

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1057] NEW SERIES. Vol. XII. No. 6. THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	121
CURRENT CANT	124
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	124
MILITARY NOTES. By Romney	125
PORTUGAL NEXT—I. By Braganza Cunha	126
THE NEW SERVITUDE. By T. Good	129
HYGIENIC JINKS. By Charles Brookfarmer	130
NOTES ON THE PRESENT KALPA. By J. M. Kennedy... ..	131
PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM	132
GIPSY MANNERS. By Beatrice Hastings	133

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are not disposed like the professional cynics to pour cold water on Canada's gift of ships to the British Navy. The gift appears to have been inspired on the part of the people of Canada by sentiment in which it would be hard to discover any of the bargaining and mercenary spirit attributed to the Dominion by the huckstering Mr. Chamberlain. Doubtless there are considerations of a prudential character which Canadian statesmen took into account; for otherwise the gift would have been mere prodigality and of no significance either to the donor or to the recipient. The supremacy of the Imperial Navy guarantees indefinitely the security of Canada in practically any course she may choose to adopt. She may now at her discretion refuse absorption in the United States or to absorb Japanese immigrants without risking a single-handed and possibly disastrous war. Were the British Navy gone, her policy obviously would need to be cut according to her own unaided resources. As it is, she can carve out her future in confidence under the shadow of the Imperial wings. Again, the existence of the Empire and Canada's active partnership in it guarantee to the Canadian plutocracy (we will not say aristocracy until Canada is more interested than at present in the arts) an ample field for the careers of her wealthier sons. Speaking to Nassau Senior, whose "Conversations" are the best introduction to Foreign Affairs we know, Corcelle remarked that "ambitious men wish their country to be great, not that may be happy, but that they themselves may be great." "They wish," he continued, "for large powers, large patronage and large salaries, and these are only to be had in a large empire." One of the conditions of Canada's gift is that Canadian officers shall be appointed to the new ships. Not only Naval commands in the Empire will be apportioned to the Dominions that enter whole-heartedly into partnership with us, but in course of time high civil and military commands as well.

* * *

By whatever lofty prudential sentiments Canada has been inspired to her memorable action, the obligations and responsibilities imposed on England by the reception of the gift are to the same degree increased. England cannot simply recline like a superannuated parent

	PAGE
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R.	133
ART. By Anthony M. Ludovici	135
PASTICHE. By Morgan Tud, A. R. G., F. Dousbery, Arthur Thorn	136
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from C. H. Norman ("Observer"), Press-cutter, R. North, Mrs. Emily Macmillan, Dora Forster, Mervyn Roberts, R. B. Kerr, Fred H. Gorle, "A Rifleman," Gwendolen Bax, A. Casual Docker, Violet Mayne, J. Perrott, B.A. (Cantab), Anthony M. Ludovici, Joseph Finn, Ida Wild, L. H. White, H. Savage, Jocelyn Godefroi, George Simpson... ..	137

on the alms of her young Dominions. La force oblige; and with every fresh means of power and security the responsibility of the Empire, not to itself alone, but to mankind in general grows greater. It is not to be denied that, taking it all in all, the British Empire is the best attempt the world has yet seen to establish and maintain a common civilisation; but in comparison with what might be and even (if there is any truth in things) with what must be, the attempt is still in its elementary phase. Canada's gift is therefore not to be taken as payment for work already done, but as a means to work still to do. Nowhere more clearly than amongst Canadian Liberals is this fact realised. Mr. Borden, of course, was too discreet to allude publicly to the expectations his friends entertain of the use England will make of their contribution; but amongst themselves and in private conversation over here there is no illusion in Canadian minds that England at home is to be compared with England abroad. What we may call domestic England shocks Canadian visitors as much as Imperial England delights them. We present to them the same spectacle which Macaulay says the Russian ambassadors presented to the Court of William the Third. In the royal presence, he said, they dropped diamonds and lice indiscriminately. Dr. Macdonald of the "Toronto Globe" was not the only Canadian visitor to return and denounce us and almost to start a crusade against our wealthy classes for the deliverance of our poor. Commiseration with our English proletariat—the worst situated of any Imperial poor in history—is common all over Canada. We cannot believe that in actively entering the Imperial commonwealth, Canada means to imply that she approves of our domestic common-illth. On the contrary, we are assured that the little hesitation there has been in Canada to the national gift was solely on account of England's social squalor. And it was only with some expectation of our national reform that Canadian Liberals were finally persuaded to seal with seven million pounds their membership of the Empire.

* * *

At the same time that our responsibility has been increased the means and conditions of discharging it have been afforded us. Not only is the Canadian contribution a substantial aid in itself, not only is it likely to be followed by similar aids from other Dominions, but its effect must surely be to lay the bugbear, under which Social Reform in England is said to be languishing, of a great European war. We have never entertained much fear of a war among the Great Powers. International law, as Grotius said, follows international life. For communities no longer capable of isolation, the statecraft of Machiavelli is obsolete, and all his

maxims are in need of revision. With country knitted to country, if not by the ties of love, by the ties of interest, war is almost inconceivable. And when to this fact is added the certainty now made practical that the Dominions identify England with themselves, a European war, with England as an active party, is incredible. In other words, the bogey of foreign invasion may definitely be said to be dead; and any excuse its prowling existence might afford for delaying great social experiments is dead with it. Only dishonest knaves or ignorant obscurantist tools will for some time, at any rate, pretend that we ought not to get on with national reform because of the peril of international complications. There is no peril for the present worth the naming. Of human security we have as much as any nation could wish. The only question is now, what are we going to do with it? We repeat that something will be expected of England from her endowment with secure supremacy. Not Canada alone, but the world, expects from England in proportion to England's means. As we have been placed high in power, we are high in responsibility, and never is the responsibility greater, or the inclination to shoulder it less, than when prosperity is shining at its fullest. The trial of prosperity is the last ordeal of power.

* * *

The foregoing is not inappropriate to another occasion than the Canadian gift. For some days now the "Daily Mail" has been publishing purple pictures of our preposterous prosperity in the matter of shopkeeping. Every employable person, we are led to believe, is now in full occupation. Factories, workshops, shipyards, the sweating dens, all trades save the building trades, are as busy as they can be. Is this the time, the "Daily Mail" asks, for agitators to trouble us with demands for reform? "Even trade union officials [whom, by the way, we cannot regard as impertinently importunate—would that they were!] may find it advisable to postpone further attacks on industrial harmony till a more convenient season." They may, it is true, find an excuse for delay, but they can find no justification in the facts, even if these are as represented by the "Daily Mail." About this hypothesis there is reasonable doubt. Why should the "Daily Mail" suddenly take it into its head to announce national prosperity? On Friday last, Lord Northcliffe was booming even Consols. The reason can only be sought in the revolt of a section of the Unionist Party against the reinstatement of Tariff Reform in the front of the official programme. Tariff Reform, it is obvious, depends for its popular favour on the decline of English industry. No disease, no medicine; no medicine, no doctor. If therefore industry can be shown to be flourishing, Tariff Reform is a tactical error on the part of Unionists, and, in consequence, a bar sinister to the Unionist succession. We have said all this before, and the facts are of the simplest. The next General Election, come when it may, will be fought, not upon Tariff Reform, though Tariff Reform may distort the result; it will be fought upon the Insurance Act, its amendment or its repeal. The certainty of this makes the supersession of Tariff Reform a necessity to Unionist Party strategy. Without Tariff Reform they may win; with it they will inevitably lose. And hence, we suggest, the "Daily Mail's" campaign in proof of industrial prosperity. Among the "lessons" to be learned from their reports is, we are told, "one on which, no doubt, diverse opinions may be held." No doubt whatever. It is the lesson that Tariff Reform must be dropped.

* * *

Be that as it may, we ought to be on our guard against taking the reports of the "Daily Mail" for disinterested gospel. The "Daily Mail," it is clear, has an interest in colouring the facts rose-pink and might conceivably as easily colour them by the aid of its servile staff pitch black. Scores of reports contemporary with its own do indeed put another face on the condition of affairs. Prices of food-stuffs in particular are rising. The intensity of employment is at least being increased with its extension. Wages,

while for the moment they may be rising nominally, are actually falling relatively both to prices and to labour done. But even if this were not the case and if all political economy were being falsified by industry, the argument against reform at this moment would be absurd. If reform is not to be attempted in fair weather, when is it to be attempted? When a slump is on, the Labour leaders are rebuked for assisting the depression by their agitation. Then is the time to give and not to take until better days appear. And when a boom is on, the leaders are told that it would be folly to quarrel with providence. Why spoil hay when the sun is shining? We do not deny the damnable reasonableness of this new Morton's fork. Its ingenuity is too obvious to be missed. Nor do we deny that the Labour leaders are likely to be impressed by it. The poor fellows have a profound respect, like Mr. Shaw, for a dilemma. But we do deny that the dilemma has any validity for sensible people aware of their proper business, which is social revolution. Depression and panic are the worst conditions for a salutary revolution of ideas. Prosperity and security, on the other hand, are the best if they can only be utilised.

* * *

The difference between a revolution by ideas and a revolution by appetites is this: that the former is continuous in its course and permanent in its effects, while the latter is spasmodic and precarious. A revolution in the existing industrial system is scarcely conceivable as the result merely of periods of bad trade or even of intermittently barbarous conditions of melodramatic pauperism. Such shifting phenomena are not a sufficient ground for a determined revolutionary party. Their forces swell or dwindle with the ups and downs of imports and exports. And even if the initial energy were sufficient the accomplished revolution would be unstable. We cannot build the new commonwealth on the sorrows of the poor or maintain it from fear of them. Positive hopes and ideals, ambitions if you will, are necessary both to a persistent revolutionary campaign and an enduring revolutionary structure. There is needed a spirit of reform which cannot be lulled by temporary prosperity any more than it can be deluded by temporary depression. Revolution of this character is always in season, but most of all when external conditions promise security and the absence for a while of mere appetites. While, therefore, the "Daily Mail" may advise workmen to keep their heads well down in the manger, now there are plenty of oats, the wisest among them will choose this moment for their greatest activity in reform. Mr. Tom Mann, for example, is not allowing himself to be idle. The propaganda of Syndicalism is going on; and the implications of Guild Socialism are, we have every proof, being rapidly seized. The growth of ideas is always silent. The Labour agitators whom the "Daily Mail" addresses may be induced to turn over in their sleep, but the real revolutionaries are sowing now for the harvest.

* * *

If we could attach any importance to the post-prandial utterances of Mr. Bernard Shaw we should be inclined to note as almost momentous his admission at the Jubilee dinner to Kropotkin of the long error of the Fabian Society. Formerly, he said, he (Mr. Shaw) and his friends thought Kropotkin's theories wrong; now, however, he believed them to be right. In particular he now agreed with Kropotkin that "the people must do everything for themselves." O what a fall was there, my Collectivism! For if the workers must do everything for themselves it surely follows that everything must not be done for them. The whole doctrine of Collectivism or State Capitalism therefore falls to the ground; for the requirements of Collectivism as a system of government are an obedient people and an all-powerful bureaucracy. Where Mr. Shaw learned to recant his error of twenty-five years we do not know, and the problem is of no importance. Prince Kropotkin will hardly flatter himself that the conversion was by his persuasion. It is enough for

us that the chief worm in the Fabian corpse has now abandoned the body of false doctrine, and is contemplating a new venture. What shall it be? If Collectivism goes by the board—dies before birth, as it were—what alternative constructive proposal remains to be based on the newly realised truth that “the people must do everything for themselves”? It cannot surely be Syndicalism that Mr. Shaw and his friends have in mind. Syndicalism has been riddled by criticism both here and in Italy, where experiment put it to the test. The “Daily Herald” announced last week, nevertheless, that Syndicalism has a complete theory of society. But even Mr. Sidney Webb now knows this to be untrue. If Collectivism is unworkable, Syndicalism is equally so. There remains, therefore, so far as we can see, only one practical theory which satisfies the demands both of political thinkers and of democratic industrial organisers: it is the theory of Guild Socialism. The duties of a State do not cease when industrial organisation is popularly controlled. On the contrary, they begin where industry leaves off. It is true that “the people must do everything for themselves”; and this is the truth in Syndicalism. But it is also true that they cannot do everything *by* themselves; and this is the truth of politics. A combination of the two under another name than Guild Socialism may, perhaps, be expected from Mr. Shaw, when we will join in welcoming the fitting consummation of his creative career.

* * *

We look forward, as we say, to corporate ambition playing a large part in the coming social revolution: corporate, be it noted, as distinct from individual. “I do not thirst for myself,” said the greatest of the Hapsburgs, “but for my whole army.” Call it what you will—the class war or class solidarity—the fact remains that the proletariat will never obtain a place in the sun by individual efforts, but only by corporate efforts; and these can only be called forth by a corporate appeal to the emotions of admiration and hope. A conquest for the sake of collective honour is therefore much more likely to be undertaken than a collective flight from a poverty that does not fall on everybody. It is the status and dignity of labour that are at stake in the incipient revolution; and much more perilously staked when Capitalism is, as now, triumphant than when Capitalism is dubious of itself. On the other hand, the goads of Capitalism are ready for such of the workers as cannot be persuaded to follow their own eyes. It is true that for the moment a trade-boom appears to be on; but it will pass. What, however, will not pass is the standard of individual output now being established in every factory whose proprietor is astride of his age. Men work willingly during a boom. The habit of emulation stimulates them to exertions beyond their permanent strength. Take care, workers; the maximum of to-day may establish the minimum of to-morrow. Already the statistics show that men grow old faster to-day than they did yesterday. The latest Medical Report of the Local Government Board records the fact that “the improvement in the death-rate has not extended beyond the middle of life, the more advanced ages participating in it either scarcely or not at all.” Senility now frequently sets in among the working classes at the age of forty-five—about the age at which Labour M.P.’s are made. It would be an ironic confirmation of our contention that Old Age Pensions are deducted from wages if, in addition, old age pensions ceased to be paid for lack of old age pensioners. The cause of the premature senility above referred to is sought by the Press in the “increasing strain of life in cities.” There is better evidence that it is the increasing strain, not of life, but of industry. Night-work, speeding-up, overtime, irregular employment, juvenile labour, worry—these, not life (which few workers can indulge in), are responsible for the decadence of middle age. It is a devastating comment on progress that lads are now legally employed during hours which were forbidden them under the first Factory Act of 1802. The pro-

hibition was repeated in 1833 and again in 1850. The Factory Acts of 1867—the accursed year for the English commonwealth—removed the prohibition on lads’ night-work in the industries of smelting, etc., with consequences that the Local Government Board is now recording. Of a negative stimulus, therefore, to reform there will never under the wage-system be any lack. Unfortunately it is easier to die than conquer.

* * *

Proportional Representation received two blows last week from which we do not expect it to recover. One consisted of argument and is to be found in the pages of the current “Contemporary Review”; the other consisted of demonstration. The model election conducted by the Press under the auspices of the P.R.S. showed clearly that the results differ scarcely at all from the results accruing from the present system, that the method is clumsy and that the time taken in counting is ridiculously excessive. If it took nearly seven hours to count forty thousand votes and then only the first draft of the results was known, how long would it take to count the votes of the large constituencies proposed under the system? We do not urge this as an insuperable objection to Proportional Representation. There are much weightier objections. But the general public at any rate was almost palpably disillusioned of the subject when the results of the model election were finally published. Not to put Mr. Lloyd George at the top of the poll or even Sir Alfred Mond at the bottom is it worth while to change our electoral system. We can obtain these results without an arithmetical revolution. For those who care to examine the system theoretically the arguments advanced against it by Mr. Clifford Sharp in the “Contemporary Review” are conclusive. We must gently correct him for saying that hitherto no journal has criticised Proportional Representation seriously. He has done it himself in *THE NEW AGE*, and in these NOTES many months ago we examined the subject ourselves. Mr. Sharp, however, has found some new and powerful objections which the P.R.S. will find it difficult to answer. Their procedure will therefore probably follow the present custom of reforming societies, which is to pretend that there are no arguments against them. It is a ludicrous spectacle—the spectacle of reformers behaving as if truth did not exist or were so sound asleep that they might safely walk past it.

* * *

We suppose that the “Amen Corner” claqueurs of Mr. Lloyd George will find nothing wrong in his latest trick upon the doctors. For his flock he appears to be above sin. In order to circumvent the British Medical Association and its Collective Bargaining (a principle Mr. George professes on other occasions to be anxious to extend), he has issued invitations to the doctors individually to serve upon his wretched contract panels. The earliest date on which the doctors’ union can come to a collective decision is December 21. Mr. Lloyd George’s circular is to be dispatched on December 14. The attempt to break the strike of doctors by the subornation of blacklegs is characteristic of a Minister whose declarations are Liberal, but whose sentiments are reactionary. What does Mr. Lloyd George care whether he splits the British Medical Association in two? He has never been friendly to trade unionism. What does he care whether he is risking the re-establishment under worse conditions of contract practice and the indefinite postponement of scientific public hygiene? So long as, by hook or by crook, by truth or by—compromise, he can get his Act set going in January, the deluge may succeed. We have said all we have to say on the attitude of the doctors. In one respect only have they seriously failed since their first well-nigh fatal mistake; and their second blunder may easily prove final: they have produced no alternative scheme to that of Mr. Lloyd George. The day after the breakdown of the present Insurance Act will be too late to begin reconstruction. If they should happily decide on December 21 to reject Mr. Lloyd George’s offer, we hope they will publish their own scheme at the same time.

Current Cant.

"Woman's soul is a pent-up force, and if it is not liberated by the vote, will be a danger to mankind."—Dr. STANTON COIT.

"What is the object of the letter-burners? It is to abolish White Slavery. It is to put an end to hideous assaults on little girls."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"Any State attempts to improve the condition of the mass of the People should be based not on generous emotions, but on cold business calculations."—HAROLD COX.

"Legislation is entrusted to human beings rather than to the lower creation because the former are endowed with intelligence and moral responsibility."—"Pall Mall."

"To write of the 'Clarion' is to write of myself. For the 'Clarion' is me and I am it, and that sums up the matter."—WINIFRID BLATCHFORD.

