beginning! At the National Liberal Club, a fortnight ago, and in the House of Commons on two occasions since, Mr. Lloyd George took pains to assure everybody that he was only talking by and large. He made, he said, no definite proposals of any kind, but merely raised the subject in a general way. If he had been in a position the person in the position of a Mr. H. G. Wells—one who lives by saying nothing at tedious length—the excuse of profitable rigmarole might be accepted; but a member of the Cabinet, however notoriously garrulous, cannot not expect the indulgence given to an irresponsible novelist. As a matter of fact, there is not only the speech itself, but there are P. W. W.'s inspired scholia on the speech to prove that, far from offering any definite proposals, Mr. Lloyd George actually outlined a programme of considerable length and specifically concrete in character. It is possible, as we have suggested, that this programme was unauthorised by the Cabinet; but it is not possible to maintain that a programme was never laid down. The collaboration of Mr. Lloyd George's utterances, with P. W. W.'s comments, makes it clear that the Land programme consists, so far, of the following items:—A Minimum Wage for agricultural labourers; Rural Housing Reform by loans to local authorities; Rent Courts; Compulsory Purchase of village lands for allotments, small holdings, etc.; Taxation of Urban Land Values; and several other items. This is surely definite enough, even if the whole is impracticable, to be going on with.

Before examining the programme in any detail, we may as well say that, impracticable, in our opinion, as the proposals are, even when theoretically considered, they are even more impracticable when considered in relation with the Board of Agriculture. From Mr. Runciman's published scheme for assisting agricultural credit we are able to form a pretty exact notion of this Minister's capacity; and nothing more infinitesimal can be conceived. The problem, as everybody knows, must be conceived. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks. The problem, as everybody knows, is not enough for joint-stock banks.
market terms. But it is precisely this that Mr. Runciman has not attempted. On the contrary, he has made a great parade of conferring a favour on small farmers by offering them exacting conditions that now prevail. He has arranged, he tells us, with sundry banks to advance loans to individuals or co-operative groups of farmers on single or joint security, and on market terms. But it is precisely this that Mr. Runciman by offering them exactly the conditions that now prevail. The attempt to establish a Minimum Wage is, in particular, a device so discredited elsewhere that we should have thought that only sworn enemies of the agricultural labourers would suggest it on his behalf. As one of the necessary consequences of recent wage legislation in industry generally, wages rose in 1912 by seven millions, while prices rose by thirty millions. Was that the effect which was anticipated by the reformers who advocated it? Corresponding effects would most certainly be produced in our villages if wages were raised by statute; and some of them we can distinctly foresee at this moment. There is not the least doubt that among the effects of the Agricultural Minimum Wage would be the reduction of the number of labourers, the rise of village prices, an impetus to the conversion of arable land into grazing land and the consequent further depopulation of the rural districts. And not all the legislation in the world, within the compass of the existing system, would be able to check or counter the evil of these necessary effects. "P. W. W." writes ignorantly of "forcing" landowners to do this, "compelling" big farmers to pay that, cheapening land here and transferring land to its legal owners, who are free to use it or not to use it exactly as they please. How, we should like to know, are landowners to be compelled either to pay wages they now avoid, or to see their machinery rust; but in the case of landowners no such fate threatens them. By converting arable into pasture they can reduce the number of necessary employees by three-fourths without any damage whatever to their property. Should the State then intervene to drive them by taxation to sell their land or to cultivate it, the only result will be to throw it into the hands of city magnates who, out of city profits, could afford to pay the taxes and still leave the land idle. Cultivate the land they certainly will not.

It may be replied that instead of allowing land to be sold to city magnates for pleasure parks, the State should enable the local authorities to acquire land and to let it out in small holdings. But this wild proposition rests on a very relative assumption that the State, even if she were willing, would be able to buy the land of England at forced prices; and the assumption that capital invested in English agriculture is actually remunerative in a commercial sense. The first assumption does not, we imagine, require much refutation in these columns. We shall believe when we see it that the legislation of plutocrats is prepared to tax its class for the benefit of agriculture or anything else that does not promise increased profits for themselves. Why should they be so unsafely demented? At present they hold the land and they determine the laws. There is no force existing to compel them to give up the one or accept the other if they are not to their taste. The problem, in fact, which land-reformers have to face is the simple but insoluble problem of how to recover land from private for public ownership without their consent, be it understood, is impossible. Where is the money to buy land stolen or received as a gift from the State? The wage-earners certainly have not got the means that would replace the money as the money of the present proprietors. Purchase without their consent, be it understood, is impossible.

The second assumption is no less false to facts; it is that, as P. W. W. says, "Money spent on improving agricultural labour will be remunerative." But it is not only not true that investment in labour is necessarily remunerative, but that it is even not true that farming in general is remunerative or could be made remunerative on the whole and in the commercial sense, in England. Among the consequences of Free Trade, for better or for worse, is the sub-division of the labour of the world according to areas favourable to particular production. Nations commercially alert specialise in occupations which nature or accident or race makes most remunerative to them in the world-market; and thus it happens that England tends to become the industrial nation of the world, while Canada and Russia tend to become the agricultural nations of the world. In other words, in the world-market where practically all commodities now compete, England has proved to be more favourably situated in regard to manufactures than in regard to agricultural produce. Capital invested in manufactures in England, therefore, pays a higher percentage of interest, returns a greater yield of profit, than capital invested in agriculture: with this capital flows easily to industry and only with difficulty to agriculture. This being undoubtedly the case, we have at once an explanation of the languishing condition of agriculture in England and of the fallacy of the new land campaign. The reformers imagine that agriculture is decadent because landowners are too stupid to farm. The truth is that it is because they are too commercially acute to farm. And again they imagine that capital invested in setting up small farmers, renovating villages and raising the efficiency of agricultural labourers, would yield a tremendous return in national profit. We will not say that capital so spent would yield no profit, but it is certain that the same amount of capital, invested in industry, would yield more.
proved to their own complete satisfaction, that the investment of capital in farming of any kind, small or large, tenant or proprietary, is less profitable than investment in industry, no commercial inducement can be expected to operate in the restoration of agriculture.

On the other hand, it is barely conceivable by the highly imaginative that such a revolution of ideas might take place as would restore agriculture, not for its immediate commercial profit, but, as we say, for its spiritual and vital advantages. Let us put the matter in this way. We are witnessing the transformation of England from a rural to an urban nation for the simple reason that urban occupations pay better in the world-market than rural occupations. The question is whether in the pursuit of commercial profits we are actually losing something of still greater value in the decline of agriculture. Biologists as well as poets are of the opinion that we are doing real, as distinct from the pseudo, eugenists, are convinced that in distancing the country to swell the towns, we are making commercial profit at the expense of our national vital capital. They argue, therefore, that though by this means we may gain in the visible, commercial world, we lose as a nation our soul; and that, as a practical conclusion, it would be wiser, from a far-sighted view, even in the commercial sense, to maintain agriculture, though for the present it should appear relatively unremunerative.

We have naturally no fault to find with this view, nor would we even admit that a policy based upon it is impossible. If we had statesmen capable of long views, instead of politicians capable only of short views, doubtless some such policy would be adopted. Of the opinion that we are. The real, as distinct from the pseudo, eugenists, are convinced that in draining the world-market from the land problem? For our- selves, in spite of much disillusioning experience, we believe still in the final utility of the Parish Councils. They are, it is true, for the moment so feeble that one goad shake and they would die; but their feebleness is of infancy, not of principle. With the(..)

* * *

We are witnessing now the decline of agriculture in consequence of the competition of the world-market; and we are experiencing the transformation of England from a rural to an urban nation for the simple reason that urban occupations pay better in the world-market than rural occupations. The question is whether in the pursuit of commercial profits we are actually losing something of still greater value in the decline of agriculture. Biologists as well as poets are of the opinion that we are doing real, as distinct from the pseudo, eugenists, are convinced that in distancing the country to swell the towns, we are making commercial profit at the expense of our national vital capital. They argue, therefore, that though by this means we may gain in the visible, commercial world, we lose as a nation our soul; and that, as a practical conclusion, it would be wiser, from a far-sighted view, even in the commercial sense, to maintain agriculture, though for the present it should appear relatively unremunerative.

We have naturally no fault to find with this view, nor would we even admit that a policy based upon it is impossible. If we had statesmen capable of long views, instead of politicians capable only of short views, doubtless some such policy would be adopted. Of the opinion that we are. The real, as distinct from the pseudo, eugenists, are convinced that in draining the world-market from the land problem? For our- selves, in spite of much disillusioning experience, we believe still in the final utility of the Parish Councils. They are, it is true, for the moment so feeble that one goad shake and they would die; but their feebleness is of infancy, not of principle. With the (..)
Current Cant.

"As a working-man, I think we are at last coming into our own . . . ."—HAROLD R. LATHAM.

"I am, and have been for the last five years, engaged in training a special order of clergy for the Church to combat the curse of Socialism, which, encouraged by the Government, is spreading widely among the working classes."—F. W. TREMLETT, D.B., D.C.L.

"The present week is a very busy one in the social world, and there are no fewer than three Court functions taking place. Amongst the matters that will be discussed in the supper room . . . departing by the main entrance and grand staircase."—"Daily Mail."

"Charles Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' is utterly repugnant to us of the Catholic faith. It is a vile, lying book. . . ."—CANON HAWKINS.

Mr. Stanley Houghton step by step is deserting the steep road of reality and truth for the primrose path of make-believe."—BOYER LAWRENCE.

"The recent Church Congress at Middlesbrough painily marks a stage in the evolution of religious ideas."—JOSEPH McCABE.

"Things that look difficult on paper are often quite simple in practice and are, as a rule, evident that, just as everyone quickly settled down to the stamp-licking and the rest, so, in a very little time all concerned will be doing what is required of them."—"The Liberal Monthly."

"Somebody has been asking Mr. John Masefield how a man or woman should set about the purpose and exercise of the literary craft. His answer is that they should read the great masters continually."—"Book Monthly."

"The Unions Party is not an instrument of the capitalists."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"For the second time this week Mr. Lloyd George has risen to high parliamentary eloquence."—"News and Leader."

"My dear Shaw,—Thanks to a few men like yourself, Conservative England is Conservative no longer."—CHARLES SAROLEA.

"Most of us are familiar with what God has been doing through the high schools and colleges of China towards preparing young men for advanced positions in every walk of life."—CHARLES BEALE in the "Christian Endeavour Times."

"London, during the last ten or fifteen years has grown considerably larger. Years ago London was merely a business centre . . . ."—"The Standard."

"The White Slave Traffic lives on ignorance. . . . Confirmation classes are now due. I suggest that in the preliminary instruction, qualified medical men, and qualified nursing matrons should be engaged to tell the girls what they are, and the boys what they are. And above all to show by notorious evidence that the 'wages of sin is death.' Death in five years. If the Church blocks the way, the work will go on."—TOM WILLIAMSON in the "Leeds Mercury."

"Mr. Borden spoke with an eloquence which sprang from his deep-seated conviction of the grave pass which we have reached, basing his address upon the significant memorandum which the Almighty had prepared at his request."—"Montreal Gazette."

"Labour predominant! The ideal, a short time since considered Utopian, is now, by common consent, within the range of practical politics."—"Daily Citizen."

CURRENT SENSE.

"Lloyd George has split the medical profession into two classes. In future there will be a rich man's doctor and a poor man's doctor. Pay enough and you will have a skilled and willing doctor of high standing. Merely insure, and you will have the dregs of the profession grudgingly serving. There will be one more class division; one more source of bitterness."—"The World's Work."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Foreign Affairs.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>By S. Verdad.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are few more complicated subjects than the financial affairs of the Ottoman Empire, and I have certainly no intention of touching in this article upon all the varied problems with which the Porte will shortly have to deal—not alone, but in conjunction with the representatives of the Great Powers. The Ottoman Public Debt amounts in round figures to £T30,000,000, most of it lent by the Powers. To meet the annual interest on this sum a great part of the revenue is earmarked—the excise duties, the salt turbe, the tobacco duty, part of the Régie tobacco tithe, etc. Other receipts, such as the Customs dues and the ordinary internal taxes of the Empire, are disposed of by the Finance Minister for the time being of the Ottoman Empire. The Customs dues, however, cannot be increased, except with the consent of the Powers.


