild.

There is no mystery attaching to the organisation of the guild. It means the segmentation into a single fellowship of all those who are employed in any given industry. This does not exclude whatever subdivisions may be convenient into the special trades belonging to the main industry. Thus the iron and steel industry may comprise fourteen or fifteen subdivisions but all living integral parts of the parent guild. The active principle of the guild is industrial democracy. The government must not be held to imply the right of any outside body to interfere in the detailed administration of the guild; but it rightly implies formal and effective co-operation with the State in regard to large policy, for the simple reason that the policy of a guild is a public matter, about which the public is entitled to be consulted and interested. It is not easy to understand precisely how far the syndicalist disregards the State, as such; nor is it necessary to our task that we should make any such inquiry. For ourselves we are clear that the guilds ought not and must not be the absolute possessors of their land, houses and machinery. We remain Socialists because we believe that in the final analysis the State, as representing the community at large, must be the final arbiter. We can perhaps make our meaning clear by an analogy. Suppose Ireland, Scotland and Wales to be self-governing bodies, but all subject to the Imperial Parliament, upon which by that time we should expect all the self-governing Colonies to be represented. Assume it to be necessary for the Imperial Parliament to levy contributions upon its constituent units. So many millions would have to be collected from England, so much from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, South Africa and Australia. The amount would be agreed upon by a representative Imperial Parliament, but the methods of levying the tax would rest with each self-governing group, who would not tolerate any internal interference. In this sense the guilds would have large communal responsibilities, upon which they would agree with and often defer to the public, but those responsibilities once defined, the industrial democratic guild, by its own methods and machinery, will do the rest. We thus are partly in agreement with the State-Socialist or Collectivist, who believes in conserving the State organisation and reserving to it certain functions, which we shall hereafter endeavour to define; but we are also in substantial agreement with the Syndicalist, whose real contention, after all, is that the workmen do they shall themselves control, being, through their unions, their own economic masters. Nor can we see that Syndicalism reasonably interpreted excludes the possibility of a purified political system concerning itself with the national soul.

The recognition of State organisation and State functions does not invalidate our main contention that economics must precede politics. On the contrary, it strengthens it. The difficulty with modern statesmanship is that it has to spend its strength on ways and means when it ought to be doing far greater work. It is, for example, like a scientist or an artist who is perpetually distracted from his real work by domestic worries. Remove from statesmanship theincubus of financial puzzles and it may achieve glory in the things that matter. And in all human probability a finer type of politician will be called into activity. Financial considerations corrode politics as effectually as they do the individual worker. Now, if the guilds are in economic command, if, further, their labours exceed in results the present wage system, it follows that they will not be miserly in devoting all the money that is required for the cultural development of the community. The Syndicalists tell us that the unions can do this better than the State. We are equally of opinion that a totally different type of administrator from the industrialist is required for statesmanship. The one type is rightly a master of industrial methods, the other is of disciplined imagination and spiritual perceptions. These fine arts, education (including training in the international relations, justice, public conduct—these and many other problems will call and do call (in vain nowadays) for a special order of intellect, and must be scientifically, not to the particular influence of the guilds as such, but to the influence of what Arnold called the best mind of the community.

At the outset, the most important task of the guilds will be the industrial reorganisation of society upon the basis of mutuality; in other words, the abolition of the wage system. This will carry them far. It involves the final solution of unemployment. Every member of the guild will possess equal rights with all the others and accordingly will be entitled to maintain whatever working or idle, whether he be or be not a member. Further, it will be for the guilds to decide, by democratic suffrage, what hours shall be worked and generally the conditions of employment. All that mass of existing legislation imposing factory regulations, or relating to working conditions, these limitations (legislation which we have previously described as sumptuary) will go by the board. The guilds will rightly consider their own convenience and necessities. It may be discovered, for example, that times and conditions suitable to the Engineering Guild will not suit the Agricultural Guild. Legislation attempted from the outside would in such an organisation be regarded as impertinent and impudent. Even the existing old age pensions would be laughed to scorn as archaic and hopelessly inadequate.

The guild then would supplant the present capitalist class, on the one hand; on the other, it would assume instead of the State complete responsibility for the material welfare of its members.

Inheriting the direction of industry from the present private employer and capitalist, the guild must be able more efficiently to produce wealth and more economically to distribute it. This involves the closest intimacy and co-operation with all the other guilds. The work of the community cannot be isolated; the guilds in isolation; each must be in constant and sympathetic touch with the guilds that supply them and the guilds that distribute their products. There is no room here for any policy of dog in the manger. The guild must never be allowed to say: "These things are ours." They must say and think: "We hold this machinery and these products in trust." They must not exist to accumulate property; their moral and legal status must be that of trustees. They and many other problems will call and do call (in vain nowadays) for a special order of intellect, and must be scientifically, not to the particular influence of the guilds as such, but to the influence of what Arnold called the best mind of the community.

The abolition of the competitive wage system implied in the organisation of the guild necessarily involves with it the abolition of all distinctions between the administrative and working departments. It therefore follows that every type and grade of worker, mental or manual, must be a member of the guild. The technical man, for example, must be allowed to guild to give effect to his inventions and improvements, whereas formerly he looked to his employer or even to some outside capitalist. It will be to the interest of all his fellow members to insist that whatever improvements he may make, whether for the increase of production or the decrease of manual toil shall be given a thorough trial. No other will he be regarded as dangerous to the employees who, as competitive wage slaves, feared that his inventions might mean dismissal and starvation. The essence of Guild Socialism is in its unification of economic interest and purpose.

There can be no doubt that the tendency inside the
existing wage system is to level wages. The old distinction between skilled and unskilled is rapidly being dissipated, both by the development of machinery and the economic pressure exerted by foreign competition, and the increased price of money. With this tendency we have no quarrel—on the contrary, we welcome it. But this wage approximation has as yet hardly touched the rent of ability still more or less willingly paid to those in the upper reaches of the administrative hierarchy. That they will finally find their true economic level is certain. Meantime their services are rightly found necessary to efficient guild administration. We do not shrink from graduated pay; we are not certain if the process of wage approximation goes much further than we now foresee, it is nevertheless inevitable the situation and pay will be found necessary to efficient guild administration. We do not shrink from graduated pay; we are not certain if it is not desirable. There will be no inequitable distribution of guild resources we may rest assured; democratically controlled organisations seldom err on the side of generosity. But experience will speedily teach the guilds that they must encourage technical skill by freely offering whatever inducements may at the time most powerfully attract competent men. Yet we are many ways by which invention, organising capacity, statistical aptitude or what not may be suitably rewarded. It is certain that rewarded these qualities must be.

Broadly, then, this is an outline of the guild as we conceive it. Every succeeding chapter must be devoted to filling in the details.

But we are not building guilds in Spain; ours is not the Utopian adventure of the dreamers of yesterday. We are writing under the conviction of extreme urgency; we believe that the organisation of industrial society here roughly sketched out is the only practicable way to save the workers from wage slavery and psychological servility. We are not travelling in search of Altruria; we live and move amidst the sorried realities of the existing wage system. Our plan is for to-day that we may prepare for a better to-morrow. The conception of guild organisation is not new. Twenty years ago it was common talk amongst the more far-sighted Socialists, and it would have been practical politics a decade ago had not the thoughts and activities of Socialists drifted away into the barren desert of conventional politics. Never again will that mirage lure us from our path; never again will we waste our efforts hunting the snark for the aggrandisement of party politics. It is now the first and almost the only sense of urgency is spreading through the ranks concurrently with the growing realisation of the futility of politics. It is now the first and almost the only duty of every trade unionist to forget old associations and alignments and to work steadily towards the ideal of one union for each industry and every eligible worker in it.

We look confidently for the rise of a young group of trade unionists who will understand the necessities of the case and forewear a political career, or, indeed, any career outside their unions. The day of the political obscurantists on the make has almost closed in its appropriate darkness. Certain it is that these young men are now all that stands between the existing wage-system and its crystallisation into hopeless permanence.

More Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer

SCENE: "War against Poverty," at Albert Hali.

TIME: Friday, October 11, about 7.30 p.m.

(A thick, foggy atmosphere fills the badly-lighted hall. Fabians and I.L.P.-ers are busy showing people to their seats. A bonneted dame, assisted by a supernumerary and white-whiskered male, plies the organ with vigour and goodwill, vainly endeavouring to drown the chatter. Enter Student. A long-haired, begoggled youth ushers him to his seat, where, after assiduous attempts, he gives up trying to follow the interesting music issuing from the organ. Enter W. Stephen Sanders, W. C. Anderson, Mrs. Webb, Sidney Webb, Miss Mary Macarthur, and Bernard Shaw. They take their places amid the babble.

STEPHEN SANDERS: I have two letters to read—one from Ramsay MacDonald and the other from Keir Hardie. (Reads them.)

W. C. ANDERSON (Chairman): I am extremely sorry to hear that Ramsay MacDonald is indisposed, and trust that he will have a speedy recovery.

FIRST VOICE (standing up in front): On a point of order. Mr. Chairman, will you hear me? (Chairman) I wish to ask if the letters—("Hooroo!" "Yah!" "Sit down!" "Go on!")

CHIEF JUDGE: I wish to say that—

FIRST VOICE: On a point of order, I ask—(Cheers.)
Cries of "Sit down.") Will the chairman answer my question? (Loud cheers. Cries of "Where's MacDonald"? "He's afraid to face the music.")

SECOND VOICE (in gallery): Why don't you kick out the Government? (Loud cheers. The disturbance gradually subsides.)

CHAIRMAN (timidly): And I—

THIRD VOICE: What about the Insurance Act? (Loud boos and hisses. Prolonged excitement, during which the chairman is driven to the floor.)

CHAIRMAN (hopelessly): Over the North East the black clouds of a so-called holy war are hanging. Now I am doubtful of a holy war which leads to havoc and bloodshed. (Hear, hear.) In this hall to-night, we are beginning a war much holier than any in the Balkans, a war without sword or gun. (Loud applause.) The reason why we are beginning this is because we are not really satisfied with civilisation, because we are not really satisfied with the results of a civilisation that is full of bloodshed. (Hear, hear.) In this hall to-night, we are beginning a war much holier than any in the Balkans, a war without sword or gun. (Loud applause.) The reason why we are beginning this is because we are not really satisfied with civilisation, because we are not really satisfied with the results of a civilisation that is full of bloodshed. (Hear, hear.)

CHAIRMAN: I see before me a respectable family applying to the Poor Law. The man is stripped of his citizenship, sent to work amongst criminals, and unfitted to vote while the children die. And all because women have the sewing machine and compares notes with prostitutes. (Applause.)

MRS. WEBB: We must get the working classes to realise that they are all men and women. Their children are starving, because they live in houses built on high hills, where they can breathe fresh air. Everything is necessary for reforms except a Member of Parliament. The people don't trust 'em, oh, no! although they elect them. We've got to have more of the religious spirit in us, and we want men who don't make such a morass of the world it must go—

FIRST VOICE: On a point of order, will you answer my question?

