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

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE medley of circumstances which attended the resignation, candidature and electoral campaign of Mr. Lansbury could not conceal from a sensible observer the fact that his defeat was certain. Little as Mr. Lansbury knew himself what were the motives of his adventure, the public and his own constituency knew less. What had they, he or anybody else, done to be troubled with a re-election? If Mr. Lansbury had had some quarrel of principle with the Labour Party he could have resigned his membership without resigning his seat. And at least he might have advertised to the world the grounds of his complaints. On the contrary, he did not, until the election was over, specify any reasonable grievance against his Labour colleagues. Nay, within a week or two of his resignation he was chiding somebody in the "Daily Herald" for having too liberally abused certain members of the Labour Party. If, again, we suppose that the Insurance Act was the inspiration of his action, how came it that he first announced his intention of advocating its repeal and, later in the campaign, pronounced himself in favour of amendment only? In promise of amendment he differed not at all from his opponent and only slightly from the Liberal Party itself. Or was it a new programme which he, the destined first of a new party, was anxious to establish? We have read his address, we have followed his campaign, we have examined his interviews with the Press, only to discover that his programme contains nothing that is not already on the Liberal or Labour programmes, and usually on both. Nobody can name a single proposal made by Mr. Lansbury before, during or since his strange campaign which is not as old almost, in the political sense, as the hills. It is therefore certain that neither in principle, in programme, nor in party is an explanation of the contest to be found. So far as we can see, indeed, the explanation is to be found in mere whim.

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We are not unmindful of the services rendered by Mr. Lansbury while he was in Parliament in asserting the rarely exercised right of free speech. We will go further and say that ten Lansburys in the House would make a notable and a salutary revolution. But this just praise ought not to blind his friends to the fact that in risking and losing his seat he has not only deserted the political firing line, but he has deserted it for obnoxiously romantic reasons. It is to be gathered from his various remarks, as well as from the contest itself, that the sole reason for his resignation at this moment was the subject of Votes for Women; and that his main counsellor in this absurd sacrifice was his wife. Replying to some deputation or other he explained that his wife had approved his act before he committed it, and joined with himself in thanking his helpers. Had the advice or the assistance of his wife been as wise as it has proved to be foolish the publication of the fact would have been in bad taste. But as it is we can only say that his supporters in Bow and Bromley have had a particularly silly piece of domesticity intruded into their public political life. By associating his wife with himself in this fashion Mr. Lansbury has merely emphasised his own responsibility. He cannot by the association free himself from the charge of having acted whimsically in a public matter. Surely there was better advice to be had than was supplied to him from home. And surely a public man in a step so momentous as his might have been should seek a wider counsel than can be obtained from his wife. Doubtless it will be replied that on the subject of Votes for Women Mr. Lansbury himself felt as deeply as any woman might feel. He has said, in fact, that in his opinion the enfranchisement of women is the most urgent reform of the age. But this belief is not only incompatible with membership of the Labour Party, whose first plank presumably is the emancipation of Labour, but it is also inconsistent with Mr. Lansbury's own statement after the election. Asked to account for his defeat he remarked that he would have won hands down if it had not been for Votes for Women. Thereby he added to the disservice of his defeat to the movement the disservice of publicly disproving the democracy of its claim. Having seen their champion defeated and heard him attribute his defeat to their cause, suffragists can no longer hope to pretend even to themselves that the public is on their side. There is, therefore, no longer the smallest excuse for badgering the Government into passing a measure which, by Mr. Lansbury's defeat and admission, it is shown that the public do not want.

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The Suffragettes have hastened to lie about the facts, as usual. To show their marvellous political aptitude they must needs pretend, like any paid caucus boss, that Mr. Lansbury's defeat on their behalf is really a victory. We know those victories. The road to Utopia is paved with them. What harm would it do to admit that the facts are against them, and to draw from them the conclusion that the tactics were bad or the force insufficient? But no, the wisdom of their

plan or their estimate of their strength must never be brought in doubt. If defeat results, it is not defeat, but a victory. It cannot possibly be a defeat, since tactics, etc., were immaculate. And thus by persisting in these illusions, and never facing reality, the women's movement learns nothing. But while half their members were claiming Mr. Lansbury's defeat as a victory, another half were proceeding to attack the public. What for? For allowing Mr. Lansbury to be defeated! This was the express reason given for the destruction of a few scores of private letters in London pillar-boxes. If this is the wonderful new development of militancy which Mrs. Pankhurst meditated in prison and Miss Pankhurst meditates in Paris, it is a reflection on both places. We care nothing much for the destruction of correspondence; as Ruskin would say, it is usually the communication of fools with fools or knaves with knaves; and we are not at all impressed by the fact, solemnly advertised by the "Daily Mail," that share certificates might have been irretrievably damaged. But the smaller the offence, the more irritating, as everybody knows; and the violation of private letters is precisely one of the small things about which even saints have been known to become murderous. It was once the present writer's experience to see a dean of the Church knocked down by a don for delaying the letters—private letters—for an hour or so. We can imagine, therefore, the temper in which the public will hear of its private and business effusions being destroyed. It is quite unnecessary for the Government to appeal for the co-operation of the public with the police for the safeguarding of its billets-doux. There will be co-operation enough. We shall find it necessary before long to appeal to the police to defend the Suffragettes against the public. Even that, however, will probably fail to prove to the women that their cause is not the most popular, but for Mr. Asquith, in the world.

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It does not follow, of course, that because Mr. Lansbury can give no rational account of his actions the Labour Party can. The manifesto issued by the latter on the day following the poll merely makes darkness visible. Either the Labour Party consists of unparalleled simpletons or of wrangling rogues if they expect anybody to believe their official statement that "there is no caucus in the Labour Party" at the same time that some individuals among them deplore it and others rejoice in it. Mr. Jowett, we should say, does not deny that there is a caucus in the Labour Party; nor would Mr. Will Thorne or even Mr. Keir Hardie. On the other hand, Mr. Trust-Asquith Barnes, in an interview with the "Daily Chronicle," shed tears over the blow to the "machine" delivered recently by the Tories, and announced that the Labour Party meant to keep the machine going. Of course it does; and, of course, the Labour Party is caucus-bossed. With the possible exception of Mr. Keir Hardie, there is not now a member of the Labour Party who does not depend for his seat upon the machine. It appears probable that the signatories of the manifesto do not even know what a caucus is—the innocent little darlings. One of their complaints against Mr. Lansbury is that he did not seek the endorsement of his candidature by any of the Labour or Socialist organisations. Why should he if there is no caucus? If "there is no caucus in the Labour Party," why should he seek the approval of anybody but his constituents? Unfortunately, not to know the word caucus does not argue ignorance of the thing. The Labour Party not only contains a caucus, but it *is* a caucus, and the bosses are nearly all M.P.'s.

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Caucus or no caucus, what's in a name? Caucus is as caucus does. The Labour Party has the same system of circulation as the Liberal and Tory organisations—a circulation, that is, initiated from above. It is very well known that the original intention of the caucus was to work from the bottom upwards. The people were to assemble in their wards, to instruct their delegates and to superintend their representatives; power, authority, and programme were to be received by the latter at the hands of the former. Such was the vision which Mr. Chamberlain brought back from the illimitable graft of America. But in the caucus as it exists the stream has been exactly reversed. It is the bosses who assemble, instruct, superintend, confer on themselves and their friends power and authority, and impose programmes on the people. And this is the case in the Labour Party, no less than in the other parties. The Labour Party, it is true, disguises its dictatorship under the forms of congress and conference and mandate; but so do the Liberal and Tory parties. But all three take care that nothing comes out of a conference of their tools that they themselves have not first put in. Mr. MacDonald is just as intent on keeping his party under his thumb as are Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law. And when a member rebels he is no less merciless—rather more so, in fact—than either of these party Whips. It is quite certain that, unless there were a caucus in the Labour Party, Mr. Grayson and Mr. Lansbury would still be in it. It is equally certain that, unless the Labour Party were a caucus, Mr. MacDonald would not be its chairman.

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The political machine, however, is not of much consequence at this moment. We saw last summer that it was powerless to prevent or even to foresee the strike of a million men; and economic events of the greatest magnitude may still take it by surprise on condition that the trade union leaders themselves do not all become caucus-maniacs. Two events, unfortunately, lead us to fear that the trade union movement is again in danger of selling its soul for a few M.P.'s. Of the intelligence of the opposition to the Trade Union Bill now in Committee we have not a high opinion. The Unionist Social Reformers who are seeking to amend it in the interests of the minority of the trade unionists appear to have no notion of the real strength of their case. Still less are they aware that the more completely they succeed in their opposition the more certainly will trade unionism flourish. What is it they desire to do? They desire to make it impossible for trade unions to support the Labour Party financially, and difficult for them to support any political party at all. More power to their elbow, say we. Nothing would please us better than to see trade unions barred from politics of any description whatever. It is obvious that the Labour Party and a pack of Radicals have a personal interest in the disposal of the control of trade union votes and funds. They look to getting subsidies as well as disciplined support. But nobody who regards either politics or trade unionism fairly can fail to see that it is both wrong in principle and mistaken in tactics for trade unions to enter directly or indirectly into politics. In the first place, they do not enter as citizens, but as a trade interest. Consequently, their votes are no more disinterestedly patriotic than the votes of other trade representatives. The mere fact that they are poor and have grievances no more entitles them to a voice in national politics than the fact that Chambers of Commerce, say, are rich and have no grievances entitles the latter to finance a political party. Admit even that the employing classes are represented in Parliament. Two wrongs do not make a right. It may be our business to kick out from Parliament many trade delegates now cunningly in; but the way to kick them out is not to kick into Parliament another crowd of trade delegates. When questions are discussed in Parliament, we do not want to hear what Sir Titus Bumblechook, railway director, has to say on behalf of his board. Similarly, we have no desire to hear what Mr. Bill Snooks, the paid delegate of the Dockers, has to say from his men's trade standpoint. What we want to hear in politics is the opinion of men as citizens and not as tradesmen, be they rich or poor. Thus, as we say, the defeat of the present Trade Union Bill would delight us. It would purify politics (microscopically), and it would divert the trade union officials from their present pursuit of political at the

expense of economic power. For it is clear that, while they think that Parliament is the way to the New Jerusalem, they will take no other.

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While the obsession of politics is on them the Trade Union leaders not only cannot accept a new lead when it is offered to them, but they are blind and bleating, and proud of it. An observer who can preserve his sanity in these difficult days would suppose that the knock-down blows of the last great strike would have convinced the Trade Unionists that something was wrong. But not at all. They continue to swarm along on the same old path as if they were an army of locusts or ants. At Manchester last week a conference of officials under the secretaryship of that accomplished donkey, Mr. Appleton, met to discuss the extension of the federating movement amongst the Trade Unions. So far so good; federation is desirable, federation is indispensable. But how, will it be imagined, is the federation to be brought about? By, if you please, continuing the same propaganda, the same efforts as have already brought the movement to this pass. What these lazy-minded and therefore obstinate officials fail to understand is that the world has changed since they drew their first salaries as labour agitators. Labour agitators to-day require tactics and strategy as different from the tactics and strategy of yesterday as Napoleon's differed from Caractacus'. A minority of trade unionists or a section of the trade unions is no longer of the smallest value in economic warfare. It will not do to leave seven million men unorganised and consequently at the service of the enemy. But how are these seven million to be brought in? Ah, there's the rub, and there's where the present leaders are at their wits' end. For it is absolutely certain that without a new idea the limits of trade union membership have already been reached. An idea, after all, is not of inexhaustible potency. It has its field of power and it cannot extend beyond it. Under the influence of the ideas already in the Trade Union movement some millions of men have organised themselves; but the range of the ideas is now filled. To bring into the organisation more men will require a new power, a new idea; and where is this to be found in the speeches of the Manchester Committee? Federation as an objective is nothing unless at the same time something worth federating for is defined. So far from defining this new purpose to justify and necessitate federation, Mr. Appleton particularly denied that the new movement had any new object. Asked by a "Daily Herald" reporter whether the Conference meant revolution Mr. Appleton replied: "Not in the slightest. We shall advocate no new policy, . . . but continue to work to improve conditions and raise wages." Well, in that event we can safely prophesy that the new federation will be confined to the officials; and neither conditions nor wages will be improved.

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On the contrary, both will decline. Mr. Appleton and his friends may not think they will, but they will all the same. In the name of the laws of nature we deny that while the wage-system itself continues either the conditions of labour or the wages of labour can progressively improve. The superstitious medicine-men of the Labour movement may imagine that by calling on Parliament or by gathering Acts in Committees they can procure relief for the suffering of their tribe, but the hope is shamefully vain. We say shamefully because the leaders ought by this time to know it. What has been the effect of the legislation of recent years, the legislation for which they supplicated on bended knees? Nominally, we do not doubt that wages have risen; nominally conditions have improved. But on every side and almost from every workman's dwelling we hear the cry that Stork has taken what Log left. The leaders cannot be quite so deaf as to miss the sound of the complaint of speeding up all round. Either they hear it and ignore it, or they hear it and deny it. Its existence, however, is a proof that conditions at any rate are not improving with whatever cackle the latest legislation has been laid. And it is no less true that the rise of wages is illusory. We could think of a hundred and one devices for raising wages on paper, but to raise them in fact and in terms of commodities is a more difficult matter. As fast as, and faster than, they rise on paper they fall in fact; and the feast of high wages now being enjoyed is Barmecidal. If, therefore, Mr. Appleton and his colleagues are willing to continue the old and tried means of raising wages and improving conditions, their men must be satisfied with the old and tried illusions concerning the reality of the benefits. We repeat on the word of nature that the old methods are fruitless. The barren fig-tree should be cursed.

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Moreover, there is a party that can shake that tree much better than the Labour Party or than all the trade unionists put together. Even on the supposition that the Labour movement ought to act as gardener to the Liberal Party, and prepare legislation for the latter to serve up, its mission has failed. At the game of illusory reform the Liberals are much more expert than the Labour men. Did the Labour men force the Insurance Act on Mr. Lloyd George? No; he forced it on them. Did they popularise Conciliation Boards for the same politician to stick in his cap? No; he invented the notion, and rightly takes the credit of it. Is Compulsory Arbitration slowly making its way into the Cabinet under the pressure of the Labour Party? No; it is slowly making its way out against their opposition. Surely one in ten of the Labour leaders can see that their supposed function of educating the Liberal Party to Labour demands is empty presumption! We undertake to say that there are more draft reforms in the pigeon-holes of the Board of Trade than any Labour conference has dreamed of; and they can all be had, not merely for the asking, but, in their tactical order, for no asking at all. To what has so often proved vacant air we issue another of our celebrated challenges: at this moment, in spite of the "War against Poverty" and other Labour campaigns, no single Labour leader dare stake his reputation on a forecast of a single Social Reform measure of the coming session. We are willing to accept a liberally conditional reply, the conditions being that the present Cabinet remains in office, that there is no foreign complication, and that Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are out of the way. With a free field before them, the Labour leaders, we believe, would still hesitate to name the Social Reform that will be attempted. In all probability it will surprise them in their weak place, exactly as the Insurance Bill surprised them. Fiddlesticks, therefore, to their pretence of guiding or educating the Liberal Party. The fact is that they are more in need of guidance themselves, and the proof is that they resent the offer of it. The trade union leaders, like Mr. Appleton—all prospective Labour M.P.'s, probably for their wives' sakes—and the present Labour Party have snuggled down into a nice little nest, where they can defy every blast of opinion that blows from their constituencies. The Grayson movement surged upon them; they expelled him with their beaks. The Lansbury movement threatened to shake them; they persuaded him to heave himself out. New organisations have formed around them which ought to have been incorporated with them; colossal strike movements have taken place which shook every other part of the world and have given rise to a whole literature; the whole caucus system, as well as the economic and political systems, is rocking about their ears. But to all this Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Appleton have only one reply: we shall continue as we have begun. It is possible, of course, that they regard themselves as heroes of fortitude and steadfastness. It would be impossible not to admire them for it, if it were an exhibition and nothing more. But while they are stonewalling, the time is running on. Under the best of circumstances, on the present methods, the case of Labour will grow worse. Under the worst, it will grow hopeless.

Current Cant.

"Unemployment is practically non-existent. . . . . Broadly speaking, every employable person is employed."—"News and Leader."

"The nation is still Christian." —"Church Family Newspaper."

"The Liberal Party must complete its work of emancipation."—"The Nation."

"There is no possible doubt whatever but that our Liberal Government mean business. They are not in Parliament simply for the fun of the thing."—The "Liberal Monthly."

"Liberalism is not only an argument for the lecture room, but a working creed for humanity."—C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P.

"Whilst the workman is receiving medical treatment there will be millions of money distributed for the purpose of seeing that their wives and children are not suffering from starvation."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Compared with any previous period there is a greater demand for the discussion of ideas and realities."—H. G. WELLS.

"The King, I am told, was furious about the uproar in Parliament, and his famous flow of language was given full play."—"London Mail."

"The Church is engaged in carrying on to completion the scheme of world-redemption inaugurated by Christ."—"Christian Endeavour Times."

"Mr. Lloyd George was at his very best at Aberdeen, a speech full of humour, eloquence, sympathy, and passion for the disinherited. . . ."—"News and Leader."

"A development of the moral sense has accompanied the growth of riches, which, in its turn, is due to that very capitalism which Socialists denounce as the root of all evil."—HAROLD COX.