Other factors must be considered in conjunction with the Debt. In return for support, diplomatic and financial, the Powers secured, either from Abdul Hamid or from his Young Turk successors, a number of advantages, under the guise of concessions of various kinds. Germany, for instance, holds the Bagdad Railway concession, and groups of French and Austrian financiers are also largely interested in Turkish railways. So, also, are a few English financiers, though not so great an extent. Some English financiers, on the other hand, hold certain shipping concessions. The number of German Consuls scattered throughout Asia Minor is notorious, and was referred to in these columns some two years ago.

Hitherto the Powers have merely administered the moneys which naturally came to them for disposal in connection with the National Debt. These sums were dealt with by a Council of Administration at Constantinople, and advice regarding the remaining revenue was given, if asked for, by advisers like Sir Adam Block and Sir Richard Crawford. The Porte has now to face a different situation. The Treasury showed signs of being able to recover its balance up to the outbreak of the Turko-Italian war, when changes of Government made matters quite chaotic. A deficit in the Budget was seen to be inevitable, and with every new loan or "accommodation" the Powers concerned asked for new concessions. It may be recalled that there are now three important international banks at the Turkish capital, each representing, in practice, its own country—viz., the Banque Ottoman (French), the Deutsche Bank (German), and the National Bank of Turkey, which is English, ironically enough, in spite of its name.

After the war with Italy, the war with the Balkan States. Turkey is now almost bankrupt. It is difficult to see how the sums wanted for the payment of troops and civil officials, apart altogether from the heavy expenses of the campaign in Thrace, can possibly be raised in Turkey itself. The financiers interested can dictate their own terms, and they are not likely to be actuated by any sympathy, either with the Turks or with the Balkan League. It has already been intimated to the four Allied States that they must take over an amount of the Turkish National Debt in proportion to the Ottoman territory which they annex. The four Governments concerned have replied that they see no objection to this course, if only the Powers will guarantee them a cash indemnity from Turkey equal in amount to the proportion of the Debt taken over. This somewhat cool proposal has been courteously declined, and the Allies have been made to realise that any sums paid by Turkey in the way of an indemnity would, perforce, have to come out of the pockets of French or German taxpayers. The Allies are welcome to take over a certain amount of land, but they must take a
proportion of the Debt with it, and they must expect no money from the Turks.

On top of these negotiations comes the proposal, outlined very briefly by the Mahmoud Sheshet Cabinet in its recent conciliatory Note regarding Adrianople, that the Turkish Government shall be authorised to increase the Customs dues, followed by the proposal that the capitulations shall be abolished. All this has proved too much for Europe, and the financial elements among the Powers are considering the situation. If the plans now being slowly drafted are finally adopted, Turkey may soon, and suddenly, find herself in the position which China is now fighting against, and which Persia may soon, and suddenly, find herself in the position which the Turkish Government shall be authorised to increase the Powers as a going concern, and administered for the benefit of the European bondholders. The Council of Administration at Constantinople, in future have to deal not only with part of Turkey's finances, but with the entire revenue of the Empire.

This was why I spoke last week of the tactlessness of the Young Turks in raising these financial questions just at this moment. If they had waited a little they might have been able to make more satisfactory arrangements; but the Powers can only deal with one thing at a time, and where a financially weak a country is concerned, they are usually content to take the shortest cut possible. If the easiest way out of their present difficulties seems to be to take over the financial administration of the Ottoman Empire, they will not hesitate to adopt that method.

It must be recollected that in the case of Turkey East meets West with a vengeance, and all the racial and social antagonisms of Asia and Europe come into sharp conflict. The easy way out of this simply cannot be brought to realise the importance of such things as punctuality in train services, the need for developing his mines, the necessity of good roads and drains—the Western idea, in short, that he shall stop saying 'Kismet' and get on with his work. Personally, my sympathies are with the Turk, who would have been a first-class citizen of Asia Minor and of his corner of Europe if he had been left alone. He never wanted railways, he never wanted roads, for he seldom makes war where a financially weak a country is concerned; but the Ottoman Empire as a whole, from Thrace to Bagdad, will be taken over by the financial representatives of the Powers as a going concern, and administered for the benefit of the European bondholders. The Council of Administration at Constantinople, in future have to deal not only with part of Turkey's finances, but with the entire revenue of the Empire.

The present chaotic financial condition of the Turkish Empire, in short, is not due to the 'Turk' so much as to the 'pushing' capitalists of Western Europe, who wanted concession after concession so as to increase their profits, and to the strenuous commercial efforts, in a small way, of Italian and Greek merchants in the coast towns. The Bank of Rome, it may be recalled, played some part in Italy's declaration of war, although its influence was not nearly so great as was asserted at the time by critics who see the finger of finance in pies where it has never been inserted.

Whatever the result of the fighting, then, the future of Turkey is largely an affair of European financiers; and, in the circumstances, it can hardly be otherwise. For Turkey has become sufficiently modernised to feel the need of money, and she can get money from only a few recognised sources. That money calls for interest, and Turkey has not yet produced a statement of adequate financial capacity for getting that interest together without some outside assistance. I fear I shall have occasion to refer to this matter more than once again.

Now, not only this, but there is positively a danger in increasing the skill of troops in taking advantage of ground and of other incidents upon their side, unless at the same time you increase their courage and resolution in a proportionate degree. Take, for example, a hypothetical company of 100 untrained, undisciplined men of any tactical skill, they will find small opportunity of using it; and very little will be required of them, except the power of getting their men to follow them in some reasonably orderly manner.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

Lugoj is beginning to be cast upon the causes of Turkish defeat. It is stated in "The Balkan War Drama"—a short military and diplomatic history of the campaign by the "Times" correspondent in Belgrade—that the collapse of the Turkish regimental organisation (as well as of the Turkish staff) was largely due to the utter failure of the new highly instructed regimental officer, with whom they regarded the rougher but tougher men of Hamidian days. The old officers, we are told, were ignorant, uneducated roners, no great 'sand at promotion examinations (owing to an unfortunate inability to read or write), but first-class fighting men, with the power of getting their companies to follow them. Their successors seem to have been chosen on the score of an extensive knowledge of books and the trick of solving the nasty tactical problems of Prussian trained instructors, which is all very nice, so far it goes, and "Romney" will be the last to discourage it. But they seem to have forgotten how men should be led, for it is certain that the men failed to follow them. Their moral prestige must have been, indeed, low to cause such despondency among troops so solid and unemotional as the Ottoman.

There is a lesson here. We must not rush into the opposite error of assuming that theoretical knowledge of every description is valueless, and that cool courage and the power of enthusing men is all that war requires in regimental officers. (And, before proceeding, let me make it perfectly clear that it is the regimental officers, and more particularly the company officers, of whom I am talking.) Everybody is agreed that the maximum of theoretical knowledge is necessary in the staff. In the first place, the staff is drawn from the regimental officers, and the training which may appear wasted upon the subalterns will bear fruit in the general. In the second place, if the higher command is to meet with a willing response to its orders, the rest of the army must be educated up to the point of appreciating them. The divorce in sympathy which otherwise results has been one of our most pressing dangers in the British Army for years. But when all that is granted and everyone does grant it now, except the "practical men"—it is time to remember that when armies are fighting on the European scale—hundreds of thousands against hundreds of thousands—your captain and subaltern become mere pawns in the game. Their individuality is lost in the masses; if they possess any tactical skill, they will find small opportunity of using it; and very little will be required of them, except the power of getting their men to follow them in some reasonably orderly manner.

February 13, 1913.

The New Age

345

The light is beginning to be cast upon the causes of Turkish defeat. It is stated in "The Balkan War Drama"—a short military and diplomatic history of the campaign by the "Times" correspondent in Belgrade—that the collapse of the Turkish regimental organisation (as well as of the Turkish staff) was largely due to the utter failure of the new highly instructed regimental officer, with whom they regarded the rougher but tougher men of Hamidian days. The old officers, we are told, were ignorant, uneducated roners, no great 'sand at promotion examinations (owing to an unfortunate inability to read or write), but first-class fighting men, with the power of getting their companies to follow them. Their successors seem to have been chosen on the score of an extensive knowledge of books and the trick of solving the nasty tactical problems of Prussian trained instructors, which is all very nice, so far it goes, and "Romney" will be the last to discourage it. But they seem to have forgotten how men should be led, for it is certain that the men failed to follow them. Their moral prestige must have been, indeed, low to cause such despondency among troops so solid and unemotional as the Ottoman.

There is a lesson here. We must not rush into the opposite error of assuming that theoretical knowledge of every description is valueless, and that cool courage and the power of enthusing men is all that war requires in regimental officers. (And, before proceeding, let me make it perfectly clear that it is the regimental officers, and more particularly the company officers, of whom I am talking.) Everybody is agreed that the maximum of theoretical knowledge is necessary in the staff. In the first place, the staff is drawn from the regimental officers, and the training which may appear wasted upon the subalterns will bear fruit in the general. In the second place, if the higher command is to meet with a willing response to its orders, the rest of the army must be educated up to the point of appreciating them. The divorce in sympathy which otherwise results has been one of our most pressing dangers in the British Army for years. But when all that is granted and everyone does grant it now, except the "practical men"—it is time to remember that when armies are fighting on the European scale—hundreds of thousands against hundreds of thousands—your captain and subaltern become mere pawns in the game. Their individuality is lost in the masses; if they possess any tactical skill, they will find small opportunity of using it; and very little will be required of them, except the power of getting their men to follow them in some reasonably orderly manner.
skill in avoiding losses—in taking advantage of natural features and so forth—so that, although their loss-bearing capacity may not be lessened, yet the amount of loss to which they are exposed will be lessened, and the result will be a net increase in fighting value.

But this last is a very dangerous experiment. In war the art of avoiding loss is valuable only as a means of ultimately inflicting greater loss upon the enemy. It should therefore be taught only to troops whose morale is so high that there is no danger of their losing sight of this fact or of pursuing safety as an end in itself. And although such troops have existed, especially among veterans who have been trained to the ultimate futility of the latter course, I do candidly doubt whether we have any of them under arms at the present moment. And I fancy that even now, in time of peace, I can detect the signs of the demonstration in which training in the avoidance of loss has therefore resulted.

For instance, given a position to be attacked which is frontally difficult—owing, let us say, to the enemy's field of fire—such a position can be turned from the flank. There is, of course, every reason why we should prefer to turn it from the flank, provided always that there is time enough, and that there are no other objections, such as the interference with the movements of other troops that the necessary detour frequently involves. But granted that, in three cases out of five the difficulty of attack can be lessened by manoeuvres of this description, yet on the other two it will be necessary, for one reason or another, to 'go straight in,' and the bolder is the man accustomed to the first method are apt to shrink from the second. We are all cowards at heart, and we are all willing to accept the comfortable illusion that battles can be won by sheer unadorned tactics finesse—the more so because nothing is more fascinating in peace than the study and practice of this finesse, nothing duller than the continuous drill and parade work involved in the practice of the more straightforward methods. But though it may be fascinating, it is often not war. Once accustomed to the fatal idea of winning easily and by cleverness, the mind of man, which never entertained it at all, and an army which has reached that stage is beaten before it goes to war.

Very much the same thing may be observed with bayonet fighting. Two sorts of men are of any use with the bayonet. One is the kind of man who knows nothing about bayonet fighting whatever, attacks instinctively and vigorously. In nine cases out of ten, such men will defeat the defensive of a moderately skilled bayoneter, even in time of peace, and in actual war, where the moral advantages of the attack are accentuated, they would win against the most skilled defence any and every time. The other is the man who, while acquainted with the various thrusts and parries, and able to employ them to advantage, has not forgotten the moral advantages of energy and dash. This is the most dangerous man of all, for he has acquired skill without losing morale. The third kind of man, who is no use at all, is he from whom a little knowledge has eliminated the combative instinct which normally would lead him to attack, and who has come to rely upon the finesse of fiddle and poke, which is of precious little value, even under the artificial conditions of the gymnasium, and which could never even be attempted in the field.

In military history the first type of bayoneteeer corresponds to the old “stand up and go straight at it” army of Crimean and Mutiny times; the second to something which does not now exist in Europe, but which was very nearly reached in the war-trained Imperial army of Austria and Japan. The third corresponds to something which we are creating to-day—a force in which finesse is relied upon to take the place of resolution, but will, of course, be relied upon in vain.

### Guild Socialism—XII.

**Motive under the Guild.—(Continued.)**

We see, then, that the motive to do good work under private capitalism is starved and stunted, not only by a blind and vindictive discontent, but by the refusal of private capitalism to put its wage slaves into a position of even relative independence. Slaves they must be, with a slave morality. Try as we may, we cannot distinguish between the morality of slavery and wagery.