CHAIRMAN (hurriedly): I call upon Mrs. Sidney Webb to address the meeting. (Sits down amidst a tornado of mutual recriminations.)

MRS. WEBB: We must have a national minimum. I see before me a respectable family applying to the workhouse for relief. What do we do? We break up this family. The man is stripped of his citizenship, sent to work amongst criminals, and unfitted to vote for a Member of Parliament. We put his wife to the wash-tub business, their children upon the two flights—three flights—four flights to the workhouse nursery. ("Shame.") The mother works at a sewing machine and compares notes with prostitutes, while the children die. And all because women have no votes. When the dockers' children applied to the Poor Law for food during the strike, their fathers were deprived of the vote. ("Shame.") I want everybody to get a minimum of 30s. a week, and a collection will now be taken. (Half-hearted applause. The Woolwich Pioneer Choir, whose oration even the fog has been unable to resist, after preparatory coughing, bursts into song, with the organ a bad second. A collection is made while. After a brief struggle, the organist gives up the unequal contest and retires, leaving the choir to finish alone, which they at length succeed in doing.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Bernard Shaw to address the meeting. (Loud laughter.)

BERNARD SHAW: I am very popular, that's why you all applaud me. The reason why I'm so popular is because I'm so much more clever than everybody else. (Laughter.) I detest a poor man, because he's dirty. So are his children. When I found my nurse took me to see her friends—they were horrid people. (Laughter.) I used to hate them—I hate them now. (Bursts of laughter.) I like to see people in nice clothes. I furnish my drawing-room nice because I have to look at it—I don't eat it. (Laughed.) I like to see nice clean people with nice clothes, walking in nice streets, to a nice home—at any rate nice on the outside. (Laughter.) And if the insides of the houses are nice, I might even walk in, and then you would have the pleasure of listening to my brilliant conversation. (Laughter.) No, don't laugh. (Roars of laughter.) It's famous all over Europe. (Loud applause.) Not that I want to be rich—oh no! (Applause.) I'm perfectly contented with four or five thousand a year. (Excitement.) There is absolutely no argument in favour of—(Voice in arena: "Ha! ha!" Bernard Shaw looks surprised and goes on)—in favour of clothing a man, that cannot be applied equally in favour of clothing him—well, if you are all such abject idiots that you cannot realise that. (Cheers.) We have no standard of good clothes, such as we have in other things, robbery for example. Even a millionaire, who is allowed to live on other people's earnings, must not pick pockets. (Millionaire in stalls gets excited.) When anyone says "Bulgaria," say "What about poverty?" When anyone says "Home Rule," say "What about poverty?" That's the only way to stamp it out. And—er—well—as there's nothing better to do, let's have a national minimum and State regulation of labour. (Laughter, cheers, and applause.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon George Lansbury to address the meeting. (Loud cheers.)

G. LANSBURY: We must get the working classes to realise that they are all men and women. Their children are starving, because they live in houses built on marshes. We want houses for the working classes built on high hills, where they can breathe fresh air. Everything is necessary for reforms except a Member of Parliament. The people don't trust 'em, oh, no! although they elect them. We've got to have more of the religious spirit in us, and we want men who don't consider the consequences of their actions. You and me got to be better men to each other and to ourselves, and we've got to lead better lives. We want a national minimum. If you are Christians, you must believe that Christ came down to save us all. All men are brothers and equal in the sight of God. (Audience, sotto voce, "Amen.") Thunders of applause, during which Lansbury buries his head in a handkerchief and Bernard Shaw sneers perceptibly.)

CHAIRMAN: There is an extra turn. I call on Sidney Webb to address the meeting. (Audience, sotto voce, "Amen.")


FIRST VOICE: I want an answer to my question. (Excitement and cheers.)

CHAIRMAN: The meeting is now closed. (Exit audience, the while the choir sings, "Hark! the Battle Cry." Student follows. Outside a thick fog shrouds the building, in whose shadows crouch a few shivering men and women, haggard and hungry.)
A Successful Experiment.
By Arthur Kitson.

If political historians and economic writers had been as eager to record the experiments and efforts of mankind to achieve economic independence and to discover that form of government most conducive to individual freedom and public welfare, as they had been to examine the doings of rulers and to find excuses for those legal privileges which form the basis of our selfish class interests, our political and economic knowledge would doubtless be far more extensive and reliable than it is. Our present day economic problems are certainly not new. From time to time our ancestors undoubtedly attempted to discover a way out of the economic labyrinth. And yet how meagre our knowledge is!

One of these problems—which we know has occupied the attention of thinkers in all ages—has been how to provide a safe and satisfactory method of employing national and municipal credit for currency purposes, instead of borrowing the credit of professional bankers and moneylenders.

Very early in human history it was known that an industrial community, properly organised, having a stable form of government, and voluntarily submissive to a reasonable amount of taxation necessary for the expenses of the Government for constructive undertakings, public buildings and for maintaining an Army for national defence, etc., etc., was possessed of an amount of credit superior to that of any individual member or to any single body of its citizens.

It was seen that the credit of such a community naturally comprised that of all the members collectively. For ages this credit was employed as the highest form of economic power. Its use, however, required care, discretion and, above all, honesty on the part of the governing officials.

But such credit, although vast and often incalculable, had its limits.

Among modern financial writers the employment of public credit as a medium of exchange has been either ignored—as of little importance—or condemned as a system fraught with the gravest danger.

Historians have greatly exaggerated the evils resulting from such issues which were often created to meet the exigencies of wars and political crises—experiments which were often bound by the nature of things to end in failure.

For it is a melancholy fact that, universally, national credit has been employed far oftener for destructive than for creative purposes. Meanwhile the business of supplying private bank credit has long been regarded as an immensely profitable one to individuals, and therefore bankers and financiers have naturally resented any and all attempts on the part of the States and communities to coin their own credit for commercial purposes. So far has this determination to prevent governmental competition proceeded, that writers have been specially employed and paid to write books warning the public against the use of national credit—except for the creation of debt—and to exalt the advantages of that of private banks and individuals.

There exists today in the U.S.A. an organisation supported by the moneyed interests, the sole object of which is to falsify the history of paper money and public credit currencies and teach what has been demonstrated again and again to be economically fallacious. Interesting information regarding this conspiracy against the public welfare has been leaked by the Congressional Committee appointed at Washington to investigate the Money Trust, with which—in addition to a multitude of others—the U.S. is now afflicted.

The scheme propounded may be best illustrated. Suppose at the time that Marconi announced the perfection of his system of wireless telegraphy, and after having demonstrated its practicability, the various telegraph and cable companies (realising the seriousness of the threatened rivalry) had inaugurated a "campaign of education" to teach the public the dangers of wireless telegraphy! (One newspaper correspondent has already given it as his opinion that Marconi's system is responsible for the loosening of the ice in the Polar regions which washed the "Titanic" and for the cold, wet summer we have experienced, and predicts that further serious disasters may be expected in the near future as the results of these Herzenian waves!).

And suppose that the people believed these teachings and legislators and statesmen were wrought to such a frenzy of fear as to pass Parliamentary laws forbidding the use of wireless telegraphy! Naturally such Acts would greatly enrich the cable and telegraph companies, but the public—through ignorance and submission—would suffer the pecuniary loss and inconvenience of one of the most valuable discoveries vouched for to mankind!

Now this is analogous to what has been and is still happening in this country and in almost all civilized countries. Professional economists and others have been hired to write books and deliver lectures cautioning the people against displacing gold with paper. These hirelings and their masters—the financiers—have no objection to governmental issues insuring the national credit, in the form of bonds at a percentage. For this they will readily exchange their own credit (without any percentage) and even gold. But the idea that such credit should be coined is considered impracticable and full of peril. After all, it would facilitate the exchange of wealth, or to meet governmental expenses, strikes them with fear and horror! And no wonder! For the circulation of such notes would be costless, whilst the circulation of bank credit is only affected by the demand for the loan—which means a huge revenue for the banks.

Now among the many successful and unsuccessful experiments, that of Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, has been the most frequently quoted. It happened nearly a century ago, but the complete details of the scheme were never wholly published. A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Harris (members of the Fabian Society) visited the island and ransacked the Government bureaux and Library and brought to light some very valuable and interesting history, which they have published in a little book called "An Example of Communal Currency." The whole story may be told in a few words. About the close of the Napoleonic wars, Guernsey found itself in want, burdened with a heavy debt, with little trade and less national credit. Many of the few roads wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass abreast, the average width being 4ft. 6in., and footpaths 2ft. wide, and these miserably paved; little drainage, no vehicles for hire, a coast insufficiently protected, and being constantly washed away by the encroachment of the sea—so much so, that in 1813 there was imminent danger of a great part of the land becoming flooded! There was no public market house, and the public buildings, such as they were, were in a dilapidated condition; and although peace was proclaimed and established, poverty reigned supreme. The amount required for immediate use to build a proper sea wall was £10,000. The public debt was already £19,137, the interest on which, together with ordinary expenses, amounted to £2,390 per annum. The total revenue was but £3,000. Hence the difference between £3,000 and £2,390 was all that was left for further improvements. What was to be done? A duty was first enacted on spirituous liquors, which furnished another £1,000 per annum. But the thirsty members of the Council had no love for debt, nor for spending their revenue in interest charges, and determined to apply this £1,000 to the reduction of the municipal debt. The public need for good roads and for a market house finally became so urgent, that the council obtained permission to issue £1 notes. The scheme proved to be eminently successful, and economical. The citizens owed the council yearly the amount of their taxes. The council issued £1 notes in anticipation of these payments, and many of the notes came back to the Treasury as the taxes were paid, and were
then cancelled. These notes enabled the council to build new roads, to complete the market house and finish other municipal undertakings, just as a similar number of spurious notes would have ruined the community or incurring one penny of interest charges. For a period of twenty years the council had recourse to this simple and commonsensical contrivance for providing a currency, which amounted in all to over £2,000. This money circulated freely, bringing up a successful and prosperous business community.

Even the floating debt of the island to the extent of £4,000 was paid off by the issue of 4,000 of these £1 notes. There is abundant evidence," says Mr. Harris, "throughout the records that the system was approbated." "All these, with the one-pound Guernsey States Notes, are in much request, being very commodious for the internal affairs of the Island," says Jacob's Annual of 1830. Another writer says: "The States, by having notes to the amount of £35,000 in circulation, effected a saving of £1,100 a per annum. Here, then, was a revenue of £1,000 raised without causing a farthing's expense to any individual of the public generally, for not one would urge that he suffered a farthing's loss by it."

The "Gazette" of July 22, 1826, said: "These notes have neither directly nor indirectly burdened commerce in any way, nor contributed to the rise in exchange that is experienced."