"There has been a tendency in the past in this country to depreciate commerce and those who had to do with it. The idea must be abandoned if we are to make real progress."—Sir BERTRAM WINDLE.

"The King and Queen left Windsor by special train this afternoon. The King wore a black bowler hat. . ."—"Pall Mall."

"Granville Barker is an extraordinary tense personality like a violin string keyed to its utmost pitch, and vibrating to every breath of heaven.—RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

"Sir George Alexander is beyond all things a citizen, a citizen of the world, and a citizen of London town, and a justice of the Peace . . . a Scot by descent. . . ."—"The Era."

"Enterprise is looked upon with suspicion, since it creates capital, and capital is regarded as the enemy of labour. . . . We think it one of the most mischievous fallacies of modern democracy; it seeks to deprive the rich of their natural duties."—"Morning Post."

"We must do our best to protect the morality of the State by getting rid, if we can, of divorce altogether."—LORD HALIFAX.

"The Liberal Party would like to spend its money on social reform, education, and many other things, but it looks facts in the face."—LORD HALDANE.

CURRENT CANNIBAL.

"I want to increase the punishment, the imprisonment, and, in extreme cases, the lash."—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

CURRENT CLAP-TRAP.

"'Everybody's doin' it! '—Doing what? Why ordering next Monday's 'Weekly Friend,' in which there will be another choice of free patterns, a rollicking new ragtime song ('Ebenezer's Rag-time Hop'), and the continuation of 'Motherless Mollie.'"—The "Weekly Friend."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I SAID last week that the news of the atrocities committed by the Servian troops was only just beginning to come to hand, instancing the murder of some prisoners of war. Although the world might have held up its hands in horror at this, nothing would have been done to punish the criminals; for in war more than anywhere else everybody's business is nobody's business. The outrage on the Austrian Consul at Uskub, however, is quite a different matter; and this, if anything, will furnish the Dual Monarchy with an excuse for disturbing the peace of Europe. Only a few details of the story have leaked out; but I have received sufficient information from Belgrade and Vienna to piece a connected narrative together.

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Briefly, it appears that, when the Servian troops entered Uskub, a general slaughter of Turks and Albanians ensued. With reckless ferocity the troops shot practically every one in sight, and the series of cold-blooded murders continued for several hours. When the passion of the invaders had spent itself, a few of the cooler-headed officers learnt with some dismay that the doors of the Austrian Consulate had been forced, and that several men and women had been done to death within the precincts of what was technically Austrian territory. The Consul himself, Herr Prochaska, was ill-treated by the Servian troops.

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On the following day explanations were demanded, and the Consul sent a long message in cipher to his Government at Vienna, describing not only the abuse meted out to himself by the Servian troops, but also the scenes of carnage and massacre of which he had been a personal witness. This message was never delivered; but a duplicate copy of it had been prepared by the Consul, who was a far-seeing man, and sent by a special messenger to the Austrian Legation at Belgrade. This duly reached its ultimate destination by mail, and led to much excitement at the Ballplatz. In view of the bitter feeling against the Servians, the message was not published; but sufficient information had already become known to the public to render the situation dangerous—the demand by Servia for an Adriatic port, for example, was firmly opposed.

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The result of all this may be summed up thus: If Servia respects Austria's point of view and withdraws her demand for a port, well and good. If she does not, the Consul's message will probably—almost certainly—be published, and war will follow immediately.

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One feature of the international situation has been prominent during the last three weeks—in fact, since it became known that Montenegro was to make the first move—though nobody has hitherto troubled to point it out. I refer to the extraordinary eagerness which the French Government has shown in endeavouring to maintain the peace of Europe throughout the entire crisis. More than any other Power, France has bestirred herself with this object; and the French Ambassadors in the various capitals have been kept steadily at work interviewing, negotiating, suggesting. That France has large economic interests in the Balkan Peninsula is not disputed; but that she is trying to keep the peace on that account alone is nonsense.

The internal condition of France is such that no recent Republican Government has been strong, chiefly on account of the manner in which the army has been treated. The French people are born soldiers; they serve in their army, and they are proud of their army. Furthermore, they mistrust all politicians to such an extent that at times of general elections only from one-third to one-half of the people take the trouble to go to the poll. Now, soldiers are, as a rule, patriotic and self-sacrificing, while politicians, as a rule, are not.

Attempts have consistently been made by the various French Governments since the fall of the Second Empire to restrain the power and influence of the army, and always without success. The present War Minister, M. Millerand, has adopted a better line in showing a disposition to take the army into his confidence to a greater extent; but it is, I fear, too late for such a manœuvre to succeed. Meddling in politics destroyed the spirit of the Turkish army; and the French officers will gradually follow the example of the Ottomans if they find that they must support the Government in as many ways as they can if they are to be promoted or treated with adequate consideration.

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I know, of course, that for years past nearly every political party, with the exception of the Socialists, has publicly approved the principle of the best possible army for the defence of the country; and only the extreme pessimists are opposed to a strong military force. The main grievance of the army lies in quite another direction: it is controlled from the top by civilians rather than by soldiers; and civil functionaries have too much power in connection with it. As a consequence corruption is rife; and any officer who shows a tendency to kick against the Republican form of government is a marked man. From this arise favouritism and a great deal too much meddling with technical details by civilians instead of a proper Army Council.

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It is well known that all this sort of thing will be counter-acted in time of war by strong military measures. A declaration of hostilities on, or by, France will be the signal for the immediate taking over of the whole government of the country by the Army. The Ministers may remain in power as puppets, but not as forces. And out of a war anything may arise. A defeat may rouse the exasperated nation to take its revenge, not merely on the unfortunate political party that happens to be in power, but on the Republican system of government. Anything political is possible in France. A Republican Government might be "chassé" to make way for the Duc d'Orléans or Prince Victor Napoleon. A victory, on the other hand, would send the whole country almost raving mad with enthusiasm. Morocco is child's play, comparatively; but the defeat of a large Continental Power by France would completely wipe out the bitter memory of 1870-71. What honour, in such a case, would be too good for the victorious general? So recently as twenty years ago General Boulanger looked like being made dictator without even the trouble of having to go to war.

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It is not surprising, then, that the French Government wishes for peace; for war, in all probability, means the end, not only of the Government itself, but of the régime. It was recently pointed out by a foreign contributor to this paper that peoples nowadays were more warlike than their governments. The people, perhaps, it might be urged, have more political divination than their rulers or representatives. If present conditions are greatly altered, it will be found generally that politicians, wirepullers, and political caucus-mongers will have much more to lose than the people. A war is like a complicated surgical operation on a nation. Diseased parts of the body politic are exposed and cut away; and the result may be death or a state of greater health than before. Who stands to lose by this process? I repeat, the politicians. The people gain in morale and stamina, the efficient statesman increases his power, and (efficient in this sense being taken to mean nationally benefiting) this is what the country instinctively wants. What, let the reader ask himself, would remain of those two horrid excrescences—the Liberal Caucus and the Tory Caucus—after a war between England and Germany? On my soul, there is one reason that would lead me to welcome an invasion.

Miscellaneous Notes on Guild-Socialism.

[The following paragraphs have been written in response to various criticisms, suggestions, and questions raised by readers of our articles on Guild-Socialism, the publication of which will be shortly resumed.]

IT is one thing to accept responsibility for others, but quite another thing to take it. A representative is presumably requested to accept responsibility; but should he assume it without request and by force, he is merely a despot. Our modern capitalists are despots pure and simple. Nobody ever asked them to accept responsibility for the industry of the country. On the contrary, they took it by force. It is therefore with no gratitude that workmen now hear them pride themselves on their responsible position. It is precisely of their responsibility that an educated proletariat would relieve them.

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Why should the Government, a political body, be troubled with industrial affairs? It is ill-equipped for interference as things now stand. Beyond a very narrow limit, it cannot coerce either employers or employed. Yet critics assume that its power is absolute. The Government has several means of disengaging itself from sole responsibility; it can make employers responsible for the maintenance of industry; it can make employers and employed jointly responsible; or it can make the trade unions solely responsible. If it will do none of these things, it must assume responsibility itself by abolishing private employers and reducing workmen to the status of State slaves.

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The State should acquire the railways, mines, etc., and then lease them to the unions by charter. If a private company could be chartered to govern Rhodesia—a gigantic example of capitalist Syndicalism—the management of the railways or the mines can surely be safely entrusted to their respective unions.

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Though in our articles we are outlining a complete system of industrial organisation, its simultaneous establishment is not contemplated as possible. *Some* union will have to begin; and it will probably be a union of comparatively educated workers. The medical profession undoubtedly has the best qualifications for making a trial of the new plan. Next to them we would suggest the National Union of Teachers, and next the Postal Unions. When these have obtained the powers of nominating their own heads, and of controlling their own services, the railwaymen and miners will probably be the next to follow.

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If liberty has been proved to be favourable to political development, may it not be favourable to industrial development? Small comparatively as was the change from chattel to wage slavery, the energy released was enormous. A much greater release of energy might be expected from the promotion of wage slaves to the rank of free self-determinant craftsmen.

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The suggestion of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of capitalists to obtain and maintain their economic power is scouted only by people ignorant of history as well as of their own times. In addition, such people, being sentimentalists, find it hard to believe that rich men could be so "wicked." But there is no limit to the vileness of men; as there is also no limit to their potential virtue. That conspiracies of the few against the good of the many have been carried out, all history is a witness. If history is not sufficient, we would suggest an inquiry into the present methods of exploiting native labour and obtaining native lands in Africa, South America, and elsewhere. The procedure is stereotyped. Tax the native and appropriate his goods and services in payment thereof. He immediately becomes a wage slave. But the same method was used in England.

Some books useful to be read by students of Guild-Socialism:—"Socialism As It Is," by W. E. Walling; "The Restoration of the Guild System," by A. J. Penty; "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," by Thorold Rogers; "The Servile State," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Future of England," by Hon. George Peel; "Seems So," by Stephen Reynolds; "The Malthusian Limit," by Edward Isaacson.

* * *

Political economists treat of Land, Capital, and Labour as if these three terms were comparable; but they are not. What would be understood by Pounds, Shillings, and *Pints*? Land and Capital are *instruments* of production; Labour is the only producer. It is by the control of the producers that capitalists become possessed of the products.

* * *

Rent is not the cost of producing land. Interest is not the cost of producing capital. Profit is not the cost of producing commodities. *But wages is the cost of producing labour.*

* * *

Workmen to-day have only one liberty more than chattel slaves possessed; they have a choice of masters.

* * *

Guild-Socialists should be warned that there is no "career" in the usual sense open to them in their work. Success in it will not lead to public honours, or even to public prominence. There may be thanks, but there will be no rewards. Unless a man is prepared to be anonymous for life, he had better turn his attention elsewhere than to Guild-Socialism. The new organisation of society will be built like Solomon's Temple, without the sound of hammer or axe. But who built York Minster, or who created the English language?

* * *

The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth. The Labour Party are demanding control over foreign policy before they have as yet control over, we will not say, domestic policy even, but a single domestic industry.

* * *

How does a paramount economic interest establish its paramount political power under an extended franchise? By means of the Caucus. The Caucus is to the electorate what a regular trained army is to a mob. As the governing classes maintain an army for physical offence and defence, so they maintain the Caucus for political offence and defence. And as useless as it would be for the people to oppose the army, so useless is it for them to attempt to oppose the Caucus. But the Caucus is also paid. Who pays? Not the poor, but the rich. Consequently the Caucus is the paid standing political army of the existing capitalists; and by its means, however wide the franchise, they keep political control.

* * *

The best thing the working classes can do in politics at present is to refrain from voting. They will be called mugwumps, but the term is no reproach. If at the next election the polls went down to fifty per cent. of the electorate, the Caucus would be morally defeated. No organisation is necessary to produce this effect. Let the workers simply decline to vote. But while the Caucus can rely on polling ninety per cent. of the electorate for *any* set of candidates it chooses, its power is absolute.

* * *

If one elaborates a revolutionary idea for society, it it inevitable that the changes involved should appear at first sight too gigantic to be practicable. If, on the other hand, the idea is stated simply, and its implications left to be imagined, it is inevitable that to the majority of people the proposed change will appear so small as to be not worth making. In presenting Guild-Socialism at considerable length, The New Age has run the risk of being charged with spinning another Utopia; a second risk is that objection may be taken to projections and elevations that are not necessarily consequent on the plan, and to the detriment of the plan itself. But these risks, we have considered, were well worth running for the advantages derived from prolonged discussion of the idea itself. It is scarcely possible that many readers will forget that the wage system must be abolished, if not by Guild-Socialism, by National or International Capitalism. So far, there is no escape from the problem we have stated. And, enemies apart, it is scarcely possible that many readers will fail to see wood for trees, and in their dispute with us concerning the future miss the immediate point that a partnership between the State and the unions is both imperative and practicable. Once assure a beginning of this, no matter in how small an industry, or in how timid a fashion, the revolutionary idea is set to work. Time better than we will settle the subsequent problems.

* * *

One of the chief advantages from the economic independence of the workers would be the elimination of incompetent, brutal, and bullying employers and managers. It is a mistake to suppose that competition eliminates even incompetent employers; it does not; it merely relegates them to the lower levels of industry; but there they flourish. Brutal and bullying employers, on the other hand, receive a positive preference from the competitive system; it is their happy hunting ground, the field providing the exact conditions for their evil genius. Not all employers, of course, nor even all successful employers, are bullies; but the type of the manly, gentlemanly employer is fast disappearing; he cannot survive under a system that suits the cad better than it suits the man. But why do the cads flourish and the men go under? For every employer there are waiting an army of wage slaves seeking employment; seeking it not as choosers, but as beggars. To men with only a week's supply between themselves and the workhouse, any job under any employer is Hobson's choice. Thus, no matter what the employer may be, bounder, bully, gentleman, or scoundrel, he has no lack of beggars for his employment. But let once the workmen have an economic base on which to fall back, an alternative to any employment that any cad may offer, the cad might whistle for men till the cows came home. With voluntary service substituted for the press-gang, only the best managers of labour would secure the best men. The worst would fall to the worst.

* * *

The essence of servility lies in the absence of the right or the power to bargain. Freedom implies both. But our proletariat have the political right without the economic power. Civilly endowed with the right to sell or withhold their labour, the power of withholding it is limited by their propertylessness to a few weeks at the outside. Only so long, therefore, as their savings last have they the power as well as the right of bargaining. In short, they are politically free, but economically servile.

* * *

The difference between ourselves and Mr. Snowden on the right to strike is this. Recognising the uselessness of the political right to strike without the economic power to maintain a strike, Mr. Snowden would take from the workers the political right. We, on the other hand, would add the economic power to it.

* * *

Trade unionism has hitherto been engaged in accumulating economic power (in the shape of funds) for use on occasions of bargaining. But the funds have always been too small. To be on an equality with the other party requires that the funds of both shall be equal. The supplies necessary to enable a union to bargain effectively should be at least sufficient for a year. With a year's funds in hand (either collectively or individually stored), a union could command its price.

* * *

It would be as effective to vote that Germany should cease building a navy as for workmen to vote that capitalists should cease enlarging rent, interest, and profit, and reducing wages. The question is, how is it to be carried out?

* * *

Catastrophe barred, England, a hundred years hence,

will have a different industrial organisation from the present system, for the present system simply cannot last. What, therefore, we may ask, will the new industrial system be? And will it be the worse or better for the many than the existing system? The choice before us is theoretically wide; nothing is *inevitable*. Shall it be State Capitalism, Trust Government, Distributivism (Mr. Belloc's plan), Syndicalism, or Guild-Socialism? Left to the State, it will be the first; left to private capitalists, it will be the second; to Conservatives, it will be the third; to trade unionists, the fourth; but left to everybody, it will be the fifth.

The Black Crusade.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

V.

In the Mohammedan religion, as in every other, there are two conflicting spirits, good and bad. Both tendencies find sanction in Koranic texts, in the traditions and the commentaries; and each can quote a host of fetwahs, or religious judgments of the learned. "God is our Lord and your Lord; unto us our works and unto you your works; no quarrel between us and you, for God will gather us both in, and unto him we shall return." Thus the Koran, in one place, apostrophising People of the Book (the Jews and Christians). The saints and sages of the Moslem world have always been at heart of that opinion. The narrow bigots, on the other hand, protest that Christians are no better than the heathen, their death no more to be accounted than the death of beasts. They base their contention on the many passages of the Koran where "People of the Book and idolaters" (ahl ul kitâbi wa'l mushrikîna) seem joined together in one condemnation. In times of peace or victory for El Islâm this latter view has never been put forward; in times of persecution and defeat it rises; and under Christian rule becomes embittered owing to enforced concealment.

Christian government always seems to foster a spirit of reaction in the subject Moslem, even where he reaps a number of material benefits. You may give him sanitation, medical inspection, even justice, and the chance of wealth; you may surround him with mechanical contrivances for saving time and labour. You do nothing for his moral progress. He accepts it all, but thinks you silly and a trifle impious to attach so much importance to things transitory. He detects the flaw in all your civilisation, in its aim, which is, to speak in parables, not God but Mammon. When Napoleon was in Egypt (according to El Jabarti, a contemporary) he thought to cow the natives, who were growing restive, by sending up a big balloon with men in it. The people laughed at him. "Look," they said, "at that insignificant creature taking credit to himself for a thing he could never have done if God had not allowed it!" For "God" read "natural laws discovered and discoverable or undiscoverable," and you will have a fair conception of the Moslem's faith. The European's pride in his inventions, and neglect to give the praise to God, shocks the Moslem at his best, and at his worst produces something near religious hatred.