If, then, we start with sabotage—the disposition to reduce the quality of the work to suit the wage—it cannot be doubted that this motive, under Guild organisation, is transmuted into a motive, not to reduce but to increase the labour product. In a striking passage Le Bon has shown the extraordinary psychological change that comes over a man when he enters into economic association with his fellows. He may be mean in his personal dealings; in his association he is generous and large-minded. He may be cowardly or pusillanimous in his own person; in association he is courageous. He may be slack and lazy in his private life; association calls out vigour and persistence. In short, a man may discover no motive in himself to please himself; the motive to stand well with his fellows soon asserts itself at the touch of active association. But in the Guilds the motive is stronger than the hunger for appreciation; the slackers injuries himself as well as his associates by his slackness. He knows that it is only by maintaining a high standard of craft and effort that he can realise the very purpose that brought him into the Guild. In any event, if a certain proportion of slackers and malingerers be found, it is certain that the general membership will know how to deal with them.

Those who have intimate dealings with the workers of Great Britain (doubtless the remark is equally applicable to other countries) know how deeply rooted is the passion to do good work if opportunity serves. He is a miracle and a mercy that modern industrialism has not killed it outright. Kill the craftsmanship of an industrial country, and what remains? Yet to-day, difficult though it be to believe, the vast majority of the manufacturers of Western Europe and America seem to be in a gigantic conspiracy to crush out that very craftsmanship that is the life-blood of their occupation. The reason is simple: mechanical production necessitates intense specialisation, so that to-day a man no longer learns a trade—he is put to a section of it, and there he sticks for the rest of his life. But the workers are by nature gregarious and competitive, so that by exchange of experience the tradition of each trade is maintained—a tradition that will bloom into human reality when labour ceases to be a non-human commodity and becomes as richly human as it was under the mediaval Guild. Motive! What workman is there who would not sell his soul to become a craftsman? Even to-day the labourer starves himself that he may put his son to some so-called skilled trade.

There are, however, many other motives and aspirations. There is the motive or ambition of the Guild member to rise in the Guild hierarchy and become an administrator. This form of motive today has two branches: one man gradually attains foremanship, and graduates into the commercial side of his trade; another man becomes absorbed in trades unionism, and finally plays a more or less prominent part as an official, a delegate, or what not. The organisation of the Guilds will not be complete unless full scope be given to both these types to achieve their proper careers. In this connection we see the technical associations indefinitely extending their membership by the admission into their ranks of the actual workers, now their inferiors, but, under the Guilds, their equals and their comrades. Under private capitalism most men are prem-
cluded from the satisfaction of these motives; their rightful positions are seized by the blood relations of their employers. But under Guild organisation every productive carrier carries a marshal's baton.

It is doubtful, however, whether the majority of man-kind regard their means of livelihood as the main concern of life. They would fain work that they may live; wagery compels them to live that they may work. The preoccupations, practical and spiritual, of bare subsistence, human faculties and aspirations which are of incalculable value. It is impossible that human beings amongst even the most poorly paid wage slaves without encountering innumerable signs of genius, of thought, of artistic or literary or religious cravings. We have written it before, but it bears constant repetition: the case for democracy is that it is the inexhaustible well from which a nation draws its resources, human, economic, social, spiritual. All these are comprehended in democracy, and only in democracy.

It is the ground out of which fructifies the seed of national life. The case against the wage system is that it starves the ground—it sets it down, to use an agricultural term if this be so, does it not follow that any economic reformation of that sort? As a species it grows endlessly varied and kalediscopiac motives, ambitions, and cravings of the mass rather than of the favoured few will best harmonise with motive, enriching that democracy which is the fountain of national life?

It is often contended that the wage slave is almost as lazy and shiftless as the chattel slave; that to maintain wealth production it is therefore necessary to keep the wage slave at the spur point of starvation. "Give them money, and they instantly ease off," we are constantly told in varying terms of contempt. We merely mention the point to show that it has not escaped us; we shall certainly not argue such a foolish proposition. It is not an argument; it is an excuse for sweated wages. It is, of course, true that a man's face may be so ground that he may lose all heart, all resilience, and sink into utter indifference and inertia. But if this be true of the majority of the wage earners—the majority of the nation—how about the glories of the British Empire? Is it built up on the basis of a thriftless and shiftless proletariat—a proletariat that starts work at six o'clock in the morning, and tends the corn for nine, ten, or eleven hours? The more far-sighted employers, alive to the essential falsity of this conception, have discovered that there is an economy of high wages so scientifically accurate that it destroys the wage-fund theory and is fiscally self-supporting. It is universally true that acquisition stimulates accumulation—the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. Place a man and his family beyond the reach of urgent want, give him some scope for his faculties, some ease of movement, he instantly becomes a source of national wealth. How often do we hear it said: "If only I were in some measure free from the cursed grind, I could do something worth while." And we implicitly believe it. One of the most appalling aspects of private capitalism is its callous disregard for any kind of genius, skill, or ability which it cannot exploit. Worse! It kills out even the wealth-producing capacities of the workers.

"We too now say that she, scarce comprehending The greatest of her golden-voiced sons any more, Stupidly travels her dull round of mechanic toil, And lets go out of her life Beauty and genius and joy." It is impossible to analyse the multitudinous and mixed motives of mankind. Some are noble; some are ignoble. But we have no doubt that the true way of life is to give free scope to noble motives, trusting to the culture, common-sense, and widely distributed wealth of the nation to kill or cure ignoble motives.

If we cannot analyse, define, or docket the motives of men, it is, perhaps, possible to discover the true conditions and atmosphere in which motives, appetites, and ambitions may be satisfied. A motive implies a will. But before it can be any degree of power must be added to will. Thus the condition precedent is will-power. We cannot, however, even possess will unless the fund of will is greater than the depletion of that will-fund for the bare maintenance of life. A surplus of will over the amount of energy requisite for existence is therefore essential. This surplus once possessed, man has only to apply himself to the satisfaction of his motive by means of his will-power. He will succeed or fail as the will-power in him is strong enough or too weak for the purpose. The modern aristocratic theory is that this "Will to Power" most appropriately resides in the breasts of the dominant few—those who have acquired the culture of the schools in close alliance with the more distinctively exploiting class—the surplus of will-power being at its maximum because there is no demand upon their will-fund to maintain life—and that therefore the true way of national life is to subject the mass of labouring mankind to so great a force as will keep them in subjection and their masters in control. This is done by maintaining harmony and balance between the forces of conventional morality and the physical forces at the command of the Crown. This theory presupposes that out of a bureaucracy grows a superman. It runs counter to the democratic theory that it is only by the cultivation of the powers and propensities of the mass of the population that national greatness can be attained. The question, therefore, is thus resolved: Is the Will to Power a perquisite of a dominant class, or is it a universal quality? The bureaucrats claim it; so, also, do the Guilds.

The Sleeping Giant Anatomized.

I pointed out in a previous article that the idea universally accepted by Trade Unionists, Socialists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists that the proletariat is all-powerful if he would only realise his strength is found, when examined, to be based on mere presumption. In this article I will deal with another "truism" upon which are based the Party of the country and of the Social Democratic Parties of the world. The idea underlying the Parliamentary hopes of these parties is this: When the majority of the working class shall be converted to Socialism, they will inevitably all vote for Socialist candidates; as the workers are in the majority, they will be able to return to Parliament a majority of Socialist members; and the executive power of the State will fall as a matter of course into the hands of the Socialists. When that will have happened, the Socialist Government will gradually transform the present system of society into the Socialist Commonwealth.

Now let me ask my Socialist friends: From what premises have they drawn the conclusion that the working classes in the various constitutional countries really have a majority of votes? Have they examined the registration books and discovered the number of wage-workers (such as are economically and psychologically suitable to become Socialists) inscribed as voters? They have done nothing of the kind. They merely presumed that the working classes have a majority of votes from the general fact that the poor form an overwhelming majority of every degree of social status who is all figures and statistics, in reply to the writer's private inquiry as to the proof that the proletariat commands a majority of the electorate, says: "A useful point for you to remember is that over the £6oo-0-year line (income-tax line) there are about five million people who own practically all the land and capital of the country, while under that line there are thirty-nine million people who have little or no property." It, of
course, follows that the proletariat commands the great majority of the votes of the country. The reader will note that I have emphasised above the words "economically and politically own nothing, who actually voted was 4,387,000, it is not unreasonable to assume that the greater part of the 1,744,000 absent voters were of the working classes, who, for one reason or another, could not vote. In the recent Lansbury by-election, about 30 per cent, of the voters on the register did not vote. It was claimed that the missing voters were removals. Be it remembered, property owners will often travel for many miles to record their votes, which conclusion we are bound to come is that when the total number of votes is divided between those who are likely to vote for Socialism, and those against it, the majority of votes will be Anti-socialist.

We will now turn to another aspect of the same question. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the majority of voters in every country will vote for Socialism. Even then the Socialists could not obtain control of the State, for this does not depend on the number of voters, but on the number of members of Parliament. Under the present representative system prevalent in every democratic country, a constituency of several hundred rich men, can send a representative as well as a constituency of tens of thousands of poor men.

In the United States, according to the above-mentioned article, the proletariat has a majority of votes only in eleven States, and if in the proletarian vote were to be included the votes of farm labourers (which is not probable, as they usually vote with their masters, and their ideal is not Socialism, but to become farmers themselves), then another four States would be added to the Socialistic number. When we consider the fact that the total number of States is 43, and that it requires two-thirds of that number to change or amend the Constitution, the hopelessness of bringing about the Social revolution through the ballot-box by the proletariat is evident. Germany furnishes the most striking example. About 4,000,000 votes cast for the Social-Democratic Party, and the number of seats only about a hundred!

Let not the reader draw the conclusion that the writer, either directly or indirectly, advises the working classes to abandon independent political action. As long as the relationship between Capital and Labour is what it is; as long as the average capitalist treats and regards the workers as beasts of burden; so long must the workers fight the Capitalists as best they can on the economic and political fields; because if Labour will not fight Capital, the latter will fight the former. As the Chinaman said when he was rebuked for striking his wife: "I no lick her; she lick me." The Anarchist and Syndicalistic propaganda against the workers' political fight, is suicidal. The power of the Unions will rise or fall, in proportion to the rise or fall of the political power of the workers. The miners' strike, and the transport workers' strike demonstrated the above statement clearly. Labour party, in Parliament, if its influence, small as it is at present, had not been brought to bear upon the Government, the miners would have been totally defeated, as were the transport workers, who relied on their economic strength. But we must distinguish between the use of the ballot to raise the status of the working classes under Capitalism, to extract from Parliament what Parliament can offer; and the entirely different use of the ballot to bring about the Social Revolution. Reforms may be politically obtained, but not a revolution.

JOSEPH FINN.

MRS. DRUMMOND'S SOLILOQUY.

I did the talkee bold and fine,
And bunched the magistrate quite like
To stump for the rank and file?
Some unknown person paid my fine!

Why don't these angels e'er incline
To stump up for the rank and file?
They're left to "strike" in durance vile:
No unknown person pays their fine!

A. T.
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XII.—LINKS.

There still lies about us the dust of the countless millions of generations of which we are the products. Out of the earth we have come, and into it again we shall disappear—even though our bodies may be burnt and our ashes scattered to the winds. We mark off plots of ground, we dig up graves, and call them holy. But every square inch of ground is a grave, and was holy in its epoch to generations of men. Even now, in unexpected places, we dig up skulls, and frequently side wild vaguely recall traditions of a battle. Three or four hundred years hence, for example, the peasants on the outskirts of Kumanovo may dig up Moslem bones, many Egyptians were carried away by the sudden rising of the Nile? How many caravans have perished in the desert? How many Egyptians were carried away by the sudden rising of the Nile? How many peasants have died of exposure, hunger, thirst, disease?

Incalculable is the extent of the mortality of the things that once lived on the earth. But all these dead have returned in another form. Even if it be not admitted that their souls found other bodies, we cannot but grant that the dead bodies mingled with the earth and became, in time, the fruitful soil out of which other bodies grew. But, through life sprang out of the dead, it did not necessarily always assume the same form. We have had innumerable monsters which are, so to say, even more extinct than the dodo. Museums have carefully collected the remains of the dinosaur and the ichthyosaurus. The elephant and the hippopotamus still remain with us to show in what strange forms life can yet appear; and the ant is at the other extreme to remind us in how small a compass intelligence can compress itself.