"There is immense understanding of and sympathy with the poor and unfortunate among the upper classes."—RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

"Christianity in the modern world is very comprehensive."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"In a few centuries' time surviving copies of the 'Daily Express' will be largely scanned by students."—THOMAS RUSSELL.

"One of the few remaining men in London who may claim to be 'exclusive' recently told me that he considered the great restaurant and hotel to be responsible for the democratisation of London."—"London Mail."

"In many respects the working-men are the pampered favourites of fortune. They have the pleasant consciousness of power. . . ."—AN ENGLISHMAN, in the "Daily Mail."

"When we Unionists get back to power the big Imperial questions of Tariff Reform and the Naval Question will be solved in a way that will bring the confidence of the whole nation."—SIR MAX AITKEN.

"The Church is the biggest thing in English history."—The BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

"Miss Mary Glynn plays Oliver Twist; her rendering is as sweetly perfect as it is perfectly sweet."—"Lloyd's Sunday Paper."

"The 'Leap-Year Cracker' will cast the die for many an irresponsible young bachelor this Xmas. To remain adamant against the little matrimonial souvenirs which will come dropping into his lap a man's heart must be so hard that one could break stones on it."—"Daily Express."

"The real hope of the working classes is in the Unionist Party."—"The Observer."

"There are two great causes at the root of pauperism—one is sickness, when the breadwinner is stricken down, and the other is unemployment; and does not the Insurance Act operate in the correction? It does not reform the Poor Law; but it dams the stream of pauperism at its very source."—BARON DE FOREST.

Society is unconvinced by mere learning, but it quickly seizes upon real merit, and the salient point in any theory or doctrine; and, above all, it hates sham.—RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It has naturally taken me some time to secure exact particulars of the relations between the units of the Balkan League. By relations I mean not only the facts underlying the stories of quarrelling over disputed territory of which we have heard something in the newspapers, but also the engagements into which the partners are or have been prepared to enter either with Turkey or with one another. The difficulty of securing information is not lessened by the fact that the several Foreign Offices concerned are prepared to lie as only Foreign Offices can. The following account may be taken to represent the present position of affairs:—

It is clear that there is acute tension in the League. There is a feeling of bitterness between Greece on the one hand and Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro on the other. The Greeks, as I have previously pointed out, had very little fighting to do. Their navy blockaded ports, and their army occupied towns after the small Turkish garrisons had taken their departure; but to suggest that the Greeks ever met equal, or approximately equal, forces of Turks, and engaged in a serious battle, is nonsense. The Bulgarians prepared the way for the occupation of Salonika, and Prince Boris of Bulgaria, out of sheer politeness, waited some distance away until the Greeks should arrive and the two armies might enter the town together. The Greeks, however, although fully aware of this arrangement, rushed along to Salonika and took possession of the streets and the barracks before the Bulgarians, their allies, had realised what was happening.

This naturally did not tend to soothe the Bulgarians, who had done all the hard fighting and made the "capture" possible. They complained, both officers and men; and their complaints were echoed, and for much the same reason, from another source. It had been arranged between the Greeks and the Servians that the former should assist the latter in the attack on Monastir. At the last moment the Greeks did not turn up, having halted for some mysterious cause on the way. The Servians bore the full shock of the four days' battle that took place before a numerically smaller Turkish force was driven from the positions around Monastir. They did their work well enough, it is true, including the customary slaughter of prisoners of war afterwards; but where were the Greeks?

In connection with this very battle, by the way, a curious story is being told at the Porte. As I mentioned a few weeks ago, the Western Army, under the command of Zekki Pasha, was ordered to move eastward and attack the Bulgarian army as it was marching on Adrianople. Zekki Pasha could have taken up an almost impregnable position on the River Maritza and thus have prevented the disaster of Lule-Burgas. But only a small section of the army obeyed the order. Zekki and Fethi, the two leaders, were sympathisers of Mahmud Shefket Pasha, the former War Minister, and at his request, or rather command, they preferred to neglect the urgent orders of his successor and risk the ruin of their country rather than the ruin of the Young Turk Party. I have heard many arguments to show why neither army nor naval officers should take any part in politics at all, but none, I think, stronger than this incident.

Now, about eighteen months or two years ago I contradicted the rumour which was then current to the effect that a definite alliance had been formed between Greece and Bulgaria. In addition to the fact that the two countries could do but little to help one another, as I explained, it was obvious that there could not be a formal alliance between countries which had for years been jealous of one another as the result of ecclesiastical disputes. The predominant part played at Constantinople by the Greek Patriarch was always the subject of bitter complaint by the Bulgarian Exarch.

The dispute extended not only to the Governments of the two countries, but to their subjects in Turkey. Ottoman Bulgarians and Ottoman Greeks were seldom at peace with one another; and it was their continual wrangling that made the calm and phlegmatic Turk wonder why the Christian dogs could never rest. No formal treaty was ever drawn up between Bulgaria and Greece; and Greece was not a partner in the League *comme les autres*. There are Scots and brither Scots; and Greece, so to speak, was not a brither Scot.

Fully aware of the differences of opinion between Bulgaria and Greece, both Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha and Kiamil Pasha made efforts to detach Greece from her allies—I use the word for the sake of convenience—before the war broke out. This, of course, accounts for the slight delay which I referred to at the time. As the Porte could not come to terms with Athens, the war was proceeded with, but the Turks took care not to offend the Greeks by sending armies to oppose them. Negotiations continued; and it was in consequence of an “arrangement” that Greece opposed the signing of the armistice for a few days. But there had in the meantime been another new factor in favour of Turkey.

I stated a few weeks ago that it was to the interest of Austria and Germany that Turkey should be weakened as little as possible. An intimation to this effect was conveyed to the Greek Foreign Office by the Austrian Minister; and the Vienna Government proceeded to make arrangements for an independent Albania. The Greeks were further notified that if Austria’s wishes were not complied with Epirus would very likely form part of the new Albania rather than of Greece. These arguments led the Greeks to play the part they did. While directly, to all appearance, helping their allies, they indirectly helped their enemy.

The result of all the Austrian intriguing will, so far as can be ascertained at present, result as follows:—There will be a new Balkan League—in fact, though for some time perhaps not in name. It will consist of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey, and it will be strong enough to check any encroachments on the part of Russia. Furthermore, it will have the support of Austria and Germany, more or less disguised. If Greece “behaves” she may be admitted, though little purpose would be served by admitting her, except that her fleet and her merchant ships, such as they are, might be valuable later on. Montenegro will be quietly and politely dropped. They have served the purpose of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who, whatever his defects, is certainly one of the most astute diplomatists now living.

My own belief—and I share it with many diplomatic authorities—is that Turkey will come out of the present contest sensibly strengthened. She will retain not merely Constantinople and the narrow neck of land stretching from Chatalja to the capital, but also, in all probability, Adrianople and a strip of coast down to Dedeagach. Only the fate of Gallipoli and of the Dardanelles remains doubtful. As opposed to her territorial losses—which do not greatly affect the real Turkish population—Turkey will be much better able to concentrate her strength in Asia Minor, where her actual power lies. There, in Asia Minor, is the real Turkey, and on the Levant lies the real Turkish coast.

As for the League, the most superficial acquaintance with history is sufficient to show how soon such things dissolve; how soon the friends of to-day become the enemies of to-morrow. Greece and Servia will be permitted to annex some Turkish territory, and appearances will show that Bulgaria, having made the most sacrifices, will benefit least from the outcome of the war. But plans are even now being drawn up. Bulgaria will spend the next generation in preparing for another war with the same care as she displayed in preparing for the war against Turkey. But her next campaign will not be against Turkey: it will be against Servia and Greece.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THERE is one thing I get sick of, and that is the misuse of the adjective “efficient.” It is not too much to say that half the military evils of modern England arise from the misunderstanding of that unfortunate word. It is not a question of military technology, and it is not only in military controversy that the ridiculous mistake is made, but, perhaps, because even those soldiers who write are seldom really at home with words, it is there that the error has become most glaring. I honestly believe that the time is approaching when everybody who misuses the term “efficiency” should be shot. The wretched thing has been put on wheels and made into a Juggernaut, before which they are sacrificing the interests of the nation.

* * *

“Efficiency” is, of course, a purely relative thing. You cannot call a man efficient in the same way that you can call him fat or thin or pink or blue, without reference to his surroundings or to anything beyond an absolute and well-known standard of fatness, thinness, pinkness and blueness among men. The blessed term efficient simply denotes “able to do that which it is intended to do.” A five-and-sixpenny airgun is intended to shoot cats, and does shoot ’em, more or less, as thousands of happy human boys will testify. It is therefore efficient because it has answered its purpose. A short rifle, magazine Lee-Enfield, Mark III, is intended to shoot the King’s enemies, and does shoot them, more or less, especially when they are savages and you can use expanding bullets, which make a truly dreadful mess. It is, therefore, efficient also. Now, what should we say if we awoke one morning and found our military critics telling us that airguns were not “efficient” because they did not shoot as far or as well as Lee-Enfield rifles, and that all our schoolboys should accordingly be encouraged to return the same to store, cat-killing being in future conducted with nothing less than full blown magazine rifles or, if possible, Schneider-Creusot guns?

* * *

Yet that is a mistake which nine men out of ten—even men who are distinguished soldiers—will make when estimating the value of a military force. What such a person usually does is to search the records of his experiences for the most highly organised and skilfully trained body he ever set eyes on—a crack British regiment in India, for example—and call it “efficiency”; and to judge the body before him by comparison with it. If it falls short of that standard, it is condemned, regardless of the fact that its lower organisation may have been as well adapted to the circumstances in which it would be required to act as that of the more highly trained unit; nay, possibly even better. What we require to solve our military problem is a revival of logic in schools.

* * *

No one will ever understand anything of military history who does not banish from his head all vestige of the notion that there is one standard of training of standard and organisation by which all armies of the world can be judged. In determining the worth of an army you have got to consider (a) what has it got to do? (b) what means are available with which to do it? Thus Frederick the Great was ruler of a small, unprotected lonely State. Finding himself too poor to keep a larger army than his neighbours, he solved the difficulty in the obvious manner by improving the quality of what he possessed to such a point that its superior mobility and fire power enabled him to beat

their numbers in detail. Note the conditioning factor of Time—time for preparation, since if Frederick lacked money and geographical advantages, he and his father had thirty years between them diligently to temper the small, strong weapon by which they maintained their power. Pass on another thirty years to the French Revolution. In 1792-3, the leaders of that movement were confronted with formidable foreign invasion, and, the old royal army having gone to pieces, they had literally nothing to oppose to it. There was no money to pay men, still less the time to train them. In this case the solution was found in the conscription and in numbers. Men were pressed where they could not be hired, and deficiencies of training were counter-balanced by a brutal determination and disregard of life which hurled great masses of men against a more skilful, but numerically inferior foe, and went on hurling them until his guard was beaten down. Now consider. An English general who has fought in the Seven Years War, and who remembers the good discipline and rigid precision exacted from the Prussian armies (not to speak of the armies of his own country), is asked, previous to the British declaration of war, to give his opinion of the new French forces. He knows nothing of the fierce determination of the leaders, and he would have been, indeed, a very clever person had he foreseen how the system of living on the country—adopted as a necessity from lack of transport, but subsequently made a virtue and erected into a system—would give the revolutionaries that superior mobility which enabled them to make the best use of their numbers. He only sees a ragged, straggling mob, an offensive thing abominable in any soldier's eyes, a silly, shameful farce. He reports accordingly. A few months afterwards occurs Jemappes. A year later, and after temporary reverses, there follow Wattignes, Tourcoing, and Fleurus.

* * *

I think that the case of most Regulars who complain of Territorial inefficiency is to be explained on some such lines. Our Regular Army is accustomed to a war of small columns on South African lines. In such campaigns, where everything frequently depends upon a skirmish of a couple of thousand men, the company officer will frequently find himself in important independent commands, where the fate of heaven knows what will turn upon his professional skill. But in great European wars with half a million men engaged, commanders of brigades and division will rarely have as much independence as our company officer of South African or savage campaigns, while as for the company officers, more is seldom required of them than the power to get their men to follow where they lead. For mass fighting, such as has been taking place in Turkey, there is no room for tactical finesse on the part of regimental officers, and I do not hesitate to say that, save in well-balanced minds, its possession is a positive danger, for it will induce men to fiddle and fence when the plans of their leaders demand that they should simply go straight forward at their mark. Manœuvring in minor tactics requires both time and place, and unless, therefore, a man can be trusted to know when to stop manœuvring and to "go hard," he had almost better be without that knowledge which tempts him to manœuvre at all. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing

* * * *

So much for "efficiency." I give this advice to Englishmen in general. Before rushing into print, wrap a wet towel round your head, sit down and think out exactly what you mean. And above all avoid the use of loud sounding, vague and sloppy terms, which, in nine cases out of ten, are only useful as concealing vague and sloppy thoughts. Try to do without them and you will see what nonsense you have been talking. There are half-a-dozen terms a prohibition of which, could one but effect it, would ruin all the current cant in England.

Portugal Next.

By V. de Bragança Cunha.

"UNHAPPILY, however, for the British public, there are prominent men in this country who are in such peculiar danger of talking at random when they move off their own ground into the politics of other countries. Theories, for instance, concerning the Young Turks which seemed valid when Abdul Hamid was deposed, have no value whatever now that the Young Turks are practising Hamidism, and their liberal movement is about to end in a Balkan conflagration."* These were our words a year ago, when we attempted to comment in this review on the political state of Portugal. But now the sands of the time of trial have run out, and the results of Moslem Positivism are unfolding themselves before our eyes. The turn which events have taken since the honeymoon of the new Turkish régime has shown that a section of the well-meaning British public bestowed its confidence wrongly on Positivists, who considered men in their experiments no more than they do "mice in an air pump." In the days, however, of loud applause at the Young Turks' proclamations, the voice of THE NEW AGE, though a democratic review, was, we believe, the only one pitched in a different key.

The bloodless victory over the Hamidian régime, or to call it by the pretty name given to it by Hilmi Pasha, une evolution sans tache, was announced as a movement of political regeneration under liberal auspices, that would give the moribund nation a fresh lease of life. The fundamental principle of the resuscitated Constitution of Midhat Pasha, namely, equality before the law, was inscribed on the programme of the notorious Committee of Union and Progress, and the Ottoman Empire was to be ruled by principles in which the "reformers" became interested during their sojourn in France and Switzerland. Such was the phraseology about Turkish Liberalism. But, alas, what was the reality? The Committee of Union and Progress conducted the first electoral campaign with a view to the return of the smallest possible number of Christian deputies; and only 44 non-Mussulmans were returned to Parliament out of a total of 260! Thus at the very beginning were tolerance and justice travestied and made into a mockery. The Moslem politicians pretended to rule the Ottoman Empire by the principles which were enunciated by the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. But once in power, they rose up in their fury and slew the gïaours; and the Adana horrors were not inferior to the Armenian atrocities.

The Young Turks formed a species of bastard oligarchy and, like all oligarchies, they governed solely with a view to the maintenance of their own power. They, however, pretended to be animated by a national spirit as intense as any passion of patriotism in Turkey. They loudly proclaimed that European intervention in the affairs of Turkey would no longer be tolerated. The transformation of the Ottoman Empire at no remote period into a formidable Power, they thought, would make it impossible for Powers to refuse to evacuate those parts of the Ottoman Empire which were nominally subject to the Sultan, but which were no longer under Turkey's control. Their plans, to judge by the utterances of a Turkish diplomat, even included "the creation of a dual Monarchy on the Austro-Hungarian model, one half of which, with Constantinople as centre, would be composed of the Turkish, Armenian, Albanian, Greek, Bulgarian, Servian and Kurdish elements, and the other half of which, with Damascus as a centre, would comprise the Arabic-speaking peoples of the Empire, which would be organised on a federal system so as to spare the susceptibilities of Egypt, who, besides autonomy, possesses a line of hereditary sovereigns of her own." The Young Turks persuaded themselves they were prophets whose words were inspired. There is no inspiration in gush. Their short experience, since 1908, has taught them how illusory

* "Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Portugal," NEW AGE, August 3, 1912.

were their hopes. The loss of Herzegovina, Bosnia, Tripoli, and Cyrenaica suggested the possibility of what has occurred, and the Young Turks fared worse even than the Syrian Camarilla, the Arab parasites, or the Kurdish bravos in their attempt to keep the constituent parts of the Empire together.

The Turkish débâcle, which is further emphasised by the victories of the Balkan peoples, is, however, a lesson which we think Portugal, of all nations, would do well to take to heart. The Portuguese revolution, like the Turkish revolution, was announced by its leaders as a new page turned in the Portuguese history, as a fresh starting point for the Portuguese race. Theophilo Braga, the President of the Provisional Government, when interviewed by foreign journalists, declared that he was more convinced than ever that the Portuguese revolutionary movement was the outcome of Positivism; and, strange to say, the senile visionary accounted for its success by the suggestion that the Turkish revolution was also the outcome of such doctrines!

The Revolution, however, was the work of a military class. The indiscreet utterances of Captain Palla, the revolutionary leader, have left no room for doubt on this point. "I learned with great sorrow," were his words, when interviewed by the republican "Seculo," "that the heads of the army and the officers in general of the Lisbon garrison were, from a revolutionary point of view, quite hopeless;" and he "had turned his attention to the sergeants, corporals and common soldiers." These were the words of the revolutionary leader whom the "Seculo" introduced as "the old and fearless revolutionist who devoted long years of his life to the work of impregnating the atmosphere of our barracks with a hatred of royalty."* That these elements achieved success few persons will deny. But "it was very unfortunate," declared Joao de Menezes, a Republican leader, some months later, in Parliament, "for the Republic that it was first proclaimed by the army, because this led to a demoralisation which is now ruining the army."