Of old the various trades and professions in a Moslem city were organised on lines practically identical with those suggested in the articles on "Guild Socialism" in THE NEW AGE. A modest livelihood was thought sufficient; to make much money was, upon the whole, a wicked thing; no decent Moslem would take interest for money lent; no merchant tried to beggar or out-cheat his neighbour, until the Europeans came and set up a new standard—pure rascality. The only drawback to the ancient polity was that a section of the population (Jews and Christians), sometimes numerous, was kept outside. But the native Christian was not hated in those days. The kind of gleeful outburst which acclaimed the assassination of a Prime Minister of Egypt, because he was a Copt and not a Moslem, can hardly be imagined in an independent Moslem State. The Grand Câdi's judgment (which I mentioned in a former article) was technically wrong, apart from abstract justice, since the Minister or high official of a Moslem ruler—everybody with the rank of Pasha, certainly—has Moslem standing. The Turks have seen to that. Yet the verdict was acclaimed with rapture by a kindly people. Why? Simply because it "hit" the foreign rulers.

Wherever that inhuman feeling lurks in an otherwise well-ordered State—whether that State be ruled by Christians or Mohammedans—there will from time to time arise the need for punishments which seem, and are, inhuman, like that exacted for the Denshawaï affair (of which I claim to know as much as anybody). Repressed the thing must be, and sternly, by any ruler having lives of Christians to protect. Many thousands of good Moslems hate it and applaud its punishment. It is no more an intrinsic part of their religion than it is of mine. But repression neither cures, nor tends to cure. How then can this bitter spirit be eradicated?

It cannot be eradicated. It can be forgotten, overwhelmed by kinder feelings. It would have been ere now if Christians practised what they preached. Europe has dealt in precepts, has used force to back them; but the example she has set has ruined everything. An example of fair play from Christendom to El Islâm! A madman's dream! The example of an independent Moslem state advancing on its own lines, with support from Europe, would soon dispel the bugbear of fanaticism. The chance of this produced the Black Crusade.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer has been writing to the papers, suggesting that Constantinople should be taken from the Turks, restored to Christendom, and placed "beyond the reach of national ambitions." He must be very powerful to see his way to such an end, since the concert of the Powers has come to hopeless grief. He further suggests that Turkey should, in time, be robbed of Asia Minor. Would all this really be a gain to Christianity, which has in former days expressed a wish to win Mohammedans. Injustice breeds injustice always, and none can say that Turkey has been fairly treated. Her war in Tripoli was not concluded when the Balkan States attacked. The thing has much the aspect of a general scramble on the part of Europe for the belongings of a people at the moment weak from revolution—a very bloody scramble, splashing blood on all its sympathisers—in the name of Christ! Are our enlightened pietists and pacifists in truth much better than the unenlightened, angry Moslem, who thinks the death of Christians no great matter?

In my memory there is the picture of another type of Moslem, whose equal would be far to seek among us. An English youth was taking lessons from the Sheykh el Ulema in a famous mosque of Syria, a noble and benign old man. He one day mentioned his desire to turn Mohammedan. The Sheykh said, smiling:—

"No, my son. Wait till you are older and have seen again your native land. You are alone among us, so are our boys alone among the Christians. God knows how I should feel if any Christian teacher dealt with son of mine otherwise than as I now deal with you." Then, pointing to a candle burning near, he said: "Observe this fire. There is the shapely flame, the light that shines around us, and, when I put my hand close, there is heat as well. I blow, and all is gone. How many things? You answer three in one. I answer one. We are both right."

In these hurried, disconnected articles I have been hampered in expression by strong feeling. The only merit I can claim for them is that they do state a case which has been stated nowhere else at a moment when it ought to be before the public. My readers will, at least, have some faint notion of Pan-Islamism—an ideal cherished in Berlin, but quite unknown in London, where its home should be.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(2) Agriculture and Industry.

LAST week I referred to Mr. G. W. Russell as the living proof of the proposition that the artist can do anything which he wishes to set his mind to. This week we might extend the proof to cover the whole Irish farming community. Ireland has long been notorious as the home of somewhat visionary poets, of mystical, fairy mythology, of banshees, orators, and poverty. No Englishman would ever have dreamt of looking to Ireland for a new commercial idea, a new business principle, or a scientific discovery. And yet this land of talkers, bigots, and political fanatics has suddenly and without the slightest ostentation or advertisement hit upon a plan which, if it were widely applied, would mean the end of capitalism and exploitation within our own generation. The more the work of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society is studied, the more wonderful, I think, must its achievement appear. Any man who ventured to suggest some years ago that the day was rapidly approaching when extreme Unionists and extreme Nationalists would be found collaborating in the work of a single organisation would have been laughed at. Had he added that this organisation would eventually lead to indifference towards Home Rule on the part of the Nationalists, as well as indifference to Unionism on the part of many Unionists, his sanity would have been questioned.

Yet all this, I venture to say, has now come to pass; and the effects of this new agricultural régime will make themselves felt more and more within the next few years. It is no small matter that roughly one-half of the population of the country should have a direct interest in the land, and that the product of their labour should be disposed of without the assistance of middlemen. But there is something more. The ever-increasing dominance of a philosophy which we may in the meantime for the sake of convenience call Christian, leads every country in turn to choose between two forms of existence: an industrial life or an agricultural life. When industry develops, agriculture languishes in proportion, and the people of the land find themselves gradually driven into the towns. Circumstances force them to exchange the open field and the pure air for the smoky foundry and the noisome slum.

It may be that I shall be accused at this point of painting a fancy picture; I may be told that the lot of the farmer, and, even more, of the agricultural labourer, has never been a bed of roses, that the roof of his thatched cottage leaks, that his class, to take another aspect of it, is subject to consumption. This is beside the argument. The fact remains that the man who has a direct interest in the land, even if it be only to the extent of half an acre, has an immeasurably greater moral stability than any city worker whose interest in the land is nil. Life in the country is natural life adapted to the necessities and luxuries of man; life in the town is at best an artificial creation that points us nowhither. In the field we are brought into contact with the works of God; in the factory we are brought into contact with the works of man.

What, indeed, do we associate with a factory? Crowded workrooms and sweated employees in the average case; harsh discipline and monotonous toil at the best of times; and in all cases the whirr of many wheels, the rumbling of machinery, and a narrow, limited outlook, physical and spiritual, on the great world. This is the factory of man: grim, miserable, ugly. But how can it compare with the more wonderful factory, not made with hands, that works silently beneath our feet, without disturbing the ears of the philosopher or the artist by the grating clank of machinery; but, instead, refreshing his eyes and tranquilising his soul, not merely by the verdure of summer, but even by the bleakness of winter? This wonderful factory in the country works noiselessly and surely day and night, and those who assist it in its processes by scattering the seeds or tilling the soil may do so without the accompaniment of the raucous voice of the foreman or the deadly bacteria of the slums; nor will their reward be lacking in generosity. For this factory is both the father and the mother of man, and, all unknowingly, the agriculturist, even the humblest, learns to interpret the author of his being in a way impossible to the decadent human products of the large towns.

Industry, when it is over-developed in the modern way, does not merely ruin agriculture; it ruins the face of the country districts in which alone agriculture can be carried on. Go where you will—through Irish valley, Scotch glen, or the fair slopes of Southern England—the song of the lark that enthralls you will suddenly be drowned by the screech of a whistle, the lowing of the cattle will be lost in the rattle of the train, and the green fields themselves will disappear for a moment or two under clouds of smoke. And if you then allow the sociological part of your imagination to come to the front for a moment, even your feelings of revulsion will be obscured by a mental visualisation of the process of modern commerce—you will see the train loaded and unloaded with goods made by sweated labour; loaded and unloaded by men who endeavour to keep themselves and a family on less than a pound a week (a pound a week would be a fortune to most of them), and the goods loaded again, perhaps, on to steamers by men who had recently to run the risk of starving themselves and their wives and children before they could secure even a sufficient wage to enable them to eke out their miserable existence in the ghastly "working-men's flats" that characterise the obscurer sections of large cities like London and Manchester and Liverpool.

Not much hope for the race there, evidently! But you reflect that you cannot escape railways and slums and noise and degeneracy so long as agriculture is made subservient to the industrial system—after all, who ever heard of fifty and sixty per cent. profits on agricultural produce? Even if the thing were possible, the railway companies would make effort to secure seven-eighths of it by increasing their transportation charges and strenuously closing down the canals.

When we endeavour to ascertain precisely what underlies industry and agriculture—what "idea" is at the back of them—we cannot, I think, fail to be impressed by the remarkably different parts played by Protestantism and Catholicism. In Roman Catholic countries agriculture has always predominated. With the decline of faith, the industrial idea has come into being. Manufactures in Teutonic and Scandinavian countries date in reality from the time of the Reformation, though their progress was checked at the start by civil and external conflicts. England made her first gigantic strides after the Revolution; and her wars in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however glorious and heroic, were in the main wars for the benefit of trade. In Latin countries, however, where Roman Catholicism remained the religion of the bulk of the people, industries made little headway, and when they did they were not accompanied by the class distinctions which arose so rapidly in the countries of the North. And there was another distinction of equal importance. In Latin countries the progress necessarily made by industries in the course of time did not change the standard of appreciation; for respect was still paid to aristocracy—aristocracy of birth, of training, of intellect. In the North, aristocracy, after a long struggle, fell before the onslaught of plutocracy; and wealth gradually became the sole standard by which men were measured.

In the past, as Guglielmo Ferrero has already said in this journal, men pursued wealth openly and without hypocrisy; but they did not make it their sole end in life; they still had a spiritual idea which came first—an ideal, it may be added, that established the relationship between man and man, class and class. Only in Asia is this ideal wholly to be found; in the Latin countries of the rest of the world it still subsists to some extent. Whether the human race is destined to rise or to sink, depends upon the ultimate recovery or the complete loss of this ideal.

The "Knock-Out" in To-day's Business.

HIGHWAYMEN have disappeared from our country roads, but they and their villainies are not dead. No, not by any means. They have travelled up to town, obeying the urban spirit of our age and country. You will find them in every occupation that needs shops and offices, and when they turn the flanks of honesty and exhibit a trained skill in the victories of theft, they put it all down to the credit of business. Business! that one word is like a magic cloak warranted to shield from the Law innumerable acts of violence against the common weal. "Oh, it's business!" Every highwayman of trade will tell you so, no matter what his line of theft may happen to be. Does he swindle you under a profit-sharing agreement and call himself a reputable publisher? Does he hit you a knock-out blow at a public auction, conspiring with others of his kind to get valuable things for an old song? Is he a contractor that defrauds the Army, or the inventor of some medical buffoonery that cures everything, from housemaid's-knee to Bright's disease? The object is ever the same—public money, business! And there is no chivalry such as Robin Hood displayed to the weak, and no courage like that which Dick Turpin required in his adventures along a road where skeletons bickered in the wind as they swayed from gallows.

When we remember the English schoolboy's honour, and his delight in fair play, the rarity of those qualities in money-making is a hint to us that we do not give our lads a chance of success in town life. They receive knock-out blows long before their chivalrous goodwill has suffered a necessary business change. What can they do, with their clear-eyed inexperience and their ideal honour, in the rings of trade, in the knock-outs of competition? A thousand things which would blast the reputation of a man in a deal at cards are stereotyped in deals at business; and a lad has to get used to that irony. Then, after many tribulations, he feels more at ease in the auction of luck that gambles with young lives in overcrowded callings. Honour is a fly in business, bungling into difficulties with the spiders of success.

Auction-rooms to-day give us many examples of that truth. At first, you will note, there was nothing more generously democratic than public sales under the hammer used to be. The principle underlying their origin and their utility was that of placing all sellers on a fair equal footing in a public appeal to the highest bidder; and this principle took it for granted that the public was honourable and, therefore, unlikely to conspire against the benefits which sales by auction introduced and made popular. Further, while towns remained small, the spirit of neighbourliness defended that principle of justice; buyers protected sellers, partly because they had no wish to be gossiped about for unfairness, and partly in anticipation of the time when their own things would have to bear the ordeal of a public sale. But towns grew large, throwing out far-scattered and busy districts; then even the neighbour next door was unknown to many a householder; so the old clannish virtues of urban life gave way, little by little, yielding precedence to a war of fierce competition. It was then, about forty years ago, that the slang of pugilism began to be applied to dastardly tactics of buyers at sales by auction. "There's a hit below the belt." "What a knock-out blow!" "The ring gets stronger and stronger." All this meant that the auction-room was dead as a democratic institution. Dealers used it in conspiracy for their own purposes, which resembled those which sharks would have in a bathing-pool.

One cannot speak with too much indignation of the crapulous evils resulting from the fettered trade in auction rooms. Here are a few: —

1. Dealers put under the hammer their own works of art, buy them for large sums, and so get an advertised reputation for their stock-in-trade.

2. Journalists in a hurry write notes about the Alpine prices, without asking whether the sales are genuine or "faked."

3. This newspaper gossip attracts the unwary, who imagine that their good things also will "fetch the market."

4. Then the knock-out, otherwise known as the ring, has a free hand. Instead of being forced to travel in search of fine art, the ring finds it collected together in auction rooms, work of every kind, and very often unprotected by "reserves." The proceedings are then quite simple. The ring has a buyer, called a hammer-man; it is he that gives the knock-out blows. If any private person bids against him he shows a determined front; then the amateur becomes excited and rash, and boldly gives a price which he has every reason to regret as soon as the hammer falls. It needs a long practice to bid with success against the ring. This adventure, indeed, is rarely attempted now by laymen. For the most part, dealers bid and buy, and you never can tell how many rings may be present at the same auction. Nor is there a law to prevent dealers from being shareholders in the business of auctioneers. And so, being helped in every way, a knock-out buys certain things at its own price, in order to sell them afterwards to its own members. Each thing goes to the highest bidder, and the profit on this transaction is divided among the dealers in the ring. Here, then, is a vast conspiracy to defraud public sellers.

What remedy? It is said that nothing effective can be done. But that is nonsense. The discipline of public opinion is a thing impossible to resist. The ring system has flourished just because of its secrecy. Few householders knew anything about it for many years, and even now collectors of note are ignorant of its existence, else recent disastrous sales could not have happened. Advertise the knock-out, make it known far and wide; let questions be asked about it in Parliament; and command the principal dealers to form a ring of protection, a good knock-out to kill the nefarious evil-doer. These things will help us to find a remedy. But the law can, and should, assist. Every auctioneer ought to be compelled by law to warn his public against the rings, both in his rooms and in his catalogues. "Beware of the knock-out!" Further, reserved prices ought to be obligatory and printed in all catalogues. If you choose those prices for your own wares, you cannot grumble when a ring bids above them; and caution surely tells you not to fix a reserved price without competent aid from an expert. Auctioneers would be in a position to give such advice if the law ordained that only one half of the usual commission shall be charged on protected unsold things. This would be an excellent law for two reasons. In the first place, at the present time you can put under the hammer at a fantastic reserve a good work of art without a history, a "find," a foundling. Next, you employ two or three little dealers to bid against each other till the reserve is nearly touched: then your foundling is advertised into a market history. The cost to you is the auctioneer's full commission, so that he loses nothing, while you gain what you need. Now, if all reserved prices were printed in the catalogues of sales, and if only a half commission could be charged on those prices, everybody concerned—the seller, the buyer, the auctioneer—would do his work fairly before the public. Moreover, and this brings us to the second reason; suppose the safety prices to be too low for the quality of the lots. That fact would be noted by art writers and connoisseurs. Questions would be asked. "Why is that work so badly protected? What is the auctioneer doing? Is he neglectful of his client's interests and of his own commission?" Questions of this kind would be what Milton described as a learned detective police of ears.

In short, there is a quasi-secrecy about modern auctions which ought to be done away with at once. It helps to screen nefarious actions, and it leaves auctioneers without sufficient responsibility towards the public.

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida."

By William Poel.

II.—Shakespeare and Essex.