Between man and these animals there is a gap which has not yet been bridged. To the naturalist (I do not mean the ultra-scientific, mathematical naturalist, but rather the Buffons and the Gilbert Whites) the abyss is neither wide nor deep. True, he cannot cross it; but he can at least look over to the other side, and his imagination may enable him to distinguish reality from Maya. Such a man will hold, maybe, that the chief distinction between men and animals is that men possess, in the first place, written records of events; and, in the second, a more stringent conception of the rights of property.

Not that there are no rights of property among what we are pleased to call the lower animals. If you doubt it, run your walking-stick into one of those innocent-looking holes in the ditch that conceal a wasps' nest; make to pick up a chicken when the mother-hen is near; offer to withdraw that bone from between the dog's apathetic paws. Here, however, the sense of property comes to an end in this curious world within a world. It is the dog's own, and will stoutly defend, his domain. But man may roam at will over private property. He is never sufficiently borne in mind that the written records of mankind cover only a trifling portion of time.

Men have divided land into sections, and decreed that such-and-such a portion shall belong to So-and-so. But what nonsense is this? So-and-so's land, if it is in Western America, may be overrun by bison, and if it is in Central Africa the mosquitoes may drive him off it. Even at home the bare, timid as he is, has no respect for rights of property, and the birds make no bones about settling in the great man's trees. High on their perchies they caw defiance at all the world. Any animal may do as it pleases. Any animal but man may roam at will over private property. It is true that we have rat-traps; but some excuse can be found for rat-traps. But, if anyone asks whether we have man-traps also. Because man-traps are now illegal, however, let it not be assumed that we have advanced. For these coarse physical instruments, which often caused a horrid mess, we have substituted things like the Insurance Act. The Insurance Act is simply a spiritual man-trap sprung by politicians. "Compulsory Arbitration" is another man-trap to which the finishing touches are now being put. The old form of man-trap was nobler; for it was open and above-board, and any animal, and man, could untie the noose. True, we may have a rat-trap, but some excuse can be found for rat-traps. But, if anyone asks whether we have man-traps also. Because man-traps are now illegal, however, let it not be assumed that we have advanced. For these coarse physical instruments, which often caused a horrid mess, we have substituted things like the Insurance Act. The Insurance Act is simply a spiritual man-trap sprung by politicians. "Compulsory Arbitration" is another man-trap to which the finishing touches are now being put. The old form of man-trap was nobler; for it was open and above-board, and any animal, and man, could untie the noose. True, we may have a rat-trap, but some excuse can be found for rat-traps.
it was found wrong: "An action is not a crime sensu strictiori because it is punished by death or hard labour, but it is punished so severely because it is considered a crime." The public does not exist for the officials, but the officials are made in the interest of the public. "A patient has not the abscess in order that, or because, the surgeon cuts, but the surgeon cuts because there is an abscess." Many would oppose this statement.

We have said that an action "crime" is punished because it is considered wrong (criminal). This being admitted we may ask then what is the wrong that is to be punished, what is the crime that makes it punishable. The State or the society is, so to say, a highly complex organism after the fashion of the multicellular joint stock company animal, and, as every other living company of that kind, has also the feeling of being alive and the, may be, instinctive will of preserving or keeping itself alive. It will, therefore, after the standard attained on the road to what is euphemistically called Culture do everything that tends to favour it, and try to prevent or to keep off anything that seems to disturb it. Thus the State has made its duty to protect those certain goods which are esteemed necessary or wholesome to a healthy development of its component parts. This protection accorded by the State (society) is exercised practically by punishing any action that would cause injury to those goods it protects. In this respect we will consider the matter in the following way:  

1. The foetus.  
2. Mother.  
3. Father.  
5. Any other person or body.  

I. Has the foetus a Right of Life, e.g., is there a Fetal Right that binds a woman to carry to the natural end of her pregnancy in order that the fruit may be born alive? A fetal right! It sounds rather queer in this apposition; and strange it is, although the laws of many nations, as they exist at present, seem to recognise such a "fetal right." Yet this latter circumstance is not an argument in favour of it, but rather is per se a testimonial for the slow working of our law grinding out the word crime in its general sense as a grave offence that deserves also severe punishment.

*Law versus Justice.*

By Friedrich Gaas, M.D.

About six months ago a medical man in Edinburgh was sentenced to seven years penal servitude for having been found guilty of an offence, called in the technical language of the law a felony, which, at the discretion of the Court, may be punished with from three years to lifelong penal servitude, and he ought to be glad in his bereavement that he was tried before a Scottish Court, for an English Lord Justice probably would have apportioned to him ten years, or, perhaps, still a greater wheel to tread on. This is the way Madame Justitia walks, and, as the law stands, nothing much can be said against. But if the presiding Judge in pronouncing his sentence thought it necessary to qualify his judgment by saying that this heinous and most abominable crime is getting rife and abroad, and that he, therefore, seizes the opportunity by exemplary punishment the culprit to show what the perpetrators of that crime will have to expect, then it seems (to me) that the worthy Judge has, to put it mildly, misused his discretionary power and shown himself a good pupil of Mr. Judge Jeffreys of famous memory. It is really a very fine, but grim, joke of the popular language, if it calls the master by the same word as the judge applying or ministering justice—what a fine figure of speech! This sermon from the unassailable pulpit of the judiciary reminds one very strongly of the Papal Bull "Ursprung und Entwicklung der Bestrafung der Fruchtabtreitung." ("Criminal Abortion.")

3. Any other person or body.


5. Any other person or body.


I. Has the foetus a Right of Life, e.g., is there a Fetal Right that binds a woman to carry to the natural end of her pregnancy in order that the fruit may be born alive? A fetal right! It sounds rather queer in this apposition; and strange it is, although the laws of many nations, as they exist at present, seem to recognise such a "fetal right." Yet this latter circumstance is not an argument in favour of it, but rather is per se a testimonial for the slow working of our law grinding out the word crime in its general sense as a grave offence that deserves also severe punishment.

*E.—Otto Ehinger, LL.D., and Wolfram Kimig, LL.D.*

5. Any other person or body.


1. The foetus.

2. Mother.

3. Father.


5. Any other person or body.


I. Has the foetus a Right of Life, e.g., is there a Fetal Right that binds a woman to carry to the natural end of her pregnancy in order that the fruit may be born alive? A fetal right! It sounds rather queer in this apposition; and strange it is, although the laws of many nations, as they exist at present, seem to recognise such a "fetal right." Yet this latter circumstance is not an argument in favour of it, but rather is per se a testimonial for the slow working of our law grinding out the word crime in its general sense as a grave offence that deserves also severe punishment.

*E.—Otto Ehinger, LL.D., and Wolfram Kimig, LL.D.*

5. Any other person or body.


1. The foetus.

2. Mother.

3. Father.


5. Any other person or body.


I. Has the foetus a Right of Life, e.g., is there a Fetal Right that binds a woman to carry to the natural end of her pregnancy in order that the fruit may be born alive? A fetal right! It sounds rather queer in this apposition; and strange it is, although the laws of many nations, as they exist at present, seem to recognise such a "fetal right." Yet this latter circumstance is not an argument in favour of it, but rather is per se a testimonial for the slow working of our law grinding out the word crime in its general sense as a grave offence that deserves also severe punishment.

*E.—Otto Ehinger, LL.D., and Wolfram Kimig, LL.D.*

5. Any other person or body.


1. The foetus.

2. Mother.

3. Father.


5. Any other person or body.


I. Has the foetus a Right of Life, e.g., is there a Fetal Right that binds a woman to carry to the natural end of her pregnancy in order that the fruit may be born alive? A fetal right! It sounds rather queer in this apposition; and strange it is, although the laws of many nations, as they exist at present, seem to recognise such a "fetal right." Yet this latter circumstance is not an argument in favour of it, but rather is per se a testimonial for the slow working of our law grinding out the word crime in its general sense as a grave offence that deserves also severe punishment.

*E.—Otto Ehinger, LL.D., and Wolfram Kimig, LL.D.*

5. Any other person or body.


1. The foetus.

2. Mother.

3. Father.


5. Any other person or body.

machine. A right is something personal; only a person or a community of persons can exercise a right, e.g., a right can be apportioned only to persons, i.e., living man. A foetus, however, is not a man, is not a person in the juridical sense, it might, perhaps, become a man, but it is not one. Biology and Medicine prove it, that the foetus is not man, that it is part and parcel of the maternal organism, and so dependent on the latter, that it is for eight months incapable of life if separated from it.

This standpoint, which is also that of the Roman and Mosaic Law, is the only reasonable one. Of course, the ecclesiastical and, for that matter also the official view is different. Theirs is the religious conception based on Tertullian, who taught about 200 A.D. that even the nascent foetus is a man, and that man is contained already in the germ. And later St. Augustine decided that the foetus is animated from the beginning. He took the Church a long time before, by sweet and other persuasion, she got the people converted to her conception, which, after all, is not men new but misconceptions.

By order of Divine rule. And, further the use of anti-mystic superstition has its origin in the doctrines of the Roman pater familias was quite different. In their opinion your position of the Roman pater familias was quite different. In their opinion your contract for the exclusive use (or abuse) of the reproductive organs, viz., the felo de se, and punishes the attempt of suicide. It needs no explanation that here only the matrimonial husband comes into consideration. The R.L. punished the wife for this reason; but in England has nourished and preserved a curious speciality, viz., the so-called “hidoes” and he would have been, playing cricket on a hot day, and I would like to hear his reply. Yet the woman willfully miscarriage is a precisely analogous case. She risks her own health, or even her own life; but is she not mistress of her own body; just as well as that cricketer or that mountain climber? What is right with the one, must not be wrong with the other, or as a colloquial English proverb puts it: “What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.” As long, therefore as no other's right, or in other words, where there is a duty there must be a right, one could with some juridical justification construct the “husband’s right of progeny.” Such a right would be offended if the wife miscarry; it willfully against the will, or in secret, from the husband. It is, however, more than doubtful if such a duty and the right derived from it, are real and not merely fictive. Still more questionable would be the protection of such a fictitious right through criminal law.

But even if this be admitted, many exceptions must be granted, and there is no doubt that in many instances the husband would be justified against the will of her husband to willfully miscarry; it follows that the husband could assert his “right of progeny,” if such be recognised, only under certain conditions, which, however, are not always absolutely cogent. The right of the husband is faced by the right of the wife, which often go smoothly parallel to each other, sometimes, limited where other legitimate or superior rights are concerned, i.e., self-mutilation in order to escape military service.

11 On the ground of such a naïve and sciolistic doctrine England has nourished and preserved a curious speciality, viz., the felo de se, and punishes the attempt of suicide.

12 Ehinger I.e. points out that on the strength of this argument every doctor would have to go to prison for performing a ritual circumcision, and also a barber who cuts the hair. Another necessary consequence follows, viz., that neglectful or careless mode of living during pregnancy, whether purposive or not, had to be prohibited by law, because of the enormous danger to health and life. What a Pandora box of evils such a law could open!

13 It needs no emphasis that here only the matrimonial husband comes into consideration.

14 Kant is said to be the originator of this dictum. Quoted by Lisszt, p. 84.

15 I.e., p. 83.

16 This found its strongest expression in the Jewish law of marriage, according to which the wife could sue for divorce if the husband refused to perform his duty.

17 The R.L. for the reason that here only the matrimonial husband comes into consideration.

18 Homer is qui est futurus et fructus omnis jam insine est. Homicidii festinatio est prohibere nasci. (Ehinger.)

19 Indeed, here religious views contain very much of mysticism and superstition. To fight against superstition the Church is and was never capable, since a good deal of mystic superstition has its origin in the doctrines of the Church.

20 Thus it “may be explained that in her (Church’s) and in the statute laws the punishment was the same for abortion as for sorcery, and that till the newest age abortion was punished by the same law (on the part of the Church) as criminal infamy.” (Eh., p. 53.) It seems that the severity of the English law has its origin in these olden, bygone times.