But Portugal has since been a turmoil of rebellion from end to end, and there seems at present no sign that a more peaceful era is approaching. "The Carbonarios," wrote the "Times" recently, deploring this state of affairs, "have made themselves potentates to be respected in the Republic." "They continue," it added, "to threaten and intimidate all who are not of their way of thinking."† Minds less tinctured with fanaticism than that of the greater part of Republicans, no doubt, have declared that a Republic properly constituted ought not to recognise officially the existence of a revolutionary terrorist society. But, nevertheless, the illiterate Carbonario, with a recklessness of barbarity which has from time immemorial had a peculiar charm for the lower orders of Portugal, is committing atrocities that would put Morocco to shame. "It is useless," wrote Carlos Malheiro Dias, the author of "Do Desafio a Debandale," "for the Civil Governor to publish in the Lisbon papers statements to the effect that he does not allow any but the regular police to effect arrests. Every day the zealous Carbonario arrests, searches, and shows it is to be feared in the exercise of those official functions, fanaticism and brutality." "The Carbonarios," said this writer, by no means hostile to the Republic, "have acquired unbounded influence over the Government, prejudicing and embarrassing the mental action of the Cabinet, imprinting on it a Jacobin, intolerant and demagogic character which renders it unsuitable for the rule of a composite State."

The republicanism of the Carbonario has, indeed, manifested itself in a frightful display of savagery. Hundreds are arrested upon any flimsy pretext and imprisoned on the simple order of the omnipotent Carbonario. "We learn from a trustworthy source," wrote the Republican "Seculo," when Miss Oram, an English lady, the correspondent of the "Daily Mail," was released as innocent after being charged with conspiring

against the Republic, "that in the search made in Miss Oram's house, nothing compromising was found, and it seems that the accusations made against her have little consistency, owing to the slight moral worth of her accusers."** (the italics are ours). This, however, is not the only instance of the irrational attitude of mind which the Republican leaders have approved of and applauded. "There are numerous examples of persons who," to quote the "Times," "have been detained on trumpery charges preferred by spiteful delators of the lowest character."†

The Republican leaders, though given to defining and classifying the different grades of this intolerance which has in the past fevered the Moorish blood of the nation and exhausted her spirits, have also indulged in brutalities which are of such antiquity and importance in Portugal. The treatment, for instance, of political prisoners has been outrageous. Not that the principles of Portuguese penal institutions were worse than those applied to the same institutions in civilised Europe. In this connection I can do no better than to quote the "Times." "The penitentiary system," said this English daily, "which was never enforced on political prisoners under the Monarchy, even in the case of those officers who rose in armed insurrection in January, 1891, is now being applied in all its rigour on those who, with or without reason, have been accused of conspiring against the Republic."‡ Six years of cell confinement, followed by ten years' deportation, with the alternative of twenty years' deportation, has been, in most cases, the sentence passed on the political prisoners. To render, however, solitary confinement still more insupportable, these political prisoners are treated like convicts of the worst description. "Although it is only just the Republic should punish those bearing arms or conspiring against it," wrote the "Daily News," "it is not fair to treat them like criminals of the lowest type and subject them to close confinement in inadequate cells, dressed in hooded shrouds with two eye-holes for the purpose of vision and debarr'd from all speech."§

No prophet would, of course, at this moment undertake to cast the horoscope of Portugal. Unimagined surprises may suddenly emanate from Portuguese chaos creating embarrassing situations. Upon one point, however, there is no further excuse in any quarter and the Portuguese cannot blind themselves to the fact that the country has seen a writing on the wall that is not hard to decipher. Few, indeed, doubt that the country is passing through a crisis which, momentous from the very outset, may at any moment prove fatal. The endless divisions of the Portuguese, their general lack of moral discipline, and the turbulent temperament of the so-called popular leaders are to-day closely watched by those who are casting ambitious eyes upon the Portuguese possessions; we might almost say that some are nibbling and others grasping at them. It is therefore, the future of Portuguese Colonies to which our thoughts are naturally turned at this moment by the contemplation of these calamities; and we cannot help reasoning, as well as sorrowing, over them.

The Portuguese Empire drew some of the mother country's best blood, as the period is still regarded with a certain patriotic reverence as the best episode in the drama of Portuguese history. Pressing forward and drawing the world after them in their course, the Portuguese burst the narrow limits of their own nationality and in dying to Portugal, lived to mankind. Portugal was long deprived of her colonial supremacy, but her flag still flies in Africa and Asia over nearly 2,300,000 square kilometres and a population close upon twenty millions. These remnants of the Empire on which once "the sun never set" have even in her decline contributed something to her distinction, and their unreflecting loyalty to the mother country is an asset in

* "Seculo," August 5, 1912.

† "Times," September 25, 1912.

‡ "Times," September 25, 1912.

§ "Daily News," October 9, 1912.

* "Seculo," October 18, 1912.

† "Times," September 25, 1912.

Portuguese national life to which due weight is rarely given.

The question to-day pressed upon every Portuguese is whether he will support factions that involve the sovereignty of the nation in the worst of tribal controversies, or whether he is prepared to protect the nation from the approach of that peril. It is, therefore, but natural that the lawlessness in the mother country should arouse the Colonies to a sense of a common home peril and the need of a common policy to meet it.

"It is not by prevaricating, by cloaking what is ugly, and by painting black white that we shall succeed in securing for the unfortunate Portuguese nation that peace and progress which we so ardently wish her and for which we are toiling. He commits a crime who, watching a house on fire, tells the inmates to have no fear, and thus causes their ruin in the general downfall."*

Wise words these last; but the warning of the ex-Minister in the Provincial Government was lost on the other Republican leaders. Antonio Jose d'Almeida's words, however, seem to have inspired a distinguished Colonial, formerly Portuguese Minister in Argentina, to write a series of articles in the "*Jornal das Colonias*" in which this diplomat, promoted, under the new régime, to a higher rank and attached to the Foreign Office, considered some of the phases in the Portuguese crisis. But he earned the usual reward of those prophets of Israel who uttered unwelcome warnings to the people. To the average Republican the world-political aspect of the crisis was, of course, not intelligible without a well developed political sense. The writer of the articles in the "*Jornal das Colonias*" was deprived of his official position; and the "*Lucta*," seeing in the disgraced diplomat an enemy of the Republic, hurled at him a very offensive epithet.

"The '*Lucta*,'" wrote Dr. Dillon, the apologist of the Revolution, "deals largely in facts and figures, but sparingly in commentaries, and not at all in abuse or rhodomontade."* The well-known British journalist imagined he understood the materials on which he had to work. The "*Lucta*" had, however, only a few weeks before the Revolution broke out, described the simple honest Portuguese, who tills his plot of ground and cultivates the vineyard, as being "like cattle, like savage negroes, like dummies." "What progress can our propaganda make?" had asked Faustino Fonseca, an editorial writer in the "*Lucta*," "among those millions of stagnant barbarians? They cannot read the names on the voting papers. They know nothing of principles, of programmes, or of anything else." Yet the journalists of the "*Lucta*," these unmannerly bullies who seem brutal and unforgiving to those who cross their path, proclaimed that the new régime was received with "delirante entusiasmo" by these very millions "living like animals and ignorant as animals." A crowd of striking passages might be extracted from the "*Lucta*" illustrating still further the untruth of such a statement as the following made by Dr. Dillon: "When they set forth a statement," said this writer, paying homage to the journalists of the "*Lucta*," "it is generally believed; when they prefer a charge it is never refuted; when they attack an institution it is doomed."

The "*Lucta*" seems to make its object to create bad blood between the mother country and the colonies. It persistently makes out all the Republican geese to be swans, and equally persistently ignores all swans outside the Republican ranks. But the editor of the "*Lucta*," whose business to-day is to carry the bags of Republican diplomats leaving Portugal on imaginary missions, cannot deny the Colonials the right to share as equals in shaping the common destinies of Portugal and her Dominions. The aeroplanes will assuredly be powerless to defend Portugal for long. And while on this point of aeroplanes we may incidentally observe that, to the utter shame of the patriots of the "*Lucta*,"

a Colonial and a countryman of the disgraced diplomat to whom we referred above, has given a cheque for £1,000 for the purchase of aeroplanes, a sum which so far has stood alone, thus proving to the empty demagogues and sedentary theorists of the "*Lucta*" that a Portuguese born in the Colonies can cherish a warmth of patriotism, an intensity of political feeling beyond example in Republican Portugal.

The Portuguese were once a nation of gentlemen, high-bred, courteous and chivalrous. As a colonising nation they were a small minority in the midst of a teeming population which possessed an ancient civilisation. But, nevertheless, they initiated a movement of mankind on the whole towards a higher level of excellence.

"In spite of our ephemeral and limited Dominion, in spite of the years which have passed since our expulsion," wrote Thomaz Ribeiro, a great Portuguese, recording his impressions of a visit to Ceylon, "if you land at any port in the island, you hear the natives speaking Portuguese, debased, of course—I also am Portuguese—and they accompany you, eager to do the honours, and show you a gate-way which they saved from destruction, and pointing to the escutcheon of the Portuguese arms, they say, with pride and affection, 'Our arms!'"**

There is no offence which either communities or individuals are so likely to forgive as insult or contempt. A material injury may be forgiven, but contempt never.

"In the ardour of indignation which the perfidy of her brethren caused her to feel, Brazil would have broken the moral ties of religion, blood and manners that connected her with the mother country, but for her attachment to his Royal Highness, the heir of a house she adores and serves still more from love and loyalty than from duty and obedience.

"Brazil wishes not to infringe the rights of Portugal, but is angry that Portugal should infringe upon hers. Brazil wishes to have the same king, but does not choose to have masters in the deputies of the Congress of Lisbon. Brazil desires her independence strengthened by a well understood union with Portugal; she wishes, in short, that they should form two great families, governed by their own laws, pursuing their own respective interests, obedient to the same chief."

These were the words of the Brazilian Manifesto published twenty days before the separation of Brazil from the Crown of Portugal was announced. Some Portuguese in the Continent then thought they could despise the Brazilians and their aspirations. Instead of drawing closer together the ties which kindred and common interest might have formed between the two nations, their presumption and incapability limited their horizon to their immediate and individual interests. They thought that Brazil, though struggling under the oppression of Colonial misrule, was to be a refuge for the Portuguese outcasts and adventurers who, in ancient days, had flocked there in search of a living and committed those outrages denounced by Father Antonio Vieyra, the great Portuguese, who travelled on foot through the interior of the Northern Brazil for the sake of the inhabitants, harassed and brutalised by the odious traffic in slaves and subjected to atrocious despots. The great trans-Atlantic Dominion claimed equality with the parent State, equality which was generously admitted by the Royal decree of 1815. But the so-called Portuguese democrats not only looked to Brazil as a place for repairing their fortunes, but treated the Brazilians, a people jealous of their honour and peculiarly sensitive to insult, with contempt, which, of course, accelerated the separatist tendencies of Brazil. This is, roughly speaking, the lesson of Portuguese history, a lesson which the patriots of the "*Lucta*" would do well to take to heart before hurling contemptuous epithets at distinguished Colonials.

Be that as it may. Is the Colonial peril illusory? We propose to answer this question in a concluding article.

* Thomas Ribeiro, *Vesperas*.

* "*A Republica*," November 12, 1911.

+ "*Daily Telegraph*," October 6, 1910.

The New Servitude.

WHAT is British labour coming to? During the last dozen years or so workmen in nearly all our industries have been speeded-up by their employers. Now the working-classes generally are going to be screwed down by the State. Harsher industrial conditions are to be crowned with social servitude. First, the British workman is hustled up to an American speed, but is not given an American wage. While this is so, cost of living mounts up. Then the workman, feeling the effects but failing to see the causes of the new state of affairs, indulges in a series of big strikes. Next our politicians, in order to remedy the discontent, set about passing Eight Hour Acts, Minimum Wages Acts, Compulsory Insurance Acts, and so forth, to regulate, restrict, register, and regiment the workers. Compulsory Arbitration, too, is coming along, and soon the worker will have his wage both fixed and spent for him, he will be inspected from cradle to grave, only allowed to work and play, eat and sleep, love and marry, at such times and under such regulations as may be prescribed by a horde of Government jacks-in-office. Will the best of British workmen stand it?—will they be worked like Yankees, paid like Englishmen, inspected like Germans, and tyrannised like Russians?—or will they emigrate in shoals, leaving only the duffers to maintain our industrial prestige? Just let us take stock.

The average working-man to-day is much harder worked, slightly worse paid, and has to pay more for both necessities and luxuries than he had half a generation ago. On account of the speeding-up in workshops we have had twice as much unemployment in the five years, 1907-11, as in the five years 1897-1901. That in itself is a striking fact. And twice as many of our people have emigrated. Wage rates even in the organised group of trades, have only risen by a paltry half per cent. per annum, while actual earnings have diminished. On top of all that, cost of living has gone up more than 20 per cent. in a dozen years. The September (1912) index figures of the "Economist" showed average prices of commodities 25 per cent. higher than the average for a period as recent as 1901-5.

Our labour conditions are in process of a mighty evolution—a transformation of profound consequence. Here is a huge question for the workman, for the labour leader, for the employer, and, above all, for the statesman. How comes it that after at least two generations of steady progress, down to the "nineties" of the nineteenth century, we have now had half a generation of retrogression? The movement in the wrong direction started in 1897, it was accelerated in 1899, in 1906, and in 1909; it has got further impetus in 1912; and at the present rate the honest British workman will soon find himself in an industrial and social hell.

It may be said that the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897 marked the first turning in the wrong direction. The idea of compensation for labour accidents was good, just as is the principle of insurance; but the idea was put in practice by doubtful methods, and labour has suffered. That notable measure practically laid it down that all liability in respect of accidents to workmen should fall on the employers, and also stipulated that the same compensation should be paid in respect of an injury to, or the death of, an aged or delicate man as a young and strong one. Employers, smarting under what they felt an unfair liability, began to weed out their aged workers. In so doing they were, of course, discarding the safe men—the men whose experience and caution rendered them not only less liable to accident than their younger mates, but far less likely to cause accidents to others through leaving things unsafe. One object of the law was to lessen accidents—to make it of financial interest to the employer more carefully to safeguard his men. That object was not attained. A very large increase, and not a decrease, of industrial accidents resulted.

In 1899 there was a far more disastrous event for our

working classes. There was a war. Not only did that prove costly, result in enhanced taxation and commodity prices, weighing somewhat heavily upon the workers, but it afforded a big opportunity for a big display of ignorance. Our workers threw their caps up, regardless of the merits or demerits of that war; they exhibited a certain spirit which it had not been even suspected they possessed; the governing class discovered that the working-class was far more foolish than had been imagined, and from that day to this the workers have been the ready sport of the quacks and knaves who compose the worst elements of our new professional political class. Mischievous measures and onerous taxes have been imposed upon the democracy.

It was about that time also—about a dozen years back—that our employers began to "Americanise" their works. Now here is one of the root causes of the recent industrial turmoil—"speeding-up." It is bad enough that living costs should advance. It is bad enough that wages should fail to rise. But the hustling—not to say bullying—to which men are now subjected in some industries is well-nigh intolerable. People whose observation of labour is confined to seeing workmen employed by public bodies taking things leisurely have no idea of the pace that is now set in most private establishments.

Feeling the pressure of growing Continental competition, alarmed by loud threats of still keener American competition, deluged with Press articles telling them how much better labour was managed in the new United States than in the old United Kingdom, and seeing the burden of rates and taxes increasing, our employers set about adopting American methods of hustle and grind. Under the Compensation law and the concurrent "Americanisation" of our industries, we had in ten years a 115 per cent. increase of accidents, and a 62 per cent. increase of deaths from accidents, in our factories and workshops. In those tragic figures you have one cause of labour's discontent. The aged were cast on the scrap-heap. The young were goaded on. Work was done in less time, and for less wages, but with more hazards. Managers and foremen who had not previously been in the habit of commencing their duties before breakfast were brought into the shops at 6 a.m. Supervision was made strict. Time-keeping became exact. Resting times were knocked off. Smoking, conversation, and other little liberties were abolished. In many cases labourers who had been employed regularly at weekly wages, enjoying frequent rests, were now engaged more casually, by the day or hour, rushed over their jobs, then suspended and their pay stopped the moment their services could be dispensed with. Men who a dozen or fifteen years ago had a pound or a guinea a week, now do the same amount of work for 15s. or 16s. Furnaces are bigger and hotter, wheels run faster, tools are heavier, appliances need more strength and nerve for their manipulation, shops are more crowded, more noisy, more dusty, and labour all round almost is more fatiguing. Time and wages, like limbs and skulls, are more often broken.

Such, briefly, is the face of the British labour problem. The employer, harassed by fierce competition and excessive taxation, grinds the workman. The workman, regarding his employer as a greedy, grasping monster, goes on strike. Here the new politician sees his opportunity. He comes along with his industrial peace pills. "Send me to Parliament," he cries, "and I will solve the labour problem; a few doses of my Eight Hour and Minimum Wage Acts, administered by my inspectors, will cure all labour troubles." And in 1906 the workman sent a crowd of these legislative quacks to the House of Commons. With what result? More taxes have been piled upon both employers and workmen, and a new era of repressive legislation has been opened out. The problems of labour are being aggravated, and not solved, by the new legislation. The one-sided Workmen's Compensation law was a mistake; the Miners' Eight Hours Act has been a huge blunder. The Miners' Minimum Wage Act will

prove a still bigger curse. The Compulsory Insurance Act will rob the entire working-classes of their liberty—they will not be able to change their employment or residence without permission, their cards will be tickets-of-leave, they will soon have to report themselves to the police at every street end, and if they fail to kow-tow to the new inspectors they will be locked up. It is easy to see what this kind of legislation will lead to if persisted in—men of spirit and dignity will leave the country, and none but fools and human tools, industrial and social conscripts, will remain to constitute a Russianised British working-class, dominated and domineered in their every action by an army of stone-hearted, stiff-necked, and brazen-faced inspectors.

T. GOOD.

More Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

SCENE: "The Eugenics Education Society," at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens. Lecture by E. J. Lidbetter, on "The Social Application of Eugenics: The Public Service."

TIME: Friday, November 15th, about 8.25 p.m.