GERVINUS, in his criticism of this play, compares the satire of the Elizabethan poet with that of Aristophanes, and points out that the Greek dramatist directed his sallies against the living. This, he contends, should ever be the object of satire, because a man must not war against the defenceless and dead; and Shakespeare's instincts as a dramatist were too strongly inherited for him to be unconscious of the fundamental principles of his art. In the Elizabethan period, however, the stage supplied the place now occupied by the Press, and political discussions were carried on in public through the mouth of the actor, of which few indications can now be traced on the printed page, owing to the difficulty of fitting the date of composition with that of the performance. But Heywood, the dramatist, in his answer to the Puritan's abuse of the theatre, alludes to the stage as the great political schoolmaster of the people. On the other hand, until recent years, the labours of commentators have been chiefly confined to making literary comparisons; to discovering sources of plots, and the origin of expressions, so that there still remains much investigation needed to discover Shakespeare's political, philosophical, and religious affinities, as they appear reflected in his plays. Mr. Richard Simpson, the brilliant Shakespearean scholar, many years ago, pointed out the necessity for a new departure in criticism, and added that it was still thought derogatory to Shakespeare "to make him an upholder of any principles worth assertion," or to admit that, as a reasoner, he took any decided part in the affairs which influenced the highest minds of his day. Now in regard to politics, government by factions was then the prevailing feature; factions consisting of individuals who centred round some nobleman, whom the Queen favoured and made or weakened according to her judgment or caprice. In the autumn of 1597, Essex's influence over the Queen was waning, and after a sharp rebuke received from her at the Privy Council table, he abruptly left the Court and sullenly withdrew to his estate at Wanstead, where he remained so long in retirement that his friends remonstrated with him against his continued absence. One of them who signed himself, "Thy true servant not daring to subscribe," urged him to attend every Council and to let nothing be settled, either at home or abroad, without his knowledge. He should stay in the Court, and perform all his duties there, where he can make a greater show of discontent, than he possibly could being absent; there is nothing, he adds, that his enemies so much wish, enjoy, and rejoice in as his absence. The writer then advises him not to sue any more "because necessity will entreat for him." All he need do now is to dissemble like a courtier, and show himself outwardly unwilling of that which he has inwardly resolved. For by retiring he is playing his enemies' game, since "the greatest subject that ever is or was greatest, in the prince's favour, in his absence, is not missed."* In "Troilus and Cressida" we have a similar situation, and we hear similar advice given. Achilles, like Essex, has unbidden, and discontentedly, withdrawn to his tent, refusing to come again to his general's council-table. For doing so Ulysses remonstrates with him in almost the same words as the writer of the anonymous letter.

"The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction."

Then Achilles replies:—

"Of this my privacy I have strong reasons."

And Ulysses continues:—

"But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical,
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters."
Achilles: "Ha! known?"
Ulysses: "Is that a wonder?"

* * * *

"All the commérce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena."

If, again, we turn to the "Life and Letters of Essex," we read that on the 11th February, 1598, "it is spied out by some that my Lord of Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B.: it cannot chance but come to her Majesty's ears, and then he is undone." The lady in question was Mary Brydges, a maid of honour and celebrated beauty. Again, in the same month Essex writes to the Queen, "I was never proud till your Majesty sought to make me too base." And Achilles is blamed by Agamemnon for his pride in a remarkably fine passage. Then after news had come of the disaster to the Queen's troops in Ireland, in the summer of 1598, Essex reminds the Queen that, "I posted up and first offered my attendance after my poor advice to your Maj. But your Maj. rejected both me and my letter: the cause, as I hear, was that I refused to give counsel when I was last called to my Lord Keeper." A similar situation is found in the play. Agamemnon sends for Achilles to attend the Council and he refuses to come, and later on, when he desires a reconciliation, the Council pass him by unnoticed. It is almost impossible to read the third act of this play without being reminded of these and other incidents in Essex's life. Not yet had Shakespeare forgotten the stir that was created in London when in 1591 it was known at Court that Essex, at the siege of Rouen, had sent a personal challenge to the governor of the town couched in the following words:—"Si vous voulez combattre vous-même à cheval ou à pied je maintiendrai que la querelle du rois est plus juste que celle de la ligue, et que ma Maîtresse est plus belle que la votre." And Æneas, the Trojan, brings a challenge in almost identical words from Hector to the Greeks. It is true that this incident is in the Iliad together with the incidents connected with the withdrawal of Achilles, but Shakespeare selected his material from many sources and appears to have chosen what was most likely to appeal to his audience. Now it is not presumed that Achilles is Essex, nor that Ajax is Raleigh, nor Agamemnon Elizabeth, or that Shakespeare's audience for a moment supposed that they were; although it is to be noticed that the Achilles who comes into Shakespeare's play is not the same man at the beginning and end of the play as he is in the third act, where, in conversation with Ulysses he suddenly becomes an intelligent being and not simply a prize fighter. Shakespeare, in fact, here runs off the rails of his story and does so to the injury of his drama for reasons that must have been special to the occasion for which the play was written. For about this time, the Privy Council wrote to some Justices of the Peace, in Middlesex, complaining that certain players at the "Curtain" were reported to be representing upon the stage "the persons of some gentlemen of good descent and quality that are yet alive," and that the actors were impersonating these aristocrats "under obscure manner, but yet in such sorte as all the hearers may take notice of the matter and the persons that are meant thereby. This being a thing very unfit and offensive." It is impossible to read this protest without realising that the Achilles

* "Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex."

scenes of Shakespeare's play express, "under obscure manner," reflections upon contemporary politicians. But, indeed, the growing political unrest that marked the last few years of Elizabeth's reign could not fail to find expression on the stage.

It must be remembered, besides, that the years 1597 to 1599 were marked by a group of dramas which may be called plays of political adventure. Nash had got into trouble over a performance of "The Isle of Dogs" at the "Rose" in 1597. In the same year complaints were made against Shakespeare for putting Sir John Oldcastle on the stage in the character of Falstaff. Also in the same year Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" was published, but not without exciting suspicions at Court, for the play had a political significance in the eyes of Catholics. Queen Mary of Scotland told her English judges that "she remembered they had done the same to King Richard, whom they had degraded from all honour and dignity." Then, on the authority of Mr. H. C. Hart we are told that Ben Jonson brought Sir Walter Raleigh, the best hated man in England, on to the stage in the play of "Every Man Out of His Humour," in 1599, and, as a consequence, in the summer of the same year it was decided by the Privy Council that restrictions should be placed on satires, epigrams, and English histories, and that "noe plays be printed except they be allowed by such as have an authoritie." Dramatists, therefore, had to be much more circumspect in their political allusions after 1599 than they were before.

The two new conjectures put forward in this article are, (1) that the underplot in the "Poetaster" contains allusions to Shakespeare's play, and (2) that the withdrawal of Achilles is a reflection on the withdrawal of Essex from Elizabeth's Court. Presuming that further evidence may one day be found to support these suppositions, it is worth while to consider them in relation to the history of the play.

But it may be well first to clear away the myth in connection with the idea that this is one of Shakespeare's late plays, or that it was only partly written by the poet, or written at different periods of his life. It may be confidently asserted that Shakespeare allowed no second hand to meddle with a play so personal to himself as this one, nor was he accustomed to seek the help of any collaborator in a play that he himself initiated. We know, besides, that he wrote with facility and rapidly. As to the date of the play, the evidence of the loose dramatic construction, and the preference for dialogue where there should be drama, place it during the period when Shakespeare was writing his histories. The grip that he ultimately obtained over the stage handling of a story so as to produce a culminating and overpowering impression on his audience is wanting in "Troilus and Cressida." In fact, it is impossible to believe that this play was written after "Julius Cæsar," "Much Ado," or "Twelfth Night." Nor is there evidence of revision in the play, since there are no topical allusions to be found in it which point to a later date than 1598, except perhaps in the prologue, which could hardly have been written before 1601, and did not appear in print before 1623. Again, it is contended that there is too much wisdom crammed into the play to allow of its being an early composition. But the false ethics underlying the Troy story, which Shakespeare meant to satirise, in "Troilus and Cressida," had been previously expressed in "Lucrece," as the following verses show:—

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo (re) :
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall
To plague a private sin in general?"

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies;
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody charnel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvisèd wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds;
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

It is possible, however, that the commentators have been misled by its modernness, for the play might have been written yesterday. But this argument does not get over the difficulty, because in its modern treatment the subject is as far removed from "The Tempest," and "King Lear," as it is from "Henry V." If the play, though, be regarded as a satire written under provocation and with extraordinary mental energy, the state of the composition can be as well fixed for 1598, when Shakespeare was thirty-four years old, as for the year 1609. There is, besides, something to be said with regard to its vocabulary, as Mr. Richard Simpson has shown, which is peculiar to this play alone. Shakespeare introduces into his play a quantity of new words which he had never used before and never employed afterwards. The list is a long one. There are 126 Latinised words that are coined or used only for this play, words such as propugnation, protractive, Ptisick, publication, cognition, commixture, commodious, community, complimental. And in addition to all the Latinised words there are 124 commoner words simple and compound, not elsewhere to be found in the poet's plays, showing an unwonted search after verbal novelty in this play.

We will now, with the help of the new information, attempt to unravel the mystery as to the history of the play. The creation of the character of Falstaff in "Henry IV." (Part I.) brought Shakespeare's popularity, as a dramatist, to its zenith, and he seized the opportunity to reply to the attacks made upon himself, as a poet, by his rival poet, Chapman, and wrote a play giving a modern interpretation to the story of Troy, and working into the underplot some political allusion to Essex and the Court. The play may have been acted at the "Curtain" late in 1598, or at the "Globe" in the spring of 1599, or, perhaps, privately at some mansion of a nobleman's, who might have been one of Essex's faction. It was not liked, and Shakespeare experienced his first and most serious reverse on the stage. But he quickly retrieved his position by producing another Falstaff play, "Henry IV." (Part II), in the summer of 1599, followed by "Henry V." in the same autumn, when Essex's triumphs in Ireland are predicted. Shakespeare, nonetheless, must have felt both grieved and annoyed by the treatment his satirical comedy had received from the hands of the "grand censors." So at Christmas, 1601, when Ben Jonson produced his "Poetaster" at "Blackfriars," the younger dramatist defended his friend from the silly objections there had been made to "Troilus and Cressida." Early in 1603 a revival of "Troilus and Cressida" may have been contemplated at the "Globe," and also its publication, but the death of Essex was still too near to the memory of Londoners to make this possible, and the suggestion may have been dropped on the eve of its fulfilment; Shakespeare, meanwhile, had written a prologue, to be spoken by an actor in armour, in imitation of Jonson's prologue, with a view to protect his play from further hostility. In 1609, Shakespeare was preparing to give up his connection with the stage, and handed over his copy of the play to some publishers, for a consideration, and the book was then printed. The Globe players, however, demurred and claimed the property as theirs. The publishers then removed their first title page and inserted another one to give the appearance to the reader of its being a new one. They also wrote a preface, perhaps at the suggestion of Shakespeare, which states that the play has not before been acted on the *public* stage. The real object of the preface, however, was to defend the play from the attacks of the "grand censors," who thought that the comedy had some deep political significance, and was not merely intended to amuse and instruct. It also shows resentment at the high-handed action of the "grand possessors," the "Globe" managers, in neither being willing to act the play themselves nor yet to allow it to be published.

Unedited Opinions.

On the Soul.

IT is said by the Hindus that the lotus is sacred among them on account of its symbolising man; for the lotus lives in and by the four elements of earth, water, air, and solar fire. But we were considering the dual nature only of mind and for our purpose this is enough. If of two parts of a plant, however, one flourishes best in water and one in air, would you not conclude that their natures were different?

You are referring to what we have already agreed as to the contrariety of the qualities in the soul and in matter respectively, are you not?

To their qualities as reflected in the mind of man; for what soul may be in itself or matter in itself we have only their reflections in our mind to determine from. These reflected qualities, however, are different enough, and we may therefore conclude that their natures are no less different.

But tell me now what you believe the qualities of soul and matter as reflected in mind really are. I am anxious to hear.

You will agree that the qualities of the material mind are such as to be consistent with the material world. Since the material mind must preserve itself among material things it is naturally disposed to dwell entirely on these to the exclusion of immaterial things. Its self-preservation, in fact, depends upon its ability to see the material world as it is and to deal with it as it is. From this point of view the material mind is necessarily practical, immediate, and perpetually adaptive; with every change in the world of matter, the material mind must change with it; greatly if the change be great, and minutely if the change be minute. Adaptation to the material world, in short, is the condition of the continued existence of the material mind.

Yes, that is clear.

But now consider, in contrast, what may be called the proclivities of the spiritual mind; the mind, that is, which looks to soul for its guidance. We have seen that opportunism, practicality, perpetual change, sensibility to material impressions, are the distinguishing features of the material mind; but the spiritual mind is in rebellion against all these things. Not opportunism but principle, not practicality but ideality, not change but sameness, not sensitivity to material impressions, but sensitiveness to spiritual impressions—these are the marks of the spiritual mind. Whence did they come? Not from the world of matter, not as the result of material experience, not as logical inductions from sensible phenomena. On the contrary, nothing is more opposed to them than the sensible world. Only logical idiots could derive from the world of sense the divine nonsense the spiritual mind speaks. If, indeed, we had to rely on sense impressions only for our evidence of the existence of the soul and for a knowledge of its nature, our ignorance would be complete in proportion to our honesty. From no sensible source can we derive any knowledge of insensible things.

Then how do we obtain this knowledge if we really possess it?

By the avenue of the soul direct, acting on mind and proving itself in experience both conscious and unconscious. Of conscious experience I will say something in a minute or two; but of the unconscious experience I must make at once this classification: there is a type of conscious spiritual experience evidencing the existence of the soul which can be brought to recollection and therefore to consciousness fairly easily; there is also a type that cannot be made conscious without prolonged exercise.

What is the nature of the first variety of which you speak?

I reason on the subject in this way. Let us suppose we find in ourselves two sets of desires or appetites, the satisfaction of both of which we not only regard as necessary but discover by experience actually to be necessary to our complete health, we should be justified in concluding that we were really dual in nature. And the conclusion would be strengthened if we discovered that the two desires were not only different, but contrary in character, such that precisely what was necessary for the one was unnecessary for the other, and vice versa. But that is just how the respective desires or appetites of the spiritual and the material minds appear to me to be contrasted. For the qualities in things necessary to satisfy material desires are either unnecessary or repugnant to the qualities in things necessary to satisfy spiritual desires. And the evidence lies in this: that in every material object of desire the material mind looks for the material, but the spiritual mind for the spiritual; each values by its own standard of values; and these standards are opposed. You ask for evidence that this is known by us unconsciously. I reply that the knowledge is assumed in all our judgments of spiritual as distinct from material value. We have only to bring these assumptions to light to realise their source.

I should like, if you please, some instances of what you have in mind.

Well, take, for example, the respective satisfactions we derive from looking at an object as a means of material profit and from looking at it as an æsthetic object. The one satisfaction is purely material, the other is purely spiritual; the one is a satisfaction of the material mind, the other of the spiritual mind.

But are they necessarily contrasted and opposed?

As the abstract and the concrete are. The soul contemplates Beauty at the same moment that the body contemplates body. The soul sees in the object not an object at all, but something of its own nature: just as the body sees in it only body. Each, you observe, sees itself reflected in the object it beholds, or at least looks for its own reflection there. That these respective searches are not necessarily fulfilled in the same object is clear; there are many objects of material impressiveness that have no satisfaction for the spiritual mind whatever. The spiritual mind turns empty from them.

And the reverse may happen?

Not unless the mind can contemplate ideas without form, beauty without substance.

Then you are contending that the spiritual mind seeks in objects for spiritual things and the material mind for material things?

That and a little more; for I have said that the spiritual mind does not see body at all, and consequently cannot seek in body for any quality. The material mind, on the other hand, sees nothing but body wherever it looks. If, therefore, your mind reports of a given object both that it is material and that a quality such as beauty exists in it, the report is derived from the mind's two eyes; the material mind has seen body, the spiritual mind has seen "idea." The impression of the "idea" proves that some other vision than sense has been at work. Unconsciously the soul has also seen.

And this, you say, can be brought into consciousness fairly easily?

By examining, as I said, our assumptions. Beauty, truth, virtue, wisdom—are not these the objects of the soul's search? But are they to be found in sensible phenomena? On the contrary, we find in sense-phenomena only sensible things—extension, mass, utility, body! Our material mind sees only what animals see. But our spiritual minds see what the soul would have us see.

The evidence, then, for the existence of the soul is the existence in our minds of these abstract ideas?

Certainly.

And from them we may guess at the nature of the soul?

Yes, for the soul sees itself.

And what now of the conscious knowledge of which you said you would speak?

It is rare, it is difficult, it is perhaps impossible. When ideas become as real to our minds as objects now are, we are then spiritually conscious.

Present-Day Criticism.

SINCE, for a brief moment in August, we gathered the "Poetry Review" to our over-sanguine bosom, that review has given us repeated cause to regret the incident. The number for November completes our humiliation; we know that we nursed a sarpint—that has turned upon us by opening a combined Poetry-Shop and hotel and calling itself a *Guild*.

We must remark on a few lines from some verses by Mr. Rupert Brooke, which certainly show how vain is every attempt to subdue ignorance, but which should not be neglected for that reason. No ancient injunction was oftener repeated than that which warns one against neglecting even a contemptible opponent. Over-confidence in the powers of reverence and good taste has destroyed a century's traditions in Parliament, and has submerged the Temple of Philæ! Incredulity of unlimited human audacity has let in the professorial crowd of new spellers on the nation. We are fighting the eternal battle against gambling minds, and we should not fail to employ all weapons: the blaring conch, the fist and the discus, and myriad arrows; and our pleasure is to go forward, whether the battle be to us or to our enemies.

With some lines on the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, Mr. Rupert Brooke comes to the Poetry-Shop. It is a shocking performance, and, in a youth, peculiarly obnoxious. Among all the possible subjects for his salad pen he chooses the Conception. His choice made, nothing thereafter appals him, and he describes with the language fit, if fit at all, for common seduction. Beginning boldly: "Young Mary, loitering once," this young man nibbles after all the supposititious sensations of the Virgin. His licence is only limited by the exactions of printed matter. We may conclude, for certain, that his thoughts left nothing unstated. One scarcely knows how to write after this son of a priest. He will not shrink from speaking of the Virgin's "hot sweet sobs," the "burnings under her breasts," her "limbs' sweet treachery," her "womb," her—(God deafen us!)—her fatigue! In a day when the clergy are ferocious and impious, in a day when flagellation and the spectacle of the Crucifixion as a scoop for a Bioscope Company have been countenanced by the Church, we know that we are in a bad way for finding examples of reverence. But the canon of good taste never alters. Mr. Rupert Brooke is a youth of evil taste.