21 At least, of all the other countries; this right is

Of course, the ecclesiastical, and for that matter the official view is quite different. In their opinion your life and your body do not belong to you but are only given to you by God as a present; therefore you may not dispose of the child you like, and if you do you interfere with the Divine Will. Such a view is simply that of religion and shared by the professor believer, and, perhaps, by some great augur, but it is something more than mere anachronism to uphold religious dogma by criminal law. If, then, we must admit that a woman acts within the legitimate rights of her husband’s right of progeny, our view of the object of marriage, it will be admitted, that procreation of children is, if not the only, yet the main object, particular cases or circumstances being left aside, i.e., age, disease, etc.

With this view in their mind both man and woman are embarking upon marriage, and both accept it silently as their duty. Since a duty always is complemented by a right, or in other words, where there is a duty there must be a right, one could with some juridical justification construct the “husband’s right of progeny.” Such a right would be offended if the wife miscarry; it willfully against the will, or in secret, from the husband. It is, however, more than doubtful if such a duty and the right derived from it, are real and not merely fictive. Still more questionable would be the protection of such a fictitious right through criminal law. But even if this be admitted, many exceptions must be granted, and there is no doubt that in many instances the husband would be justified against the will of her husband to willfully miscarry; it follows that the husband could assert his “right of progeny,” if such be recognised, only under certain conditions, which, however, are not always absolutely cogent. The right of the husband is faced by the right of the wife, which often go smoothly parallel to each other, sometimes, limited where other legitimate or superior rights are concerned, i.e., self-mutilation in order to escape military service.

11 On the ground of such a naïve and sciolistic doctrine England has nourished and preserved a curious speciality, viz., the felo de se, and punishes the attempt of suicide.

12 Ehinger I.e. points out that on the strength of this argument every doctor would have to go to prison for performing a ritual circumcision, and also a barber who cuts the hair. Another necessary consequence follows, viz., that neglectful or careless mode of living during pregnancy, whether purposive or not, had to be prohibited by law, because of the enormous danger to health and life. What a Pandora box of evils such a law could open!

13 It needs no emphasis that here only the matrimonial husband comes into consideration.

14 Kant is said to be the originator of this dictum. Quoted by Lisszt, p. 84.

15 I.e., p. 83.

16 This found its strongest expression in the Jewish law of marriage, according to which the wife could sue for divorce if the husband refused to perform his duty.

17 The R.L. for the reason that here only the matrimonial husband comes into consideration.

18 Homer is qui est futurus et fructus omnis jam insine est. Homicidii festinatio est prohibere nasci. (Ehinger.)

19 Indeed, here religious views contain very much of mysticism and superstition. To fight against superstition the Church is and was never capable, since a good deal of mystic superstition has its origin in the doctrines of the Church.

20 Thus it “may be explained that in her (Church’s) and in the statute laws the punishment was the same for abortion as for sorcery, and that till the newest age abortion was punished by the same law (on the part of the Church) as criminal infamy.” (Eh., p. 53.) It seems that the severity of the English law has its origin in these olden, bygone times.

21 At least, of all the other countries; this right is
however, do conflict. Who, then, shall have a greater right? Do man and woman not stand alike?

4. There are not infrequently cases where "third persons" have an acute interest in the birth of a child, usually cases where entailed property or inheritances are at stake. But such an interest never, and under no circumstances, can go so far as to become a right. To found upon such an interest the right as to demand gestation till full term would be a juridical monstrousity."

5. The State (society) is interested in birth of children politically and economically. The State wants soldiers and priests, the Church baptism. These requirements would plausibly enough explain the interest of the State in child-birth. "The soldier, the priest and baptism. They are the chief factors, which can build up culture, that ponderous mixture of conversion and irrationality, sprinkled over with a few grains of powdered intellect; they form the trinity for the blessing of man," "without which no systematic cultural life could be achieved." But all the same it is still very questionable, if the State on the ground of such a supposed interest can vindicate a right of unrestricted proliferations. And even if it were so, the State does mighty little to show that it has such a right. Nothing is done to prevent artificial sterility, the sale and provision of anti-conceptional means is entirely uncontrolled and free, emigration is unlimited. The State vision of anti-conceptional means is entirely powdered intellect; they form the trinity for the blessing of man, natural right. "To found upon such an interest the right as to demand gestation till full term would be a juridical monstrousity." The history of every country is full of such happenings. Nevertheless, there are circumstances that may justify its punishment, e.g., where the health of the people, viz., children, is concerned. It is the duty of the State to make every reasonable provision for the health of the people, for the health is almost as important to the nation as life itself. Only very slowly, and not until very lately, has the State awakened to learn that there are duties to perform towards the people, and that there are problems serious and grave, that cannot be solved by dreadnoughts and endless party squabbles. If, then, the State has a right to protect the health of the people, this right may be asserted by punishing all actions detrimental to it. Although, as has been stated, the State has not a right of children, yet it can reasonably demand, for the sake of the coming generation, that the children should not already suffer wilful damage to their health before they are delivered. It is certain that children born alive near the natural term and surviving, usually have suffered damage to health by their premature birth. Even if they have survived the strain of labour they are so weak and delicate that the utmost care often does not avail to rear them; almost from birth a whole arsenal of diseases waits to be let loose on them, that will weaken them for lifetime, so that if they have the luck to survive they will often turn out crippled mentally and bodily and be viewed from that point, wilful miscarriage near the natural term, viz., if the fetus is already capable of extra-uterine life, e.g., from about the eighth month of gestation, would then constitute a serious punishable offence. It is curious enough that none of the legislatures have taken up this side of the spectre; almost all of them either do not punish at all if the newborn has survived, or the punishment is much more lenient and milder than it would be if the fetus would have been dead or died shortly after birth. But, as Dr. Wittels points out: "Nevertheless, it would seem that it is a much greater offence to put into the world, by the attempt of wilful miscarriage, a rickety or feeble-minded cripple, than by successful abortion to destroy the vegetable life of a heap of cells"; we cannot do better than to assent.

6. Whether wilful abortion can or ought to be punished on moral grounds, e.g., because it might be considered immoral, is more than doubtful. In this regard it must be once for all pointed out, that moral law is one thing and criminal law another; both may be complementary, but each has its own area of dominion. This is almost commonplace knowledge, yet it cannot be emphasised and reiterated often enough, for great and numerous are the judges. Neither can we see anything immoral in an action only for the reason because it conflicts with some Christian doctrine, or because in the opinion of a particular legislator or judge it is immoral. The fallacy of the ecclesiastical view has been uncovered above, so there is no need to revert to it again. And if we search the sources of the so-called Christian morals (1) the Greek and Roman national cultures, and (2) the Jewish (Mosaic) law, we find that both
differ widely from the Church in their conception on this matter. The Church, and most certainly the Church at the time of its foundation and early growth, although it boasts to have outlived the pagan culture and erected a new, eternal one in its stead, has not added new ethical values to those already in existence, indeed, one may ask, whether the Church could have improved on the morals at all of, say, a Plato or Marcus Aurelius, or whether the Church could have produced greater civil virtues than exhibited, say, by Marcus Curtius, or Aristides, or Cato. No, Church morals will not do it. The Criminal Law must have a different footing. "Crimes against morality, that are only immoral because they conflict with some particular ecclesiastical or judicial opinion ought to have a code which is not constructed by theologians; criminal laws ought to be founded only and exclusively on objective evidence and knowledge." 128

Anon, in spite of the 1,500 years of Church regimen people have not yet come to believe that willful abortion, at least before the quickening, is something immoral. The broad masses of the people, which may this or maybe very doubtful, that they will be punished if found out, but they do not believe that there is any immorality or dishonesty attached to it; in this regard people have remained quite pagan, as in many other things. The law stands evidently in opposition to the popular instinct, and has apparently developed independently from and against the people. 129

However, "Goodwill is everything and essential where morality is concerned," says Schopenhauer, and if we ask for the motives, the answer will not be doubtful. Social needs are responsible for the action, social needs in one or the other form. 23

Here are two parents, toiling and labouring for daily bread and over-satisfied with their share of the heavens. Each increase of the family adds only to their misery and their already heavy burden. If they now, at the gloomy prospect open to themselves or their children, decide to have no more, can it then be said that they are immoral? No, Malethasism is not immoral, what else may be said against it by ecclesiastical or other busibodies. Au contraire, it is the only measure to correct (to a certain degree) the monstrous inequalities that exist for existent social conditions. It is, therefore, mere iniquitous cant to look upon parents as immoral, who, for one reason or the other, do not wish for proles, and having made up their mind to prevent it do so by hook and crook and,

23 Greek and Roman law did not punish willful abortion at all except in certain conditions already mentioned; and the Jewish (Mosaic) law knows only the abortion caused or provoked by neglectful or careless action by a second person, which was compensated for by money. Only much later, and under the influence of the Greek culture willful abortion was also rife among the Jews. And we see them Philo denouncing willful abortion. "He who commits the willful loss of the innaminate, still undeveloped fruit, shall be punished, because he did not control his passion and interfered with Nature which was forming a human being. But if the fetus was already animated, he shall suffer death. For it was already a human being that has been killed, like a statue that is destroyed, while still at its sculptor and awaiting the day of its unveiling; it is, therefore, also blasphemy, an injury to the Divine, for life is the gift of God." 24 Eh. Philo, who died about 50 A.D., tried to graft platonistic doctrines on Jewish ideas. His "Gnosticism" has become the stock-in-trade of the early Christian writers.

24 EH., p. 164.

25 Here is a point for the lawyer to work out.

26 A great variety of motives have been reported, such as vanity, voluptuousness, revengefulness, jealousy, love of pleasure, fear, superstitions, etc. All these taken together form only a very small percentage.

Unfortunately, oftener by hook than by crook. There are two methods available to achieve that purpose, abstinance (moral restraint), and anti-conceptional means; the former, though safe in its end, and the latter very unsatisfactory, both are very unpleasant and even directly harmful to health. Every practi-

27 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

28 Prostitution as we know it now is a double-headed one. The one head is that of the "born prostitute" of Lombroso, the other is the "prostitute of storm and stress." Whilst the former is vicious in the makeshift, the other is the product of society. This is the way how the Christian Occident looks upon the matter. There are, however, other peoples and nations who can claim to have achieved not less a high culture, who look upon these matters with different eyes. I am not at all sure if the Japanese would compare the geisha to criminals.

29 Here are some figures for amusement (taken from the "Sunday Times" of December 15, 1912).

29 Neither need the doctor be afraid of the law, for which the law must be surprised by it. The one arranges it by willful abortion, the other perhaps afraid of the law quite easily manages it through masked murder.

Infant mortality is high enough to make the horses shy, but the mortality of illegitimates is, horrible dictum, more than twice as large, and nobody thinks that this is due to natural selection only. There is wholesale murder going on for which the law must be held responsible.

But where is Society? Society blushes, covers the face, and is disgusted. First, she forces them into guilt, and then hands them over to their torturers. And afterwards comes unctuous charity to save the fallen, with Bible and Christianity, as if that was wanting. It is of no use to blush and to be disgusted. What is wanted is that the natural right of woman to work out her own happiness should not be restricted or hindered by dubious or iniquitous laws.

A woman "falls"; who dare accuse her? Here is the question and answer to it in a nutshell. Here lies the root of all the "evil," which will not cease until

22 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

23 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

24 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

25 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

26 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

27 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

28 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

29 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

30 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

31 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.

32 Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not shown as an accusation of the profession.
Society has radically converted herself from those obsolete principles to more human conceptions of morality. Thus we have found that wilful abortion is not immoral, or, at least, not always immoral, and, where it is found such, the blame for the immorality must be laid on Society and its Law. In times to come, when mankind will have progressed further towards true morality, and consequently, also towards humanity and true justice, men will find it incomprehensible that it was considered rightful to make help impossible to those immoral, or, at least, not always immoral and, where it was considered rightful to make help impossible to morality, and, consequently, also towards humanity and true justice, men will find it incomprehensible that it was considered rightful to make help impossible to the needful and exasperated and to abandon to misery a blot and disgrace to Society. It serves no useful purpose at all; it does not prevent wilful abortion, nor even reduce it; that it is positively harmful by causing material, bodily, and moral damage; such a law is a crime and, therefore, immoral, a blot and disgrace to Society. Ceterum censo legem esse delendam. And the sooner the better. But, alas! England loves and cherishes her old traditions, for great is the Diana of the Anglicants.

THE JEST.

To-day I raised strange creatures from the dust. Shall I not let them tarry for a span? Shall I not fill them with despair and lust, and call this tribe of puny vermin Man?

See, I have shaped for them a watery globe and set it whirling in a tiny nook, and made it pretty with its starry robe. And call this tribe of puny vermin Man?