THE hall is semicircular, the diameter being a high wall before which a dark green curtain hangs on a pole. This curtain is covered with coloured charts. As the student enters, the lecturer is seen to be fixing on some charts with drawing pins, in which operation he is hampered by two ineffective females. He is a full-faced man, with a Madame Tussaud complexion and walrus whiskers. His evening dress (and double collar to match) is of the pattern affected by second-rate parlour magicians. Of the audience (mainly composed of women) most are in ordinary clothes, and a few in evening dress. A tall gentleman enters wearing an opera hat, but on opening his coat he reveals a lounge suit, to the manifest disappointment of the audience, which is following the movements of new arrivals closely and with evident interest. A lachrymose-looking individual is the solitary representative of the Press. A benevolent old gentleman, also in evening dress, walks to the table, and, after two false starts, announces his pleasure in introducing the lecturer.

LECTURER (in a soft and plausible voice, which might at first seem to indicate modesty and self depreciation): In my lecture to-night I intend to as far as possible discuss the question of Eugenics in Relation to the Public Service. I intend, in a lecture of some two hours' duration, to show that mental and physical defects among paupers necessarily segregate, a fact which is evident to any reasonable being, but which I propose nevertheless to demonstrate. I will also endeavour to demonstrate the truth of another self-evident and generally recognised theory, that these defects, besides segregating, tend undoubtedly to tuberculosis. I may mention that this has been known for the last fifty years or so, but as I myself only discovered it a few weeks ago, I am about to propound a theory which has the double advantage of being at once old and new, whatever that may mean. You will see on your card that the first sub-title says: "The distribution of efficiency in the social group—a question of proportion." You will notice in how daring a manner I start off. I actually assert and will maintain if need be for ever, that the distribution of efficiency in the social group is a question of proportion. How or why I have neither the time nor the ability to show you. Undoubtedly, the great question of the present time is, Why is there such an increase in the families of the poorer classes, and why such a decrease of children among the well-to-do? This also is a question which I prefer not to answer for obvious reasons,

but I should like you to just for one minute fix your eyes on this chart. Here is a pauper woman, unmarried, who had twenty-three children and four disappointments. Ten of the children were idiots; three were blind and also lunatic; eight were consumptive with minor mental troubles; and six were normal. How comes this phenomenon? As you may have noticed already, I have spent all the time I have been lecturing in asking myself questions and refusing to answer them, and the precedent having once been created, I see no reason to depart from it. We next come to the question of Racial Poisoning, and I shall endeavour still to keep my remarks as clear as I have up to now. The question of poisoning is an important one. Here is a chart of a man whose parents for over eight generations back showed no signs of bad strain, and who suddenly went mad. Further investigation showed, however, that his grandmother's brother-in-law was blind in the left eye. The coincidence struck me at once, and after many weeks' meditation, I came to the conclusion that either the blind eye was the cause of the madness or the madness was the result of the blind eye. And here we have in its simplest form the relation between and identity of cause and effect. This is important, because so many people mix up cause and effect, as a learned friend of mine said the other day. I may mention, en passant, that the man who went mad was afterwards found to have been hit on the head with a bar of lead a week previous to his mind giving way. I can see many of you whispering "lead poisoning." Well, the thought *did* strike me, but the blind eye of his grandmother's brother-in-law took me such a long time to dig out, that I refuse to give it up. And here is the time, I feel, to relate to you my discovery of the most wonderful of even all the eugenic coincidences of which I have heard. A woman on the 25th of June last contracted syphilis. On the 31st of the same month her husband, feeling unwell, went to the doctor, and after a lengthy communication was told he was suffering from syphilis. This tale needs no embellishment. To the less sophisticated among you it may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true. We now come to the Poor Law and the Poor Law Child. In the full possession of my senses and with absolute belief in what I say, because I know it to be true, I affirm that the Poor Law conduces to fertility among the unfit. With all due humility I state this, believing as I do that I am the person most capable of discussing the subject, in this country at any rate. As an example I may state the case of the woman marked on this chart. She had no less than fourteen children, all illegitimate, and three strongly suspected of having no father. As no proof was obtainable, however, no further action could be brought against them. The moral effect on the educated and sleek upper classes in brushing shoulders with these illegitimate children cannot be imagined. I think I have said enough now to show you that my statements at the beginning, though outwardly rash and certainly brilliantly unconventional, are not graspable, at any rate, by the more intelligent among you, and I do not believe—I say this from my heart—that one of you will be able to go away from this lecture, enlightened even in the slightest degree about the question of eugenics. My lecture has been characterised all through with a lack of balance and purpose pleasing to behold in these horrible democratic days, when everybody knows what they want. If I have been able to fuddle and bewilder only one member of the audience, I feel that I have not lectured in vain. (Loud applause. Lachrymose-looking representative of the Press walks out slowly with an expression of utter boredom written all over his face. The Benevolent Old Gentleman talks a great deal about "proclaiming the lecture from the housetops" and the wonderful mental and physical exertion of the Lecturer in collecting facts to prove obvious theories. After dragging in poor Turkey and the irrepressible Balkan States, via Cholera, he declares the meeting to be over, to the boundless relief of at least one of the listeners.)

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(3) Permanence.

At a very early period in Vedic philosophy the Indian thinkers postulated growth, development, and decay as the condition of the "existence"—say rather the appearance and disappearance—of material as well as non-material things. The principle applied to the life of the butterfly as much as to the life of man; it applied equally to nations, races, the world itself. The "life" of an insect might be but a few seconds; the life of a world was a "kalpa." The "kalpa" was a day and a night of Brahma, or, according to our human reckoning, 4,320,000,000 years. Brahma spends a day (or 2,160,000,000 of our years) in creating the world, and during the night, while he sleeps, it is dissolved into its constituent parts, the only survivals being the gods, the sages, and the elements. Brahma, says the Indian legend, lives for a hundred of his years; and at the end of that time everything is again dissolved into chaos.

Whether we take this legend literally or symbolically, it will contain a profound moral for us if it enables us to realise the long period of time necessary to form the world, and, *pari passu*, the innumerable "rises" and "falls" that take place. A man of seventy will have seen the birth, development, and death of thousands of generations of a particular insect. Man stands in a similar relationship to a nation, a nation to a race, a race to the world itself. Everything lasts; but duration is a relative term; and everything carries within itself the germs of its own dissolution.

Leaving the question of "growth" or "origin" aside for subsequent consideration, we shall find that "development," in the Vedic sense, represents the successive steps taken by living things and beings—trees, plants, animals, men—to ward off the evil day of dissolution. Only the gods, the wise men, and the elements survive, says the doctrine—i.e., only the gods and wise men have come to realise that "life," in our earthly sense of the word, is merely a preparation for another life: the life we live when we are mingled (i.e., when our "spirits" or "souls" are mingled) with the universal consciousness (the neuter Brahman as distinguished from the god Brahma). The things or beings without "spirit"—i.e., average men, plants, animals—cannot realise that they must not rate the things of this world higher than that which is to come; for even those of them who (like the Christians) profess to have another world in view, in theory, never live for it in practice.

But the gods and the wise men, although they fear ultimate dissolution, nevertheless ally themselves with those qualities which, in this world, most closely approximate to the salient quality of the universal consciousness. This salient quality is the quality of permanence; for the universal consciousness is everlasting. The god and the sage, then, will rate highly the permanent things of the earth. And the most permanent attribute of the earth is agriculture. "I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake [the meaning is: on account of the evil deeds man has committed] . . . while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." We could parallel the idea underlying this in many an Indian text. Agriculture, and everything that makes for its permanence, will, therefore, be welcome to the god and the sage.

This may lead us through many an incongruous turning; but only in appearance. I think, and not in reality. The House of Lords, for instance, what of it? It is valuable in that, in its present non-elective form, it is a permanent institution and maintains a tradition, whereas the House of Commons is, in com-

parison, a short-lived butterfly. In form, then, the House of Lords is more nearly allied to agriculture, hence to permanence, and hence to the sage and the god, than the Lower Chamber. It is a question, however, whether this venerable institution has not entered into Brahma's night and is even now dissolving. For some of the peers themselves seem to have no objection to being "elected," which would at once destroy the valuable feature of the institution. And when such a stupid suggestion is put forward by many of those who have seats in the Upper Chamber, we cannot place our entire confidence in that quarter. Agriculture is almost as old as the earth, and it has witnessed the dissolution of many human institutions. The House of Lords owes its permanence, not to its mere name (for if the name only were in question the Commons would be just as permanent), but to the direct, traditional line of the families composing it.

Wealth must finally be traced to the soil. Anything that tends to interfere with the productivity or operations of the agriculturists will in the end find its interference recoiling upon itself. We know, naturally, that such interference has been taking place in England since the time of Elizabeth at least. It began long before; but the pinch has been felt since the sixteenth century, and in an increasingly acute form. Industries have developed to an enormous extent; labourers were driven from the land to the towns that they might supply the needs of the factories. The yeoman class had perforce to follow. Men who had been independent found themselves to be now mere wage slaves. Men who had been accustomed to rank themselves (as human beings) with their masters, found in the towns a class distinction which did not exist in the country. Religion, philosophy, art, all tended to widen the gap between the classes, for Protestantism supplanted Catholicism; the flights of the imagination gave way to the hard, cruel machinery of reason in its most elementary form; poetry fell before science.

Worse: the huge wealth accruing to merchants and tradesmen enabled them to carry on the enclosure of the common lands on a wider scale than ever before; and thousands of acres were turned into preserves for partridges. The decline of agriculture was accentuated by the inevitable decline of the agricultural classes. The merchants and industrialists destroyed the representative character of the House of Commons in 1832; for, under the plea of protecting their "interests"—which were not, and did not profess necessarily to be the interests of the country—they sent forward from the manufacturing towns, not representatives, as heretofore, but delegates. Legislation was drawn up in favour of the industries in the towns and the agricultural interests, which were the really national interests, were left unheeded. To-day the effects of this legislation are before us, but few of the masses can understand their signification.

All this did not make for permanence. If the material wealth of a country lies in its soil, assuredly the foundations of its spiritual wealth lie in its yeoman and landed classes, not in the urban populations. Everything of cultural and spiritual value has sprung from a rural foundation; only the cities have given us the Post-Impressionists and the Cubists and the Hyde Park atheists.

It is worth while considering precisely how long this state of things is likely to last. If it were possible for Prajapati to become acquainted with our history and to live among us for some little time, he could foretell our future to a nicety. Prajapati, indeed, could tell us now; for he already forms part of the Brahman and all the secrets of the kalpa, past and to come, are known to him. If we have not this knowledge, we can at least apply his principles so as to arrive at an approximate result. The problem of England, at any rate, is different from the problem of the British Empire; and they must be considered from two entirely different points of view.

Present-Day Criticism.

"EVERYMAN," that sign of the times, has lately been pretending to suppose that critics who, like ourselves, dislike Mr. Masfield's work, have become silenced by his genius. For our part, the truth is that we find no compensation in approaching Mr. Masfield's work even to criticise it. Our readers will perhaps expect us to notice the "prize" "Mercy." What can we say? The thing is doggerel, sin and salvation in Hudibrastics.

Try to imagine if you can
The kind of manhood in the man,
And if you'd like to feel his pain
You sprain your thumb and hit the sprain,
And hit it hard with all your power
On something hard for half-an-hour.

Mr. Edmund Gosse approved it: let him put his approval in permanent form. Let him write for posterity—if, indeed, he has not ceased to believe in posterity, and now thinks that England is already a conquered country forgotten by the gods—let him, if he is not hopeless, write a detailed apotheosis of "The Everlasting Mercy." He said, post-prandially, that the year which saw that verse would be ever-memorable. Let him make it even more memorable than it is. But whatever he may write—and we think he will write nothing on this subject—he will not make the year as memorable as it would have been had not one critic challenged the matter.

'Twas Doxy Jane, a bouncing girl,
With eyes all sparks and hair all curl,
And cheeks all red and lips all coal
And thirst for men instead of soul.
She's trod her pathway to the fire.
Old Rivers had his nephew by her.

"We are invaded by an enormous flood of cheap and commonplace literature, prepared to attract, and for a few moments, to amuse tens of thousands of undisciplined readers, who cultivate on such food an appetite for more and more entertainment of the same kind. The traditional barriers of good taste, which made the many who did not appreciate the best bow to the judgment of the few who did, are broken down. It is quite customary to find people of finer instincts so disheartened in the face of all the gaudy trash that is circulated by the million that they are prepared to give up the struggle."

Mr. Gosse has apparently given up the struggle, since he wrote that.

I step aside from Tom and Jimmy
To find if she's a kiss to gimme.
I blew out lamp 'fore she could speak.
She said, "If you ain't got a cheek."

"But this dismal conception of what we are drifting towards, with our growing disposition for the cheap and trumpery, contains one element of valuable truth. It emphasises the fact that the best poetry is absolutely out of sympathy with, is diametrically opposed to, what is common, false and ignoble."

The room was full of men and stink,
Of bad cigars and heavy drink;
Riley was nodding to the floor
And gurgling as he wanted more.
His mouth was wide, his face was pale,
His swollen face was sweating ale.

"But, fortunately, vulgarity can never absolutely invade an entire race; there must always be some—even if only a few, yet a few—who are striving after the higher truth and the higher seriousness which Aristotle names as the qualities which distinguish poetry."

But after Si got overtaken
She sat and kissed whoever asked.

My Doxy Jane was splashed by this,
I took her on my knee to kiss. . .

"In all the great writers a thought is found to gain splendour and definition by the mere fact of its being set in a verse-arrangement of perfect beauty."

But if they were they had to die
The same as everyone and I.

"Why not?" said I. "Why not? But no
I won't. I've never had my go.
I've not had all the world can give.
Death by and by, but first I'll live.
The world owes me my time of times,
And that time's coming now, by crimes.

"Inexperienced persons are particularly liable to be deceived as to what is a good and what is a bad poem. . . In poetry the art of diction becomes essential. It is no longer what is said that is of moment, but how it is said is of prime importance."

The men who don't know to the root
The joy of being swift of foot,
Have never known divine and fresh
The glory of the gift of flesh.

"One of the first lessons a reader will endeavour to learn with regard to poetry is the paramount value of a pure style. . . The poet pronounces august truths, involved in forms of perennial beauty."

To see him only lift one finger
To make my little Jimmy linger.
In spite of all his mother's prayers,
And all her ten long years of cares.

He'll come with glory and with fire
To cast great darkness on the liar,
To burn the drunkard and the treacher,
And do his judgment on the lecher.

"Borne along upon the stream of melody, enraptured by the ceaseless pleasure produced by felicitous diction, the reader subjects his own spirit to that of the poet. . . The natural man in the savage state—and he is none the less savage because semi-educated at a board school—cannot be trusted to form a single instinctive impression of poetry. . . The beauty of poetry, and the criterion by which that beauty can be discerned and weighed have to be learned; this art does not appeal to the instinct of the average sensual person."

So when she came so prim and grey
I pound the bar and sing "Hooray,
Here's Quaker come to bless and kiss us;
Come, have a gin and bitters, missus.
Or, maybe, Quaker girls so prim
Would rather start a bloody hymn.

"Now Dick, oblige. A hymn, you swine,
Pipe up the 'Officer of the Line,'
A song to make one's belly ache,
Or 'Nell and Roger at the Wake.'

"Another nail, another cross.
All that you are is that Christ's loss."
The clock run down and struck a chime,
And Mrs. Si said, "Closing Time."

"The more intense is the impression of moral beauty, the more impassioned will be the appreciation of the purest and most perfect verse."

O glory of the lighted mind.
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook to my new eyes
Was babbling out of Paradise.
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.

If Saul Kane's sudden conversion to God and good English recompenses Mr. Gosse for fifty pages of obscene brag, it does not recompense us; no, not even with the time-honoured babbling brook and the Biblical river that flowed from Paradise mustered for a show of the arts.

Gipsy Manners.

By Beatrice Hastings

"THERE'S some gipes down the road, ma'am," said the gardener to me. "I'll just lock up."

As soon as he was safely gone for the afternoon, having locked up his precious dibbles and things, I went out to look at the gypsies. I do not deliberately aggravate Scutcheon in this matter of gypsies since that lot which suddenly had a baby and had to camp below us for a week, living largely on our bounty, departed with the garden gate! I like talking to gypsies. We have crowds of them pass, and they usually camp just beyond our wood, where we can see the fires blazing, and the vans, these often gorgeous with rare blue and red colours.

To-day's company was not gorgeous. They had three dull vans and four horses, all hungry and one very lame, and there were seven or eight miserable-looking children. I waved and half-a-dozen of them ran up. Only once before have I seen gipsy children in so poor a plight. This, by the way, was the time when the shepherds set on a party and we had to take the children in, and when I blessed Providence that I had the precise number of brandy-balls in the house, just five.

"Well," I said, as though very surprised, "what-ever do you want?" They grinned; and then looked solemnly at the apples. There were five boys and one girl, an elf in a woman's old frock. "How many families?" I asked. "Three, lady. We's, and they's, and him and her's brothers." It was a little old man about four-foot answering. As I held up an apple they gathered in like sheep after salt. "Gently!" I said, "mind our manners." They ate like little wolves. I went across the road and sat on the fence where the tourists perch to admire the famous Ring across the oat-field and fifteen miles beyond. The baby gipes ranged around, silently devouring apples and biscuits until their first hunger wore off, when I divided up what remained in the basket. "One for you—one—one—hullo, you're all getting mixed." They were. "'E's got two, lady." "Alright, well I shall miss him out next time. Two for you—two—two"—and at last we finished all up. "What is the little girl's name?" I asked. She threw a hand out and said something that sounded like "Mirry Drotaljizzalz." "There's a clever girl; I couldn't say that myself. How old are you?" "Five, la-dy." Her vast, small, sympathetic voice seemed to wish to remove all suspicion from foreign and possibly hostile bosoms. "How many half-pennies in twopence-halfpenny, Mirry?" "E-yes, la-dy!" She held out her hand. Two boys shouted "Five." We elders then all looked gloomy. Only five! "That's all the coppers I've brought," I apologised. "But I'll go and see." I went hopelessly, but we discovered another halfpenny. Beguiled by Mirry, I delivered a penny into her keeping. Beguiled by her brother, I delivered a penny into his keeping. "They's got too much, lady." "But you two are brothers, aren't you—you and him?" I floundered among the families; they all pressed so close. "Oh, well, now sort yourselves and stand quiet, then we can get it right." But we couldn't, easily! Wild elephants could not have loosened Mirry's grip of the penny, and the brother, a large, lucky-looking chap in a sombrero, was edging away. "Hey, come back!" He gave me the penny with a shrug. In vain we tried to do the sum without Mirry's assistance. We were a halfpenny short. "It's a complicated affair now," I said to Mirry. She sidled up. "E-yes, la-dy!" The coppers had all left me somehow, and everybody that mattered seemed happy. So I changed the subject. "How long are

you going to stay?" "'Bout a hour, lady, got to get to Horsham to-night." "You all look rather sick, don't you; feeling alright?" "Us's had a bad time, lady." "How?" "Can't stay nowheres, lady, can't sell no pegs." "Well, I'll see what I've got." I got it, and they ran off.