Not without support, nor suddenly, does a writer find himself publicly mauling objects of public reverence, especially objects of this order, whose mystery is, and ever will be, contained in every religious system. There has sprung up in England a miserable class of reviewers with whom licence and self-degradation in a writer always pass for genius. We do not think that many even of these would range publicly with Mr. Brooke, whose poetical talent is, to say the least, inconspicuous; and in relating the rest of this article to the subject of Mr. Frank Harris as a critic, we hasten to acquit him of anything more ignobly officious than support of the sillier kind of decadence; this decadence which would seem only silly, if it had not sometimes ended in outright insanity and suicide. In the case of Richard Middleton, Mr. Harris has done much to circulate verses which we feel assured that Middleton himself came to deplore, and would in all probability have suppressed, had he lived. That he must, at some period, have developed insanity we do not doubt. His character was ill-controlled; egotism mostly over-balanced both his power and judgment; at twenty-five he exhibited the physical appearance of a man at the middle of life. He lived, as he wrote, craving and feeble. But in a dreadfully lucid hour he wrote "The Story of a Book," and therein the reader will find all that was wise and regulated of Middleton. Of all his writings, just this particular one is passed over by the reviewers, the very good reason being that it is a wholesale condemnation, with one exception, of English reviewers, with their commercial hug of a novelty in writers, their self-laudation at the expense of criticism, their cunning flattery of themselves interlarded with perfunctory praise of their subject. He exposes the dirty business of getting a bad book on the market, the deliberate fraud of publishers and their agents, the clutch at any sensational scrap for advertising—and, at length, the public neglect of the book that had no real use and the self contempt of the deluded and awakened writer. Middleton knew his men; and we go not nearly far enough when we declare that, except for his sudden suicide by chloroform, Middleton would be to-day as far as ever from the favour of publishers and Press, for he was not only mediocre, but had fatally realised his literary poverty. To remain well with the English Press, a mediocre writer must be impudent, sensational and above all wary of arousing the malice, unquenchable once aroused, of conceit and cupidity. Middleton as good as told the Press that its reviewers were men of no account; and he would have been made to pay for his candour!

Mr. Frank Harris, as an editor who practically encouraged Middleton, has more right than most of Fleet Street to write about the deceased man. But we think that his style of writing is ill-advised and ill-mannered. This, for instance, is no honouring of the man who wrote "The Story of a Book" to say that he was without "any tinge of ethical judgment," or of him whose last words were a prayer, that "he had no religious belief." The conclusion here, overlooked by Mr. Harris, would be that Middleton died with hypocrisy on his lips. And is this any service to a man's reputation to state, as Mr. Harris states, that he "never heard a new thought" from Middleton and in the next breath to proclaim him the "equal of the foremost men of his time in knowledge of thought"? That is sophistry of a poor kind, like Mr. Harris's reckless association of Middleton with Shakespeare, Keats, Goethe, and Dante on the ground that these also wrote "love-poetry." They did; but something besides.

The influence on young men of such statements as we find piled up in Mr. Harris's notice of Middleton must be a deranging one, one to feed the folly and egotism of persons who cannot disentangle the rights of the subject. Middleton, we are told, was a dreamer —he had lived and loved and sung, and the public wouldn't care. "Well, he would not care either: life is only a dream and this dreamer's too refined to struggle, too proud to complain." The falsehood of it! Middleton's verses are full of complaint and struggle, for he lacked powers equal to his desires. The folly of incompetent men, who in this day of whim unrestrained, throw up in increasing numbers a regular for an irregular life, should not be considered as if it were a noble distinction. To Mr. Harris's "too proud to struggle," we reply with the fact of Middleton's suicide. In Mr. Harris's own words, "he had gone to death in hatred of living." He had not genius, nor anything more than a frail and common talent for verse; and this truth may be better, and as boldly, said as anything that Mr. Harris states for true—that men who struggle for recognition and end their lives for lack of it should, in charity, be named insane because their temper is certainly not more refined or noble than that of thousands of human beings who restrain themselves; but, on the contrary, is unadmirable.

There has recently come to hand a little book of verse by Mr. Raymond Rhodes, a writer who dedicates his volume to Mr. Arthur Symons. Here is the offering :—

I tilled the master's garden,
  And lo! my toil was vain,
For stealthy frosts would harden
  The loam-beds drenched with rain.

I dreamed of gold-heart roses,
  More red than swift heart's-blood :
The dusk of autumn closes
  On gaunt and withered bud. . .

The hot-house mounds are set with
Dead jasmine-plants unflowered;
What shall I pay my debt with?
My earliest fruits are soured. . . .

I search my battered coffer,
The grain of youth is spent. . . .
Master, to you I offer
Weeds of my discontent.

These jasmine-plants of decadence do never flower! It is a fortunate gardener in these regions who is left with nerve enough to live no worse than more or less discontentedly, since content is no man's portion. This small collection of verses (published by the Birmingham Printing Company) is called "Bitter-Sweet," a ruinous title. Mr. Rhodes employs a few forms correctly and his diction is good. The poem, "Remorse of the Unfaithful" is admirably economised. He has, also, humour. But in other lines, such as "A Strange Land," rhythm, the gift of undisturbed powers, does not distinguish him.

Our last intention would be of discouraging young writers of verse. But we know that there is no future for the sort of verse that the great majority of present-day writers are making. For that natural and charming verse which we have a right to expect from youth there is undoubtedly a demand. The world will never weary of this kind of poetry.

A Conversation with a Policeman.

By Karl Durgan.

WE are a hostel full of students in the City of Aire. The hostel being in a private terrace and our Principal the "Incarnation of an Ijut," bereft of backbone, our lives are distinctly our own—and we value our luck! On Saturday nights, returned from the "second house," we sit up well into Sunday morning (as Paddy would say) for the sake of the intellectual discipline of bridge.

It is Saturday night, the fire roars wastefully up chimney, the windows are wide open, the blue smoke of four foul pipes glides graceful, ghostly, into the outer darkness, the cards click gently on the table. The atmosphere is, mentally speaking, silent and tense. Suddenly, that swift sense of another personality therein subtly pervades each one of us. We do not look round. We know he is there.

Kelly, the "buttoned blue automaton," in whose beat we are, is a very sensible sort of chap for an Arm of the Law. For instance, we always leave the front study window open, or rather unfastened, for reasons that may be easily divined. One cannot always be in by locking-up time. And Kelly, with sublime insight, understands and does not push his midnight duties to their legal extremes. Having an appreciation, almost æsthetic, of a really good piece of play, and attracted perhaps by the light and the glamour of our life, Kelly nearly always "sees a few hands through," and we have come to expect him—like the postman and the "water-rates."

"Hello! Kelly," said I, "killed any cats lately? (He has a mania for the slaughter of black cats, which may be a subtle psychological safety-valve for the discomforts of discipline or merely a midnight pastime—I do not know). Come and take a hand, won't you?"

"Nay," he said, "I dusn't. I'd like to, tha' knaws, but I dusn't."

"Ah, that's the worst," said I, "of being a respectable, disciplined member of society—a just retribution for selfishly seeking the joys of service to your fellow-men."

"Aye, lad—an' tha'd be a sight better thysen', in all, for bein' in t' Force—tha'll never do nowt but tha'll be made to do it, tha' knaws."

My name being a synonym for slackness at "coll.," the guffaws which greeted this thrust need no further explanation.

"Kelly, my boy, you don't understand my nature, and like all people who don't understand others, you are rude. My temperament will not allow of my being tied down to times and seasons. I am a creature of moods, my spirit must have free play——"

"Stow it!" ejaculated Bibbey.

"Good advice, if not couched in exactly academic terms—right, I'll take it. Kelly, we're anxious to consult you. I hear that our liberties are to be handed over into your tender keeping, and the next thing we know you'll be arresting Bibbey here some night when he is unavoidably kept out late bringing home his sister"—I waited for the inevitable guffaw—"on a charge of trading in illicit females, or illicit trading in females, or what not, just at your own sweet will—discretion the Bill calls it, with true Parliamentary dignity.

"Tha's talkin' abaht t' White Slave Bill?"

"Yes. What thinkest thou thereof? Bit stiff, ain't it? Tell me, because I'm moving a motion at the Union, 'That the White Slave Traffic Bill is the greatest menace to the liberty of British subjects since the Spanish Armada,' or something like that—pure twaddle. What do you think of it, yourself?"

"Well, 't'll be a nasty jawb for us, tha' knaws. There'll not be many in t' Force, tha' knaws, 'll get their stripes that road."

"That's just it! Kelly, you're a man of insight. You remember that historic occasion when Tony Smith smuggled in petticoats through this window under your very eyes, and you thought it was one of us dressed up? A funny mess there would have been if some stupid had been on duty instead of you—been the ruin of that brilliant youth's career!"

"Aye, 't'll be a damned awk'ard jawb for us, tha' knaws."

"And I don't wish to cast reflections on the Force, Kelly. I know there are lots of straight chaps like yourself in it—but really don't you think a little money will go a long way, even with the Force? It will only make the business a bit more expensive, this Bill."

The subtle sarcasm of this Kelly did not perceive. But after all, what's the difference between Tony's carrying in the girl of his choice before the bobby's eyes, in his bravado way, and that other taking home his choice in a motor, for whom the attentive bobby may even hold open the door?

"Aye," he said, "naw tha's talking'—'t'll be more expensive." And as his mind slowly pictures the future, "There'll be some damned lucky beats, like Coburg and Spender Place. But 't'll be a nasty jawb all t' same, lad. I'd sooner be oop here, mysen'."

"I suppose this isn't really a bad beat at Christmas time?"

Silence.

The somewhat strained silence was relieved by Bibbey.

"An old girl in Spender Place, who ran three—treated them jolly well—told me that her girls could always get hold of others when they wanted 'em."

"Aye—it's not likely we can help them as won't help thersens. Tha' niver can tell when to do owt for such-like."

"Won the odds," said Bibbey. "Toss you for it, Kelly!"

"Tails," said Kelly.

"It is," said Bibbey.

Pocketing his winnings, Kelly the ponderous slowly retreats, his parting words, "Aye, sir, tha's riet—'t'll be a damned nasty jawb for t' Force."

And we agreed.

Views and Reviews.*

INTERNATIONAL courtesies are always dubious. The country that receives the compliments can only count its spoons, for it knows that the country that pays the compliment has already counted them. But it is rather more difficult to discover what international courtesy means when it takes the form of the Hyde foundation. Mr. James Hazen Hyde founded two chairs, one at the University of Paris and one at Harvard University, for an annual interchange of professors between France and America. Why? Did he hope to go to Paris when he died, or was he simply revealing a mania for imports and exports? The ostensible excuse was, of course, the promotion of a better understanding between the two countries; and in default of a more intelligible explanation we must accept this. Anyhow, this series of lectures was given on the Hyde foundation at the University of Paris by Professor Van Dyke, and it is interesting to compare it with Roosevelt's lecture, which, as it was delivered to Americans, probably contains as much truth as Professor Van Dyke's lectures. For the circumstances of the Professor's delivery were such as to put a premium on good-humoured generalities and to discount heavily the naked truth.

Professor Van Dyke argues that at some period previous to the Declaration of Independence the soul of America was born: the Declaration simply recognised the fact, formulated and asserted it in the statement: "These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." We have been taught by Huxley not to rely on witness to the miraculous; for the miraculous is impossible of proof, even by a Declaration of Independence. But there are certain signs by which the presence of a soul may be recognised; for example, it has the effect of unified and self-directive forces. In Kipling's story of the new ship, the soul of the ship came on board when the various structures had ceased to struggle and strain against each other and did their work uncomplainingly. It was after the storm, not before it, that the soul entered the ship; and the genius of Kipling symbolised a universal fact. If the soul of America was born before the Declaration of Independence, and it has made the American nation, Professor Van Dyke ought not to be obliged to explain facts by contradictions.

For example, he insists again and again that "the United States is not a confederacy; it is a nation"; yet on the same page he tells us that "it was but a little while ago that a proposal was made in Congress to unite the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and admit them to the Union as one State. But the people of Arizona protested. They did not wish to be mixed up with people of New Mexico, for whom they expressed dislike and even contempt. They would rather stay out than come in under such conditions. The protest was sufficient to block the proposed action." Evidently the soul of America is not effective outside the Union; and its extension to its neighbours will probably depend on the success of the army and navy of the United States. But if we look within the Union, the unifying power of a soul is difficult to discover. Professor Van Dyke is constrained to admit that there is no national Church, for example; and it is almost a grievance of his that the educational system is not centralised. Certainly, he makes the best of a bad case when he argues that the various forms of religion and the various sorts of education are both derivative from and productive of that self-reliance that, as Emerson says, "threw America in Adam's eye." But just as the Professor's boast that most of America's great men can claim three generations of American ancestry is significant of one desire, so his harping on the theme of centralisations suggests that the soul of America is not so clearly demonstrable as he would like it to be. In other words, there may be religion and education in America, but there is neither American religion nor American education; and Professor Van Dyke's plea that the system does produce individuals is a confession that America is not a nation, but an anarchy. Indeed, he specifically admits that the individuals there desire as little government as possible, which is a tendency not distinctly national but anarchical.

America is not less an anarchy because its Constitution, which Professor Van Dyke regards as a charter of liberty, is perhaps the most perfect of democratic systems of government. We object to anarchy because the disorder natural to that state makes any effective action supremely difficult, if not impossible; and if Emerson could sneer at the English for "rewarding as an illustrious inventor whoever will contrive one impediment more to interpose between the man and his objects," we can reply in kind when Professor Van Dyke talks of liberty and democracy being safeguarded by the American Constitution. It is practically an axiom that you cannot have a real democracy on a basis of private property; but let that pass. Theodore Roosevelt, speaking on behalf of the 1,750,000 children under fifteen years of age who are industrially employed, said: "You must go back to the conditions a century ago in the coalmines of England before you will find conditions as bad as those obtaining now, North and South, in some of the industries where we allow children to work—and yet we speak of England, which has remedied these things, and of Germany, which would not allow such conditions, as 'effete monarchies.'" One would have thought that "the spirit of fair play," which Professor Van Dyke told the students at Paris "has been, and still is, one of the creative and controlling factors of America," would lose no time in altering a state of things by which children of from five to fifteen years are compelled to labour for a living; but what is the fact? Professor Van Dyke quotes as the best evidence in support of his statement the Constitution and the Supreme Court, the latter, he says, being "an original institution, created and established by the people at the very birth of the nation, peculiar in its character and functions, I believe, to America, and embodying in visible form the spirit of fair play."

Theodore Roosevelt utters much the same praise of the judges of the Supreme Court as Professor Van Dyke, but he was speaking to Americans, not to Parisians, and the fact made some difference. For he quoted with approval the words of Abraham Lincoln, uttered immediately after swearing to uphold the Constitution: "If the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties, in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal." As an example of what this means in that Paradise of which Professor Van Dyke spoke to the Parisians, I quote a passage from Theodore Roosevelt's lecture: "In this speech I have already alluded to the decision of the New York Court which forbade the people of New York through legislation to interfere with certain tenement-house factories. Almost without exception, every intelligent social worker whom I have ever met has said to me that decision struck one of the most damaging blows ever directed against the cause of reform, against any effort for the betterment in the housing conditions of our poor people. Again, in 1907, the Court in the David L. Williams case declared that it was unconstitutional to fix the closing hours for the work of adult women. This decision rendered the 9 p.m. closing hour law on the Statute Book since 1888 non-enforcible. A law which cannot fix a closing hour in the working day is a farce. The Court nominally acted in favour of the freedom of women workers, but in practice simply forced upon them the freedom to work unlimited hours, and whenever their employers demanded. In similar fashion our highest New York Court decided that the Workmen's Compensation Law was unconstitutional. In yet another case the Supreme Court of the State (in a case recited in Mr. George W.

* "The Spirit of America." By Professor Van Dyke. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

"The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Funk and Wagnalls. 3s.)

Alger's admirable book, "Moral Overstrain") upset the verdict obtained by a young girl who had lost her arm because her employer had not provided the safety guard to protect her from injury required by statute, the Court holding that she had the "right" and liberty to contract and that she waived her right to recovery if she was vitally damaged or lost her limbs. Remember that these decisions so jealously protecting the rights of property and so callous in their disregard of life and limbs of human beings were rendered in this State, where there are more than twice as many persons killed in industrial establishments as were killed in the Spanish War. I am speaking of the year 1910, when these decisions were rendered, and of the years since." We find, then, that, while Professor Van Dyke is promoting a better understanding of America at Paris, Roosevelt is promoting a better understanding of America at New York; while Professor Van Dyke is insisting that liberty is the heritage of every American, and is safeguarded by the Constitution and the Supreme Court, Roosevelt is complaining that the Supreme Court is a tyranny, and that the Constitution is inoperative by reason of the judicial decisions. We find Professor Van Dyke boasting of the existence of the soul of America, and Roosevelt appealing to the elements of human compassion; and again I wonder what is the meaning of international courtesy.