It was hardly likely that the bankers would remain quiet whilst the cream of their trade was being destroyed by the council. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir J. Colborn, actually suggested, in a letter published in the "Gazette," April 25th, 1829, that "people in authority in Jersey, interested in banks, should oppose States notes unless these should be preferred to their own."

The "Gazette" leader, however, points out that the inhabitants have confidence in the State notes.

Opposition, however, became more pronounced as the prosperity of the island increased. Not only were the banks deprived of a lucrative business, but the time-honoured method of bribing legislators and Councilmen, we have no evidence. All we do know is that the communal currency was entirely successful, and enabled the inhabitants to pursue their trades and industries with profit, and brought the island from a state of abject poverty to that of comfort.

Mr. Webb, after repeating what he asserts to have been the current talk at various working men's clubs thirty or forty years ago regarding this experiment, viz., that the Guernsey Market House was built "without cost," goes on to say that "it was no more built without the aid of capital than was St. Paul's Cathedral or the Manchester Ship Canal." I have myself attended a good many club meetings, and heard many discussions on this subject. I have, however, never heard it claimed that a building could be erected without building material and scaffolding and the necessary equipment of a builder, which constitutes his capital. Nor can I imagine a lunatic asylum making any such preposterous assertion.

Mr. Webb says, "The part of the story we do not know is (a) what thereupon happened to the aggregate amount of 'currency' of all kinds then in circulation within the island in relation to the work which that currency had to do, (b) what happened to the prices of commodities." Then he proceeds to offer all sorts of hypothetical suggestions of what might have happened. Most of these suggestions are quite useless, as shown by the results. One thing we do know, viz., that the Island prospered during the period in which this paper money was issued as it had never done before, and the inhabitants were all satisfied—except the bankers and moneylenders. Evidently, therefore, the evils suggested by Mr. Webb—such as a great rise in prices—did not occur.

Then Mr. Webb makes the utterly irrelevant remark that "Guernsey could not have gone on equipping itself with endless municipal buildings as out of a bottomless purse." The obvious answer to which is that there was no demand for "endless buildings," municipal or otherwise, and that the members of the Guernsey Council were not only sane, but evidently intelligent. "The resource is a limited one," says Mr. Webb. "This is a trick which can only be played once. When the gold has once been withdrawn from the currency and diverted to another use, there is no more left with which to repeat the apparent miracle."

Now it is quite obvious that Mr. Webb has utterly failed to understand the true nature of the experiment. What the Council did is what any municipality could do if free to employ its credit, viz., to appropriate from taxation an amount which, under the usual system of borrowing, would have been paid as interest to individuals or banking companies, and use this as capital to construct roads and buildings.

And this "trick" might have been performed not once merely, but continuously. Suppose, for instance, the same common sense were applied to the re-housing problem. The Duke of Marlborough has recently pointed out that the great obstacle to re-housing is interest charges. The system of borrowing bank credit means increasing and often doubling the rent that would otherwise be charged, so that it becomes prohibitive.

Suppose, for example, the London County Council determined to tear down and re-build a portion of the slum district! Although the credit of the City of London is enormously greater than that of any single individual or group in London, under its present usury system a loan must be effected. Suppose, then, £1,000,000 is borrowed from the City banks at 3 per cent., payable at the end of 33 years. The scheme will eventually cost £2,000,000, and hence the rents must be raised proportionally. Under the Guernsey scheme the cost would not exceed £1,000,000, and hence the rents would be so much less. Would the introduction of this extra mortgage upon rents, as Mr. Webb fears, not render the issue unpopular?

There is no doubt that credit does affect prices to a large extent—as the import of large amounts of gold do. But why should the issue of municipal credit affect prices any more than the issue of bank credit? How is the difficulty avoided by changing the issuer? If prices were affected in Guernsey, were they not affected much more by the notes issued by the two private banks than by the State issues? Evidently
Mr. Webb has not given enough thought to this problem.

The main point in the experiment, however, is this, that it taught communities how to utilise as capital what they would otherwise have to pay away in interest charges, without any corresponding benefit.

I cannot refrain from again referring to the comments of Mr. Edward R. Pease on this experiment in his Fabian pamphlet, "Gold and State Banking." When I wrote my criticism of this tract (which appeared in the New Age of July 25 last), I had not then read Mr. Harris's book. After reading it and again perusing Mr. Pease's statements, I can only express my amazement at the audacity of a man daring to publish a series of assertions which have no foundation in fact whatsoever.

Mr. Webb—the most highly respected member of the Fabian Society—has, it is true, in order to throw cold water on this successful attempt of a poor community to escape the perpetual burden of the loan, found it necessary to draw on his imagination by suggesting all kinds of hypothetical conditions. But the secretary—as a fanatical disciple—goes much further than his chief, and makes statements which are absolutely untrue. "The labour notes," says Mr. Pease, "were not, so far as evidence goes, given in exchange for labour." There is no mention whatsoever of labour notes in Mr. Harris's book. Moreover the Guernsey State Notes were given in exchange for labour—or rather the product of labour, viz., various buildings, etc.

Mr. Pease further asserts that "the market notes were driving gold out, because gold alone was valuable for sending abroad." Not a syllable of evidence will be found for any such statement.

Again he says, "It seems clear that foreign commerce and finance could not go on with a currency incapable of export." To which Daniel De Lisle (the bailiff and chief author of the experiment) would have added, whatever is still clearer that, if you export your currency, your domestic trade cannot go on, and since, with almost all nations, domestic trade is much greater than their foreign trade, it is better to have a currency that won't go abroad, and employ gold merely as a commodity for settling foreign balances." But the trade of the island, domestic and foreign, did prosper for twenty years under this experiment.

The statement made by Mr. Webb, and repeated by his follower, that a nation can only save the amount of a gold currency once by substituting paper, is entirely untrue.

As trade and population increase, the need for more currency grows apace, and it is not merely the continual saving of the cost of gold, but the destruction of interest, and consequent saving of such charges, which is the important thing. It is interest charges which eat out the heart of nations and necessitate perpetual wage slavery for the masses! It would be interesting to know why Mr. Webb, a world-famous Socialist, is so bitterly opposed to the overthrow of Labour's greatest adversary.

DAWN.

In rose and amber robes arrayed,
With soft and silent tread,
The fair, blue-eyed Circassian maid
Stays from the downy bed.

The jewelled key the Sultan laid
Beneath his swarthy head.

From starry vaults her white feet glide,
Her hands, bright treasure hold,
The eastern gate, with stealthy stride,
She passes, swift, and bold.

"Light come, light go," then far and wide
She squanders plundered gold.

HENRY MILLER.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

VIII.

America is the sort of country that loses Henry James and retains to its appreciative bosom a certain Henry Van Dyke.

This statement is a little drastic, but it has the facts behind it.

America's position in the world of art and letters is, relatively, about that which Spain held in the time of the Senecas. So far as civilisation is concerned America is the great rich, Western province which has sent one or two notable artists to the Eastern capital. And that capital is, needless to say, not Rome, but the double city of London and Paris.

From our purely colonial conditions came Irving and Hawthorne. Their tradition was English unalloyed, and we had to ourselves Whitman, "The Reflex," who left us a human document, for you cannot call a man an artist until he shows himself capable of restraint and of constraint, until he shows himself in some degree master of the forces which beat upon him.

And in our own time the country has given to the world two men, Whistler, of the school of masterwork, of the school of Durer and of Hokusai, and of Velasquez, and Mr. Henry James, a follower in the school of Flaubert and Tourgueniev.

And if anyone is interested in American idiosyncrasies he will do well to read Henry James, who delineates these things to perfection. It is true that the more emotional American accuses Mr. James of want of feeling, and it is contended that one must know both Continents if one would fully understand or wholly appreciate him.

I think, in the constant turmoil of dispute about his style, many have failed to do justice to his propaganda, his continuing labour for individual freedom, his recurrent assaults upon cruelties and oppressions. Much of the real work of the world is done, and done almost solely by such quiet and persistent diagnoses as his are. This core of his work is not limited by America, yet no one has better understood the charm of all that is fine in American life, the uprights, or, so to speak, the piles that are driven deep, and through the sort of floating fog of our national confusion.

It is, perhaps, beside the mark to refer to his presentation of the national type* in the first volume of "The American," his fine dissection of the dilettante in his "Portrait of a Lady." How well one knows this type! Have I not met "Osmond" in Venice? He ornamented leather. What most distressed him in our national affairs was that Roosevelt had displayed the terrible vulgarity of appearing at King Edward's funeral in a soft felt hat.

But to return to Mr. Henry James and his presentations, how finely has he drawn the distinction between the "old" and the "new" in "Crafty Cornelia," our courteous, tawdry, quiet old, the new, nickel-plated, triumphant.

I cannot agree that diagnosis is "static" or that "Know Thyself" is a counsel of quiescence.

True, it is the novelist's business to set down exactly manners and appearances: he must render the show, he

* How thoroughly he has done this was brought home to me vividly not long since. In a wrangle of some years' standing I had finally made myself comprehensible to a certain friend of Anglo-Indian extraction and was greeted with this: "Now I know what is the matter with Henry James' people. They are Americans."

I don't know that this covers the whole matter, but it may serve as a hint to the inquiring.

Ezra Pound.
must, if the metaphor be permitted, describe precisely the nature of the engine, the position and relation of its wheels.

The poet or the artist—and this is a distinction I can never get the prose stylist to recognise—the poet is a sort of steam-gauge, voltmeter, a set of pipes for thermometric and barometric divination.

He is to be logical with the sort of logic one expresses by a series of syllogisms.

Thus I have been delighted with the work of Mr. Henry James, and I do him such honour as my abilities permit.

I have in a wholly different degree been interested in the work of Graham Philips—as one might be interested in a vividly painted portrait wherein the painter managed to get a likeness "of someone one knew."

Philips delineated in bad prose various types of Americans as his social facility permitted him to meet. I think the work is fairly representative of what America can "do on its own." Philips' work was wholly native. A perusal of it will explain in some degree, to the inquisitive European, why one lives abroad. It is perhaps too trifling an affair to be dragged into so brief a summary as the present.

I was about to say, that while I had taken deep delight in the novels of Mr. Henry James, I have gathered from the volume of "Nocturnes," but work in many styles, pastels of Greek motif, one Pre-Raphaelite picture and work after the Spanish, the northern and the Japanese models, and some earlier things under I know not what school.

The man's life struggle is set before one. He had tried all means, he had spared himself nothing, he had struggled in one direction until he had either achieved or found it inadequate for his expression. After he had achieved a thing, he never repeated. There were many struggles to constitute a work.

I say all this badly. But here was a man come from us. Within him were drawbacks and hindrances at which no European can more for living than I have gathered from the Canal Bill or from any other manifestation of American energy whatsoever.

And thereupon I have written some bad poetry and burst into several incoherent conversations, endeavouring to explain what that exhibit means to the American artist.