I went upstairs to read, but had hardly sat down before I heard them again. I peeped through the curtain. In simple friendship, they had decided to play just outside my gate! Very flattered, I pulled up a stool and watched them unseen. They began to gamble! Up spun the pennies amid dead silence after shouts and shrieks, and came down amid silence followed by shouts and the most elaborate gesticulation and complicated arithmetic which belittled the mere division of five among six. Mirry was everywhere, now dancing, now standing as if paralysed, now pushing into the ring and out again as the boys unclosed. "Dear, dear, now they're going to fight!" I thought. Not at all! Not a blow was struck, although they debated like brigands after every toss. Mirry ran off, and another girl just like her ran up. She struck a managing attitude, and the boys looked at her solemnly. "I'll tell mum!" Their voices buzzed. Then the lucky-looking boy stepped out and led her to the grass. "She won't tell, will yer, me duck!" She sat down graciously, and looking up, caught sight of me and pointed. Then they all waved and I pulled the curtain back and waved, and then pretending that I was not meaning to look any more, closed the blind and went to another window. They continued gambling on the road under the grey sky as though nothing but their game mattered in the world. Presently the lucky-looking one stood imploring someone to lend him a halfpenny, which was instantly offered. He lost again, but not attempting to borrow, lounged, looking on, whereat the girl affectionately climbed on his back, and he stood mechanically bending up and down to give her a ride, but without in the least abstracting his royal attention from the game.

At a shout from her they all paused. Three men were approaching over the rise from the plain. The girl darted off towards them, never stopping until she reached the men, one of whom took her hand. The boys stood at attention absolutely silent. The men came on, walking in quick rhythm. There was no greeting that I could detect. The five boys waited—that was all. They stood so, respectfully, until the men were actually past them; then, as the men swung round towards the camp, the little lads trotted close behind, and presently there was a joyful shouting and much laughter.

Views and Reviews.*

To apply the canons of art to such a book as this would be a mistaken application of zeal. A grievance should simply be voiced, and, if not immediately remedied, should be vociferated until those who have the power apply it. The tactics of the importunate widow are the only ones to be applied when high and mighty personages procrastinate. But in spite of this obvious limitation of literary art, Mr. Stephen Reynolds does manage to do something more than present a series of demands on behalf of the lower deck. He shows us what offences have come, and he states, in most cases, their natural remedies; but this, by itself, would not be an invaluable service. For the remedy of most of the grievances that can be formed is an economic one; and increased pay, in one form or another, is the sole demand of Lord Charles Beresford's five-fold charter of reform. That the Admiralty, in the person of its First Lord, should promise in March to raise the pay of the men, and should assert in July that "it was not a question that should be the subject of a long and dilatory inquiry, because all the facts necessary for

* "The Lower Deck, The Navy, and The Nation." By Stephen Reynolds. (Dent. 1s. net.)

a decision were already known at the Admiralty," and yet, in November, should be subject to the reproach of delaying, at least, the fulfilment of its promises, are facts that would not afford Mr. Stephen Reynolds much scope. Members of Parliament might heckle the Government concerning the mysterious withholding of the £1,600,000; but if Mr. Stephen Reynolds had simply joined in the outcry, his brochure would have been less valuable than it is. His extraordinary talent for reproducing states of mind enables us to see how the offences come.

It is an adage among the working classes that one must live with people if one wants to know what they are; and Mr. Reynolds, without much straining of the literal meaning, may be said to live with the lower deck. His report, naturally enough, differs in kind as well as in degree from that of those people who listen to and repeat only formulated grievances. To read Lord Charles Beresford's letter to the "Daily Chronicle" is to be imbued with the idea that the granting of the five-fold charter of reform would settle the matter for ever, as Englishmen always want to do: to read Mr. Stephen Reynolds is to attain certainty that the matter cannot be thus settled. "After disentangling very carefully the discontent which is strictly naval from that which is general; that which has cause from that which is mere grumbling; and that which is common from that which is individual, one finds oneself left with three very distinct impressions," he says. "First, that the average lower deck opinion runs: 'Proper sickening, the Navy is, nowadays!' Which, plainly, is not an encouraging or desirable frame of mind. Second, that promotion and punishments are as much matters of luck as of deserts. Third, that in the Navy, too, discretion is the better part of valour. In other words, it pays a man best to lie low and look after himself. If he tries to do too much, he may make a small mistake and land himself into big trouble."

It is a serious indictment against any system that those who live under it console themselves by counting the days that must elapse before they regain their freedom. It is natural that a prisoner should so occupy himself; but that the conditions of service in the Navy should be such as to compel our seamen to a similar pre-occupation with liberty is a revelation of the state of things. One reason, perhaps the principal reason, is that, as a nation, we do not bother about men. We build ships, just as we build houses, without any regard for the people who will live in them: we are taught by Mr. Garvin and his confrères to chant: "We want eight, and we won't wait": but it is left to Mr. Reynolds to tell us that the allowance of air space in a Dreadnought is sometimes no more than 86 cubic feet per man. He quotes a young seaman in one of them as saying: "You can't turn in your hammock without disturbing the men on each side of you, and when they cough—and there's any amount of coughing aboard ship—the spit comes right in your face. The old ships were kings to these new ones." Instead of a seaman's life being a healthy open-air life, it is rapidly becoming a prolonged confinement in a floating factory that is not subject to the provisions of the Factory Acts; and the Admiralty can only lie about the increase of tuberculosis and neurasthenia among our sailors. The hygienic conditions of service in a modern ship are worse than those of a factory, simply because we are encouraged to think in terms of ships, not of men.

If the hygienic conditions are not so good as those under which capitalist industrial production is carried on, the other conditions are at least parallel. Speaking of the lower deck, Mr. Reynolds says: "Like the rest of the Service, it has been speeded up; and on the face of it, there is no objection to making men work hard, provided the pay and conditions are improved to correspond. But the pay remains the same, or is slightly less; it has been officially admitted that the average pay and allowance of the seaman branch have fallen 24s. a head since 1909. Hours, on the other hand, have lengthened, so that it is no uncommon thing for

the men to be kept on the go both night and day. Discipline, though somewhat less brutal, has been taking a tighter grip on the details of the men's lives, until, indeed, they find themselves meshed up in an almost incredible network of regulations. Promotion, with its consequent rise of pay, has been retarded by keeping down the personnel, which, for all our shipbuilding, has only increased since 1908 from 128,000 to 136,000; by heightening the necessary qualifications, by keeping fully-qualified men for long periods without promotion, and by setting men to do the work of the rating next above their own, without, however, giving them the pay of the higher rating. 'The average length of time,' says 'The Fleet,' 'which the average man remains an A.B. has considerably more than doubled during the past fifteen years; this not only keeps him at the lowest rate of wages for that extended period, but very seriously curtails his pension.'"

Mr. Reynolds insists that the Navy is in a condition of hopeless efficiency, that there is no "career" for men in an occupation that is made so abundantly detestable that they only endure it until they can leave it. "Schemes for lower-deck promotion are in the air," he says, "but it is useless to provide the opportunity unless the pay and conditions attached to it are advanced to the point of making it worth a man's while to stay on in the Service and finish there his active working life. At present, it is not usually worth while, and numbers of men, well able, refuse to aim at any promotion which would postpone their freedom." Indeed, it is not an incomprehensible frame of mind. The Navy now calls for a different type of man from that which sailed the ships of Nelson, but the discipline remains the same, if, indeed, it be not actually more heartless. "Officers order the work to be done," he says, "but it is for the petty officers to get it done, and their task has been rendered no easier by the divorce of discipline from petty officership, by the maintenance of discipline having fallen more and more into the hands of the ship's police." The whole scheme of things seems to be an attempt to obtain the maximum efficiency without providing any of the conditions of it: the passion for cheapness, so far as it relates to the human element, seems to spring from a pathetic belief in miracles, and miracles of this kind do not happen. Recruiting, Mr. Reynolds says, is only successful among boys: a striking indictment of the whole system. The pay condemns the majority of the lower deck men to remain unmarried: the discipline is irksome and promotion very slow: the risk of disease, not caused by misconduct, increases: the pension, for those who qualify for it, is inadequate, and only tends to lower the current rate of wages; and the routine of Navy life unfits men for work of a collateral nature when they get their discharge. Mr. Reynolds writes one of his most humorous passages about two retired petty officers who tried mackerel seining. His main conclusion is that service in the Navy should be regarded as a man's life work—that the conditions of pay, promotion, discipline, and health be such as to make life in the Navy not merely tolerable but worthy of a man's choice, and that the pension should be at least equal to the cost of a man's maintenance in civil life. At present, the policy of the Admiralty, and the obsession of the public, seem to be ships versus men; Mr. Reynolds shows us that, even in the Navy, the human element is the incalculable element, and is worthy of as much regard, at least, as the marvellous mechanisms floating round these isles.

Since the above was written, an increase of pay has been announced. The men demanded 20 per cent.: Lord Charles Beresford demanded for them 25 per cent.: the Admiralty grant 15 per cent. Lord Charles Beresford and the men demanded free kit and maintenance: the Admiralty grant free kit, but leave it to the men to maintain it. The niggardliness of this concession may be judged from the fact that the cost of the grant of free kit is only £8,500. The Admiralty has yet to learn the value of generosity.

Art.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

A good plough-boy who knows his work and understands how to cut a straight furrow, is, to my mind, a thousand times more interesting and prepossessing than a bad scene painter. In the same way, though I am far from wishing to imply that Mr. Frederick Carter is as remote from the exalted artist as a plough-boy is from a scene painter, I feel that he is ever so much more interesting in his little etchings than many more pretentious and ambitious painters are in their pictures.

I shall not dwell on the technique of his work. Suffice it to say that, in most cases, it does not obtrude, and this is the best compliment one can pay it. Mr. Carter knows his business as an etcher and he can also handle the graver with skill. (I call it the graver; I believe he calls it the burin.) The ability in the use of the graver alone shown in No. 14 at the St. George's Gallery is a sheer delight. Besides, look at the subject of No. 14! And that brings me to my principal point about Mr. Frederick Carter's work. At the present moment when the whole world of art seems to be immersed in the pessimistic swamp of decoration for decoration's sake, of colour for colour's sake, or of cubes' sake, it is not only refreshing, it is actually invigorating to meet some one who, though he does not express himself by means of the majestic pomp of huge canvases, at least believes in having an idea, a thought, an attitude towards life, as the starting point, the spring of all his dainty productions.

I have said before how much I detest these artists who produce decorative panels alone—who are stupidly and bovinely content to assemble pretty colours, and who then puff and pout portentously as if they were artist painters. Before many years have elapsed I trust that no one will be deceived any longer by the artful artifices with which this despicable band have attempted to conceal the fact that they are totally devoid of all ideas and of any artistic feeling. You can imagine, therefore, how pleased I was, not only to see, but to hear, that Mr. Carter could not even find the necessary momentum for his work without the enthusiasm and eagerness which is derived from an idea, from a definite message—leagues above mere patterns, decorations, colour schemes and other stupid and superior swindles!—for which he found in etching or in the burin the quickest medium of expression to hand. Or shall I not say, rather, the most congenial medium to hand? For the medium a man chooses to express himself in is not a mere accident, neither is it, as a rule, a matter of time or expediency.

And now take a look at Mr. Carter's subjects:—An elderly spinster, of the virulent type, is savagely chasing a cupid with a butterfly net, and cupid is flitting in high dudgeon through space!—and the plate is called "Signs of Spring"! Or, maybe, the female figure is Mrs. Grundy, or a terrified matron who fears "consequences." There is a beautifully grim humour in this, while cupid and the elderly spinster are delightfully done. "Pierrot Pendu" (No. 6) is another of the splendid plates, as is likewise "The Sphinx London" (No. 19), and "Dance Triste" (No. 16). When you go to this exhibition, you may be tempted to say that some of these ideas are trivial, or at least unimportant. I would agree to this criticism if the size and medium of their expression were out of all proportion to their significance. But it is precisely in his manner that Mr. Carter shows his wisdom. Good taste forbids a platitude being plastered over the cheek of a pyramid. There is meaning in size. Good taste also forbids what is a dainty and subtle idea being put on the rack on a canvas forty inches by thirty inches. When Mr. Carter presented these etchings and engravings, however, he was well aware of this profound relation between size in square inches and the magnitude of a thought. Perhaps "The Sphinx London" is the only one of the etchings

which suffers from compression in this sense. If I understand Mr. Carter's meaning aright, this is a thought which would have deserved a space twenty times the size of many a canvas covered by a Cubist or other humbugging crank of the modern school.

If Mr. Carter will take a word of warning from one who in giving it feels his position most acutely, he will beware of overdoing the fantastic. Great ideas are not generated in clouds. When a man's imagination cannot swim in the normal waters of reality, he does not teach it to do so by going up in a balloon.

* * *

At a time when shoddyism, carelessness, bad drawing and general incompetence masquerade as the "quips and cranks" of genius, it is a strange and certainly pleasing experience to encounter genuine effort, conscientious workmanship, careful and almost strenuous observation. Indeed, these qualities are so pleasing, almost as things in themselves, at the present day, that their only danger, to one like myself, is that they should prepossess him too strongly in favour of work which otherwise might be negligible. I do not mean to imply that, apart from her inordinate capacity for taking pains, Miss Lilian Lancaster's work at the Doré Galleries, is negligible; but her honesty and seriousness certainly led me from the start to look more deeply into her pictures than I should otherwise have been tempted to do.

I understand that Miss Lancaster has been, or still is, a pupil of Mr. Sickert. In any case, although she shows all the virtues of thorough and sound training, she is very far from having found herself. She is still in the throes of a contest both with nature and with her technique, or means of expression. Had I been Mr. Sickert, I should have advised her to bide her time, to work for yet a while longer, before making so important an appeal to the public. But is it the fashion to do this? Is one even thanked for doing it? If Mr. Sickert had given her this advice he would scarcely have been "dans le mouvement," nor would Miss Lancaster have been up-to-date had she followed it. There is a rawness about these pictures at the Doré Galleries which I am certain is much less the result of Miss Lancaster's own peculiar gifts than of her present incomplete mastery of her means and of nature.

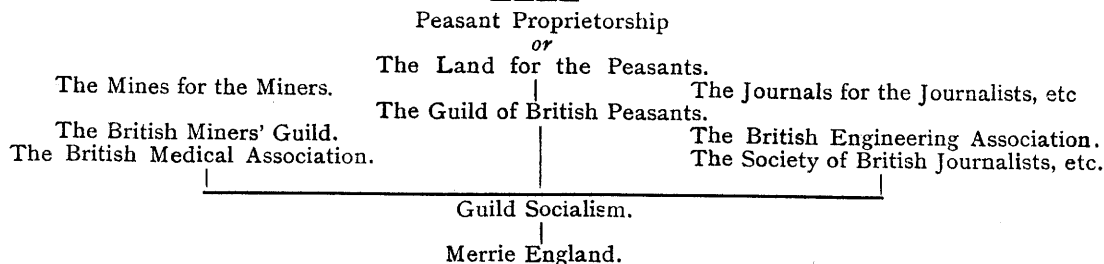
Brutal truth to reality in a beginner, however, is not only excuseable, it is necessary. It is even a promising sign to-day; for now most beginners artfully evade a hand-to-hand struggle with nature, by premature flights of their fancy into the fantastic and the weird. There is nothing of the fantastic, weird, or romantic in Miss Lancaster's work. She is standing on earth; she is conscientiously probing the problem of beauty in her surroundings. I contend, however, that the result for the present is *not* artistic beauty.

Wonderfully able as "A Blonde" (No. 12) undoubtedly is, sound and faithful as are "Moi-même" (No. 18), "Barbara in Yellow" (No. 2), "The Japanese Screen" (No. 16), and "Gold and Blue" (No. 7), I have the feeling that in all these pictures Miss Lancaster is exhibiting more virtuosity than taste, more good schooling than discrimination. And I say this in no carping spirit; for let me remind the artist that her earnestness both captivated and infected me, and I am doing my utmost to give her an earnest criticism.

It is when you turn from "Embroidress" (No. 10) to a "Painting from the Antique" (No. 14)—a tell-tale juxtaposition, by-the-bye!—that you realise on the one hand wherein Miss Lancaster is incomplete, subservient and still diffident, and on the other wherein she is mistress, unhesitating and brilliant. No. 10 is a disorderly jumble, pretentious in its composition, deceptive through its complexity, and almost pre-Raphaelite in its humble prostration before insignificant and disturbing detail. No. 14, on the contrary, is orderly, it is modest, tasteful and straightforward; but then half its beauty is borrowed beauty, almost all its charm comes from the inspired mastery of the ancient sculptor. Nevertheless, this borrowed beauty is splendidly rendered.

Pastiche.

THE CONVERSION OF G. K. CHESTERTON: AN EVOLUTIONARY FORECAST BY MORGAN TUD.



TOPICAL VERSES.

Conveniently addressed

To the "Labourer Harris."

With due apologies if I have misinterpreted his action in recently breaking a jeweller's shop window, and distributing the contents to an admiring crowd (November 11); but without apology to the Poor Law Guardians of East Grinstead.

(Nov. 28).