The Surgical Treatment of Insanity.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

THE causes of insanity are so various that the successful treatment of it must necessarily include every measure known to medical and surgical science. Many cases, particularly those that arise from degeneration of the brain, are due to toxins produced by the body, and until the necessary anti-toxins are discovered, we must be content to regard them as incurable. Others, as I have shown, are susceptible to psychotherapeutic, hygienic, and medical treatment. I understand that the homeopaths are remarkably successful in the medical treatment of insanity, but homeopathy is not included in the list of Dr. Hollander's heresies. But no man of modern times has done more to insist on the localisation of brain functions, and to show that an analysis of psychological symptoms can indicate the physiological seat of the trouble, and thus limit the field of inquiry and point the way to the means of cure. For if it is certain that mania furiosa, for example, is accompanied by inflammation, disease, or lesion of the base of the temporal lobe (and the many cases quoted by Dr. Hollander in his "Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease" prove that it is), obviously there is a connection, probably a necessary connection, between the psychological symptom and the physiological state. When we find mania furiosa subsiding after treatment of the ears (many a murder has been committed, and the murderers hung, because the murderers suffered from ear disease), or after an operation for the removal of a tumour or bone splinter from the base of the temporal lobe, we may conclude that the inflammation, or injury of, or growth in, that locality was the cause of the mental trouble; and there are many such cases recorded in the book I have quoted. The fact of mania furiosa is almost a diagnosis to a doctor who is learned in the localisation of brain functions; anyhow, he knows where to look for the seat of the trouble, and the necessary curative measures need not linger long after the localisation.

A remarkable case quoted by Dr. Hollander in his new book may here be republished in proof of the foregoing argument. "Patient, aged 39, a doctor of medicine, previously quite healthy, fell from his cycle on to his head. He did not think that he had received any marked injury, and did not believe that there was any connection between his subsequent illness and the accident. There certainly were no external signs, but soon after the accident he began to suffer from headache so severely that he could not go on with his work. He got depressed, anxious without sufficient cause, accused himself of all sorts of evil deeds without foundation, and made some attempts on his life, so that he had to have a companion to watch him. He consulted various specialists, who advised change of scene; but travelling did him no good. The depression and headache increased, and he also suffered temporarily from word-blindness. He consulted the author six years after the accident, and was then melancholic, emotional, readily weeping, and very suicidal. The right side of his head pained him much, and there was a burning sensation just behind the right parietal eminence. Operation was proposed, which Mr. William Turner, M.S., F.R.C.S., carried out. Only when the head was shaved a scar became visible, which extended from the situation of the angular convolution just behind the parietal eminence vertically downwards for about two inches. A semi-circular flap was made extending from the ear to the occipital protuberance, and the scar, which was adherent to the bone, was detached. Two trephine openings, one 1 inch and the other 11-16 inch in diameter, were made and connected with one another. The bone over the angular convolution was thickened and ivory-like, without any evidence of diploë, and the dura mater was attached to the bone. The brain bulged into the opening made but did not pulsate, notwithstanding a strong pulse at the time. On incision of the dura a stream of clear fluid escaped. The membrane was found thickened, but the brain appeared normal. Dura, periosteum, and flap were each closed with stitches, only a small opening being left for drainage for some days. Patient was at once free from pain, and of cheerful normal disposition, and has remained so ever since."

Surgery offers a splendid chance of success when the symptoms can be definitely localised, and it is proved, or reasonably surmised, that they are due to some sort of focal lesion. Usually only cranial operation is necessary, for the pressure exerted by the fracture of the inner table of the skull has only to be removed, and the injured brain antiseptically treated, for the normal processes of recovery to become operative. But in doubtful cases of tumour or hæmorrhage puncture of the brain itself has been successfully performed by several German surgeons, in suitable cases, with excellent results. The tolerance by the brain of surgical interference is really remarkable, and it is safe to predict that as the knowledge of the localisation of mental functions becomes more extended, operative treatment will be more readily prescribed, and a number of cases taken out of the hands of the physicians. For it is certain that injury to the head is a common cause of insanity; and even prolonged labour at birth, or the pressure of badly applied forceps sometimes results in more or less permanent injury of the brain. It is not too much to hope that as cranial and cerebral surgery develops in knowledge and skill, that some cases of idiocy, minor forms of imbecility and moral insanity may become amenable to surgical treatment. In those cases of insanity due to physical irritation of the brain, caused by depressed bone and splinters from the inner table resulting from injury, osteophytes, thickened bone from circumscribed inflammation or adhesion of membranes from the same cause, localised hæmorrhage, foreign bodies within the cranium (bullets), tumours, etc., surgical treatment may be successful years after the accident. Among the cases published by Dr. Hollander in his previous work :

Two were cured three years after the accident.
Five were cured four years after the accident.
One was cured six years after the accident.
Three were cured eight years after the accident.
Two were cured eleven years after the accident.
Two were cured sixteen years after the accident.
One was cured 25 years after the accident.
One was cured 31 years after the accident.

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

Among these were cases of melancholia, mania and homicidal insanity, delusional insanity, hypsomania, moral insanity, general paralysis of insane, and even dementia.

It is strange that surgery has been so slow in coming to the assistance of the physician in the treatment of insanity. Ordinary mortals commonly explain mental symptoms by reference to injury of the brain, in those cases where the brain has been injured; and it is remarkable that comparatively few medical psychologists have thought of the possibility of a surgical cure. Dr. Hollander hints that the reluctance was due to a proud determination on the part of the profession not to be instructed in the cause of disease by the friends of the patients. It is to be hoped that the localisation theory will enable them to maintain their proud reserve and, at the same time, prescribe successful treatment for their patients; for there is no doubt that many cases can be localised and surgically treated. "I have shown in my books," says Dr. Hollander, "that disease of the internal ear often spreads to the brain and gives rise to irascible insanity and frequently to delusions of persecution. When the ear disease has been treated, the insanity gives way also. There are no cases more common than those in which a mental quality is developed to a degree never manifested in health in consequence of a wound. Thus I have quoted cases of blows on the temple which have caused kleptomania; blows on the parietal eminence followed by excessive fear leading to melancholia; on the vortex of the head followed by religious insanity, and so on. And when the source of irritation was removed, the excited mental power was reduced to normal activity." In the light of these facts, it is to be hoped that the medical profession and the public will cease to regard asylum care as the only mode of treatment for insanity; and will turn their attention to curative measures that in other lands, and, in a few notable cases, in our own land, have been successful.

REVIEWS.

Six Lectures on the Inns of Court and of Chancery. By W. Blake Odgers, K.C., E. M. Underdown, K.C., A. R. Ingpen, K.C., J. Douglas Walker, K.C., and H. E. Duke, K.C., M.P. (Macmillan, 1s.)

FIVE benchers, let loose on the history of the Inns of Court, have together produced a volume which in the hands of a judicious editor, armed with the abhorred shears, might have been made into a valuable compendium of knowledge of the legal settlements. It falls short of this only because it is unedited; perhaps the difficulty was insurmountable. Confronted with the task of correcting five benchers, the youngest stuff-gownsman might be excused should he tuck up his gown and flee. The Inns themselves had not the courage to nominate anyone for the work, and so there is placed in the hands of the public a book which, by its contradictions, will create no little confusion in the minds of those who read it. We find fault chiefly with Mr. Ingpen, of the Middle Temple, whose domineering assertion is at times almost ridiculous. Take, for instance, this passage:—

"So it came about that the Society of the Middle Temple first located themselves in the Temple between the years 1322-26, and the Society of the Inner Temple about the year 1368, or 40 years later."

When Mr. Ingpen says this, with as much confidence as if it was drawn from the Doomsday Book, he is making a statement which he must know he cannot substantiate, also which his learned colleague from the Inner Temple does not believe to be true. There is not a scrap of contemporary parchment to show which of the two Inns of the Temple was first constituted, whether they grew from one body, or whether they were separate from the first. Mere unproved theories —the air of the Temple is thick with them—which are hotly contested by others at least as influential as those who advance them, ought not to be stated as facts. Mr. Ingpen is altogether wrong when he says (pp. 125-6) that Robert de Clifford, at the time of his death in 1344, had leased Clifford's Inn to the apprenticii de banco. Robert, the fifth Baron, was mouldering dust before this, and the Inn was leased by Isabella, widow of the sixth Baron, as is correctly stated by his fellow author in this volume, Dr. Blake Odgers (p. 52) though no guidance is given to the reader as to which of the two versions he should accept.

What, too, is to be made of all the confused statements about Thavy's Inn? One fact ascertained on the authority of John Thavy's will (1348), is that his little house off Holborn had been used as a hostel by apprentices of the law. Dr. Blake Odgers believes (p. 24) that these apprentices migrated to the Temple, and were the parents of both societies, for he will have nothing of the "modern heresy" that the Temple societies were from the outset separate. Mr. Walker (p. 157) holds that these apprentices from Thavy's formed Lincoln's Inn. The late Mr. Inderwick, K.C., believed that they constituted the Society of the Inner Temple. If all these good people are to be credited, Thavy's Inn was a sort of legal Garden of Eden, from which the first parents of all the lawyers emanated. The plain fact is that nobody knows, and the reader of a popular book like this ought to be duly cautioned.

Mr. Underdown's contribution is perhaps the most valuable. A careful revision of the spoken lecture before printing should have avoided such slips (p. 80) as: "In 1232, King Edward I., when Hubert de Burgh was a prisoner in the Tower," etc. Dr. Blake Odgers does a good service when restoring a little credit to the tradition that Geoffrey Chaucer was a member of Inner Temple, and was fined by the Masters for beating a Franciscan friar. It rests upon Speght's statement, prefixed to the 1574 edition of the "Canterbury Tales"—

"It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geffrey Chaucer was fined 2s. for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street."

Dr. Blake Odgers finds that this Buckley was a real person; he was chief butler of the Inner Temple, and also librarian, so he had access to the records. Excellent! But what does the genial Odgers mean, in his capital introductory lecture dealing with the legal and extra-rural area, by his repeated references (pp. 13, 23, 25) to "the wall"? Does he really imagine that the liberties, like the inner City, were surrounded by a wall? The Roman wall, too, did not run (p. 9) "at the foot of Ludgate Hill." It is such banalities as these in a book given to the public on the high authority of five benchers that make us keenly regret that some competent archæologist was not employed to put them straight. When the benchers come down to the sure ground of surviving written records they are quite good.

King Fialar. B. J. L. Runeberg. (Dent. 5s.)

A translation from the Swedish by Girikr Magnusson. The plot of this epic was old before Runeberg adopted it, and modern readers will scarcely thrill with either terror or pity. Here is the mortal defiant of gods, and to be punished in the worst way, his innocent descendants being doomed to commit incest. He will still outwit the gods by slaying his daughter. As ever, the exposed child survives; as ever, she falls in love with, of all persons in the world, her unknown brother! The secret comes out and the innocent die a bloody death, and the guilty repents and the purpose of the gods is effected. Runeberg is a great poet in Sweden. We should sneer at an English minor who might waste his talent on a plot which outrages and *bores* humanity.

Songs from the Forest of Tane. By T. C. Chamberlin. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d.)

Surely the natives of New Zealand, including the beautiful and godlike youth of the frontispiece, cannot be so cruelly smitten with world-weariness! Mr. Chamberlin's verses might as well have been written in St. James' Park for any distinction the forest has given to them:—

You did not ask me then what honour was,
But woman-like you stole your arms around
And kindled once again my slumbering passions
With those clinging lips.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Of the bankruptcy that has befallen the "intellectuals," Mr. Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son," recently produced at the Kingsway Theatre, is another proof. For we find our "modern" dramatist reverting to type, and returning to the cup-and-saucer comedy of Tom Robertson for his inspiration. Indeed, in the second act he actually has a rehearsal of "Caste," so that there may be no doubt of the purpose of his play. Of course, all things are true of a nation that does not produce castes but classes, and produces individuals more than either; and Tom Robertson's satire of the pretensions to caste made by our English aristocracy has at least been justified by events. Cadets of our noble houses do marry ballet-girls, and are received in polite society. On the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy is right; our country gentry will resist the intrusion of one of the lower orders into their class when there is no compensating advantage for that intrusion. But all these things are truisms. An acquaintance not only with literature, but with the contents of the daily Press, has made everyone familiar with the problem.

Even the satire of the morality of the English people is as old as Fielding, at least; who can have forgotten how Squire Western changed his commendation to cursing when he discovered that Tom Jones had been sowing his wild oats in the garden of his benefactor? To offer us, at this time of day, two cases of illegitimate intercourse, and to show us a fine old English gentleman deciding that the under-keeper must marry the village girl because that is the right thing to do, and that his own son must not marry the lady's-maid because that is not the right thing to do, is to occupy our time to no purpose. The point of the satire has been blunted by much repetition; besides, we know in these days of enlightenment and grace that a morality that has one answer only to a question is a quack morality. If Sir William Cheshire had insisted that his son Bill should marry the lady's-maid because Bill was the father of her child, his morality would have been a matter for laughter. He had the English commonsense to say, in this case, "Morality be damned!" and, although he compelled Dunning to marry Rose Taylor, we cannot feel that the action was inconsistent. He knew, as everyone knows, that among equals, one woman is as good as another, even if some are better than most; and people who have the domestic habit can accommodate themselves to and live comfortably with practically anybody, provided that there is no incompatibility of expectations of life, or disparity of desires and tastes. It is practically certain that Dunning and Rose Taylor agreed on the essentials of married life, and that they would shake down into that routine of parenthood and profanity that we call home life.

The satire fails, then, purely and simply because it is as conventional as the morality. Mr. Galsworthy reveals himself as the conventional Englishman, protesting that love alone sanctifies marriage; although everyone knows that the happy marriages are never love marriages. "You have only to look at these people," said Stevenson, "to see that they were never in love, or hate, or in any other high passion." But the question of caste remains, and here Mr. Galsworthy reveals himself as less "advanced" a thinker, less powerful a dramatist, than Tom Robertson. Tom Robertson also believed that love sanctified marriage; therefore, George d'Alroy, crying, "Caste, caste! Curse caste!" married Esther Eccles secretly. His mother discovered the marriage, and refused to recognise the bride; but the opportune resurrection of George d'Alroy from the "reported dead" brought them all together again, and in the tumult of the common human joy the barriers of caste were raised. Robertson was wise enough to make his Esther Eccles a not impossible person; indeed, if it is true that the castes are dispersed, he showed sentimentally enough that it is possible for equals to meet, however divided by class distinctions they may be. Esther was at least the equal of George d'Alroy, and the Marquise de St. Maur had finally to recognise the equality; but the barrier was raised to admit only Esther, not her relatives. "I won't have the man who smells of putty, nor the man who smells of beer," she said finally, staunch to the last in the defence of caste. Tom Robertson's "Caste" was a sentimental treatment of the conflict in which human beings find their own level; and it was not without philosophical validity or dramatic merit.

But there is no such validity in Mr. Galsworthy's treatment of the subject. His Bill Cheshire is a degenerate son, resembling his father only in his obstinacy, his hot-headedness, and his courage. His father has the history of England in his blood, the soil in his bones, and the atmosphere in his brains. But Bill Cheshire is simply concupiscence crossed with good form. He will marry the girl he has seduced simply because he "cannot leave her in the lurch"; and England, caste, and family may get on as well as they can without him. Indeed, he is a dispensable figure; he is worthy of the lady's-maid, and no more. But Mr. Galsworthy, with his public-school cant, ignores the real problem of caste, the struggle upward of a character misplaced. His Freda Studdenham, like his Bill Cheshire, is Chandala; it is right, philosophically, that she should not marry above herself, it is wrong that Bill Cheshire should be prevented from marrying his equal.

Dramatically, Mr. Galsworthy is at his old task of breaking bruised reeds. In "Justice" he set the whole machinery of law to crush a man whose backbone could be snapped between finger and thumb. In "The Eldest Son," he rests the whole weight of the play on a girl who says that she "was brought up by her father not to whine," and whines as she says it. There is no drama without conflict of character, and there can be no conflict without character. Freda Studdenham has nothing but her weakness to oppose to the forces arrayed against her; and although "Gauntlet or Gospel" can be dramatised, nothing can happen unless the gospel is voiced and a hand is thrust into the gauntlet. You cannot make drama without characters, and a girl who weeps because she is going to have a child and is not married is not a character. There is not a ha'porth of fight in her, and the fact is obvious from the first; and Mr. Galsworthy simply plods on to a foregone conclusion by spinning out his play to three acts.

But the extraordinary thing is that these "modern" dramatists write their plays to produce no effect. Drama, which should climb by climax to a crisis, disperses into the status quo ante bellum in the works of these modern writers. So far as the problem of the play is concerned, it is unresolved: the whole three acts arrive at nothing. At the beginning of the play, Freda is weeping because she is carrying a child and is not married; at the end of the play, she is still doing the same. Not one character in the play is changed by the succession of events: we know very well that Mabel Lanfarne will be induced to stay, and that Bill will be forgiven for his lapse and married comfortably to the Irish lady. And the reason is, of course, that no problem is posed: no one doubts that it is possible to crack Spanish nuts with a Nasmyth hammer, and the strength of the antagonists posed by Mr. Galsworthy is in a like proportion. Mr. Galsworthy's damnable persistence in this unfair and inartistic selection of antagonists must be due to a native brutality and insensibility of mind; and it results in plays that have not wit, nor poetry, nor even the elements of drama. The end of them all is, "As you were"; and meanwhile we have seen people saying and doing nothing but what we already know they say and do.