Here in brief is the work of a man, born American, with all our forces of confusion within him, who has continued to keep order in his work, who has attained the highest mastery, and this not by a natural facility, but by constant labour and searching.

For the benefit of the reader who has not seen this exhibition I may as well say that it contains not the expected array of "Noticing," but work in many styles, pastels of Greek motif, one Pre-Raphaelite picture and work after the Spanish, the northern and the Japanese models, and some earlier things under I know not what school.

The man's life struggle is set before one. He had tried all means, he had spared himself nothing, he had struggled in one direction until he had either achieved or found it inadequate for his expression. After he had achieved a thing, he never repeated. There were many struggles to constitute a work.

I say all this badly. But here was a man come from us. Within him were drawbacks and hindrances at which no European can more for living than I have gathered from the Canal Bill or from any other manifestation of American energy whatsoever.

And Velasquez could not have painted little Miss Alexander's shoes, nor the scarf upon the chair. And Durer could not have done out the two faces, "Green of Or" and "Brown and Gold—de Race." The first is called also "Le Petit Cardinal."

These two pictures have in them a whole Shakespearean drama, and Whistler's comprehension and recollection would never have permitted him to use the most austere discipline of their technique, of their painting as painting. And this is the only field of the art critic. It is the only phase of a work of art about which there can be any discussion. The rest you see, or you do not see. It is the painter's own private affair which he shares with you, if you understand it. It has nothing in common with the picture which tells a story, against which sort he so valiantly inveighed.

But what Whistler has proved once and for all is that being born an American does not eternally damn a man or prevent him from the ultimate and highest achievement in the arts.

And no man before him had proved this. And he proved it over many a hindrance and over many baffled attempts. He is, with Abraham Lincoln, the beginning of our Great Tradition.

Present-Day Criticism.

Even the person most dead afflicted at the notion of saying Nay to lordly life might scarcely shrink from pronouncing a plain negation of the editorial birth-announcement of the new paper "Everyman." If we had our way we should expose at once the offspring of such writers. Nothing good can come out of these minds. In welcoming each successive issue from the Everyman Library we have needed introductory notes of an order mainly very far from classical, and often so inferior as to bewilder one at the egotism which could so madly invite comparison with masterpieces. One wondered that persons of vices unspoken but in the world of letters—possibly of garrulity, should be allowed to set their ignoble signatures to their shameless babble. The conclusion to be made after reading this editorial foreword is that the critical whispers were patterned precisely upon the editorial mind and fatherly beloved.

The "purpose" of the new weekly journal, "Everyman," is, we are told, to provide a high-class literary journal at a price within the reach of all, the articles being contributed by the most distinguished writers, representing almost every department of thought—a journal which will interpret to the people the best of English and, indeed, the world's literature, and one whose voice the new and the old may be expected to meet. I think we may assert that no writer would have his works inserted by "Everyman" without having them inserted by "Blackwood's" or "The Nineteenth Century." It has been revealed by the success of such collections as "Everyman's Library," and others, that there is a great movement among the people for the democratisation of literature; and this movement reveals also how much there is yet to be done to strengthen the intellectual and moral life of the people for the ever-growing responsibility of citizenship. It has been revealed by the success of masterpieces of literature and art that the monopoly of the privileged; but has become a growing need of the millions. It has shown that there exists a present generation a keen and unsatisfied hunger for the purest and most substantial literary nourishment.

The terms of Hyde Park! What may be the democratisation of literature? You may democratise people, but not literature. The meaning behind democracy concerns equal opportunity for every man. And in giving men the opportunity of reading classical literature, the borough free libraries put "Everyman's" sold at a shilling per volume, out of the field. How this movement possesses a possessed reveals a weakness of intellect and morality in English citizens were best left along with the keen-and-unsatisfied hunger of our poor feeble people for the purest literary nourishment. The terms of Hyde Park are very offensive.

It is therefore the purpose of "Everyman" to present to its readers fine criticism of the great works of literature and art of past and modern times, so that they may prove helpful and stimulating to all who care for thoughtful reading.

Presumably the same fine criticism as has galled one's taste so bitterly in the Introductions! The same fine critics are to write as have over and over deserved Goldsmith's anathema upon those that "load every

Helpful-and-stimulating is a poor, dull hack of an en-
The thoughtful reader would reply that he could himself criticise intelligently, that he would be willing to read only criticism which was itself another masterpiece of style, that such expressions as "taint of academic pedantry" are the pickings of Fleet Street. He would reply that the tone to be heard in this announcement is a vulgar tone, and that for studies in critical works, actually republished by the proprietors of "Everyman's Library," there is no lack of critical studies which are themselves works of art. The editors of "Everyman" obviously, in their conceit, are "talking down" to someone or other.

It is felt by the proprietors that there never was a time when guidance was more urgently needed, for we are living in a wonderful age, when every landmark is being swept away. (When let us murmur, the classics in "Everyman's Library" are finding place on thousands of bookshelves.)

We have all of us heard these phrases so often that the burning stake might not discover their origin to memory. There is a stereotyped block of rant, superfluous and tautological; it is also detached from the present order of the day, and every writer is a herald of revolt. "Everyman," therefore, will not look at the great political and social divisions of the present generation with the aloofness and detachment of the academic reclus.

We knew there was nothing valuable to come from the minors, or the political, or the religious, or the other. We knew all the common writers. We knew there was nothing valuable to come from the minors, or the political, or the religious, or the other. We knew all the common writers. We knew there was nothing valuable to come from the minors, or the political, or the religious, or the other. We knew all the common writers.

Whilst remaining in close touch with all the controversies of the age, it ("Everyman") will always strive to avoid the turbid atmosphere of political and religious partisanship—in fact the paper will be non-partisan, politically or otherwise.

Neither detached nor attached! Not the most academic of recluses ever laid claim to such an uncommon state. It implies a miracle, or much bunkum. No; it implies the envy of mediocre men against men of great learning and genius—it discovers the secret yearning precisely to pass for critics of impartial, "detached" judgment. But a man must be party to the permanent canon of criticism before he can pronounce any judgment of value whether upon religion, politics, literature, or any single human concern. And no doubt these petty composers of a bit of bad English will henceforth claim to have the canon.

It will raise its banner... it will be the banner of humanity.

What is this?

It will stand for international goodwill, pacific cooperation; (Another kind of co-operation is then bellicose, we suppose.) it will stand for reaction against reaction; for spiritual freedom against spiritual tyranny; it will stand, above all, for the intellectual and moral uplifting and enfranchisement of the people.

Pshaw! Above reform, above spiritual freedom, above goodwill and "pacific" co-operation, it will stand, etc., etc., etc. If the wonderfully revolting age we live in may be distinguished from every other wonderfully revolting age, the distinction is one peculiarly bitter to certain minds in all ages!—that impudence and mediocrity make an indignity of existence. Michael Angelo said that his was no age for art. For present-day artists the only distinction of this age from any other is that it and all its mediocrities are contemporary.

The magazine itself has now come to hand. The title, suggesting, as it certainly is meant to suggest, the atmosphere of the "Everyman" Library of classical literature, is something worse than misleading. So far from the journal being a "high-class" literary one, it cannot well aspire to comparison with even "T. P.'s Weekly." No single article appears which "T. P.'s" might not be given to the world this very week. But the editing is admirable. "Everyman" is superfluous. One feels almost inclined to go forth and buy "T. P.'s," moved by that touching sense of fairness and human sympathy which makes people stand by their old friends, indifferent to changes in the competitor across the way. Why the devil the journal should be called after the classical library is beyond us to comprehend, except as plain impudence. At first rumour of a journal to be associated with "Everyman's Library," we indeed felt a fantastic hope that by some persuasion of which we ourselves had not the secret, great but hitherto silent men were to be lured from their fastnesses. We knew all the common writers. We knew there was nothing valuable to come from them. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace replies to Dr. Schäfer's five-weeks' dead origin of life. Dr. Wallace's portrait follows. A note on Dr. Wallace explains who he is—but "T. P.'s" knew it all long ago. J. M. Synge is revived: his "utterance, the burden of which was a love of ardent life... a passion for ardent life... Religion—The Rev. R. J. Campbell, comforted, although "The Church is no longer the dominating force that it once was." A sonnet to Meredith:—

"Urging still the strife until our thinking can"

Why do not these poets try the sound of their woeful lines? Thinking—could not be seriously delivered as the stay of a rhymed dyscassable; and if the rhyme is disreputable and must be censured, why
rhyme? Most mysterious is the next article. Someone, unnamed, growing savagely humane in the first person over the neglect of German: "I doubt whether there is any more glaring proof of the present insufficiency, etc., the scandalous attitude towards the German language. How long, my classical friends, are we going to stand this scandal of international illiteracy...how long, etc., nation hoodwinked by, etc., reactionary dons and obscurantist parsons, etc., force a smattering of Greek down the throats (sic) of a reluctant youth?"

But how this alien dogs hate and fear by Mr. C. Searle scholar. And what need he not to fear, coming thus with a throatful of splutters against a culture safe as eternity!" The Editor replies in a wordy note to his unknown and unknowable colleague.

Scandalous as is the neglect of German, there is another and a more disastrous result of the monopoly of classics, and that is the neglect of English." We conclude him to have been one of the hydra-throated youths. Perhaps, a classical education is to become once more, in name as well as in fact, the monopoly of gentlemen. A scholar and a gentleman was the good phrase. "Why I believe in Peace" by Norman Angell. Ah! "My recollections of Oscar Wilde" by Henri Mazel: "Oscar Wilde spoke French very well and French is not German, and the downfall of Wilde not due dates from his reactionary, obscurantist and classical essay on the "Rise of Historical Criticism." How careful one should be! As M. Mazel remarks, however, Wilde spoke French very well and "he can inadequately the analyses the powers displayed, so we can only dimly guess the methods employed." Quite so; and let us not, therefore, waste our precious clichés on things we do not understand. "The Victim," a sloppy yarn of a minor poet with a weak heart, copyright in the U.S.A. by P. Gibbon; it reads unlike English—let us trust that the style is due possibly to the author's spirited efforts to translate "Daily Mail" serials into German, or at worst, French. Some study of modern literature must be credited to Mr. de Figgis: "Well, said Cobb, impatiently, still the thief's whimpering protests with a quick grip of the hand that held him." That's the way to fill space: "Peste!" remarked Rigobert in a tone of dejection, and looked with an undiminished contempt for his "mixed army of Dutch, Danes, Germans, English, and Irish, numbering 35,000 men, were encamped. "The Army was in all respects as well provided as any kingdom in the world that had one, for the number of men." At the head of this force was William of Nassau, Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic. "A man without any personal quality that could endear him to any human being," this estimable person was the son-in-law of James Stewart. These two men, James and his son-in-law, were supposed to be contending for the crown of England, etc. And it is certain that those who supported James believed that at last he would put up a real fight for his throne. James, however, had already determined otherwise. As he had done before, in England, so he decided to do here, namely, to run away, and then slander those whom he had deserted and betrayed. On this day, 30th June, James, unknown to his supporters, had dispatched Sir Patrick Trant to Waterford to secure a vessel to carry him to France. Early next morning, the day of the alleged "Battle of the Boyne," he sent off half the artillery and part of the cavalry to escort his baggage to Dublin, and earlier in the day he fled himself, leaving his crown and honour on the field, without a contest.