Fool that you are, if fools rush in
Where angels wish but fear to tread,
And the wise man to save his skin
So admirably keeps his head—
Poor fool, and yet divinely rash,
Where prudent men make solid cash
Of this self-same desire to smash
The system, set the Thames on fire
Just by exploiting this desire;
Where Wells's, Ramsays, Webbs and Shaws,
Those cautious angels of the cause
Dally to some discreet applause
With bills or theories, ridicule
The law and let the lawyers rule,
You run amok, you play the fool,
You actually break the laws.
Poor fool, I say, yet when between
The prison and the workhouse you
Must choose—arm-wringing friends in blue,
And devils of a darker hue,
The friends in black, mock pastors who
God's poor to comfort, aid, and cheer,
Even forbid their Christmas beer—
When in a world so cruel and mean
You, labourer Harris, you grow lean
In making fat this fulsome crew,
Are done with, labell'd "unemployed,"
And cast as rubbish to the void,
A scare-crow to your brother man,
A whip to scourge the labouring van,
I see that it was not so green
And 'twas a gallant thing to do.
Yes, 'twas a brilliant thought to steal
So bravely in the common weal,
Better than to devise by stealth
Some all too Fabian commonwealth.
Better than stealth and better far
Than peace this act of open war,
Where devils have usurp'd his sway
Man's realm of earth to make or mar.
Even God's kingdom, so they say,
Must suffer violence one day,
And, "labourer Harris" that you are,
You will have shown us all the way.
Aye, 'tis a thought that hits me hard—
Therefore have I become your bard—
Thus to be rich, and with a high
Hand generous once before you die.
To give, to give, not for yourself
You coveted the glittering pelf;
Hungry yourself, you will but try
To change this tinsel of disease,
For some few hungry passers by,
Into what honest bread and cheese
'Tis worth.—The tawdry gew-gaws fly,
The furious generosity
Of a starved lifetime long pent up
That shatters now this mortal cup;
Strong wine that burst this earthen ware,
And overflows at last to scare
The hurrying London thoroughfare.
No little airs or graces here
Of giving, for the end is near.

You must be brief; not one nor two
But half a hundred fiends in blue
Are now like bloodhounds on your track
To hail you to the fiends in black;
And they, no doubt, will hand you back
A victim to the Beak and claw
And dark intestines of the Law—
And some will say you're drunk and some
You're mad; no canting Liberal
Or democrat amongst them all
Will credit what they choose to call
A "working man," because he's dumb,
With motives such as well become
A "gentleman" who breaks the laws
In some first well-belauded cause.
But better men than you, my lad,
Some have been called, some driven mad.
Should they disgorge before they kill
The man you were, you'll have your fill
Of fighting yet, for good or ill;
This is a Merry England still;
Where, for the witless poor and weak,
Danger is never far to seek;
Should you escape the stupid Beak,
Beware the feeble-minded Bill.

A. R. G.

ON THE COMMON.

Cold blows the wind o'er the common bleak and drear,
The ice upon the pond's surface tells that winter is near.
Hushed are the song-birds,
The bracken and ferns lie dead,
Over the face of Nature deep gloom has spread.

The trees, leafless and bare,
Creak and groan a dismal air;
And all around are white traces,
Where King Frost's hoary hand
Has stretched with freezing touch over the land.

F. DOUSBERY.

EVERY (OLD) MAN.

Every old man is welcome here,
Poet or sage or mildewed seer.
See how they hobble on crutches along,
Each with his Antediluvian song.

Into the Strand,
Scrip gripped in hand
All of them moth-eaten
Most of 'em time-beaten,
Out of the ages—;
Mouldy their pages.

Every old man, so decrepit and bent,
Knocked at the door of the house of Dent.
"Manuscripts! Manuscripts! we have for sale,
Yards upon yards of them; bale upon bale.
Nothing there's new in 'em
Sucklings can chew at 'em."

Thus the old hoary-heads, cankered and stale.

Into the Temple of Everyman
Stumbled this ancient and fossilised clan;
The editor handled with reverence each scroll
And gloated with pride on its featureless poll.

Devils of printing ink,
Setting type—tried to think
What could the public see
In such insanity?
So do we wonder,
But Dent cannot blunder.

ARTHUR THORN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE NEW AGE," MR. F. E. SMITH AND MR. HAROLD SMITH.

Sir,—Referring to my letter, signed "Observer," in your issue of October 31st, I beg to say that I had no intention of reflecting injuriously upon the integrity of either Mr. F. E. Smith or Mr. Harold Smith. In my letter I suggested that Mr. F. E. Smith had been involved in dealings with Marconi shares, and that there was a consequent impropriety in the selection of Mr. Harold Smith as a member of the Committee. I unreservedly accept Mr. F. E. Smith's statement that he never, at any time, had any dealings direct or indirect with these shares, and it follows that my reflections upon Mr. Harold Smith are equally unfounded. Under these circumstances it is my plain duty to offer my sincere apologies both to Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Harold Smith, and I hereby do so.

C. H. NORMAN ("Observer.")

[On behalf of the New Age Press, Ltd., its Editor and its printers, we gladly endorse the foregoing letter of our correspondent, and join with him in expressing our deep regret for the publication of his original letter and in offering our sincere apologies to Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Harold Smith for the pain we thereby unintentionally caused them.]

EDITOR AND MANAGING DIRECTOR,
The New Age Press, Ltd.]

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—Is it possible to have an "evil pen" after the analogy of the evil eye? If so my letters to you must have done your journal an ill turn. On the last occasion I complained that references to THE NEW AGE were growing fewer; they ceased for some weeks altogether! But not so the quotations! Referring to Guild-Socialism, Mr. G. R. S. Taylor and Mr. Victor Grayson have both been expounding NEW AGE ideas in the "Daily Herald" without acknowledging their source. This is less to be deplored than the fact that these persons also deliberately conceal from their ignorant readers information which they should obtain. But what can be expected if the unmannerly, if the professed turvey-drops of the "Nation" and the "Daily News" adopt similar obscurantist methods? At the recent dinner to Mr. Poel this great Shakespearean scholar made a speech, the text of which appeared in your pages and nowhere else. Mr. Poel himself announced at the dinner—with over 500 distinguished persons present—that his remarks would be published in extenso in THE NEW AGE. The "Nation," commenting on the brief report of the address given in the "Times" said: "Had the speech been delivered in Paris it would have set the town talking." Yet it appeared in THE NEW AGE without the "Nation's" writer mentioning the fact, though he knew of it, and was deploring the absence of public discussion. Can the boycott descend lower? The "Daily News" had an interview with Mr. Poel and published extracts from the speech, but without informing its readers where the whole could be obtained. So much for Liberal liberality! Ameer Ali, the head of the Mahomedans, has, I note, been complaining that English Labour and Socialist papers have, without exception, been anti-Turk. Considering that when no other journal, Tory or Liberal, would publish a word in favour of the Turks, both Mr. S. Verdad and Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall were writing in Turkish defence weekly in THE NEW AGE, Ameer Ali is singularly ungrateful for a Mahomedan. The editor of the "Spectator," however, is not ungrateful, he is merely stupid, though at the same time prudent. Whom do you think he chooses as the Socialist exponent of the case against compulsory service? Not THE NEW AGE, but Mr. Snowden, whose arguments, he says, are "intellectually contemptible." In other words, they are of just about the "Spectator's" fighting weight. It only remains to end this letter pleasantly by references to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's generous tribute to THE NEW AGE in his "Daily News" article of Saturday last, Mr. Dingle's discussion of your views in the "Weekly Times and Echo," and "Justice's" return compliment in the form of a skit on your contributors. Next to THE NEW AGE "Justice" appears to be the only journal that possesses honour, honesty, and a love of fair play.

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE BAPTISTS.

Sir,—You may like to add the following to the list of NEW AGE adventures:—

Acting on the principle that the light should first be shed on the darkest place, I recently sent a batch of

"Notes of the Week" to a friend of mine studying in one of those benighted colleges where young men are trained for the Baptist ministry. Like successful vaccinations, they "took" (much to my surprise—for at the Baptist level of intelligence light is but darkness) and now, through my friend's advocacy, THE NEW AGE makes a regular appearance in the college reading room.

How many of the bright young men whose minds are being darkened in that institution actually read the paper I am unable to say. But when my soul shall have to stand before the judgment bar of—(I beg your pardon, I have unwittingly fallen into Baptist phraseology)—I mean if ever I am given an opportunity to assist in balancing a very long list of sins against a very short one of virtues, I shall put this one act of mine at the head of the latter list. And I think my friend's co-operation will save him from perdition in spite of his course at a Baptist Training College.

R. NORTH.

* * *

THE CENSOR IN THE HOTEL.

Sir,—I have for many years taken in THE NEW AGE for the benefit of my hotel, but owing to the attitude of Mrs. Beatrice Hastings on the question of the White Slave traffic, I am going to discontinue to do so. I have many visitors to my house who unfortunately will prefer for their own comfort's sake to adopt Mrs. Hastings' views; but since I owe it to the Providence of God that both a friend and myself escaped abduction, I know that the men and women who are fighting this evil, are dealing with facts and not fancies. I am so absolutely with them in their endeavours that I feel it is disloyal to them to encourage the sale of a paper which possibly helps to keep people sitting comfortably in ignorance in their armchairs, instead of facing the truth. There are, alas, too many who prefer to accept Mrs. Hastings' attitude without inquiry. You will of course say that as the correspondence is controversial the other side of the picture is also to be read in your paper. That is quite true, but knowing, as I said before, that many people will prefer to accept Mrs. Hastings' views, I do not care to be, indirectly, the instrument that helps them to sleep in peace, when I feel so strongly that they should be up and doing.

Your attitude altogether in regard to the "Women's Movement" has changed my view since I took in your paper. I hold you are not even generous in your criticisms against us.

(Mrs.) EMILY MACMILLAN.

* * *

"THE BLACK PERIL."

Sir,—The spirit in which "Oom Boomslang" (Oct. 31st) criticises "the fair but somewhat ferocious sex" is welcome, especially to anyone who tries to call a protest against mediæval penalties, and does so in a new country where people have not yet found time to think.

In reference to the South African newspaper clipping, I can easily believe that the "greater severity," demanded by white men at the instigation of their women, was but a demand for fuller satisfaction of revenge, though the nature of the extra severity proposed is not quite clearly indicated.

But certainly there should be also some criticism of the ferocious profession; for where this vindictive spirit is found, it is found associated with the direct influence of priests and ministers of some kind, who always as a body, and often individually, have opposed humane progress, and who uphold the teaching of a ferocious old book, and even advise such reading as morally educative.

The ignorance of magistrates, who fail to understand how much a woman or girl may suffer from the brutality of a man, is not to be cured by the ignorance of those worshipping the ancient Hebrew god of vengeance, who do not understand what the penalty of the lash really means, in varying and uncertain degrees of torture and in degradation. At Toronto a whipping machine is in use, to punish wife-beaters. Short sentences accompany this penalty, and no doubt save trouble and expense to the Government, but it is questionable if the wife who has her savage partner so soon returned upon her, still further degraded, is in any degree safeguarded.

That extreme suffering, even publicly inflicted, fails as a deterrent, and is probably an exciting cause of crime is seen in the Southern States of the U.S., where negroes accused of assaults upon women are usually burnt alive, by lynch law. The crime does not diminish. In Jamaica, as the Governor, Sir Sydney Olivier tells, this trouble is practically unknown, with the same race in a similar climate.

It is not enough, however, merely to express horror at cruel and useless penalties. Search into causes of

crime is needed, and should be demanded, and the courage that faces facts. Do men become wife-beaters or assaulters of girls from inherited mental defect in most cases? or is the hard pressure of our highly artificial sex system a usual cause?

Rulers of prisons could certainly, if they had the will, learn much by talks with the prisoners.

DORA FORSTER.

British Columbia.

* * *

THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—You allowed me in July last to bring before your readers' notice the case of the above islands. It is contended that in consequence of scandalous concessions and forced labour the natives, though under British rule, are being reduced to a condition of abject beggary, while the concessionaires (of whom a late Government official was the chief) are reaping tens of thousands of pounds in profits annually. When such a state of affairs existed in the Congo the British public was aroused to make representations to the Belgian king; but it appears that all the representations made to our own King through his Ministers, on behalf of his own oppressed subjects, are treated with contempt. I can only hope for the credit of England that no exposure of our administration in these islands will appear in any foreign paper. A Society for the Reform of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands would be a delicate attention for the Germans, say, to pay us. And thoroughly we should deserve it. I note that Mr. Harcourt on July 24 last stated in the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. Pointer, that he was in negotiation with the Pacific Phosphates Company for a revision of the royalty (now 6d. on a ton worth £2 on the island itself). Would Mr. Pointer remind him of this promise and ask whether anything has come of it?

MERVYN ROBERTS.

* * *

GENIUS IN NEW COUNTRIES.

Sir,—Mr. Ezra Pound, discussing the lack of original genius in his own and other new countries, says: "It is possible that 'Individuals' cannot be produced except in old countries or from old stock." I think it is true that new countries are on the whole favourable to genius. Sir James Fitzjames said that Americans were "Self-satisfied, commonplace, and essentially slight." The description would apply even better to British Colonists, and perhaps to the people of South American Republics.

Most old countries, however, are also unproductive of genius. So large a nation as Austria has never produced a great poet or man of letters. No Asiatic nation has had a great genius for hundreds of years. Once the Mahomedan nations possessed every genius in the world, while the Christians were not above the level of Esquimaux. To-day the situation is reversed.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that new countries, particularly the United States, have been quite devoid of genius. In Statesmanship and oratory they have hardly been equalled. Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, was far above the level of any British Statesman. It would be absurd to compare any modern English Prime Minister with Abraham Lincoln. The finest American speaker I have heard is Debs, and he is certainly much superior to any British orator of our time. All Americans say that Ingersoll was even finer than Debs.

During the past hundred years the English language has been enormously enriched by constant supplies of American slang. Vivid and imaginative phrases are coined almost daily in the mining camps and on the cattle ranches of the west, and are gradually adopted by everybody. These phrases are better evidence of widespread originality and imagination than the production of a few masterpieces would be. Nowhere in the world are the common people more imaginative than in Western America. There are men running weekly newspapers in American mining camps who can use the English language with a power and originality utterly beyond the dreams of a London editor.

Even in the best literature America has produced a few masterpieces. Emerson's "English Traits" is as good as anything written in English prose in the nineteenth century. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is easily the most delightful history in the English language. It is the only history I ever read which I could not stop reading for a moment until I had finished it. Whatever else Walt Whitman may have been, he was certainly original and individual. He is as perfect a representative of the optimistic temperament as Schopenhauer or Leopardi is of the pessimistic. Still, there have been few geniuses in America, and hardly any in the British Colonies. The causes of this phenomenon are well worth investigating.

I think the main cause is that educated men have no time. Nearly all European literature has been written by men who had a good deal of time and money. Such a class is unknown in new countries. In Western Canada many towns are advertising for lawyers, doctors, and dentists. The moment a man can get his education completed, he rushes into something in which there is good money. The other day at ten o'clock in the morning I met a young doctor, and he said: "I've had two operations and a confinement already this morning." Young men of twenty-three or so get lucrative positions with more work than they can do. In a year they marry. The wife becomes a household drudge, who does more work than any two English servants, and the husband, if he ever has a moment to spare, spends it in wheeling the perambulator or otherwise helping his wife. Such a condition of things is fatal to all effort which cannot be immediately exchanged for cash. The only people who have any leisure are the inheritors of riches, and they do nothing in any country.

Then the uneventfulness of life is fatal to original work. There is nothing to stir the imagination. There are no political questions. By far the largest question now in Canada is as to when the Hudson Bay Railway will be completed. There are almost no anxieties or sorrows, for everybody can get twice as much work as he can possibly do, and everybody eats three meals of very tough beef every day. The outdoor working-class has a good deal of leisure in the winter in North America, but the indoor workers work and eat all the time, and have little else to think of. Until lately the Canadian people, and in a less degree the American, were extremely religious, and terribly afraid of Hell. I know many Canadians who have passed years of acute misery thinking about Hell. This undoubtedly gave a certain depth to the character. Now, however, there is such a tremendous movement against Hell that the belief in it has almost vanished. Ministers are preaching to their congregations that there is no such place, and philanthropic religious organisations are publishing announcements in all the country newspapers that there is no Hell. The effect being produced is tremendous, and I know a number of people over sixty who have lately gone to the theatre for the first time in their lives, and some have even attended horse races. Now, the only Hell of a Canadian is to have bought the wrong town lots. All this is excellent from the standpoint of happiness, but it is not favourable to Art.

"For this the gods have fashioned man's life and evil day, That still to men hereafter might be the tale and the lay."

Then there is an extraordinary want of variety in new countries. Nothing stimulates the mind like variety. "La variété, c'est la vie." In a new country, all men are almost the same. All the boys and girls go to the same school and study together. Only the rich and snobbish have separate schools. Instead of three classes, as in Europe, there are only two, the capitalists and the labourers, and the line between the two is very slight, and constantly being overstepped. The labourer calls his employer "Tom," and his Member of Parliament "Bill," and Tom and Bill have exactly the same education and ideas as the labourer. All thought is standardised; precisely the same codes of morality and propriety are accepted without question by everybody. Each country is as large as Europe; you travel a thousand miles from New York to Chicago, and two thousand more from Chicago to Seattle, and there is not the smallest differences between the people at the end of your journey and those at the beginning. Uniformity of surroundings produces uniformity of persons. The Presidents of the United States are as like as a row of pins; even the method of their assassination is always the same. Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley, and Taft differed in no point except their names.

All this is fatal to great originality, but not to taste. American æsthetic taste is remarkably good. Omar Khayyam caught on in the United States sooner than in England. Swinburne is far more popular in America than he has ever been in England. The Americans have always known that Tennyson was a greater poet than Browning, and they have never had any doubt that Pope and Byron were poets. I have seen magnificent amateur acting in Western Canada, and there is plenty of musical talent. As for genius, I am inclined to think it is incompatible with individualist democracy.

It is a curious fact that English genius was at a minimum when the people were most prosperous. "I find that the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth were the Golden Age of the English labourer," says Thorold Rogers. That was the most sterile age in the history of English literature.

R. B. KERR.

BEBEL.