Pastiche.

DUOLOGUE BETWEEN PETER AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN AND A CERTAIN MAN WHO SOUGHT ADMISSION THERE.

SEEKER : Please, Peter, may I come in?

PETER : First tell me, have you held the Faith in simplicity of heart and humility of mind?

S. (piously) : I hope so.

P. : Have you lived in love and charity with your neighbours?

S. : I have not an enemy in the world.

P. (meditatively) : Ah! You have paid all just dues both to the Church and to the State?

S. : Certainly.

P. : And the Poor—what have you done for them?

S. (He becomes eloquent and produces a receipt from under his arm) : Did I not tell you I had paid all levies, rates and taxes as they were demanded of me? I have paid twice every year my penny in the £ for Poor Rate, so that no man, woman, or child need starve in England. And now, just lately, I have willingly contributed monies to maintain the Poor in sickness and disease as well. What more could I have done?

PETER : I am aware of these levies of which you speak. Many have thought thereby to gain admission here. You have all been misled, I fear. The ticket obtained is only available by Underground. You had better go below and help to pick up the pennies from the Slot Machines—there is quite a run on them at present, I am told.

F. L. W.

THE RENEGADE.

I will not cringe and grovel at God's throne.
I have no heart for litanies and creeds;
If I have sinned, the forfeit be my own,
I will not whine to others of my deeds.

I chafe at this irksome round of prayer,
This feigned remorse, these bendings of the knee,
These passing gusts of Sabbath-day despair,
These empty laudings of the life to be.

But let me hear the organ-note uprise
And roll in ever-changing waves of sound,
Sweeping the congregation from my eyes,
Lifting me from this barren patch of ground.

I will forget this sorry, bloodless herd,
This gathering of smug and doltish moles,
Who hear these harmonies with hearts unstirred,
Who gain salvation, but have lost their souls.

Who cower and quake and gibber week by week,
Shaping their lips, the dull old lies to frame;
This fawning troop of dotards, gross and sleek,
Whose sins are cancelled in Another's name.

I will forget, and as these rhythms surge,
And in a mighty torrent pour and swell;
They have more potency, my soul to purge,
Than all the blood of Christ, or dread of Hell.

P. SELVER.

SPECIMENS BY A PROFESSOR OF ETYMOLOGY.

In view of the fact that a serious effort is to be made, in one part of London at least, to rid the streets of the tribe of insects known as the Common Tramp or Vagrant, it is surely in the interests of science that a record be kept of the mode of life and habitat of some of the more leading types lest, by any chance, the species become extinct and the public deprived of their means of observation.

The specimens themselves, having been run to earth with a pin, are, we understand, to be deposited in the pigeon-holes of the official museums of the nation.

A.

This type may be seen any day flitting about our public institutions, free libraries, etc. In one of the latter a specimen was recently observed to alight on a volume of the London Directory—much to the discomfort of the young man in charge. Though obviously degenerate from the ancestral type (the Busy Bee or Common Apis), some varieties have not altogether lost the habit of work. Owing, however, to the beautiful organisation of their more successful rivals, these insects frequently appear to find considerable difficulty in obtaining adequate means of sustenance, and fall back either upon plunder or upon the chance leavings of their industrious confrères.

B.

Many of the characteristics of this type point to its classification merely as a more highly degenerate form of the foregoing. The insect is particularly susceptible to various forms of disease—even foods of a saccharine nature, natural to the tribe, appear to set up fermentation in the system, and the insect either kills itself in this way or dies a natural death from starvation. Specimens are not seldom found in a semi-comatose condition from which, if aroused, they frequently become fierce and offensive in their attack. The type cannot long remain inextinct.

C.

Is more nearly allied to the original wild stock—the nomadic—and is consequently rarely found in the towns, preferring the open country to the busy haunts of men. The spirit of the Species, if I may permit myself the expression, resides in this type, and the sight of occasional specimens in our parks and open spaces strangely arouses the wanderlust dormant in the breast of even the most highly civilised of our race. With the exercise of a stricter supervision in rural districts the variety, though comparatively harmless, will doubtless become more and more rare.

D.

This type is by far the most rare of any. Only after careful and prolonged observation can the insect be found at all. The present observer was so fortunate as to meet with a particularly fine specimen the other day in a most unlikely place—one of our great cathedrals—perched upon a chair, vis-à-vis with an open copy of the Book of Common Prayer, which had, presumably, constituted the attraction.

The variety, which is distinct from any of the foregoing, may perhaps be looked upon as the "aristocrat" of the tribe, and is known to be particularly virulent in its attacks on the human species, the poison instilled by its sting having a peculiarly subtle effect upon the constitution.

F. L. W.

THE SYSTEM.

" But we're so poor," employers cry,
" Our shares are only now at par."
At par! forsooth, now will you try
And see if in your mem'ry are
Those times when prices were so bloated,
" Watered " stock was quickly floated.

" Poor," you say—the trade returns
Are interesting reading now:
It seems that this poor country earns
More and more each year—a sow
Could not breed more indecently
Than England's trade just recently.

" And why indecently? " you ask.
Simply this—the workers shiver
While the few employers bask
In sunny climes and clog their liver;
They starve who earn : their " relatives,"
So bored by food, take sedatives.

The Income Tax Returns now too,
The disproportion there would shame
A——Lord! they want a much worse name,
These who tell to a beery crew
Of how the Tax Surveyor was diddled;
You know Rome burned while Nero fiddled!

Don't think their tax returns are true:
You can't put "Virtue Damned" on paper.
Such things are in the abstract—you
Can't expect an ethic caper:
Such details needlessly might shock you.
Besides, a cooked return's a virtue.

It's not a very mighty problem:
Prices up and wages down,
Profits up and up—a clown
Might solve it. Rob them!
Oh, dear, no! we wouldn't think it.
But this damned system—why—we'll sink it!

EFFEE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

Sir,—I am glad to see that you continue to publish letters condemning the above. The public cannot be too fully informed as to what legislation it is that followers of the meek and lowly on £5,000, £10,000, and £15,000 per annum, in combination with the jaded, unloved, embittered haters of men, wish to impose upon it in the name of morality. Not satisfied with the existing one-sided ban under which a man can be imprisoned for living on the wages of female prostitution—though no woman who lived with a male prostitute could be imprisoned for living on the wages of that, and under which a man can be birched as an incorrigible rogue—those reformers desire that a man shall be flogged for "procuring" a woman who probably asked to be "procured," and for living on immoral earnings which were, perhaps, shoved into his pocket, though they would be horrified at the notion of flogging a woman, even though she had sent her own daughter on the streets, or even though they knew she was a reckless disseminator of the most loathsome disease, calculated to infect little children as well as men and women.

The most disgraceful part of the whole business is that the most brutally strenuous supporters of this iniquitous measure, which looks for all the world as if it had been drafted by Mrs. Pankhurst and that gang, have been people avowing themselves to be anti-Suffragists. As in the case of the Llanystumdwy incident, so now, these individuals have used the very dictum of the most frenzied Suffragettes—in fact, the Lees, and the McKennas, and the Lockwoods, not to speak of the rabble of "yellow" journalists, show to very poor advantage against Suffragists like Sir William Byles and Mr. Arthur Lynch.

The fact is, it is high time we had an Anti-Feminist League, with Belfort Bax at its head, to fight for the interests of men where such conflict with the interests of women, in addition to opposing Woman Suffrage. The Anti-Suffrage League is a broken reed as far as this is concerned. Hopelessly undemocratic from top to bottom it exists to oppose Woman Suffrage from the point of view of Imperialism and Toryism, and to prevent any chance of women eventually sharing in the loaves and fishes. It cares nothing about the position of men under the laws. The subject is never mentioned in the "Anti-Suffrage Review," it is barely touched upon in the Anti-Suffrage Handbook, and the leaflet on the subject, which is rarely distributed, is too feeble for words.

ARCHIBALD GIBBS.

* * *

THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—I regret the haste and ill-considered phrasing of my letter of two weeks since. I regret its ambiguities. I have, it seems, been as much bored by uninformed pro-Turks as Mr. Pickthall has been by uninformed pro-Bulgars.

If, as I hear, Mr. Pickthall has been "muzzled" by other papers, I am very glad that THE NEW AGE should present his arguments. I meant no disrespect to his style which is certainly much better than my own. My dull shaft was aimed at other pro-Turkish articles which I had read, and I should have taken care enough with my letter to make this apparent.

My objection to Turkey is in no degree religious.

I am still unconvinced that a continuance of the Ottoman rule in Europe would have been of the slightest benefit to anyone.

I cannot be brought to believe in the fibre of a government that sends out starving troops and furnishes them with wooden bullets; that Sufism is preferable to Methodism I am quite ready to admit.

To argue that a government has been cheated out of its eye teeth by thieving neighbours is not to argue well in its favour. It is the business of a government not to be so cheated. When a government becomes susceptible to such fraud it has become archaic, and is a danger to itself and everyone else, and incompetence in high places is in itself a crime.

I have no doubt that there are charming personalities among the Turkish aristocracy, but any man who would put faith in the given word of England or of any other European Power, is utterly unfit to govern a modern state. He is the sort of man that would serve out wooden bullets.

If, as Mr. Pickthall contends, the heaviest burden of Turkish rule has fallen on Moslems, this must not be counted the least of Turkey's ill-doings.

I have a stupid prejudice in favour of straight roads and of public order.

I detest the established rights and capacities of capital as much as does Mr. Pickthall, but I have not yet rid my mind of the suspicion that he harbours a quaint and picturesque belief in the divine right of kings.

EZRA POUND.

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir,—I should like to say a few words in reply to Mrs. Hastings's letter in THE NEW AGE, on November 26th, concerning the white slave traffic.

Mrs. Hastings states with cheerful assurance that: "No girl or woman can be taken away against her will to go." This is most comfortable to hear, but what are we to understand by it exactly? Does the writer intend us to take her words literally, "no woman can be *taken away*," etc.? or are we to understand that no woman need be kept away indefinitely after she has been duped and defiled. Presumably, the former, judging by the continuation of the letter in which case, I beg to quote two instances lately come to my knowledge, which are calculated, I should imagine, to persuade even so blithe an optimist as Mrs. Hastings to admit that a girl may be decoyed to disaster without possessing either the instincts of a prostitute or the intelligence of an infant. Last month, in one of the largest and best-known London stores an old lady fell down in a faint. Amongst the people who volunteered assistance was a girl of the neighbourhood, pretty, fresh and in the early twenties; and this girl, without being either "odd" or in pursuit of the prostitute's "fattening" occupation, had a kind heart and natural good manners, which doubtless led the old lady to feel quite certain she had made no mistake in a little calculation she had busied herself with some time earlier. "My dear," she said, as the girl supported her to a taxi, "I can't possibly go home alone in this state; will you see me safely back?" The girl did so, . . and has never been heard of since. In the other ease, a country youngster, who had come up alone to London, expecting to be met, found her friends had failed her, and was wandering about the station, uncertain what to do, when a well-dressed woman spoke to her genially, offered her a lift in her carriage. Her relations have sought her in vain.

How does Mrs. Hastings view such incidents as these? It would be interesting to hear—the more so since the point of view which can induce any sane person to ridicule the efforts of the clean-minded, at this delicate juncture of so vital an inquiry, is obscure enough to be well-nigh unintelligible. Even supposing there be exaggeration from time to time, as is inevitable in all large movements, what need to scoff from the comfortable security of one's arm-chair? People are ready enough to calm down and purr their vicarious philosophy, and forget and drift—without a Mrs. Hastings to encourage them. But are we progressing that way? Is it pleasant to reflect that thousands of our violated sisters may be choosing now in anguish between attempted escape to their homes (with the very real risk of being murdered if intercepted), between "escape," I say, spoiled in body and often in mind, and, on the other hand, giving way to their foul persecutors from sheer despair?

I confess I do not enjoy the notion myself.

Nor should I sleep more happily for having induced one person to feel cheerfully jocose about the matter.

But possibly Mrs. Hastings has a broader vision than I.

O. K. SIMES.

[Our correspondent writes: I assure Mr. Simes that the tale of the little girl from the country was born and brought up in our family. I heard it twice every term upon going to and returning from boarding-school. The old lady in a faint story is new to me, and I am quite willing to examine it in all its thrilling details. By the way, the romantic language of these reformers indicates a pre-occupation with thrilling detail: style is the man. If they are insulted by the epigram let them legislate against that! So we have our old lady in a faint in one of our largest and best known London shops, and the pretty, fresh kind-hearted girl of the neighbourhood with natural good manners helping her. This old lady had made no mistake in a little calculation with which, Mr. Simes positively testifies, she had busied herself "some time earlier." Darkly we gather that the old lady wanted a likely girl for a brothel, and making no mistake or confusing kind-hearted assistance with competence to serve profitably in a brothel, she picked out this very person, who was never heard of any more. "'My dear,' she said as the girl supported her to a taxi." How does Mr. Simes *know*? He is repeating, he does not know. Who was the girl? What London shop was it? Who was the taxi-man? Why should not all London have been advised of this event? An innocent girl is captured out of a big shop, and yet all names are suppressed. Why? The presumption is

that there are no names, or that the circumstances are too suspicious for publicity. Perhaps Mr. Simes will give me the name of my old bogey of boarding-school days. Who was that little girl? He mustn't invent her, or I shall want to know how old she is now. But I want to imagine what could have become of the kind-hearted young lady. Suppose she has been subtly decoyed into some London brothel. She is wanted for the business of the house, to entertain men, and make a profit for the old woman who is so clever! On discovering the deceit the honest girl would turn into an amazon, a screaming, biting wild-cat. London houses are not built without windows, or with padded cells. They are open to mechanics, sanitary inspectors, and the police. Neighbours are all around. A house with any appearance of an asylum would not escape attention. Screams are loud noises, uncommon noises. Even in a slum prolonged screams would attract a mob. The last thing, so we hear, desired by brothel-keepers is a scene of any sort! And what about the profit? Do men go to brothels to be scratched and bitten, and so marked by a desperate white slave? Suppose there were one such pervert among every thousand men, would his pay support Mr. Simes' "thousands of violated sisters."

The extreme supposition is that the girl was murdered, though she might easily be drugged and left on a lonely road; but the inference from this, unless we are to assume wholesale murder in London and elsewhere of these thousands and thousands (of myths!)—the inference is that a little persuasion soon overcomes all scruples! But how will the flogging of *men* touch the old lady and the well-dressed genial woman with a carriage? Answer that, hypocrites! Do not answer anything else. Answer that!

The conclusion about the temper of the floggers (I do not mean merely stupid persons who do not *feel* towards flogging but only verbally assent) is quite clear. They simply want to flog. The very idea of flagellation excites them. They rise in their seats and cheer hysterically as soon as flogging is mentioned; that is what they want first and above all. In a lower rank of life they would willingly act what they now say. In a loose or fanatical community, they would soon reproduce all barbarism. What has the world to say of the young Earl Lytton? Personally, I did not turn a hair at reading his speech in the Lords on branding. I have read several speeches by this young man, none of which would bear critical investigation: the style is the man. He is a little monstrosity, an example of Sainte-Beuve's saying that "the mind of a great man, when it is divided and broken up, so to say, among his descendants, sometimes produces strange forms or even strange monstrosities." At Lord Alverstone's reply that he should not approve of branding since the worst may be reformed, I laughed. I know my Alverstone, theatrical old devil! I laughed twice, because these chickens of stray observations come home to roost. We may wait until he thumps his next doomed wretch under the belt, as he thumped the solitary and entirely damned Crippen, whose psychology was very clear, whose temporary madness was not accompanied by anything resembling the dirty tricks worked against him by the lawyers. On this subject I am convinced that homicides, even those that remember their whole guilt, must come to consider themselves honourable men in comparison with the tricksters of the law courts. Very few criminals appear to lose their self-respect after a long trial; on the contrary, they gain and become capable of self-defensive assertion which could never distinguish a man who knew he was among moral superiors. I imagine Crippen's thoughts on hearing the evidence as to the finding of hyosine in the lump of flesh and of his pyjamas in the cellar! I imagine the guiltless Seddon forgetting all his over-sharp business tricks which may, at last, have pricked him, in contemplation of Sir Rufus Isaacs!