From the paltry proceedings of that day, more to blush for than to brag about, has descended that curious, so beloved of present-day Orange-man, the "glorious, pious and immortal memory and Hell roast the Pope." It was to ascertain what reason the Orangemen have for glorifying William and damning his Holiness that I was led to a study of the Dutchman's career; with some very surprising results.

As noted above, William's army at the Boyne represented nearly every continental nationality. How did it arise that the Stadholder of a petty State like Holland could command the services of such a force? To find the answer we must penetrate to the continent and travel back for a certain period.

Under the influence of Michel Le Tellier, Marquis De Louvois, Louis XIV had been egged on to attempt the subjugation of the continent to the domination of France. The Dutch Republic had been the greatest sufferer from the action of Louis, but now he determined that the whole of Europe should suffer. He scattered over the continent various armies, estimated to number 400,000 men.

It was at this critical juncture that William effected his master stroke of policy, by inducing all the continental Powers, Catholic and Protestant, to form the...
confederation known as the league of Augsburg, with Pope Innocent XI at its head. At this period, we are told, William was a cautious, cunning man, jealous of his wife, she being heir to the throne of England, whilst he was only the elected head of the Dutch States. But even so early as 1689, William had evidently made up his mind either to share the throne with his wife or to supplant her altogether. He pretended to be on the friendliest terms with his father-in-law: offered him military assistance against the English Whigs; whilst in reality he was carrying on an intrigue, through Kykvelt, with the same party to secure the crown for himself. The Dutchman, indeed anxious, to sell their king and country to the Dutchman for a consideration, but William was afraid to take the plunge. In the following year, on the 19th June, the Prince of Wales was born, and William sent over an ambassador to congratulate his father-in-law on the birth of a male heir to the throne: but—only six days after he accepted a dispatch from the leading Whigs offering the crown to himself. And still he hesitated—why? The cause of his hesitation was this. Up to that time he had failed to secure the sanction and blessing of the English Whigs; as he needed the undertaking. But he now dispatched the Prince of Vaudemont to the Vatican as his envoy, with promise promises to the Pope, that if he would sanction and bless the expedition, William would secure every toleration for the Catholics of England and Ireland. On the strength of these promises, the Pope gave his consent and blessing and William hurried on his preparations. By the 19th October all was ready, and William put to sea. And now we witnessed the strange spectacle of the Pope of Rome and the Protestant Prince of Orange leagues together for the invasion of another country, whilst at the same time Te Deums were being sung in Catholic churches for the success of the joint enterprise. That this action of the Pope led to the extinction of Orangeism is a matter of common history. Why, then, do the admirers of the Dutchman indulge in such idiotic cries as "Hell Roast the Pope"?—PETER FANNING.

Views and Reviews.*

The controversy that resulted from the publication and criticism of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and is here reprinted for the second time, reached no fruitful conclusion because it started from a sterile premise. Wilde, like a recent writer in The New Age, wanted only to assert that Art is, and he pretended to be unable to understand how it could be credited with any attributes. He did not mean what he said, of course; for, after stating that "the sphere of art and the sphere of ethics are absolutely distinct and separate," and declaring that "no work of art can be criticised from a moral standpoint," he professed himself gratified by the approval of several Christian journals, who hailed him as a moral reformer. He was simply trying to catch the eye of Mrs. Grundy, and whether he shocked or pleased her did not matter, so long as she noticed him. So, after divorcing Art and Morality, he was pleased to consider his art more correct; or, if correct, he did not want to repeal the union when some of its benefits were personally applied. This was a sound conclusion for Mr. Grundy to come to, but for none other than he. The age-long enmity of the artist was not vindicated, nor the pander taste improved, by this weak surrender to the modern Delilah, who is still, as ever, in the pay of the Philistines. Since the time of the French Revolution, at least, Art has been only a regrettable incident in the history of England. The moral question did not arise until the Church was practically divorced from the people of England; then it seemed as if all our clergymen had become literary critics. Shelley and Keats were effectively banned, and Byron was as effectively boomed, by the insistence on what was thought to be morality and sound politics. Byron, of course, was no more moral, no more sound in politics, than was Shelley; but Convocation itself could not prevent a powerful personality from being powerful; it could only provide opportunities for the exercise of that personality. But the clergymen triumphed, and the same party, led by Tennyson became not only Poet Laureate, but an extremely popular poet. Art and Morality were respectively married in his poetry; and since, as Emerson said, he described the Englishman as he really was, and proposed no better, what is his name?—Wilde, called themselves artists, and wished to divorce Art from Morality, is that there are two nations in England. "They are not the Poor and the Rich, nor the Normans and the Celts, but the Prophets and the Poets," said Emerson. "These are each always becoming the other, for Robert Owen does not exaggerate the power of circumstance. But the two complexes, or two styles of mind—the perceptive class, and the practical finality class—are ever in counterpoise, interacting mutually; one, in hopeless minorities; the other, in huge masses; one studious, contemplative, experimenting; the other, the ungrateful pupil, scornful of the source, whilst availing itself of the knowledge for gain; those two nations, of genius and animal force, though the first consist only of a dozen souls, and the second of twenty millions, for ever by their discord and their accord yield the power of the English State." It is really a calamity for an artist to be born in England, although it is probably a blessing in disguise for those more fortunate ones who have the English gift of cant. Wilde's assertion that the public did not concern him was beggared by the fact that he appealed to it. He needed its praise, even if he despised its criticism for if he wished to be judged only as an artist, he should have restricted the publication of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to those few elect souls who were worthy of it. But the assertion itself is a confession of failure as an artist, for the artist differs from the pander only in this, that the pander satisfies a prevailing taste and the artist creates the taste by which he is enjoyed. To attempt to produce an effect of pure beauty, and to receive nothing for it, to fail lamentably in either subject-matter or treatment; to object that the criticism is irrelevant is to admit the failure. For the test of a work of art is not its intention, but its effect; and if Wilde did not know and did not concern himself with his public, how could he exercise his art? But the public is always more or less of an unknown quantity; even the English stability of character is no longer to be relied on. Shaw said some years ago that ten years of cheap reading had cheated the English nation from the most stolid to the most nervous and hysterical people in Europe. Even their old animosities are dying. Then they cared enough for morality to attack what was intended to be a work of art; now they care for nothing but for the artist to defend the publication of unmistakably immoral works. The artistic pose has become the fashion; what Nietzsche said of Wagner is true of Wilde: "He says a thing again and again until one despairs—until one believes it." Wilde told the English so often that Art had nothing to do with Morality that, loving the sayers of "No" more than the sayers of "Yes," they concluded that the absence of Morality implied the presence of Art. But being hypocrites as well as Philistines, they dared not call the new thing by the old

* "Oscar Wilde: Art and Morality." By Stuart Mason. (Palmer. 58. net.)
name. We do not speak of the immoral school of literature or drama; when we want prudence or down-right depravity, we turn to "sociological art."

Wilde's pose was not really of superiority. "Higher natures overpower lower ones by affecting them with a certain sleep," said Emerson; and Wilde found his critics wide awake and vigilant. But they sleep at last. Wilde did not aspire to be a popular novelist, but his works do not decline in popularity. His deliberate differentiation of himself from the English public implied only that he was ashamed of his likeness to it. "It is the spectator, and not, that admires, he said, in the course of his controversy; but the fact of the matter is that the artist's perception of his public. A book dealing morally with prurient matter, as Wilde confessed that "The Picture of Dorian Gray" did, was a characteristically English book: indeed, one of his defences was the admission that the chief personages of his story were "puppies," and he excused his choice, not only on personal grounds, but by a reference, not too approve, to Thackeray. The English public, believing that there are no new sins to be taught, and that no sins are described in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," only increase its interest for those among whom Wilde thought it "would create a sensation." It stimulated the phagocytes, not only of England, but of Europe; and the cant of sociology has superseded the cant of morality.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life. By Sir Alfred Turner. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

There seems to be an epidemic of memoir writing by distinguished persons, and cannot but of the record of General Turner's career makes such interesting reading as that of less distinguished, but more variegated adventurers, such as General Funston and "Maori" Browne. The interest of a career is not always proportioned to its importance. The kernel of this book is, of course, the author's account of his adventures in Ireland whilst in charge of the military effecting the evictions in the South and West—a most abortive and trifling procedure, which was, nevertheless, performed with singularly little trouble, owing to the tact of Colonel Turner (as he was then).

It is interesting to learn that in or about the year 1860 the book which contained "a sort of religious sect which was irreligiously called 'Blues,'" and that it was quite a usual thing to be greeted with the words, "How is your soul this morning?" instead of the familiar "How do you do?" Also that the officers of the Confederate "Alabama" were gentlemen, and those of the Federal "Kearsage" most emphatically not. Perhaps that is why the Confederates got the worst of it. But the gem of the book is the criticism of the Waterloo veteran, Sir John Bloomfield, upon the new rifles which had begun to be introduced about the same date. He did not like them at all. They did not have them at Waterloo, and, besides, they were a change, and every change was an innovation, and every innovation was to be deprecated." They were men in those days, and not frightened of their own mind. Imagine such honesty from a modern Tory—say, Mr. F. E. Smith!

Legends. By August Strindberg. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

Students of psychical phenomena have for years been aware that no wonderful work is permitted beyond that which attempts to carry conviction to the individual. It is for this reason that publication of personal experiences can be of benefit to any but those who are willing to dispense with individual experience. Strindberg's experiences may have been veridical to him, but, to others, they appear to be merely the delusions of a paranoidiac. It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that it is possible to descend into hell, and become subject to devils, while still retaining to all appearances the qualities and powers of a normal being; but the value of such witness to the miraculous is discounted by the fact that the author of this book was admittedly insane at some period of his life. That Strindberg had to be convinced of the real existence of other powers than those he usually employed by the manifestation of devilish activity is a deplorable fact that should have been concealed in the secrecy of the confessional; that he accepted this devilish guidance as being instrumental for his good is a subject for consolatory feature of this book. But as testimony to the benign will of the universe, this record of obsessions and demonical visitations is really paradoxical, and can have no validity for anyone but the author. Its publication is to be regretted, for it can add nothing to the assurance of those who know, while it may give occasion to the scoffer. In the last analysis it classes Strindberg with the "miserable sinners" who are at the same time so unintelligent that only the most obvious means of torment can make them repent. That Strindberg attained to some assurance is a matter for congratulation; but that he should have thought it necessary to reveal to the public the road by which he passed is to disoblige the first law of the spirit. Terror certainly has its value, but it is the sword of the Spirit that hurts to the healing of very few; in the hands of such a raw recruit to the Church Militant as Strindberg, it will probably do more harm than good.