Sir,—It is pleasing to note a softening of tone in A. E. R.'s reply to my former letter. He also quotes his authorities. They are MacDonald, "Rifleman," and Snowden. They constitute rather a meagre basis for A. E. R.'s strictures. I do not know, nor have I heard of, any qualifications that MacDonald has to be quoted as an authority. He took a party of Labour M.P.'s to Germany to be feasted by Burgomasters at the very time that the Social Democrats were in conference. As for "Rifleman" he gives no evidence for a conclusion he obviously desires for his argument. Mr. Snowden, I fancy, was judging German by English political labour experience, which, of course, is no guide. Moreover, the quotation from him was scarcely evidence. A. E. R. says I give no evidence. Well, I will tell him what mine is. I have seen something of the German Socialist movement and of the German people in some fifteen or twenty of German's largest towns (exclusive of Berlin), and the more I see of both, the more I believe in both. "Au surplus," I know a goodly number of Germans, Belgians, and English people (Socialists and anti-Socialists) and their statements confirm my opinions.

Hervé has said that the Kaiser dare not mobilise his Army, and that the German social democracy is the finest organised force of the workers in the world. An Austrian capitalist, when asked last year if Germany were likely to war against us, said, "No, they are afraid of their Socialists."

I could call more witnesses, but let these suffice.

Now, briefly, I want to ask A. E. R. whether he is justified in applying as a conclusive test that the struggle for bread is intensifying? In the first place is it not a revisionist argument? Is not the truer test one of intelligence? Has the area of class-consciousness, political and industrial, been extended? Is the working class intelligently organising itself? That the struggle for bread should intensify would appear to be true Marxian orthodoxy.

In conclusion, I cannot believe that a movement that has created both a great political machine and a great industrial machine, that has established a daily and a weekly Press unique in character and in extent, that is mainly composed of an increasing number of the best educated proletariat in the world, that that movement is merely giving Lloyd George hints. Lloyd George is merely copying Bismarck, who borrowed his ideas from Lassalle. At Amsterdam Jaurès asked, "What are you doing with your million votes?" Bebel replied "What do you expect us to do? March on Berlin? That may be magnifique à la Français, but it is not German common-sense. No, we are going on making Socialists until we have a working majority."

As a matter of fact, they have, of course, achieved a great deal, but it is mainly indirect, as it must be while they are in a minority.

Pardon my prolixity. But let us honour a great man even if he is somewhat egotistical, for that quantity is not unknown in A. E. R. FRED H. GORLE.

* * *

"THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD."

Sir,—I am honoured that Mr. Geoffrey Houghton should have read my book, but he appears to have missed the point made by me in the passage to which he refers. In this I demonstrate that every increase in the efficiency of capitalist production, by any means whatsoever, must inevitably result in the displacement of labour, cut-prices and low wages. Whether the conspiracy alluded to by THE NEW AGE actually exists or not is immaterial: the point is that its action, if there be such action, must inevitably render industrial problems more not less acute.

Thanking your reviewer for his very fair-minded criticism of my work, which, as coming from a political opponent certainly reflects great credit upon THE NEW AGE.

"A RIFLEMAN."

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir,—There was a time within the memory of many of your readers when Mrs. Beatrice Hastings registered in your pages passionate quiverings anent the wrongs of her sex. I well remember her dramatic description of the terrible scarlet drapery that clung upon the walls of some imaginary cell in Holloway, where a suffragist sat—exulting. Her sympathy with woman's cry for justice brought from her the avowal that she was prepared to "qualify" for prison in that cause. I remember feeling disgust at the thought of rates being expended on the keeping such hysterical puleys in board and lodging.

To-day Mrs. Hastings has nothing but sneers for her sex. What subtle chymistry has been at work in her?

One has had time to grow assured—albeit the jest is stale—at a Belfort Bax slitting his gall-sac to disinfect the feminine world; but the spectacle of a young and beautiful woman kicking her fellows deeper into the mud in which they have slipped and fallen, or been pushed by an amazing fate, is not a lovely sight. Grant, then, that the majority of prostitutes have stepped into that mud; are we then to leave them to flounder there, perhaps to sink? I say "perhaps" because I do not deny that many may, by marriage, become "honest women," as we quaintly say. If we have ever realised that the communion of bodies is nothing unless it be the supreme symbol of the union of souls; if the knowledge of this mystery has, in the matter of sex, served to differentiate us from the world of beasts, what can one do but attempt to bring that knowledge to all who are yet ignorant? Is not one's staff also a shepherd's crook?

Nowadays one is a little shy of being sincere, and yet, risking the jeers of Mrs. Hastings, I would suggest that it is a very paltry selfishness that would restrain its "light" from "shining before men." All endeavour that is sincere is "light," even though it seems a glimmer that we have persuaded ourselves is the veritable glory of God.

Is it kind of Mrs. Hastings to keep even a chance of a cleaner life from these women? Is it wise to wither with sarcasm the attempts of those who think they are helping?

I hold no brief for flogging; we are grown beyond that now; now is the day of reason, of suggestion; but what seed falls from Mrs. Hastings that shall serve for bread of life to those who now sell their bodies for cake and jam? Tares, not wheat, will spring from such bitterness as she casts from her sieve; giant weeds fostering blight.

Mrs. Hastings sneers at O. K. Simes' instances of abduction. Here is no story, but a true instance of the need of justice for the prostitute against her "bully" procurator.

I once lived in Bloomsbury, and late one night there came piercing shrieks and the crash of crockery and broken glass from the floor below. I rushed downstairs, and was met by an elderly German, who tried to bar my entrance to the room, saying that a girl, an "artist's model," was drunk. The door was wrenched open by a girl, barefoot, and in her nightdress.

I went to her; she was no more drunk than I was, but terrified. She declared the man her master; that he lived in the room behind her own; that he had forced an entrance and assaulted her. She sat down trembling, while he again declared her drunk. At that she sprang to the window, flung up the sash and shouted for the police. Two policemen came, were admitted by a frightened tenant, entered, and mechanically, in the blaze of electric light, turned their lanterns on the debris of the room—broad farce in that pitiful tragedy. She begged them to take down her deposition: that she was a prostitute; her friends kept her. She said, looking at me, "I am not ashamed. Don't ask why; it is too late." She declared the man to be a keeper of brothels; that she paid him £10 a week for her room, that he had assaulted her, and that she meant to pay him for that. I saw that the police were not taking down her depositions, and asked why not. One replied that it was no use; a prostitute's evidence was worthless. The other said to her, "Put on your shoes, my dear, you'll cut your feet." In the midst of this a young man entered—her "friend." She ran to him regardless of the broken glass and clung to his arms, crying "Pat, Pat, he says I'm drunk; oh, save me! He assaulted me. You know I'm not drunk." I felt I could do nothing but leave her with her friend, and went back to my room, and the police left, saying again that it was no use her giving evidence. I shall never forget her words: "Don't ask why; it is too late," nor cease to hope that one day justice may be the handmaid even of prostitutes. If Mrs. Hastings wishes, I will give her the name of the street, the number of the house, and the year in which this occurred.

I pray her to be kinder in her thoughts to those who are "down," and to those who fain would raise them up; even though the method of doing so may not please her.

Not hysterical partisanship of woman's rights, nor callous, systematic sneering that equals any "flogger's" cruelty, will help the world evolve.

GWENDOLEN BAX.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: I cannot undertake here a detailed defence of my change of mind about the utility of the suffrage in upraising my fallen sisters, married and otherwise. But I may certainly say, that with the exception of my former acceptance of the vote as a symbol of woman's improvement in sense and sensibility, I find

almost nothing to retract in my ancient and, as I imagined, quite dead writings. I wrote the particular article referred to by Mrs. Gwendolen Bax before I had met any of the so-called "advanced" women. I knew all sorts of women, but none "advanced." After I had met these I did not become a member of any suffrage society, although it was some time before I began actively to oppose the suffragettes. Briefly, my opposition grew somewhat through such things as these: I found that they suppressed the truth about their prison experiences for political ends; that their idea was actually to get into Parliament, whereas mine was of a subsidiary council of women. I found them literally mad about getting the vote, but cold as any lover of a lap-dog about the things which the vote was supposed to symbolise. I thought they meant the same sort of things I meant by womanly reforms: The choice in maternity; equal divorce rights, but without maintenance, for if a woman is not too sensitive to live on a "wicked" man, her sensitiveness is not worth noticing; the raising of the school age at both ends; the abolition of barbarous punishments, reformatories, and all prosecution of children; the establishment of beer-gardens, the best practical means of socialising poor people; campaigns against cruel "sport," torture of creatures for their fur and feathers, vivisection; and a score of other reforms which are women's business. But they couldn't be bothered with any of these matters, except as asides to the political vote. True, if the matter could be used against unjust or cruel men, it was used, but if it could be used against unjust or cruel women, it was suppressed. I had nearly written that the suffragettes have feminine opinions without feminine sentiments, but I think they have only a feminine mania—to be equal with men. We never can be equal with men; it is not in nature. Philip does not rise because Ethel points the way, but Ethel must always be obliged to Philip for the liberty even to talk in public, and if she abuses the privilege long enough, Philip's natural lordship will reassert itself. The cleverer woman is the better she appreciates the inimitableness of the male being; it is not a question of individual men, but of the creative power of the sex in all the business of the race. As Mr. Shaw might say: "I myself, a clever person, avow even these truths." Man is a maker, woman is a mender. In a day like this only, when man's standard is temporarily low, woman may pretend to even nominal equality.

Suffragist women never misunderstood the little feminist book I wrote. Some men were alarmed at my attitude about the right of choice in maternity. But the women hated me for the book. Gracious, I can see why! Listen to this: "A man's position in society is only less valuable than his life, and yet this position is dependent upon women's conventions. It scarcely needs proving that a member of any public body retains his office mainly through his subjection to the rules of the bed-and-board women. No public official could survive an action for restitution of conjugal rights." Fancy saying such things to women who want now to be able to divorce a man for adultery alone—an hour's temptation, and then to live on the monster for life! I said again that the suckling of infants is ordinarily a swimmy sensation; they want to make out that it is something very holy as well as useful. In fact I said a lot of things which they want suppressed, and I made fun of some of their dearest self-delusions. But above all, I begged them not to be so conceited and covetous and cruel; in fact, not to be polite whores, but women. And this leads me to Mrs. Bax's second topic. In writing about the harlot I said then exactly what I say to-day: my experience of such persons was already acquired: "The real harlot returns to the working woman an amazed contempt. She neither desires nor needs pity until she becomes unsuccessful at her trade. The institution of legal marriage vulgarised harlotry, but never modified it. Man has always secretly protected the harlot from extinction at the hands of the wife. . . Under conditions of marital blackmail the secretiveness and loyalty of the harlot serve him well. It is useless to try and condemn a man to continue unwelcome sex-relations with a wife whose charm has departed, since branding and burning have not taken from him the harlot. Yet the wife not only would endure, but demands, this bestiality." No wonder the book was boycotted! I wasn't saying at all what they wanted. But now let me consider Mrs. Bax's story. At the outset she seemed to be describing a real white slave attempt: the screams, the desperate struggle, the trembling girl in a nightgown, the bad man her master. Well, to my mind, Mrs. Bax had broken in upon a common row, and to this day she has failed to take in the situation. The trembling girl paying ten pounds a week for a room in Bloomsbury was a very accomplished prostitute. What was the alleged assault?

Criminal assault? Nonsense. No keeper of brothels could be so hard up for a woman as all that. Only a lawyer would convict a man on such a trumped-up tale; and such tales are what men mean when they say that "some women get men hung for nothing." I should say that they had quarrelled about money, the prostitute's business being over for the night. Herself in a bad temper about something or other, the man's demand being inopportune, her "friend" being within call, she let herself go without considering anything but her need of a restorative scene. The police doubtless knew perfectly well that she would later on contradict every word she said, and that everybody would settle down in the greatest friendship before morning. Mrs. Bax behaved very cautiously in retiring just after the feminine nature had reached saturation point. Now I should (so long ago) probably have made a fool of myself and tried to get the girl up to my room and the end of it would have been a firm shove-out for me. These women have no patience with other women who want to "reform" them, and they are quite right, for they know that the main cause why they are pushed about from pillar to post is the jealousy and fear of respectable women. Reforming them means nothing but getting them off the market, putting them in a home and moralising at them. Mrs. Bax need not accuse me of "kicking" prostitutes, "my fellows," as she says, into the mud. I treat them as my fellows and not as lambs or wolves. Not I am defending the hounding and cowardly Criminal Amendment Bill. I am opposing it! It is aimed at the prostitute, to make her life miserable. White Slavery is a blind. The bottom of it all is hatred, jealousy, and fear of the prostitute. As for me, I say, let her alone, take the police off her, don't try and imprison her in a "home"; you wouldn't dare meddle so much with any other class of women, but you know that prostitutes are at a great disadvantage. Why don't you plague the sweating millionaires to come and be saved by law? And I may say that I find simply detestable the sort of talk Mrs. Bax indulges about the union of bodies being the supreme symbol, etc. Half the respectable world stews amidst these prettifications of sex. Old-fashioned women who accepted marriage as a duty and died innocent of anything being wrong were preferable to these modern souls. One result of all the discussion of white slaves will be more of them. Discuss a thing enough and you'll get it done, whatever it may be. The subject is now haloed in attractive horror, and just as surely as lust and cruelty are hideously attractive to certain persons, those persons will now for a while increase their activities. A week or two ago two children were murdered. The newspapers made copy of the affair: this week we have an imitation of the horror. The Archbishop of Canterbury sets an example of ferocity to the whole nation: imitative lunatics will be sure to follow him.

I shall systematically sneer at all yarns which won't bear ordinary investigation. I shall systematically sneer at all "reformers" who want to flog anyone. I shall systematically sneer at all women who come to attack me with fluffy spiritualities and no common sense. With my pen I could write leagues of fluff to inform the prostitute that the union of bodies is *nothing* unless it be the supreme symbol, but she would only answer: "Well, it is nothing to me." The respectable union of bodies is only a symbol that a man and woman are ordinarily in love with each other. The opinion of persons who regard marriage as an unbreakable and unrepeatable contract is the only opinion of marriage which is worth examination. All the rest are fancy opinions upon spiritual levels. If Mrs. Bax has the more claim to discuss this matter than others, I may submit to being instructed by her.

In case it is concluded that I do not believe that there may be instances of white slavery, I say that I think there may be some. I have never seen one; but I've never seen a boa-constrictor. I have heard of cases of procuring, but the virtue was but middling to begin with. I don't know what I should not want to do with a man (though everything would be useless) who took away my sister, but I should feel pretty much the same about a woman who seduced my son if I had one, possibly more impotently furious because the boy would loathe himself for a nasty fool whereas the girl would feel herself innocent. I am assuming that I got her back. I assume that any girl may get back because every brothel in the world is open to the police. If there is a case of absolute slavery (no "decoyings" for five thousand miles!) the police on the beat must be accessory. No legislation would help here, unless it were legislation to release the voluntary prostitute from police terrorism and so make it likelier that she would inform of any case of brothel slavery.]

Sir,—I have followed the correspondence upon the white slave traffic with great interest. I take off my hat to Mrs Hastings; her criticism of O. K. Simes is worthy of the great G. B. S. himself. Of course, I understand. Previously I confess I was a little befogged; things did not appear so clear until Mrs. Hastings' letters appeared. Bravo, Mrs. Hastings!

You will observe, Sir, what a notable exception Mrs. Hastings is to the majority of women. Some time ago M. B. Oxon stated in THE NEW AGE that women were appendages of the uterus. I understood it to mean that women had not the mental ability of men. In that case, Mrs. Hastings proves the exception to the rule.

What a fighter, Sir! Pardon my heroine worship. I know it marks me as Mrs. Hastings' inferior; but I must applaud genius when I see it. I reckon O. K. is now K. O. (knocked out). If he ain't he must be one of those who don't know when they are beat; in which case the referee should interfere in order to allow him to leave the ring alive. Oh what a drubbing! I am not laughing at Mr. O. K. Simes (frankly, I pity him). I only desire to show my appreciation of such a splendid exhibition of straightforward, intellectual sparring as that given by Mrs. Hastings.

A CASUAL DOCKER.

Sir,—In last week's NEW AGE Mrs. Hastings raises a query as to the number of girls in refuge homes who attempt escape. I cannot give numbers, but from inside experience of a "home" in connection with a lock hospital I know there were very few, if any, girls who were not eagerly awaiting the expiration of their year of detention and domestic training, in order to return to their life on the streets. Very wide-awake young people they were—many of them little more than children, and all under 20 years. There was no question of their having been decoyed away, since no one who acts willingly and knowingly can said to be decoyed. The plain facts were that that life offered tawdry showy attractions which were open to them in no other direction, domestic service least of any. Why won't reformers of morals face facts?

I ask with Mrs. Hastings: From where have these thousands of innocent victims come who have been terrorised into prostitution or smuggled across the sea? By what means were they forced? Many working-class mothers have deplored to me the downward trend of their daughters, but not one has complained of her girl having been victimised by a procurer, nor have I ever known anyone having the most distant acquaintance with a girl to whom this has happened.

The White Slave Traffic Bill is just another attempt—and a very successful one—to distract public attention and interest from the real evil of society—underpaid labour.

VIOLET MAYNE.

Sir,—I should like to thank Mr. Stafford heartily for that very necessary letter of his in THE NEW AGE of November 28. Hitherto no public correspondence on this matter has alluded even remotely to this one sound objection to severe flogging. His letter ought to appear in every newspaper, but I know what the average editor is. . . . If sane people once realise that flogging—especially birching—is really a hideous form of debauchery for the flogger and something much worse than mere physical pain for the flogged, they would abolish such a punishment for ever. Men and women who would still advocate flogging in spite of these facts are simply filthy-minded sadists.

Psychologists know how numerous are cases of sadism, and this hysterical agitation in favour of flogging is a clear proof of their contentions.