O, this shall be a goodly round of mirth. Rare merriment to hear them talk of Me. To watch them scamper after distant goals, and make it vanish in a spurt of flame. How they will jabber paltry lies, and fawn. And let it vanish in a spurt of flame. To write my message in a Testament. And let it vanish in a spurt of flame.

The arguments against the law discussed above are by no means exhausted, and it would have been comparatively easier to say more and to paint with brighter colours than used here in order to show the bad effects of the law. But for the sake of length of this paper the writer has restricted himself to mere outline of his case. Anyhow, he hopes that the paper will be read and reflected upon. It will have served its purpose, and have been worth the trouble and ink.
I sat subdued and fascinated, realising quite well that I sat amidst tragedy, assuredly amidst woe of poverty on that burning, roaring, gold-smitten Rand, where the signs of the outsider are unmistakable; but beyond this plain pathos of destitution something worse, something calamitous happened upon the bare earth, in all its space. And suddenly one strange emptiness took name: there was no sign of a man—no man lived here!

The woman spoke as though this had been her own thought: "My husband is away."

"Will he be back soon?"

"Yes, soon. He's away two weeks now."

Her accent was the clipped accent of people of the land—colonial bred—but the sound of her voice was ample as all else about her. She dreamed, saying no, and I saaked along with her to a world of simple feeling where thought could shape no more than in himself.

Nothing was to be done or said—there was no sign (of a man—no man lived there, and squeezing them and rubbing them as though I were plying, her husband's in tronk (gaol), you know. I liked her, so I let her stay, but she owed me a lot of rent. It's paid now. Her husband stole some money—ten pounds. He got ill after his job, and then he took my pounds. I don't care. I don't blame him. But he's doing two months now. I thought they'd have let him off. Do you know her?"

"Very little. I brought the baby home from the sun, and so I met her."

"And then he burst forth: 'I've never seen a woman I liked better than that!'"

I expected a great deal more, but he fell suddenly inarticulate. "She's gone!" he finished, and touched his hat and turned away.

**Letters from Italy.**

I—En Route*

‘Catulle frater,’ if so I dare call you,
I am horribly tired of the fog and the frost,
And the ultimate mission
Before to suicide.

From "Sententiae Christianissimae of Hieronymus Chrysogorgupontios of Halicarnassos."

Ave Roma Immortalis! Hal, Muse, etcetera. If anyone wants a picturesque account of the monuments, art, scenery, and archaeology of Italy, let him ply his Baedeker and his Addington Symonds. I will have none of the ‘picturesque,’ nor of the ‘vagabond!’ I never have the ‘go-fever!’ and I drink beer only on rare and regrettable occasions—it gives me indigestion.

Notice that one has only to start on a voyage of some distance in a third-class English carriage to attract awe and interest. "Where are you going?" you say inachatically to the house-organist, (or Brede, or Ashford), he says be 'An' where might you be goin'?' "Oh, to Rome!" you reply, with the air of one who says 'to Shepherd's Bush'; and the whole compartment (always third, remember) stares at the notable before it.

I always find men one talks to for a few minutes or hours on a journey more pleasant than the usual crowd one meets. There is no time to take their virtues for granted. Before I got out of England I had appointed to dine with a jolly old barrister, who was amused because I wore a ragged, velvet coat, and who thought I was "a happy-go-lucky sort of chap" because I gulped at his japes. At Lewes I met another man, who wore tweeds and a slouch hat, had a profile like Louis Stevenson, and lived on 3s. a week. I liked him, in spite of his profile, his seriousness and his simplicity. He lent me a long poem he had written. Meliora speramus.

'I once thought that yellow dog was a lion myself, Miss Broome.'

"Horrible aequor ultimo—mosque Britannos," says one of my very excellent friends. I have not yet reached the point of verifying a Channel experience, but I may say that I was even more pleased to leave the "horrible aequor" than the "ultimos Britannos."

On the way to Paris I alternately slept and discussed the poems of Mr. Tagore with a young Bengali friend of his. I think he was the pleasantest person I met. Odd that one feels such a toad beside these cultured Orientals.

Paris is always good; the smell of the "boulangeries," the rattle and clatter of the streets, real coffee for breakfast, put me in humour with all the world. I remembered delicate days—"boulevarded" for an hour—though it was cold. I wrote incoherent verses in English and French over my coffee. "Et la vie passe," scribbled I, 'Qu’importe? J’ais mes rêves'—and by the Lord, this coffee is good.

At the Gare d'Orsay, waiting for the train to start for Dijon I made the following observation on human life:—

The affectionate farewell kisses
Of the fat French bourgeoisie
Are like the snipping wash from a motor-Jauch
On the hulls of the punts at Richmond.
I noticed last week that a contemporary was acquainted with public affairs: circumstances forced it upon my notice, and the effort required to comprehend the fact has not been wasted. The effects of that irruption into consciousness have persisted, the sense of awareness has been stimulated; and I have noticed a similar phenomenon in other unexpected places. Perhaps I should amplify a statement in my last article: one newspaper I have read regularly since its first number, but I avoid its leading articles. I shall not mention its name, because it receives enough unsolicited testimonials to its superiority over all merely capitalistic daily papers; and there is no need for me to join the howling chorus. There can be no doubt that this paper is also acquainted with public affairs; for it refers to an article in "Everyman" by Mr. H. G. Wells the day after its publication. This is enterprise of a kind unequalled by the merely capitalistic Press, which usually refers to things before the event; and being thus informed of another activity of Mr. Wells, I read the current number of "Everyman."

What particularly influenced me was the statement in my daily paper that Mr. Wells' "evolution as a social reformer is one of the interesting asides to the movement itself." I confess that the remark pleased me, for it does not coincide with Mr. Wells' opinion; did he not announce on a previous occasion his unsuspected entry into "our class?" If he admitted that he had any relation to the Labour movement, he would only confess, in his own artless fashion, that he was the soul, the brains, the driving power of that movement. Deus ex machina would be the only office comparable with his dignity; and if, as Carlyle declared, history is the biography of great men, the evolution of Mr. Wells is the evolution of the Labour movement. No lesser attribution, I am sure, would compensate a supreme literary artist like Mr. Wells (as everyone now calls him) for his incomparable contributions to the discussion of social affairs.

Zeal outruns discretion: I was referring to the fact that my pet daily paper is acquainted with public affairs. It headed its quotations from the article by Mr. Wells with the line: "Latest Theory of Social Advance." Whether this meant that Mr. Wells had stated his latest theory, or the latest theory, of social advance, was not explained; but I incline to think that it meant that Mr. Wells had stated his latest theory, for my daily paper confesses to being the most advanced, the ne plus ultra, the Ultimate Thule, the Last Chord, the Finis, of all papers. But I have my doubts about the accuracy of that headline. Those readers of The New Age who want a new sensation in every number now read "The — .", my daily paper; those who remain may have memories that extend beyond the last issue. They will remember that Mr. Wells engaged in a controversy in the "Daily Mail" concerning "What the Workers Want," and that he edited (at least, so the preface said) a series of essays entitled: "The Great State." They will remember that even The New Age flattered Mr. Wells by reviews of his contributions to social problems, that The New Age was really generous in the matter of reviews without provoking any sign of displeasure from Mr. Wells. The readers of The New Age are thus already acquainted with Mr. Wells' "Latest Theory of Social Advance," and "Everyman" and my daily paper are...
really somewhat belated in their publication of this important decretal. It is, of course, a little unfortunate that Mr. Wells’ pondering over our problems for some twelve months has added nothing to his original conclusions. It may be that he has the insight of genius, and can see at one glance the cause and cure of social problems. But there are people who are capable of asserting that Mr. Wells proves his entry into “our class” by adopting a Bourbon trait as his own, that he learns nothing and forgets nothing. An analogy from literary sources would probably be more appropriate, as his article appeared in “Everyman”: and these unkind people are probably right, as Mr. Wells, according to Professor Dowden said of Shelley’s father, that he was precluded from all possibility of outraging the social conventions by a happy inaccessibility to ideas. Unkind people, I repeat, might say this—I shall not; for I notice that Mr. Wells has reduced my daily paper to a state of “amazement that competes with disappointment,” and that is an outrage to at least one social convention.

This fact means that either Mr. Wells is not inaccessible to ideas or that my daily paper is; probably both. Why not alternatives? For proportional representation, is an idea, and nothing else; and my daily paper is undoubtedly protected against it, for it declares, commenting on Mr. Wells’ statement that the professional politician must be abolished by proportional representation, that “whatever may be the merits of any electoral reform, we hardly expected to find them placed so high as that.” Even the grammar staggers in this state of amazement; but there is no doubt that my paper is inaccessible to ideas. Readers of The New Age will not have forgotten how tenderly and patiently it was urged that proportional representation was not an electoral reform, but a reform of the representative system. The idea was that it would abolish secret party funds, professional politicians, corruption of the electorate, stupid as well as plural voting, unemployment, the drink traffic, the white slave traffic, and, lastly, if the electors so desired, England itself.

That, I say, was the idea, and it is still the idea; for Mr. Wells declares that “my belief in proportional representation as a means of recovering our social controls from the specialised politician, and reanimating every aspect of our intellectual activities with the sense of collective significance, is profound. There is a limit to the devotion the artist can pay to the intellectual worker. Our art is trivial where it is not feeble, our science is taught without spirit, and falls more and more into the hands of spiritless and inferior men, our literature splutters with protest and declines towards preciousness, because our political machinery is agnathous and contemptuous of all these finer things in life.” And my daily paper is not only amased, but is disappointed. Surely this statement of Mr. Wells’ credo was worth the penny.

I cannot resist the temptation to congratulate “Everyman” on its publication of Mr. Wells’ “latest theory of social advance.” There is another article in the same number that is equally appropriate to the present moment. Charles Sarolea publicly reproves George Bernard Shaw for having supported a copyright law passed by our Government in the year 1911. The New Age has been so often attacked for its criticism of our contemporary Great Men that I read this article carefully to see what sort of criticism is permissible. Mr. Sarolea pays tribute to the astounding genius of George B. Shaw, calls him “The Superman of Socialism,” wipes aside in a few complimentary phrases the suggestion that Mr. Shaw’s motives were those of self-interest, and then boldly calls him a fool. It is obvious that you have simply been hoodwinked by a conspiracy of vested interests, and that, like the merest Philistine, you have been the victim of your own ignorance,” says Mr. Sarolea. I hope that Mr. Sarolea’s style is more acceptable than ours, but The New Age will continue to dispense with the preliminary compliments.

A. E. R.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

We are still in the doldrums, for Jerome Klapka Jerome, who once wrote a pleasing satire of the emancipated woman, is a member of the Fabian Society. In “Miss Hobbs” we were told that “some women are meant to be mothers, they are fit for nothing better.” “Esther Castways” provides us with proof that some men are meant to be husbands, they are fit for nothing better. As certain that Philip Castways will emancipate the children workers of the mills; although he might live happily with his wife ever after his return to the marital embrace. But the play is so half-hearted that it is impossible to speak decisively about it: it might have been a satire, but, unfortunately, Mr. Jerome is a convert to feminism; it might have been a comedy, but Mr. Jerome evidently believes in political action; it might have been a tragedy, but a happy ending had to be reached somehow; and “Esther Castways,” wishing to forge a new and unusual reminiscences. Indeed, shorn of its sociological importations, “Esther Castways” is only a cup and saucer comedy; including them, it is—well, it is played by Miss Marie Tempest.

The same indecision clings to the characterisation. Esther Castways, it must be understood, is not supposed to be Miss Marie Tempest; she is really, but that is not in the game. Esther Castways was of humble origin, was born somewhere in the Western States of America, was loved by a lawyer who loved the children, was married, was introduced into polite society, was—what matter what she was? What I want to say is this: When Miss Marie Tempest wishes to be comical, she makes mistakes in grammar. So does Esther Castways. The play is not a compound, it is a mixture of passages of drama and comedy. In the comedy passages, Miss Marie Castways makes mistakes in grammar; in the dramatic passages, Miss Esther Tempest speaks like a lady. It is quite obvious that, from the artistic point of view, the mood opposed to the characteristic, the play is a failure. Jocelyn Penbury, for example, and John Farrington, are both of them indistinguishable from the ordinary drawing-room loungers; but both of them are provided with strangely incongruous passages of rhetoric delivered vibrato, appass., sostenuto, fortissimo, and Mr. Jerome does not intend that we shall laugh at them.