The Consumer in Revolt. By Teressa Billington Greig. (Swift. 2s. net.)

Mrs. Greig has written an interesting essay on the need of a dual process of resistance to the capitalists. She argues very plausibly that the workers, in their attempts to raise wages, are handicapped by the lack of public sympathy. For the public looks at all industrial questions from the point of view of the consumer, and knows that the successes of the men engaged in manufacturing and the producers are themselves consumers, she contends that one-sided action, even if successful, cannot result in any real improvement of the conditions of life; for, faster than wages, prices will rise, and the last state be worse than the first. She suggests, therefore, that the public, in addition to being organised as producers, should organise itself as consumers to resist a rise in prices, to pass judgment on the quality of the goods supplied, on the conditions of the labourers employed in their production, etc., and enforce its judgment by means of the boycott and any other social weapon that can be invented. She contends that a capitalist would think more twice about causing a strike if he knew that the result would be a boycott of his produce; and she hints at the possibility of successful competition with capitalist production by the consumers and workers together setting up their own manufactories. Really this is only the cooperative idea, enlivened by the introduction of the woman question; and the issue of such a scheme would depend entirely on the method by which the scheme was capitalised. A colossal co-operative organisation might be able to freeze out the capitalist, and thus eliminate profit; but there is nothing in the scheme to prevent the increase of rent and interest to such a point that the division of wealth remained the same. It is certain that Consumers' Leagues, acting in concert with the organised producers, could do much to reduce the disparity between wages and prices, and to ameliorate the conditions of production; but as a system of production, the suggestion fails, because it does not consider the financial aspects of the question. But the suggestion is admittedly tentative, and aims more at arousing public interest in a somewhat neglected aspect of the industrial question than at finding adequate solutions of the problems.

The Love-Seeker: A Guide to Marriage. By Maud Braby. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Braby is mistaken: the Love-Seeker is not seeking after Matrimony, but adventures in the Spirit; but Mrs. Braby is a woman, and must degrade the divinest fire to domestic purposes. By her advice, she adds
point to Iago's description of women as being "players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds." For she is concerned to retain the virginial raptures in matrimonial separate bedrooms, and the banishment of the husband from the dressing-room lest familiarity with the details of the wardrobe should breed contempt for the wearer of its contents. So we have ten chapters dealing with Love, Courtship, and banishment of the husband from the dressing-room. 

Lest familiarity with the details of the wardrobe should mar the enjoyment of Mr. Williams' previous books. The result is narrative, not morality. The meretriciousness is not excessively cheery, and really suggests no more aesthetic conscience than might satisfy a private audience. Further, the author has not feared to pretend to be a journalist, writes a successful novel, and marries the hero. Jimmy Lane, son of a lodging-house, wins a scholarship, finds himself miserable at Oxford, writes an unsuccessful novel in early youth, becomes a journalist, writes a successful novel, and marries the girl whose bicycle was upset in the first chapter. He gripped her arm cruelly. "Wife of surprise saw his eyes and a pale face tense and strained." A couple of rodents love each other. The whole book is a very rubbishy imitation, in matter and style, of Mr. H. G. Wells.

The Suburban. By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Ayrton expanded. 'I want to live. I want to live my own life. I want to enjoy my own brains and my own lusts. I want to fight. I want to jolt these damned respectable little suburban people out of their wretched comfortable lives and make them afraid because they dared to be so content. I want to frighten them and make them suffer and make them hate. I want to make them live. . . . Not one of them has the spirit to be free. . . . Never a one will break loose and go her own way and use herself how she wants and enjoy. There's no passion in them,' etc." The creed of the new bounder. Mr. Bailey places him at Oxford. Very likely, in these days. But Ayrton is not the hero. Jimmy Lane, son of a lodging-house, wins a scholarship, finds himself miserable at Oxford, writes an unsuccessful novel in early youth, becomes a journalist, writes a successful novel, and marries the girl whose bicycle was upset in the first chapter. He gripped her arm cruelly. "Wife of surprise saw his eyes and a pale face tense and strained." A couple of rodents love each other. The whole book is a very rubbishy imitation, in matter and style, of Mr. H. G. Wells.

Windyridge. By W. Riley. (H. Jenkins. 6s.)

With a lengthy parade of utter and absolute modesty about ever on any account publishing at all, Mr. Riley, "a new writer," permits the public to read the novel which in manuscript so entertained some of his friends. We are not entertained, however. The style is aggressively cheerful, and really suggests no more aesthetic conscience than might satisfy a private audience. Further, the author has not feared to pretend to be a woman writing in the first person. "What a remarkable little woman Mother Hubbard is. She knows I keep a record of my experiences, and has got it into her head that I am writing a book, and she is, therefore, always on the look-out for the appearance of her hero. She has given me to understand that if she can only be in at the dénouement when the hero leads the blushing bride to the altar amid the ill-restrained murmur of admiration from the crowd," etc., etc., etc. A decidedly amateur and superfluous novel.

Also received:

- "Dagobert's Children." By L. T. Beeston. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
- "Countess Daphne." By "Rita." (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
- "The Bountiful Hour." By Marion Fox. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)
- "The Anglo-Indians." By Alice Perrin. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "The Thread of Proof." By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
- "Jamorna." By Mrs. A. Sidgwick. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "London Lavender." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Mary Pechell." By Mrs. Belloc Loundes. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "The Thread of Proof." By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
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Thomas Andrews, Shipbuilder. By Swan F. Bullock. (Maunsel. 1s. and 3s. 6d. net.)

Among those who went down in the "Titanic" was Thomas Andrews, the designer of the ill-fated vessel and the subject of the present memoir. To write a life of a writer is a very easy task for a journalist, writes a successful novel, and marries the girl whose bicycle was upset in the first chapter. He gripped her arm cruelly. "Wife of surprise saw his eyes and a pale face tense and strained." A couple of rodents love each other. The whole book is a very rubbishy imitation, in matter and style, of Mr. H. G. Wells.

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The less said of men like Thomas Andrews by journalists like Mr. Bullock the better.
Drama.*

By John Francis Hope.

It would be easy to over-rate Sudermann as a dramatist. He lacks the distinction of insanity, but, at the same time, he plays with some of the morbid ideas of the decadents of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Moreover, his feeling for stage effect is almost infallible. He regards drama with the eye of the performer, and not for actors. This is, of course, a "condescension to the vulgar level"; for those who were unaware of the low estimation in which actors were held by the Greeks learned from Mr. Birrell, as long ago as "Obiter Dicta," that actors were not to be regarded as artists. We have only to look at the parts that are specially written for them, or are, in the completest sense, "created" by them, to see how their taste demands bad literature, bad psychology, bad drama. As Mr. Holbrook Jackson said recently, Sydney Carton was "created" by Martin Harvey, not by Charles Dickens; and the awful consequences of that "creation" are to be seen in the provinces. But we have to go to Nietzsche to be reminded of the first principle of taste, and demand, with him, "that the theatre may not become the master of art."

Horace declared that "of writing well the source and fountain-head is wise thinking." It might be said to follow logically that the four one-act plays that are here presented under the generic title of "Roses" are not well written. Only by a rhetorical process could roses be regarded as a dramatic subject; one might as well take wall-paper, or gloves, or any other article that has some relation to human life, as a subject. Roses, we know, are emblematic of the passion of love—"I decline to record again the similarity of the processes of blossoming and decay to the inception, development, and extinction of the sexual passion; but the first of these plays of Sudermann is based on no more profound a thesis than Swinburne's:—

Men gaze, and then change in a trice
The lilies and langours of virtue.

For the roses and raptures of vice.

It is only a worldly sort of wisdom that regards the process as in any way more objectionable than any other form of education; just as Nietzsche said of Wagner, "There is no help for it; we must be so sparing of language that they can only be differentiated by expression, and to leave it to be supposed that whatever would act well was therefore art."

I turn to "Morituri." Death is not really a dramatic subject; even an undertaker can make no more than a profession of it. There is, perhaps, no greater commentary on this fact than Shakespeare's laconic stage-direction (Dies), with which his plays are so plentifully besprinkled. But no one dies in "Morituri." These three plays are only preliminary discourses to death; the effect is to be imaginatively conceived. But the pitiless logic of drama forbids us to be thrilled by what Sudermann probably thought was the necessary consequence of his induction. Of what use is it to show us that Teja, the Goth, in the last stages of starvation, surrounded by his harem, and cut off from all hope of succour? Of what use is it to expose Teja to the affection of his young wife, to try to make us feel the pathos of this newly awakened love that is doomed to be denied its fulfilment by the dread hand of Death, when the issue is left to the hazard of war? Forlorn hopes have been successful; beleaguered garrisons before now have made successful sorties, and Teja might have returned to the диагностical felicities of an early German home. Fritzchen, too, although doomed to fight a duel with an unerring marksman, might have returned to marry Agnes. Did not Lassalle fall to the unskilled aim of Racovitza, and Fontaine von Donniges become the dutiful wife of the Wallachian? What pathos, then, can possibly attach to these farewells that have at least a fighting chance of being revoked? Only in the theatre, where the audience is as well trained as the actors to appreciate the art of the stage-player, can these plays be regarded with anything but derision.

But Sudermann's technique is not above reproach. He cannot make his characters reveal themselves in action; they have to explain themselves in speech. "When you wish to instruct," said Horace, "be brief." Sudermann certainly does not use the soliloquy, nor are his speeches as long as those that Shaw delights in; but his characters have to anatomise themselves for the elucidation of their characters and the plot, and for the instruction of the audience. I love the way the neurasthenic ventricle of my heart, but not with the left; with the left auricle of my heart, but not with the right," sneered the lover in "The Story of an African Farm," depicting this very process of dramatic revelation. Drama, being the art of action, could not be otherwise. The author deal only with matter that is self-explanatory. We must have the characters in summary, not in analysis; we must be so sparing of language that they say nothing but the right thing for them. It is useless as drama to put on the stage a number of people so much alike that they can only be differentiated by explanation. These minute differences that demand such careful diagnosis are useless to drama; they encumber the action with dialogue, and confuse the auditor's mind with a multitude of details. "Every word that is unnecessary only pours over the side of the brimming mind," said Horace; and in drama the word "unnecessary" means "not dramatic."