So I laughed at Alverstone, his protestation, for his record is full. But the Archbishop of Canterbury did surprise me—by his recklessness. We know that he is a would-be flogger; we know that no reason has been tolerated by him—he is out to flog. But that is a craving of many persons at this moment; a steam of cruelty is travelling about, and it is hard to say whether any given person infected another or was himself infected; all that is quite clear is that a flogger desires not be cured, and when public opinion eventually nullifies the savage Bill, you will hear these people crying out for branding, not so exciting but better than nothing! Wait and see. They are a type and eternal as the race. But, how unwise of the Archbishop to read out publicly such a letter as he read to the Lords. A friend, a clergyman, and a fellow-flogger wrote to him, and this is what he wrote: "We have had some experience of the value of flogging. There is little of the white slave traffic here, but there are many brothels." There's an admission: No slaves—all voluntary prostitutes. How enlightening. But it shows that this universality of the bully and his victim is not quite what we have been told. There is no *need* of slaves. Evidently there is great demand, however, in that city. Men support these many brothels. One wonders what is the prostitutes' view of it: no bullies—remember they call them protectors!—no protectors. Men may cheat them or beat them; they dare not call in policemen! The lowest brute who went in would be absolutely immune from interference. But I won't talk nonsense: the prostitutes must protect themselves somehow. I once met a remarkable person named Jo Beef. Jo was a woman and a former keeper of brothels. I think she might safely have tackled any grenadier in the army. When I met her she was keeping an inn, and had lately been married in church to Mr. Beef, a very small man, formerly her "bully." One of her boasts was of the number of her "slaves" whom she had settled comfortably and legally in life before they got too old—there were others; but her great boast was that no man had ever got away from her girls without paying. *She* saw to that. Mr. Beef never lived in the house; she kept him as a luxury, insisting only that he should *work*—which he did as a gambler and racing tout! It is a strange world. My point, which I have nearly lost, is that the flogging of men who may be of some use in protecting prostitutes will only lead the women to shelter with giants like my uncharacterable acquaintance, but before the feebler sort can organise, we shall probably hear of some brothel murders. Actually, the bully stands for order in a brothel; it is not the women whom he bullies, but the men—these men so curiously overlooked by the Archbishop, the Commons, the Lords, and Mrs. Mackirdy. What a bunch, as the Transatlantics say! Fancy publicly sorting them out to see who should wield the first lash. All of those ancient Pharisees must have been respectably married, but that did not cover them.

Hypocrites all—the lash and lust are inseparable! Let those that have been dragged against their reason into this flogging business back out.—BEATRICE HASTINGS.]

* * *

THE CREATING OF MATTER.

Sir,—Mr. Finn's abstract reason fails to impress me as it should when he gives alongside an example of his concrete reason.

He says—to paraphrase his words—

No scientist has observed matter to become non-extant.
∴ Since matter *cannot* (!) non-exist, it must be ever existent.

So twenty years ago it was said—

No scientist has observed telepathy to exist.
∴ Since telepathy *cannot* exist, it must be ever non-existent. Q. E. D.

Only, unfortunately for the logic, Telepathy *does* now exist—even for science, while it has always existed for very many people, even while it was still under a ban.

These are fair examples of the foolish and annoying form of syllogism, which the scientific materialist likes to employ. As the rhyme said of Jowett, What they don't know is not knowledge, and, even more than that, does not exist.

In the same way a respected surgeon is now occupied in proclaiming that

No scientist has ever observed Homœopathy to be successful (chiefly, be it noted, because they have strenuously refused to look).
∴ Since it *cannot* be successful it must ever be unsuccessful, and those who say otherwise are thieves and quacks.

I fear that unless he dies within the next few years he will have a lot of words to eat.

I would also suggest that Mr. Finn is deluding himself when he believes that he is more able to think

Matter is from everlasting
than Matter is created from nothing,

quite apart from the fact that by his own abstract reason he is condemned, for certainly he has had no experience of "everlasting."

But if Mr. Finn likes to leave abstract reason alone and argue commonsensely as to whether matter may be legitimately said to be created or not, I shall be very pleased to argue with him. But as it might well be a long process, even without the interposed veil of print, I would ask Mr. Finn to shorten matters by saying what position he will take up on the following questions.

Would he say that matter and energy are identical and one?

If not which is the cause and which the effect?

Or are they a pair of opposites which appear simultaneously by the positing of either one?

And, if so, what is the neutral condition, in which or from which they appear, and what is the agent which by its activity causes their appearance?

I fear that the argument will, as usual, be sterile, for Mr. Finn does not, I think, recognise the difference between essence and existence—which is really the point at issue, and the fundamental difference between materialists and freethinkers.

M.B. (Oxon.)

* * *

BEBEL.

Sir,—It is easy, from the vantage of his superior easy chair, to slander a great man and a great movement, but it is none the less contemptible and mean. It is all the more contemptible and mean since the man and the movement are foreign, and, therefore, unknown in the main to your readers.

No one who has seen anything at all of the German Social Democratic Party can truthfully deny that it has accomplished vastly more than "set an example to Mr. Lloyd-George!" What, indeed, has Mr. Lloyd George taken from that example? It is a gross and stupid perversion of the truth to say, as A. E. R. does, that Bebel has rigorously excluded any influence but his own from the party or that his object was mere personal power, or that he has not helped the democracy. No man alive has done more to help the democracy than he has. To hold up Bebel as a "poseur" is, perhaps, the cruellest thing of all. It would be, perhaps, a good thing for A. E. R. to discuss the matter with some of the German "Labour Party" artisans who have read Nietzsche. If his conceit would allow him he could then learn something. All this belittling of Bebel and the German Social Democratic Party is the veriest moonshine. It is true it is Parliamentarianism, but it is also Industrialism, and it is the finest combination working for the emancipation of the proletariat in the world. When we in England have attained to a tenth of its power we may have the right to say something. At present we have done nothing to make our criticism worth while. Hence, I suppose, the A. E. R.-ish abuse.

FRED H. GORLE.

[Our contributor replies: It is not easy to understand how Mr. Gorle arrives at his conclusions, for he offers no evidence in support of his assertions. I cannot, at this time of day, re-open the controversy of Social Reform v. Socialism. THE NEW AGE made up its mind on that subject long ago, and decided that as Revisionism would never result in the abolition of the wage system, Revisionists were unworthy of the tender regard of Socialists. It is without an effort that I remember that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald reproached the German Socialists with being behind the times with their programme; and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald does not meet with the approval of THE NEW AGE, it follows logically that Herr Bebel is unworthy of it. Nearly fifty years ago Bebel was elected to the Reichstag, and in a book just published, entitled "The Struggle for Bread," "A Rifleman" tells us that "Germany, despite the tremedous strides made by commerce during the past forty years, is really one of the poorest of the Great Powers, and not even in Austria or in Italy is the struggle for life more bitter. And this struggle for life must inevitably become more severe as population increases. The cleanly streets and neat homes of Berlin do not represent Germany, nor the Berliner the German working man. In the great manufacturing towns of Prussia, Bavaria, or Saxony, where the foreign eye seldom penetrates, you will find slums as fearful as the worst London can show. The German working man works for longer hours and for less pay than the Englishman, obtains less of the pleasures of life, and has conscription into the bargain." In the face of this testimony of an unprejudiced observer, of what use is it to flaunt, as Mr. Philip Snowden did in his review of Bebel's "Life," the 110 Socialist members of the Reichstag and the 4,250,000 voters at the poll? What is the use of the German Social Democratic Party if, during its existence, the struggle for bread has increased in intensity with the development of German commerce? And if the party is a failure, that failure must be attributed to the man who, as Mr. Snowden said, "is responsible for the maintenance of the unity of the Social Democratic Party in recent years, while acute, and at times bitter, controversies have raged between the dogmatic Marxians and the Revisionists. When the influence of Bebel is withdrawn from the German Social Democratic movement nothing but a miracle of the German's trained obedience to leadership and discipline can avert a disruption between the divergent and opposing theories and ideas on policy." ("Daily Citizen," November 15, 1912.) My standard of judgment agrees with your editorial policy, my criticism includes Mr. Snowden's commendation, and my comments, which seem to have hurt Mr. Gorle's feelings, are the logical deductions from the facts. I must ask Mr. Gorle to read Bebel's "Life," and to remember that I write for THE NEW AGE, before he offers me any more advice concerning the formation of my judgments.—A. E. R.]

* * *

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—As one who reads THE NEW AGE with delight each week, having special regard for it as the only paper in this country consistently capable of expressing itself in a dead language (English), and of thinking clearly, may I be allowed to take exception to the first sentence of A. E. R.'s article in your last issue.

Mr. Norman Angel's argument is not that war is impossible, but that it is become unprofitable to the *nation*, that wages war even though that nation is victorious. The argument, as I heard it from himself, was, to my mind, disingenuous, because it did not take into account such facts as are set down in Mr. Randall's article. Nevertheless, when a journalist is sufficiently ingenious to argue that the kingdom of heaven will be established largely by the connivance of fate, and in addition will pay a handsome dividend, one ought to be scrupulous in avoiding such a misleading statement of his belief as this, in criticising his argument.

PALLISTER BARKAS.

[A. E. R. writes: From a capitalistic point of view unprofitable means impossible.]

* * *

Sir,—Is A. E. R. a charitable soul, after all? He reviews "A Rifleman's" book without a word of unfavourable comment, although in the appendix to "The Struggle for Bread," "A Rifleman's" comments on THE NEW AGE lay him open to correction. Are we to suppose that A. E. R. let this passage pass uncorrected because he agreed with the main argument of the book; or was the omission due to considerations of space? The passage refers to your suggestion that there is a capitalist conspiracy which, in "A Rifleman's" phrase, "seeks to enslave labour by gilding its chains and profiting by the increased productive efficiency attributed to high wages and good conditions of livelihood." Well, if "A Rifleman" cares to read Walling's "Socialism as it is," he will find evidence of this conspiracy. But his comment shows that he has not understood THE NEW AGE argument. Certainly, if wages were raised all round, without any alteration in other matters, the capitalist would lose some of his profit, and at the same time lower the price of his goods by the increased production. But THE NEW AGE never said anything so silly, and "A Rifleman" has made a magpie this time. What THE NEW AGE did say, and I apologise for telling you what you have told us, was that by eliminating the unfit from whatever cause, the rate of wages could be raised, and an actual economy made in the total wage bill without any decrease of production. Further, that the rise in the rate of wages would be more apparent than real, for the cost of maintaining the reserves of labour would be thrown on the working classes. The Insurance Act is the first proof of this contention; the Mental Deficiency Bill, soon to be re-introduced, is another. "A Rifleman" has really demolished an argument that was never stated, as he will see if he reads your "Notes" again, and reads the passage in the appendix to his book with a leisurely eye."

GEOFFREY HOUGHTON.

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SWEATED JOURNALISTS.

Sir,—I observe you talk of industrial workers as "wage-slaves." But they are free and glorious beings compared to the wretched journalist, who not only can't call his body and soul his own, but finds what work there is for him torn out of his grasp by syndicates, agencies, companies who "work" advertisements in with "copy"; and worst of all—and most cruel to the struggling penniless women journalists, by subsidised women—well-to-do, single and married—these latter wives of generals, doctors, Cambridge professors and so forth, who haven't the face to be ashamed, as decent artisans are, of their subsidised wives competing with the women struggle-for-lifers.

But, Sir, is it not our own fault? And shall we ever be in a position to fight unscrupulous syndicates and publishers until we have a strong trade union?

You will, I think, agree with me that it is somewhat surprising to find a firm whose specialty is, I believe, ethical and religious publications, attempting to impose such an agreement upon a badly-off working litterateur.

Are you not, too, surprised at the amount paid for the

translation, viz., £20, for 50,000 words. It is, however, the conditions which I think will surprise you.

By the bye, may I ask any reader who has had agreements which he thinks unfair to communicate with me? JUSTINIAN.

* * *

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—Ewe (or yew) where rite in poring fun upon the deformers of hour venerable spelling. Sum people are never satisfied. Hear they are, airs two a gnarled old orthographic tree under which the village smith (now the local garage) used to stand, yet they must kneads slash off the whimsical branches in aweder to make everything cemetrical as they call it. I eight the hole affair and wish to goodness the Archer-fiend wear put into gaol (awe jail) along with other window smashers and breakers of the peace. Let the mills of the lore grind them aul to powder, say eye. What's an Englishmman to think when he's tolled to wright "weather" "wether." Seventy-five per sent of his talk wood go. Know man can keep on talking four ever about a sheep.

And this nonsense about the "u's" in words like "honour" and "parlour" ought to be shewn up. "What's an 'arbour' without 'u'?" I said to a lady of my acquaintance the other day. She knows the beauty of her mother-tongue, I can tell you. Thee old thyme chivalries must bee kept at all costs. Again, how are the deformers to distinguish a weigh-sighed inn from an ordinary preposition; or a bier from a glass of good ail? It's a serious problem.

This Archer-demon, Sir, has know charity. Asquith has already struck a blow at the piers. Isn't that enough? We miet in pity leave them their name. To reduce our proud Beauchamps with one fell stroke to the level of medicine-makers and turn there coronets into pill-boxes, is two hartless altogether. UNA.

* * *

Sir,—I beg leave to make one or two remarks on the correspondence published in your issue of the 21st. Mr. J. T. Fife says that as to the "elocutionist, the few I have met have been charlatans, and therefore I mistrust them." This is a sufficient reply to the writer of "Present-Day Criticism," who, in attacking spelling reform, has built his pyramid of words on these sandy foundations rather than on the bed-rock of strictly phonetic research. Mr. Fife wonders what has been done and indicates the opportunities provided by training colleges. In most of these, studies in phonetics are now part of the regular curriculum; and when one comes to remember the part played by phonetics in making the acquirement of modern languages much more thorough, there can be no doubt that the application of phonetics to the mother tongue will yield excellent results.

Mr. Fife suggests that the first job of the spelling reformers must be the reformation of the alphabet. We agree that the present alphabet has signs far too few in number to meet its demands. There are about twenty-three useable letters to record nearly twice that number of sounds. But in the first stage of spelling reform it is impossible to adopt new letters. The whole of the vested interests of the printing trade is against such a step, and Sir Isaac Pitman found, after sad experience, that for a successful beginning, reform within the limits of the present alphabet was all that could be done.

As to Mr. Wheatley, more than once or twice in his letter he falls into the error of speaking of language and spelling as though they were one and the same, which is as much as to say that a printed sheet of music is music. This is a very common error, but no true approach to the study of the matter can be made until it is got rid of. Mr. Wheatley's general appeal is that pronunciation should be made to fit in with spelling. This is entirely to reverse the order of the clock. If he will turn to Chapter 16 in Professor Skeat's "Principles of English Etymology" (Clarendon Press), he will find there the history of spelling traced. I take this passage as containing the essence of that chapter:—

"The shortest description of modern spelling is to say that, speaking generally, it represents a Victorian pronunciation of 'popular' words by means of symbols imperfectly adapted to an Elizabethan pronunciation; the symbols themselves being mainly due to the Anglo-French scribes of the Plantagenet period, whose system was meant to be phonetic. It also aims at suggesting to the eye the original forms of 'learned' words. It is thus governed by two conflicting principles, neither of which, even in its own domain, is consistently carried out."

Mr. Wheatley will find that the truly historical spelling is phonetic; that the symbols were obedient to the sound of the word; and he will find, too, that this talk about poetical experiment in the way of keeping the true word-picture, is so much talk and nothing more. The poet's arbiter is the ear. Mr. Wheatley pronounces the "l" in "fault"; he would be surprised to know that this "l" was inserted because of an etymological desire to show to the eye that the word was from the Latin "fallere." But down to the time of Pope this "l" was not pronounced. Pope rhymes the word with "thought" and "aught," but because the "l" is there we have come to pronounce it. Our forefathers used to pronounce "cucumber" as "cowcumber." Mr. Wheatley will return, no doubt, to this pronunciation. Also to that of "balcóny" (the accent on the second syllable) which Samuel Rogers preferred. Any other pronunciation, he said, made him sick. The fact is that the present spelling needs thorough revision, and if Mr. Wheatley, or anyone else, will undertake satisfactorily to answer the indictment made in the above-mentioned chapter written by Professor Skeat, I shall gladly join him in writing denunciations of the new spellers. At present, if I were on his side, I should feel to be fighting the future, which no man overthrows.

SYDNEY WALTON.
Secretary, S.S.S.

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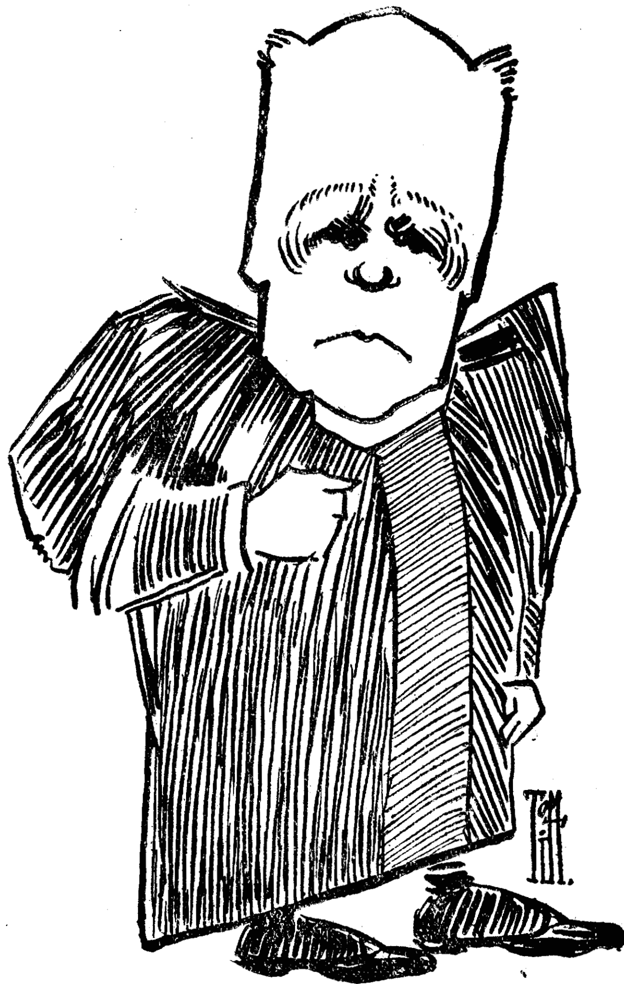

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