I have hinted at the dramatic reminiscences. “The New Machiavelli” was not a play, although it was not a novel; what it was, God knoweth. But its main idea was that of “Antony and Cleopatra,” that the world, meaning by that, polite society, was well lost for love. “The New Machiavelli” threw up his political career (according to Mr. Wells, and it is not my business to contradict him) to go and live with his “jolly mistress” (once again, it is not my business to contradict Mr. Wells). Philip Castways returns to his wife, and we are asked to believe that his political career is safe. This is as conventional a conclusion as the other, but it serves to show that Mr. Jerome is no slavish imitator. But the character of Esther Castways, like that of Shaw’s Candida, is only a mass of assumptions; and the same method is adopted with other characters, the play is a failure. Jocelyn Penbury, for example, and John Farrington, are both of them indistinguishable from the ordinary drawing-room loungers; but both of them are provided with strangely incongruous passages of rhetoric delivered vibrato, appass., sostenuto, fortissimo, and Mr. Jerome does not intend that we shall laugh at them.

I have hinted at the dramatic reminiscences. “The New Machiavelli” was not a play, although it was not a novel; what it was, God knoweth. But its main idea was that of “Antony and Cleopatra,” that the world, meaning by that, polite society, was well lost for love. “The New Machiavelli” threw up his political career (according to Mr. Wells, and it is not my business to contradict him) to go and live with his “jolly mistress” (once again, it is not my business to contradict Mr. Wells). Philip Castways returns to his wife, and we are asked to believe that his political career is safe. This is as conventional a conclusion as the other, but it serves to show that Mr. Jerome is no slavish imitator. But the character of Esther Castways, like that of Shaw’s Candida, is only a mass of assumptions; and I am not sure that Mr. Jerome can claim any real originality in this case. For Candida, it will be remembered, not only performed that part of the marriage contract that is equally appropriate to the present moment. Charles Sarolea publicly reproves George Bernard Shaw for having supported a copyright law passed by our Government in the year 1911. The New Age has been so often attacked for its criticism of our contemporary Great Men that I read this article carefully to see what sort of criticism is permissible. Mr. Sarolea pays tribute to the astounding genius of George B. Shaw, calls him “The Superman of Socialism,” wipes aside in a few complimentary phrases the suggestion that Mr. Shaw’s motives were those of self-interest, and then boldly calls him a fool. It is obvious that you have simply been hoodwinked by a conspiracy of vested interests, and that, like the merest Philistine, you have been the victim of your own ignorance,” says Mr. Sarolea. I hope that Mr. Sarolea’s style is more acceptable than ours, but The New Age will continue to dispense with the preliminary compliments.

A. E. R.
received his visitors, wrote his sermons, spent his money, and made love to his friends. She was, as the phrase goes, heart and soul, a creature of that establishment; and James Mavor Morell probably prayed: "O Candida, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," etc. Until a few months before the play begins, Esther Castways had done likewise; and her husband increased in wisdom and prestige, and in favour with the electorate and the upper classes. For once, reminiscences are not interesting; and I do not want to talk about "The Gay Lord Quex," although the third act is obviously indebted to it.

Mr. Jerome is as incapable of supplying motives to his characters as any "advanced" dramatist, and he makes the usual mistake of supposing that reasons are an effective substitute. We are asked to believe that for ten years Philip Castways had lived a happy married life, had increased his legal practice and raised his social status, and faced battle, murder, and sudden death, that he had suffered all these things because he wished to abolish child-labour in the mills. At the end of the play, we are told that it was only because he loved her so; that there were half a dozen other causes that had offered equal opportunities to an ambitious politician, but he chose the one that offered him the marriage life, had increased his legal practice and raised his social status, and faced battle, murder, and sudden death, that he had suffered all these things because he wished to abolish child-labour in the mills. The introduction of this sociological question is a tacit admission by Mr. Jerome that adultery alone is not a sufficient subject for a play; in other words, that Mr. Jerome is incapable of dealing with the passions of men. But he is no less incapable of dealing with the ideas of men. "The children, you must not forget the children," says Miss Esther Tempest about once every half hour; and she has a little flutter about conditions of labour in the third act. In this instance, the case of a conjugal right. Castways were not half as well as she thought she did; she would know that the children were not to be saved from their slavery by her husband's speeches, or by her own admission to the charmed circle of the Jackson-Tilletts.

The admirable sentiment of this simple little English woman a fine man, is everybody's concern. A beautiful Englishman or Englishwoman makes not only a national but also an international claim upon people's attention. But who on earth wants to know, or even to glance at the host of ugly and sometimes repulsive nonentities that disfigure the rooms of the average picture gallery during a portrait exhibition? Why do not these people understand that this art of portrait painting itself may have a very strong commercial reason for flaunting the faces of their sitters before the docile public, nothing on earth justifies the sitters themselves in allowing their perfect ordinary and often subordinary personalities to be exhibited in this conspicuous and blatant manner! It is utterly intolerable. It strikes one at the Academy, it strikes one at the Exhibitions of the International Society, and it strikes one at the Royal Institute. There is no excuse for it.

"Home, sweet home—there's no place like home!" The admirable sentiment of this simple little English ditty cannot be denied into the ears of these people too often. There is no place like home for the average portrait, and, if the subject of it is exceptionally beautiful, the moment it leaves the family circle to take its place in a public exhibition, it becomes a piece of intolerable impudence, provoking—nay, demanding and deserving—harsh treatment.

It matters not a scrap whether one has ever met or heard of any of the people I am about to mention; but let me simply ask, who wants to see an attempt at converting Dr. J. K. Ronaldson (No. 2) into a dramatic photographic work of art by Mr. Martine Ronaldson? Who is interested in a picture of Col. Sam. Lynes (No. 16) imprisoned in an absurd collar? Who has any concern with that unfortunately ugly little girl (No. 19), painted by Alexander Jameson—or with Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James R. Dunlop Smith, K.C.S.I. (No. 22)? And the list is interminable; it includes Colonel C. M. Marshall (No. 28), Lieut.-Col. Roger Courtaulde Boyd (No. 29), His Excellency Major-General Sir Alexander Rochfort (No. 27), Sir Murland Evans, Bt. (No. 34), Major J. A. Houison Craufurd (No. 40), Miss Gordon (No. 39), Miss Joan Abbey (No. 51)—insignificant is scarcely the word for this one, Captain George Richard Bethell (No. 33), Captain George H. Buxton (No. 19), The Dwarf (No. 61), Miss Dorothy Fletcher (No. 25—feather!), The Countess Poulett (No. 66—words fail me!), William Abbot's Family Group (No. 67—Now, here the very title ought to have suggested Home, Sweet Home!) Mrs. H. Bainton's Family, Esq. (No. 74), and Mrs. Frances Forester (No. 80).

Even if these people had been painted in a masterly manner, it seems as if their public exhibition could not possibly be justified. But the actual workmanship of
these portraits I have mentioned is, generally speaking, exceedingly poor, so that they become even more irrelevant. Maybe, in a number of cases, public services are a justification for immorality; but there are surely other ways of granting this great privilege besides a pictorial appeal to the eye. For where the respective magnitude of these public services is out of all proportion to the beauty and dignity of him who has performed them, it might even be maintained that a faithful portrait is a most dangerous betrayal, seeing that, to those moderns who believe most profoundly in the interdependence of body and spirit it can but reflect discredit (after the fact) upon the public services in question.

And, now, looking around for those people, who whatever their public services may or may not be, certainly deserve at least to be looked at; how many I find in all? Just two over the half-dozen: A Portrait, by George Bell (No. 51), Nona, daughter of F. E. Dixon, Esq. (No. 13), by George W. Lambert; Mlle. Nathalie Thibault (No. 26), by O. (No. 47), by Gerald Festus Keith; Mrs. W. S. Cohen (No. 50), by L. D. Luardi; The Hon. Mrs. Davey (No. 54), by T. Martine Ronaldson; Eustace Marriott, Esq. (No. 56), by E. C. Muirhead; and a portrait of a Lady (No. 27), by W. Allom.

And of these eight portraits only two—Nos. 13 and 56—can with any approach to justice be regarded as masterly in treatment. So that out of the two rooms containing eighty-three important exhibits, we are reduced to two pictures which, as portraits in spirit and in manner, can be said to be justified in the conspicuous claim they make upon the attention of the public! If this sounds an exaggerated or unduly adverse criticism, just take this paper in your hand and walk round the galleries to see things for yourself.

In conclusion, there are a few things to be said about one or two pictures that are particularly good, or particularly promising. Mr. Oswald Birley shows tremendous dexterity and command of his medium in No. 8; but what a pity it is that he concentrates all the mysterious interest of his picture upon mantelpiece knock-knacks! In doing this he ranges himself straight away among the moderns with their sterile negativism and, in manner, can be said to be justified in the conspicuous claim they make upon the attention of the public! If this sounds an exaggerated or unduly adverse criticism, just take this paper in your hand and walk round the galleries to see things for yourself.

In conclusion, there are a few things to be said about one or two pictures that are particularly good, or particularly promising. Mr. Ronald Grey is conscientious. His transcriptive faculty is phenomenal—almost Dutch, or double "so"! He has not learned freedom yet, and so long as technical mastery is not acquired, it is perfectly right for a man to be slavishly precise. He cannot be anything else; unless, with the Futurists, he wishes to conceal his incompetence beneath a busk. No. 21 has, therefore, many excellent points. But Mr. Ronald Grey very likely does not require to be told that he is not "out of the wood" yet—he probably knows it perfectly well.

There is a tacit understanding in the air at the Royal Institute, and that is that Mr. George Lambert's "The Actress" (No. 10), is the "clou de l'exposition." It is certainly very large and very dazzling; and, it must be admitted, exceedingly attractive in more than one particular. It may have been thought out with much labour, it may even have been altered again and again; but it bears the stamp of a hearty, enthusiastic conception. It is a pity this is not more beautiful; for, as she is turning her back, one looks with hope to the mirror which is so skilfully and tastefully suspended in mid-air above her; but all one sees is the usual modern face, the fashion, the so-called "character" than beauty. The whole thing is very pleasing; but I submit respectfully to Mr. Lambert that he would have been fully justified in treating the figure of the actress more luminously. There will come a time when she will be the shining centre of the sky; she is already disproportionately dark and suggestive of studio lighting. This is by far the least thing I have seen of Mr. Lambert's.

Pastiche.

WHAT WILL SHE MAKE OF LONDON TOWN?
Schooled in world of simple snobs,
Guarded close from that half-brute, Man;
Catching nought of the myriad sobs
That have shaken old Earth since Time began.

Milky maxims of Love and God:—
("The World and the Flesh shall not prevail,
Tread ye the path the Master trod.")

Now she is fallen 'neath Fortune's frown,
What are the paths that she may choose,
Now that Necessity points the way?

Commerce is harsh and exacts her dues,
But pretty shop-girls are known to pay,
And somebody's stores may swallow her up.
Regular work and wages then?
And a taste of honest Labour's cup,
And they're genial fellows, commercial men!

Though their jokes, may be, would make curates frown.
What shall she do in London Town?
Typing perhaps? Or, better still,
Militant women may lend her aid,
Joins her voice to the accents shall:
And give her a banner on parade.
Yet "The Cause," exists, so I've heard tell,
On Rent and Intercostal: "tis there they say,
That keep our clamouring serfs in hell,
And that painted army that day by day
Has shaken old Earth since Time began.

There is a tacit understanding in the air at the Royal Institute, and that is that Mr. George Lambert's "The Actress" (No. 10), is the "clou de l'exposition." It is the most significant volume of poems since Boswell's "The Art of Hogley."
A well-sustained and evenly-balanced production. The illustrations are a feast of good things. — "Athenaeum."


November.—Pangleton Waggs publishes "Mr. Limehouse wondrous gamut of heretofore, in the vegetable world, and the Dandelion is monarch of all into the Carboniferous period—all that remain of the things not seen. That is why I venture to suggest in all exhaustible, causes the group to vanish. The beginnings were too small for their bodies. The Genus Your sleek and sloppy realist. To please the youth of Denmark Hill. While Bernard Shaw continues still through strange laboratory smells, In pseudo-scientific cant, "To win the plaudits of all the world stayed still to hear, That all the world stayed still to hear, So slighted for the graceless gang. The antique singers who sang, Who seize upon the passing phase (If dull enough) is sure to sell. And the Lord, to shout it loud! . . .