The conclusion will probably be regarded as "moral," with the added attraction of what is vulgarly called "poetic justice," by those of the bourgeoisie who have never been found out. Even those half-fledged cuckoos known as "artistic" people may see in this play a mordant and trenchant satire of love, though they may imagine that its illicit nature is not its only attraction for them. But as Nietzsche said of the stage-player, "Genuineness becomes superfluous, disadvantageous, and a drawback." The play pretends to art by the appropriateness of its personnel; everything is carefully selected to produce the drama of decay, and to produce, instead of beauty, its equivalent of theatrical effect. Sudermann had no doubt that the play could be made attractive by the art of the actor, and he provided all the customary opportunities for the exercise of that art. But there is nothing to show that he intended to disgust people with the latter end of love, as there is, for instance, in "The Kreutzer Sonata." He was only concerned to translate a truism, a physiologically fact, into the language of art. Sudermann, not by Charles Dickens; and the awful consequences of that "creation" are to be seen in the provinces. But we have to go to Nietzsche to be reminded of the first principle of taste, and demand, with him, "that the theatre may not become the master of art."

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It is only a worldly sort of wisdom that regards the process as in any way more objectionable than any other form of education; just as Nietzsche said of Wagner, "There is no help for it; we must be Wagnerian philistines, with Teutonic blood in our veins, knowing his native sentimentality and subjection to the eternal illusion, would say that there is no help for it, we may first fall in love.

But because roses decay, because Time turns "our loves into corpses or wives," as Swinburne said, we cannot tolerate on the stage the spectacle of the decaying passion, nor snuff up the stench of the dead roses. That is all that Sudermann asks us to do. He surrounds his characters with every obscene circumstance: the pavilion covered with roses is supposed to be deserted, but is really occupied by a woman who wants to take her fill of love while the roses bloom. The lover for whom she has deserted her husband is a poltroon, so afraid of his "mamma" that he dare not betray the presence of his mistress by opening the shutters. For eight days this loathsome couple have couched on a bed of roses and the disgusting smell of heaps of dead flowers is only the botanical accompaniment of the degradation of society. The husband, of course, discovers the retreat, enters it, behaves like an imbecile, the exhibition being accompanied by a display of cowardice on the part of a lover that is really morbid, and, to give the final theatric touch to the woman runs off screaming followed by her husband with a knife, and staggers back to fall against a table and be buried beneath a shower of roses as the curtain falls.

* "Roses Morituri." By Hermann Sudermann. (Duckworth. 2s. net, each.)
Albert Samain.

By Richard Buxton.

There are few studies more fascinating than that of the part played by disease in literary inspiration. At one time, though no scientific study of the question had been made, it was considered only right for a poet to be in some way in ill-health. At that period poets died young or imagined that they would do so. Shelley deplored his ill-health and felt that he was not to live to be an old man. Gautier, the magnificient athlete, felt constrained to pose as a "poitrinaire," though he found the setting aside irritating and preserved consistently. The general wave of ridicule which accompanied the reaction against this feeling for some time swept the question into neglect and made obscure the relation which may be established between certain maladies and certain forms of poetic genius.

It has long been a commonplace of medical science that the disease from which Maupassant, Schumann and Nietzsche suffered, and which resulted eventually in their insanity, while it was in no sense a purely mental disease, was yet responsible to a great extent for their violent cerebral activity. In England, of course, Keats is the classic example of a young poet wasted by consumption, whose genius burnt so swiftly. There can hardly be any question that the melancholy of his last period, the odes and the "Last Sonnet," written in the greatest distress of mind and body, derived much of their unearthly splendour from a physical agitation produced by illness in the poet's mind. If we turn, on the other hand, to the exact cause of these phenomena it is at least possible to point out that there are certain characteristics in common in the work of consumptive men of genius, and that purely from a literary and artistic point of view we are inclined to class them together, even if we know nothing of their state of health.

Albert Samain, a clerk in the service of the French Government, was a consumptive, and, not one of the greatest, but one of the truest poets produced by the Symbolist movement. To say that he was produced by the Symbolist movement is perhaps to give a wrong impression of his work. He was a member of no school, he had no metrical theories to exploit, and as far as technique goes, some of his elegies might have been written by Hugo, some of his sonnets by Hérédia. But for all this he was a Symbolist in the widest interpretation of the word, that is to say, one of those who used French verse for dreams instead of for rhetoric. His fin vers "Cléomant." He was for a time a bank clerk, then a Government servant, wrote verses for the "Mercure de France," and other jeunes revues, published two small volumes and died in 1900. It is noteworthy that he himself never attached much importance to what he wrote. He would have had content, had not friends urged otherwise, to leave his poems in the reviews in which they had appeared. It was not till 1893 that at the instance of M. Raymond Bonheur, he published a book of selections. At this time de l'Infante, the attention of Francois Coppé, and thereafter became famous. At his death he was left unpublished by far the greater bulk of his work.

This diffidence was characteristic of the man. There is no strident passion in any of his poems, all is quiet and restrained, gentle melodies that steal unperceived on the ear and die away so softly that we can hardly say when we cease to hear them. His artistry is superb. Every vehicle of expression so well repays the careful poet as the French Alexandrine and the harmonies Samain extracted from it never falter, never strike a false note. His themes are nearly always the same, love, twilight, autumn, death, and have always the same element of longing. There is in his verse a certain quality of darkness, of silence broken only by the lowest and most musical of murmurs. When at times, as in the "Symphonie Héroïque," he attempts the trumpet, he patently fails; not with the utter failure of a man who tried to do what is beyond his powers, but with the quiet failure of one who strives to be interested in what does not touch him at all. All his landscapes, in his best poems, are in rich sombre colours; sunshine does not exist as it does with some poets of gloom, exhibit him as an impostor, only thought great because only half seen; it merely disconcerts and dazzles him.

His poetry is not a poetry of complaint. Jules Laforgue, bitter not merely against the world, but against the universe, vented his despair and his ill temper in a sneer at all creation. Samain was happy while he constructed visions, and in the great poem in which the lover holds barley with death he paints the end in splendid colours.

La Mort.

C'était moi, moi, te dis-je, à travers l'étéude, 
A travers le mirage éclatant du plaisir,
Tu cherchais dans mes yeux lagrarde nuit perdue; 
Viens, je suis la Mort douce, et l'amante attendue,
Et je te verserai, sous mes larges pavots,
Berçé hors de la vie, et de l'être, et des âges,
Au bruit des mers sans fin battant mes noirs vivages,
Loin du mal et des pleurs, du doute et des sanglots,
Le silence et l'éblouissante éternité.

These metrical melodies are untranslatable. Samain's thought is rarely of vital novelty, but in expression, in verbal music, and in verbal pictures he is almost unsurpassed in French literature. There is no other way of describing him than as a perfect artist. In the region where he chose to work with his own, with colour and composition in his work, there is sentiment in the deepest and truest sense. It is significant that in one of his poems he has mentioned Watteau.

Watteau, peintre idéal de la Fête Golle, 
Ton art léger fut tendre et doux comme un soupir,
Et tu donnes une âme inconnue au Désir,
En l'asseyant aux pieds de la Ménadonile.

And again—

Et sur les robes parfumées 
Et sur les mains des Bien-Aimées,
Flotte, au long des mollis ramées,
L'âme divine de Watteau.

For Watteau also was consumptive, and in his work we find again the same qualities, taking thus an example from another art. A gentle melancholy, and an eternal longing, la Maladie de l'Infini, as M. Camille Maclaur and has phrased it, these are the marks of the consumptive in painting as in poetry. Samain is the Watteau of verse; his sonnets in particular are full of the most exquisite descriptions, full of this vague tenderness, of this yearning for something that our senses cannot grasp. When he wrote his two fine sonnets he attempted something more than a description of Eastern splendour; he gave us something of the Queen's great passionate soul spreading into the calm night so that the Sphinx feels the desert trembling beneath her. And in the picture so composed, Cleopatra's passion transfixes the night, and the night transfigures her passion so that for a moment we catch a glimpse of the truth of each.

When I said at the beginning of this study that Samain was perhaps not one of the greatest, but one of the truest poets of modern France, the materials which he took, he is supreme. His hand never falters for a moment; we feel in reading that he is completely master of the medium in which he works. The close of "Silence" is an excellent example of this mastery.

Oh ! s'en aller sans retour,
Oh ! s'en aller avant le jour,
Les mains toutes pleines d'amour!
Oh ! s'en aller sans violence,
S'envoler sans qu'on y pense
D'une suprême défaillance . . .
Silence! . . . Silence! . . . Silence!

The burst of longing, ecstatic and then subdued, and the lapse into nothingness are magnificently rendered. The music of words as allied to the sense can go no further than this.

Samain, unattached as he was to any school, began his work at the time when the Parnassians flourished, and a very interesting contrast is offered by his work and...
quisitely clear and precise portraits or landscapes. But with the magic that comes from the soul of the observer. And, more than I indicated, the difficulty differed very vitally from Heredia's. The Parnassian pictorial poetry of determining his place. It is impossible to think of another quality besides that of exact and sounding placing him by the side of Hugo, the prophet, or of placing him in the ranks of the minor poets. His virtue is not in his thought, but in his expression. There he attained the utmost possible, and with that the question must be left. No one can doubt the permanent beauty of the small body of work he left behind him after his short career. The close of one of his most exquisite sonnets would be the most fitting close to an essay upon him, if "he" might be substituted for "she."

Dans un parfum d'holite de diaphane Elle mourait, fixant les violes sur la mer, Elle mourait parmi l'automne
Dans un parfum d'holite diaphane

Pastiche.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE LIMERICK AS A VERSE-FORM.

Now that the vogue of the limerick has become almost a matter of literary history some attempt should be made to discuss its significance as a literary form. The following brief indications may serve to draw attention to the large field for research that lies ready for treatment, and to be hoped that before long some competent critic will hasten to amplify and treat in greater detail a few of these scattered and imperfect notes.

The literature of the subject is, of course, extremely scanty. A short account of the development of the limerick is given in Volume XII of Professor Heiligenberg's valuable "Englische Verslehre." But the happy flashes of insight which are characteristic of the distinguished author's method are here almost entirely lacking. Most of his judgments are heavy and unconvincing, and he seems quite unaware of the leading part played by the limerick in the English poetical revival in the first decade of the twentieth century. As regards sources and origins, Professor Heiligenberg, usually so intrepid in this respect, will not commit himself far. He certainly hazards some conjectures about mediaval Latin hymns and Leonine hexameters; but his pronouncements are so hedged in with reservations and restrictions that they cannot be regarded as the last word on the subject.

The designation of the verse-form itself is of obscure origin. There seems, however, no reason for rejecting the theory that verses in this manner were first written at the close of the eleventh century by the limerick as a verse-form. The "Epitaph on a Fowler," by Mnasalcas, which in Garnett's translation reads thus—

"Now may the swiftly-winging bird return,
And sit in peace upon this pleasant plain;
Pimander now is ashes in his urn,
Nor here will lift his limy rods again,
May be freely rendered into a limerick, as follows:

A Greek with the snares that he spread
Cought hundreds of birds, it is said.
But what bird now cares
For his line and his snares?
For wily Pimander is dead!