As a matter of fact the symptoms described by Mr. Stafford are not confined to "abnormal" victims: they can and do occur when brawny men and manly boys are birched. An ordinary public school flogging often produces some of these symptoms in muscular unimaginative boys of fourteen. I have had a wide experience of boys in my own educational capacity, and I am not exaggerating. And there are occasionally symptoms even more horrible, but I will not disgust your readers with details. Once more, sincere thanks.

B.A. (Cantab.)

SWEATED JOURNALISTS.

Sir,—Is "Justinian" so far outside the journalistic pale that he does not know of the National Union of Journalists? Let him come in and bring his friends with him and there will soon be no more unfair agreements or unscrupulous syndicates and publishers. Mr. W. N. Watts, of Manchester (The Press Club), or Horace Sanders of

London (The Press Club) will set him in the right path, or if he will climb the stairs of 146, Fleet Street he will hear of much to his advantage.

J. PERROTT,
Secretary, N.U.J.

* * *

COINCIDENCE.

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Ransome is too well known an art critic, the "English Review" is too scrupulously honest a magazine, to make the series of parallel passages from my writings and from an article by Mr. Ransome in the December "English Review" anything more than a coincidence. Moreover, it is certain, is it not, that Mr. Ransome would have named his sources if he had actually paraphrased another man's work. Nevertheless, the coincidences are so extraordinary and have been so repeatedly pointed out to me—that, lest I should be thought to have plagiarised Mr. Ransome by anticipation, I beg to assure your readers that I did not read Mr. Ransome's article two years before it was written. I could not, indeed, possibly be sure a year ago that Mr. Ransome a year thereafter would anticipate my discovery that Whistler was the painter of "Kantianism." Could I?

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* * *

THE CREATION OF MATTER.

Sir,—M. B. Oxon would do well to try and understand the difference between "reasoning" and "mental sleight-of-handism." Logical reasoning means to observe facts, to compare them, like with like, and then draw such conclusions as are warranted by your observations and comparisons. Mental sleight-of-handism seeks only to deceive the mind by making comparisons which only apparently compare but not really.

My contention is that we can only reason about the "unknown" from the "known." For if you take away the "known" (knowledge) there remains no reasoning at all except for such superhuman philosophers as persuade themselves that they can conceive "reasoning" as an abstract quality, quite apart from natural phenomena.

We have started to reason about an unknown subject, namely, whether matter was at any time brought into existence from nothing. I, as a mere human thinker, could do nothing but adopt the only method which a poor human can adopt, namely: to judge from the known.

The "known" tells me that matter cannot be made "non-existent." My human conception cannot even conceive the universe in a state of non-existence. Why, the two words "universe" and "non-existence" are contradictory. I can conceive matter in a state of ether or something finer still (although I have never seen such substances, still I can comprehend them because I have seen matter in a gaseous form; therefore I can imagine even more ethereal forms), but I cannot, nor can M. B. Oxon, think of "nothingness." We can only think, conceive, comprehend "somethingness," but no philosopher, however transcendental, can conceive "nothingness." Well, then, since I cannot conceive matter in a state of non-existence, and since, according to my senses, matter now is in a state of *existence*, I am therefore obliged to assume that it always existed, even though ever-existence is not within my experience.

M. B. Oxon, not being able evidently to shake this logical standpoint, tries to ridicule me by means of a mental sleight-of-hand. The fulcrum on which he supports his lever is a mere word; had I used a different expression he would not have been able to make his comparison. I said, "that no scientist has succeeded in reducing matter to a state of non-existence. Since matter cannot be non-existent, it must be therefore ever-existent." I could have expressed the same idea by leaving out the scientist, and could have said: "Since we human beings cannot think of matter as non-existent, etc." That would have made it impossible for M. B. Oxon to drag in telepathy and homœopathy, and thus deceive himself into thinking that he scored an important point. But, quite apart from that, how can his argument affect my position? They are so dissimilar! Supposing some scientist did think twenty years ago that telepathy was non-existent, and now it does exist, where in the name of common-sense is the comparison with my argument? No scientist, or any ordinary intelligent person, denies that there are forces in matter, of which we are not yet aware, and which we hope to discover; but no sane person ever hopes to discover a means whereby to make matter non-existent! I will be pleased to discuss with M. B. Oxon the points which he suggests, but I must first ask him either to admit that my reasoning is logical or to give reasons why it is not.

JOSEPH FINN.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—Your contributor who wrote on new spelling in "Present-day Criticism" needs no support, since he is obviously able to defend himself against the attacks of those easily-drawn people who know not how to spell. I feel, however, that I should like to stretch a hand to him for the good, sound sense he showed in his article. Simplified spelling is no good for most of us who have work to do. For idlers it is as useful as Halma, Spelicans, and other innocuous pastimes. Your contributor said, if I remember rightly, in effect: "For goodness' sake, leave the language alone!" and I make a movement of adhesion. By all means let us reform the White Slaves of Poverty, or Castigating Archbishops, or the Lords, or the Middle Classes—but in mercy let us leave the poor defenceless language to itself. When we have plucked out the beams from our own eyes, it will be time to start in at the mote that is in the language's. IDA WILD.

* * *

Sir,—In view of the articles and letters on the questions of simplified spelling and nicety of pronunciation the following may be of interest:—

We had company a few evenings since, and amused ourselves with a word game called, I think, "I See a Light," in which two of the party discuss the qualities of the things represented by two words which must be the same in sound but of different meaning, while the others try to find out what the words are, entering into the conversation when they "see a light."

The best puzzlers on this occasion were "maize" and "maze."

A day or so afterwards my wife was talking about this game to one of our visitors, and it was suggested that "heir" and "air" would be good words for the purpose. But my wife said, "But they are not pronounced alike," and she gave her rendering of both. On her lips there is an unmistakable *e* sound in "heir" contrasted with the *a* sound in "air," notwithstanding the fact that the dictionary gives a like pronunciation to both. I may say that my wife hails from East Kent, and gives quite the diphthongal value to the name of "Alfred," pronouncing it purely Ælfred. She is quite an unassuming person otherwise.

L. H. WHITE.

* * *

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

Sir,—I have an action pending against you, but that is no reason why this letter should not be written by me and inserted by you in your columns. Who the writer of Present-day Criticism may be I do not know, but apart from his view of Richard Middleton's work, he is doing that man's memory a foul wrong. I say, and can prove, not only that Middleton was sane to the end, but that he was a great-hearted child, and the most unselfish person one could hope to meet. If you, Sir, are as fond of justice as the spirit of your paper would lead one to believe—the spirit of your anonymous contributor is, of course, excepted—you will stop him from making further cruel and cowardly slanders on one who cannot answer them. Why does he do it? There must be some other motive than that of love of truth, for one who loved truth would never write as this man writes; he would make sure of his facts, and having made sure of them would then remember his humanity.

Supplementing my letter forwarded yesterday, I shall be obliged, if in justice to the memory of Richard Middleton, you will insert the following:

The writer of Present-Day Criticism is a man entirely lacking in imagination. He can reason only, and this would, in part, account for his inhumanity. He lauds extravagantly, and at the expense of the whole of Middleton's other work, a story which its author told me in a letter was just a story, and no more than a story: "no satire, no allegory, . . . and Part II is nearer farce." The magic and fantasticalness of "The Ghost Ship" and some of the other stories, the superb beauty of many of Middleton's lyrics, are wholly beyond him; even the gentle spirit of "The Day before Yesterday" would fail to move him.

Nor does he reason fairly or correctly. He takes his facts chiefly from an article by Mr. Frank Harris, and then proceeds to accuse Mr. Harris of sophistry and falsehood. He has "no doubt but that Middleton was insane"; that he "lived as he wrote, craving and feeble"; that "egotism mostly overbalanced both his power and judgment"; that "his character was ill-controlled"; and then, in order to justify his extravagant eulogy of a story partly farcical, goes on to invent for his victim "one dreadfully lucid hour" in which that story was written. After this it is not surprising to find that the extraordinary lunatic of his invention had "ethical judgment" and

"religious beliefs," and that "his last words were a prayer."

Not one who knew Middleton personally but would say that your critic's conception of him is false. "Middleton's mind," says a friend, in an article published recently, "was a remarkably sane, lucid and logical one." Mr. Harris bears testimony to the accuracy of his judgment. I, myself, know that he was anything but craving and feeble. When his other work, letters and biography, are published the man can be judged as a whole. But apart from all this what can be your critic's idea of what the characteristics of men of genius should be? If Middleton's life had been as irregular as the lives of Wagner, Verlaine, Baudelaire, De Quincey, Wilde, and a host of others, the fact would still remain that their works are those of great men. Your critic, of course, says that Middleton had no genius, but his opinion is not worth further discussion. As Mr. Arthur Colman told you recently, he has no ear for lyric poetry, and should confine himself to prose or to laboriously compiled epics. Personally, I think he ought not to be writing at all. It is he whose "egotism overbalances both his power and judgment." In one of the innumerable mirrors of genius he has seen himself.

45, Lambton Road,

H. SAVAGE.

Wimbledon, S.W.

[We have no objection to publishing Mr. Savage's letter though, in view of his announced legal action against THE NEW AGE, he can hardly expect the writer of "Present-Day Criticism," or any literate person, to reply seriously to him now, or at any time.—Ed. N.A.]

* * *

FORM AS APPLIED TO ART.

Sir,—Art cannot dispense with form, and pictures, which are representations of things actually seen (even the pure imagination is largely dependent upon visual experience), can never—if they are to be included under the heading of art—be independent of normal human vision.

In order to investigate whether the productions of the "Post-Impressionists" have any claim to be regarded as works of art, we may adopt the Aristotelean formula of the mean between extremes, and of these extremes, we may take an ordinary photograph, and, to a certain extent, the large majority of the canvases displayed at Burlington House from May to August, as being one, and the works of the Post-Impressionists the other.

Between these there lies the mean of the true work of art.

In the case of the ordinary photograph, and of a large proportion of the pictures produced by the academic school of artists, there is complete correctness of form, and little else. The Post Impressionists presume to dispense with form altogether. Of the two extremes, the latter, from the point of view of true art, is by far the worse. For although a careful observance of form goes but a short distance along the road which leads to the production of a work of art, it is at the same time the essential, the true, indeed the only, starting-point from which the journey can be begun.

In the true work of art a fundamental subservience to the demands of form is taken for granted. But it is never obtruded, nor is it permitted by the artist to fetter his inspiration or obscure his personality. The study of perspective, anatomy, and the general principles of draughtsmanship is an essential equipment for the artist. But this may be acquired by almost any civilised human being of ordinary intelligence if in possession of a steady hand and normal eyesight; and although he will have attained that without which he could never produce a work of plastic or pictorial art, he has yet to prove his power to produce it. For unless upon a basis of technique there is superinduced some measure of imagination, some indication of the personality, not only of the model, but of the artist himself, the result of his efforts will be utterly devoid of the character and life which are essential to the true work of art.

Form then is essential to a work of art, whether in painting, music, or, we may add, literature.

In the case of music, it would seem that the modern tendency is continually in the direction of dispensing with it. But music is still bound by the most stringent laws, and if these are in gradual process of extinction, it must be remembered that music is the most abstract of the arts. What is heard with the ear must always be infinitely more vague than that which is seen with the eye, and the observance of form rendered to that extent less important.

The vague, high-sounding, and—if examined—meaningless phrases scattered throughout the introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, make up a monument of bad psychology, and fail lamentably to prove the existence of any artistic value in a display of canvases which may be fitly described as a carnival of distortion.

JOCELYN GODEFROI.

THE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING OF THE WORKING CLASS.

"For it is clear to-day, if it was never clear before, that spirituality of mind, culture and innate taste are not now, if they once appeared to be, the monopolies of any one class. They can no more confidently be looked for among the wealthy leisured classes of to-day than amongst the artisan and professional classes."

"Even to-day, with the mass of the population degraded by wage slavery, is it the young aristocrat or the young democrat who dreams dreams? Is it the Pall Mall lounge or the untiring Socialist worker in the provinces who lives in ideas? Is it the young man just down from Oxford or Cambridge, or the studious working man who to-day soaks himself in genuine literature?"

Sir,—When I read the above passages in THE NEW AGE a few weeks ago, I was astonished at the remarkable knowledge of, and insight into, the lives of our young working men displayed by the writer, and a great wave of ecstasy possessed my soul, such a feeling as one experiences when a magnificent landscape suddenly appears before one, or the sound of a beautiful melody greets one's ears, for it is good to know that there are men with the brains to understand and the courage to help us in our struggle for emancipation.

I was born in the slums of Manchester, one of a family reared on the munificent sum of twenty shillings per week, and having spent the whole of my thirty years among the poor, may be pardoned if I claim to know something of the lives of the proletariat, that great mass of propertyless people who very often do not know from whence the next meal is to come, and who can never be sure that next week they will not be starving.

It would seem almost impossible for "spirituality of mind, culture, and innate taste" to exist amongst a class of people where the infant death rate, even in these Lloyd Georgian days, is often over 200 per 1,000, and yet such is the case.

When we attended the old, dirty, insanitary elementary schools, we usually did so after a breakfast of bread and treacle, or bread dipped in the fat from fried bacon. At rare intervals, we were treated to half an egg, while the vile decoction which we drank, misnamed tea, cost 10d. per pound.

Dinner consisted of potato pie, or potato hash, a concoction of potatoes and scraps of meat.

When not at school, cramming our brains with geography, grammar, and arithmetic, we had to run errands, sometimes to the pawnshop, clean floors, or take care of crying children whilst our mothers were busy with other household duties, or relating their troubles to the next-door neighbour.

When father arrived home, tired and worried after a more or less hard day's work, he showed his affection by throwing his supper on the fire and bruising mother's face with his fist. Sometimes, both parents would drown their sorrows in beer, but the carousal would always end in a fight between father and mother, and occasionally the furniture and windows would be smashed.

At holiday times, especially at Christmas, when an unusually large number of friends and relatives were present—uninvited as well as invited—there would be a free fight and the children would cower in a corner yelling with fright. Stuck on the walls were "mottos" in various colours, with such texts as "Ours is a Happy Home," "God is Love," etc.

When the great coal strike took place in 1896 we carried buckets and followed coal and coke carts for miles to pick up any pieces that might have fallen on the roadway, or we went to cinder tips and with scrapers searched for the precious coal, which was too dear for us to purchase.

At the age of eleven or twelve we had to leave school to work in the mines, factories, and workshops, there to come into contact with the world in its varied phases and aspects, to work for wages in order to buy better food and a better home.

Our work finished for the day, we went to night schools to learn those things which would make us, not better men and women, but more efficient wage slaves.

Then we refused to attend night schools any more. Why should we deny ourselves the recreation and pleasure that we needed after working all day? So we played football, cricket, and other games in the streets until it was dark, when we stood about, indulging in suggestive conversations and obscene jokes with our girl acquaintances.

Shakespeare, Dickens and Thackeray, Milton, Scott and Shelley were unknown to us, and the only music we had was supplied by mouth organs and accordians. But there was something in our minds struggling to express itself, and we were puzzled and unhappy.

Vague longings possessed us, impossible of definition. We became conscious of ourselves and began to think about life and its problems.

At Sunday School we attained the dignity of being in the senior class, where we held discussions and debates on religious, moral and minor social problems, and we began to emerge from the Cimmerian darkness that had hitherto enveloped us. We heard of Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Milton, Carlyle, Longfellow and Goldsmith. We were interested in these people, nay, we were more than interested; we thirsted for a closer acquaintance with literature, but, above all, we thirsted with an all-powerful thirst for Truth. So we did not frequent any more the dancing-rooms, public-houses, or the street corners, but read books on Hygiene, Physical Culture, Religions—Ancient and Modern—Ethics, Metaphysics, Psychology, Philosophy, Poetry, etc. We lifted up our eyes to the Sun as it set in a blaze of glory, a blaze not a whit greater than that which burned in our souls as we vowed that, come what might, we would seek and find the Truth.

Walking to our work we read Marcus Aurelius, Goldsmith, Pope and Dr. Johnson. Over our meals we read "The Pilgrim's Progress," Plato's "Republic," More's "Utopia," Dante and Homer, and at night we sat in quiet corners reading "Felix Holt," "Silas Marner," "Jude the Obscure," and Gibbon, J. R. Green and Molyneux.

The desire for truth and knowledge grew until it became the supreme passion of our lives; we compared what we read with what we saw taking place around us, and we began to find rockbottom.

We realised that there was much injustice and little justice to be found in the world. We discovered effects and then searched for causes. We made the acquaintance of Robert Blatchford and William Morris, found the causes, and a glorious vision of a glorious future; a vision that inspired us to work with all our strength to bring about such a revolution in thought and action as would make the earth a beautiful and happy place to dwell on.

No! It is *not* the young aristocrat who dreams dreams. It is *not* the Pall Mall lounge who lives in ideas. It is the young democrat, the untiring Socialist worker who is saturating himself in real literature, who has noble ideals, and visions of a truly great future for the class to which he belongs, and for humanity in general.

Come with me to the mines, factories, and workshops, and there I will show you young fellows steeped in Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, Kant, Browning, Shelley, Darwin, Wagner, Buddha and Mahomet—young men deeply versed in science, literature, art, and politics.

GEORGE SIMPSON.

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

Sunday, Dec. 15th, at 7.30, Mr. G. W. FOOTE,

"The Real Meaning of Christmas."

REMAINDERS.

BOOKS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

Send a card for GLAISHER'S December Catalogue of PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS,

Which contains books in all departments of Literature, offered at Remarkably Low Prices.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Limited, Booksellers.
265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY for Food Reformers—two, three, or five days.—For particulars and terms apply, H. F. S., "Dalkeith," East Rulton, near Cromer.

ALL LAME PEOPLE should send for particulars of Patent SILENT, NON-SLIPPING PADS for Crutches, Pin-Legs, and Walking-sticks. Inventor a user. Splendid testimonials.—Address: N. A. GLOVER, 2, Brundrett's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEGE, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

"ASHLET" SCHOOL-HOME, Addlestone, Surrey. Reformed Diet. Individual Instruction. Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References.—Apply PRINCIPAL.

DRAWING AND PAINTING. — SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W. Re-opened Oct. 21.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.
By the Spirit of Revelation in ZION'S WORKS.
Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.



MR. STEPHEN REYNOLDS.