It will be seen how closely the limerick is allied to the epigram. In both there is the barb in the last line, the sky, which renders this form of verse so vigorous and effective. Some of the more recent limericks are as drastic in respect as the epigrams of Martial. Many limericks of the decadent school lost much of their vigour by the introduction of a play on words in the last line. But they are not to be regarded as normal.

The influence of the limerick upon English poetry remains to be gauged. It is still too early to pass an unbiased judgment upon its true significance as a metrical form, but of its importance as a factor in awakening a general interest in metre there can be no doubt. The English poetical renascence of the twentieth century owes much to it, and already the work of some of the younger realistic poets displays, in almost every line, the influence of the limerick.

Ere spring comes into the sky.
Why not leave him lying dead,
To protect from snow my head?
For wily Pimander is dead!

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THE OUTCAST.

By DICK SHARP.

The sky is full of snow,
And the earth is full of wo,
Darn the snow!
I wander in the cold,
Lest my blood should cease to flow,
And my limbs still colder grow,
Till with curses I should go.

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Shall I perish out of sight
Like a rat, not showing fight,
Hating, yet afraid to smile,
Tactfully admitting Right.

Lies with Might?
Rather I will live and kill!
They shall find him pale and chill
Very still.
I shall help him pay his bill
To the thousands that his mill
Has ground small and smaller still.

I shall eat and drink my fill
With good will!

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Most people imagine that great kings and queens have a very easy time. They think they have just to wear their best clothes on State occasions, eat four good meals a day, and sometimes receive foreign ambassadors from different countries. But oh dear no. This is really quite talk so much about them as some people do of theirs.

The HEADGEAR WAS TOO BIG.

For instance, when the last “Delhi Durbar” was “held” in India, King George’s crown was by some untoward accident a size too large for him. Unfortunately Mary, who was sitting next to the King, but quite in the side of his face, with all the Anglo-Colonials and negro natives watching him amid the press of horses and camels, maharajahs, and elephants. Suddenly Queen Mary, who was sitting next to the King, but quite in ignorance of the unfortunate misfit that had occurred, nudged her honoured spouse none too gently and said “when it was too late to do anything.

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So it is not all milk and honey for Royalties. Just like you and me cannot all be the pinch somewhere. Well, a few years ago if I may say so, whose platitudes he quotes as striking originalities, Mr. Cohen does not seem to be aware that thought has moved since Mr. Bradlaugh died. It may be true that a theological mist still hangs about the words God, the Soul, and Religion; but when even the mist has entirely cleared the realities for which the words stand will remain.

They shall find him pale and chill
Rather I will live and kill!
To the thousands that his mill
Does you the honour of reprinting verbatim in its issue of August 17 one of the series of Unedited Opinions. In the recent issues of the “Freethinker” Mr. C. Cohen examined a very important book, having to have published, editorially and over the initials “M. B. Oxon,” on the subject of Religion, Professor Schafer and the “Great Conspiracy.” Like Mr. Bradlaugh, I may say so, who have almost ruined the movement by their unmanly and pet “doggies” have their little and great, too, trials, though they do not talk so much about them as some people do of theirs.

JUNGLE JINKS.

When all the animals came out on strike the other day and refused implicitly to recount their school tasks, Dr. Lion saying that it was all due to agitators seducing the contented workers, soft for Bay Rumsey, the ape, and blamed him and his accomplices. The wicked little monkey pretended to be guilty and promised to send them all back if he were given a present. So Dr. Lion bought him a ticket for a trip to India, but little Bay could not bear to be separated from his animals to return to work. Dr. Lion was very angry and said that the leaders were sensible enough, but the strikers were too lazy and wicked to follow their good advice.

*This anecdote is authentic.—C. E. B.
But tame pheasants must be preserved at all hazards from the risk of the plug of the cunning rounded stone, and reserved for the skilled bullet of the superman. I may say that for many months I have bought, not borrowed, your paper, and that I was told of its existence by some one who used the words—Mr. W. C. Anderson. You must in future credit him with reducing your annual loss by thirteen shillings. I am still at a loss to know why lawyers are lower than, say, inspectors of factories and sanitary engineers, and the worker much more than it hurts the interests of the capitalist. It is as foolish as it would be to drink whisky at the capital. If you were a capitalist you would fear more—the trade union that broke its pledged word, or the one that kept it? Whose demand is genuine and imperative—the trade union leader or the trade union hustler?

Indeed, Socialism will only flourish again when unmanliness and tameness—two faces of the one coin—cease to be the deliberate ethics of its propagandists. The conventional Socialist—the man who is an easy member of the Fabian Society or the I.L.F.—is a tame animal. Therefore he fleats, and his domestic dream is for the paradise of the capitalist lap. The capitalist believes in tame Socialists as the farmer believes in his oxen. He can trust them not to break fences. At the recent Midlothian election, the "Glasgow Herald," the "Scotsman," and other capitalist newspapers were loud in their praise of Provost Morton's "honesty" in opposing to buy out the landlords. Mr. Philip Snowden, I believe, has been similarly honest. But it should be a solemn thought for any fighter that his enemies believe in him. When enemies come to believe in us we should cease to believe in ourselves.

The capitalists believe in the conventional Socialists. They have discovered that they are quite tame, that they are just what they call themselves—slave-drivers. Mr. Barnes, the mendicant preacher from Blackheath, is reported to have his comrades trying to give back to the British workman what was to be allowed to earn his bread in peace. Did any slave ever grovel for less?

It is quite clear to me that the least responsibility a man has the less manliness he develops; the less manliness, the less resolution; and the less resolution, the less revolution. And why the I.L.P. Bumbles are following the "Well done! Bradford!" road to perdition, first with free education, then free books, free breakfasts, free doctors, free dentists; trying to give back to the worker his own without giving it back. Mr. St. John G. Erving has exposed the trick. Its ethical interest is that it tames the parent as it tames the child.

A tragic example of this tameness occurred during the strike, when a million miners sat around idle to encourage capitalists to raise their wages. A day or two after these这个行业, they struck workmen themselves to all the local authorities requesting that their children should be fed. No sane capitalist would for one moment fail to breed children out accepting the full manly responsibilities of parents, but who are ready to give their children and womenfolk as hostages to the enemy. W. M.

PEASANTS AND PHEASANTS.

Sir,—There is a strange difference between you and me and the country yokel. If you, I believe, men with some bank balance and a clean collar and trousers that are not the inheritance of a former ancestry, happen to pass through a wood with a catapulta in our pocket and cunning round stones, we are not liable to be stopped by a gamekeeper and searched and summoned, but fined, and that although we struck the woodmen who were mainly even tentatively fitted one of those cunning round stones into its sling as some stately barn door fowl stalked boldly in front of us. And this despite the fact, as I am told, that education has taught the peasantry the attractiveness of pheasants as a change to bread and margarine.

The capital a century ago and the country Bench not sixty miles from London very recently, and three of the members of that hateful profession—the law—who were present, agreed that there was no evidence to warrant a conviction.

The man was a married man with a family, and somehow or other he persuaded one of a wage barely sufficient to maintain the home in even tolerable comfort.

The case actually happened at a country Bench not far from Mr. St. John G. Erving has exposed the trick. Its ethical interest is that it tames the parent as it tames the child.

A tragic example of this tameness occurred during the strike, when a million miners sat around idle to encourage capitalists to raise their wages. A day or two after these unmanly creatures struck work they presented themselves to all the local authorities requesting that their children should be fed. No sane capitalist would for one moment fail to breed children out accepting the full manly responsibilities of parents, but who are ready to give their children and womenfolk as hostages to the enemy. W. M.

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But if we happen to be respectable married farm labourers against whose character not even the police have a word to say, we are not only liable to be stopped and searched and summoned, but fined, and that although we struck workmen who were mainly even tentatively fitted one of those cunning round stones into its sling as some stately barn door fowl stalked boldly in front of us.

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The capital a century ago and the country Bench not sixty miles from London very recently, and three of the members of that hateful profession—the law—who were present, agreed that there was no evidence to warrant a conviction.

The man was a married man with a family, and somehow or other he persuaded one of a wage barely sufficient to maintain the home in even tolerable comfort. But tame pheasants must be preserved at all hazards.
to know this sort of thing. It is all so different from what you upward by the tongue to the roof of the mouth," and how have now. Will you do this and prepare an Education tionist's researches. Between you, you would evolve something better than we Bill for Mr. Bonar Law to carry when he gets the chance? sounds-men like Ellis and Sweet, for instance. It does all statesmen and religious dignitaries should be warned it should be drawn up by a committee from which nearly Oliver Lodge and Charles Marson and Stewart Headlam. is based on facts, so it is not likely to appeal to the is fostered by our Church lectionary and it is still breeding atheism, as in the old Bradlaugh it is entirely worse. The only thing I can suggest is an nitelined from among Skeat, who has just passed from among tenderness of the five letters in n in other papers. I do not read newspapers regularly, actually appearing properly notified as an advertisement I took for a genuine contribution to the IN "Present-Day Criticism." If only he letter one of THE NEW AGE jokes that I am too dull to appreciate? I do not happen to read the "Mail," but Miss St. Aubyn has lately been contributing her kind advice to readers of the "News and Leader," and I have before me as I write, her "Novel Beauty Hints" for October 1 and 16. Each begins with a note begging her readers not to write to her any more, as they are sure to find their questions answered in the replies to someone else. Then comes a paragraph of general advice to get "pure ingredients only." This is followed by about sixteen "answers." Out of the great mass of unanswered correspondences," with which she tells us she is burdened, Miss St. Aubyn manages on each occasion to pick out sixteen letters which between them ask just the same dozen questions or queries. The replies to the latter advise the use of such common substances as ice, olive oil, glycine, and lemon-juice; but the bulk of the replies are devoted to recommending the use of stallax, clemintine, jetaline, tonalline, boranium, allacite of orange blossom, colliandum, pargol, pheminol, pilenta, prolactum and onalite. These are fancy names, not the scientific names of any drugs or chemicals, to the best of my knowledge, and only conceal the identity of the substances they denote. They are probably only obtainable from one firm, and might well be investigated by the public-spirited authors of Secret Remedies. I notice one little slip on Miss St. Aubyn's part. The recommendation of onalite on October 1 is not clearly distinguished from the other "Answers." On October 16 it is separated by a line and ends with the word "Advt." DISGRACE TO THE "DAILY MAIL." Sir.—The wiles of the quack advertisement have so varied that it seems even so experienced a reader as Mrs. Hastings has been taken in. How could she have imagined for a moment that the "Daily Mail" would employ good advertising space in giving genuine home remedies over the counter? I can assure her that these articles so naively recommended by the lady with the fancy name, are the products of a firm with the significant name of Dearborn, Ltd., which last winter sold for 3s. 6d. a box of very ordinary cold cream. Mrs. Hastings will likewise find on asking her chemist for any of above-mentioned preparations that their average price is about 4s., and that for 3d. worth of material. DAVE GERMELL.
MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.