CROSS: . . . and replenished the earth, And Mudcan bigger knave than fool. And by the Lord, to shout it loud! . . .

... THE NEW AGE...
French Protestants, who have always stood for industry and progressive ideas against the clerical obscurantism of Chauvinistic royalist reactionaries. The Huguenots rightly and industry into countries which knew how to value good francs. To M. Doumic, prostate de Cornelius Herz, remise en etat. A touching picture of the gentleman languishing in a pious exile, anxious to play about the person of the Duke of Orleans, instead of the digestive process, and you will have an idea of the smell of the hooligan journalism of a Leon Daudet with the cruder facts of physiology. They are based upon the cruder facts of physiology. They are equally with spendings. The reason for this is that savings alike; in other words, savings would suffer if the effect of high taxes would be equal on luxuries and savings alike; in other words, savings would suffer equally. On the contrary, it is almost certain that among the motives for saving is the power of luxurious spending, and if this motive be diminished the motive to saving is correspondingly reduced.

MR. HYNDMAN AND SOCIALIST UNITY.

Sir,—I can confirm Mr. Hyndman's letter in your issue of the 30th ult., as to his own action. At all the attempts to combine the Socialists societies into one body Mr. Hyndman always hoped against hope and held on to the last. I believe I was always the first to break away. Indeed, on the last occasion, I was requested to withdraw, as an intolerable obstacle to fraternity, and the Fabian Society accordingly, on my own motion, substituted another delegate. Mr. Sidney Webb never, as far as I can remember, was on the committees which attempted the task of unification.

There was a brief period when William Morris believed that union of the various federations was inevitable. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having missed his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having missed his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having missed his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having missed his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having missed his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having missed his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—Another Guy's Man I have misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the two converging streams, from the later stages of the antisemitic followers of a Jewish religion. Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for have
own room amid shrieks of laughter, in which they heartily joined. Perfect unity being thus provided for, the remaining fraternalists proceeded to quarrel until all the bodies, save one—which was naturally the one which had nothing else to do but denounce the other—had left alone on the field. The last word was always "I told you so."

Continental experience proves that the inevitable nucleus for unity is the Parliamentary labour party. In Germany that party calls itself Social Democratic, but is really mildly Lloyd Georxite. In France we have the Radical Social Party, but like Christendom, in a general avoidance of their nominal faith as an awkward subject. In England unity must mean unity with the Labour Party, vulgar, by all means. The Fabian Society is affiliated; the Independent Labour Party is affiliated. The British Socialist Party will, perhaps, affiliate when it has finished its present business ofting Mr. Hyndman. His ranks became his opinions of militarism seem to them dangerously in advance of those professed by the Quakers of the 17th century. Then Mr. Hyndman will have no refuge left but the Fabian Society, and we shall all be unified then. I hope I have made it clear that the Fabian Society is quite ready to be affiliated by any body who will adopt it, and that such affiliation will make not the smallest difference to its pursuit, filial or unfilial, of Socialism. Yours affiliatedly,

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

** THE "DAILY HERALD," ETC. **

Sir,—I feel it my duty as a constant reader and purchaser of The New Age to get my knife into two of your correspondents whose "replies" in last week's issue make sorely difficult the work of the "Mission." Mr. Woolverton's attempt fairly to answer Miss Douglas is surely the last word in feebleness. He merely further enlarges, with much groaning and whining, upon the difficulties consequent upon the attempt to organise effectively the middle-class, and then admits that what little pluck he appears to have possessed at one time he has lost, and that by whatever grounds there may be for cursing the apathy of the middle-class (the only class, by the way, that has made any effort whatever to resist the Vile Insurance Act), it is surely damnably unsportsmanlike to blame Miss Douglas, whose efforts have been invaluable—no one else, I notice, having stepped forward to lead us to victory, etc., etc.

And now for "Presscutter's" reply to Mr. Limouzin. This is little short of ridiculous, which is all the more surprising in one who professes to possess a very high intelligence. Like Mr. Limouzin, I am actively supporting the "Herald" League, and am struck by the extraordinary enthusiasm evinced by the working class for their paper.

Because the vast majority can (ill) afford only 6d. a week, as "exposed" by Mr. Woolverton, are there any reason for sneeringly suggesting they wouldn't pay 1s. 6d.? It is true to say that no paper in England has ever received such devoted support as the "Herald" enjoys, and "Presscutter" can more faithfully employ his talents than by slinging mud at such worthy effort.

* * *

NOEL HASLEWOOD.

** THE "DAILY HERALD." **

Sir,—"Presscutter" asks if I think the "Herald" readers would pay 3d. a day for their paper. Certainly not; because they could not. The "Herald's" raison d'être is to help the Have-nots; therefore, its readers consist of the Have-nots and of those Have-littles (or Have-littles) who wish to help the "Herald" in its work.

The Have-nots obviously could not afford 3d. for their daily paper—no more than they can without clothes, or rent a house at £2 50 a year. Twenty to thirty shillings a week (eked out with the few shillings the wife can snatch at charging, with a large share of possible periods of unemployment) does not allow much robust living in the realm of literature; under such conditions a halfpenny paper is a luxury, and anything further can be had only after frequent图书馆.

Clearly the Have-not not already gives far more comparatively for his paper than the leisureed gentleman who buys the "Times" and any review he may fancy.

The Have-little, being situated in a somewhat better position, gives id. for his paper—again a large sum proportionately to the leisureed gentleman who buys the "Times" and any review he may fancy.

The Have-little, being situated in a somewhat better position, gives rd. for his paper—again a large sum proportionately to the leisureed gentleman who buys the "Times" and any review he may fancy.

And in addition to the "collection after prayers," there is the "Mission," for which time

and services are freely offered. And naturally, the principal object of the "Mission" is the widening of the circulation of the paper, in order to obviate, in time, the necessity for the help of the League.

I hope I have said "Presscutter" that the spirit of the "Herald" readers is not that of the literature-dead-head, and that when a periodical is not bought, or is bought for a low sum, the reason is, in all likelihood, the very poverty to abolish which the periodical is issued.

E. LIMOUZIN.

["Presscutter" replies: People who are so poor that they cannot pay 6d. for their own organ, and so resourceless that they cannot join in groups to pay, are, as I said at the outset, not much use to the Revolution. I do not observe that music-halls, cinemas, and football matches need to be subsidised. If the Have-nots do not have a little worse to eat, when it is not simply an excuse—as it usually is where education is in question.]

** WHY RIDICULE FRENCH JURIES? **

Sir,—I have written you some letters on the absurd leniency with which judges and juries and magistrates treat women as compared with men. Since then two cases have occurred which really constitute the limit. I do not refer to Suffragette, but to a recent verdict which seems the rule rather to acquit the prisoner on some quibble or let her off with some ludicrously light sentence, or even bind her over if she has a family of children. I refer above all to the case of a negress charged with wilfully murdering a white woman. Her defence was that she shot the deceased by pure accident. The judge summed-up dead against her, pointing out numerous discrepancies in the story. Yet she was found guilty only of manslaughter, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. In the case (b), a woman accused of throwing acid over another woman pleaded that the prosecutrily threw it over herself, and, despite the scepticism of the judge, the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

ARCH GIBBS.

** THE PROPOSED VIVISECTION OF CRIMINALS. **

Sir,—The French have a saying that "It is the unexpected that happens." I happen to know a Dr. G. G. Rambaud, Director of the Pasteur Institute of Boston, who would take advantage of their lack of moral apprehension to use them as chattels for the purposes of mere vulgar intellectual curiosity? "Utilitarianism and sentiment are always in antagonism" is Dr. G. G. Rambaud's dictum: but Dr. Rambaud is a utilitarian of utilitarians, and identifies sentiment with ignorance. "My proposition," he says, "may sound dreadful to some sentimental and ignorant souls." Yet, after all, sentiment is so identical with life, and the higher forms and relations of sentiment with the higher forms and relations of life, that to exchange it for such doubtful panaceas as the sera and vaccines of modern medical science is like exchanging splendid health for knowledge of materia medica.

The people who are the light and life of the human race, are not vivisecting scientists, but those whom nature has endowed with a prodigious wealth of all kinds of sentiment—filling social, aesthetic, moral—solidarity, altruism, spirituality.

"Suppose," says Ruskin, "you were told you could grow a Sevthrian birth, but that your heart would be tell by as long as a rusted
group of iron valves." "He only," he continues, "is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

In past centuries, says Dr. Rambaud, prisoners were used in the experimental laboratories. Time surgeons of the French and German Courts were authorised to try difficult operations on people sentenced to death.

Yes, and what did they learn or gain by them? Are we to revert to the barbarisms of the Dark Ages for anything better than the dubious arrogations and evanescent nostrums of vivisecting science?

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—The writer of "Present-Day Criticism," in his last article, quotes "O" thus: "A sight of him Mary cannot choose but own that despite-all-he-has-been, is, and must always be, the one man on earth for her." And adds: "A sense for style, evidently, was not Professor Quiller-Couch's claim to edit anthologies.

Earlier in the same article the writer of "Present-Day Criticism" says: "Things like the attack on Professor Murray, spontaneous combinations in disrespect, but our affairs are sorry, but with Mr. North, the Professor of whom it is said that he has endowed Cambridge with a new but all-embracing Alma Mater,—the "Daily Mail.""

A very old tag may sometimes be useful to us even in modern-Physician, heal thyself. R. NORTH.

P.S.—I wrote the foregoing without my book. Having among my auditing a reader of the Halifax Press, I have since had the advantage of referring to the sentence to which your contributor objects. I discovered that it stands as follows: "At sight of him Mary cannot choose but own that despite, all he has been, is, and must always be the one man on earth for her." The fact is, perhaps, worth mentioning.—R. N.

Our contributor reveals that: "While I am resigned that the omission of an aposiopesis should make me unintelligible, I am more or less bothered by the rest of Mr. North's communication. He tells me not even I cannot own up that I, with malice prepense, labelled Professor Quiller-Couch's quadrupeds, and confess that he did his level best to conceal their identity by means of all the heavy machinery he allotted to the honourable few.

The region of Northern Pales-..."

"THE NEW AGE AND THE DRAMA.

Sir,—By common consent, apparently, the Press quotes only a single epigram from Mr. Stanley Houghton's new volume..."

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. LUDOVICI.

Sir,—May I ask you kindly to insert the following letter, which I have sent to Mr. Ludovici. H. T. S.

"In comparison with some of the great actors whose methods I have known, I am convinced that Mr. Granville Barker is to some extent the Talmud of modern furniture design. A very old tag may sometimes be used to us even in modern life. As the case cited, some of the great actors can only own up that I, with malice prepense, labelled Professor Quiller-Couch's quadrupeds, and confess that he did his level best to conceal their identity by means of all the heavy machinery he allotted to the honourable few..."

A. F. SALAMAN.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. LUDOVICI.

Sir,—May I ask you kindly to insert the following letter, which I have sent to Mr. Ludovici. H. T. S.

"In comparison with some of the great actors whose methods I have known, I am convinced that Mr. Granville Barker is to some extent the Talmud of modern furniture design. A very old tag may sometimes be used to us even in modern life. As the case cited, some of the great actors can only own up that I, with malice prepense, labelled Professor Quiller-Couch's quadrupeds, and confess that he did his level best to conceal their identity by means of all the heavy machinery he allotted to the honourable few..."

A. F. SALAMAN.
fore, from the point of view of one not wholly ignorant, I have been astonished at the extraordinarily high level of technical excellence to which the furniture as a whole attained. This view differs so radically from your own that one or other of us must be ignorant. I say this with full confidence, that, having formulated your theory, your zeal is the pursuit of it has led you to exaggerate the deficiencies of certain works in order to obtain the effect of a striking technical excellence would have showed it to be inconsistent. As an example, you criticise the excellence of one writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties. Had I been asked I should have singled out this piece as an example of the excellence to be obtained by two collaborators working in sympathy, and each having a complete knowledge of the problem, setting the other. So much should have affirmed on the merits of the work and apart from my personal knowledge that both these gentlemen are skilled workmen of a very high order. While disagreeing entirely with some of your conclusions, I am not immediately concerned with refuting them: my principal aim here is to show you that I would have wrongly taken at random from many, that the arguments with which you seek to support these conclusions are not founded upon truth. If you wish to prove that furniture design among us is a bad way, you must refer to their being a set of incompetent and bungling amateurs, which excels in this perdition of finish I shall be glad to go a long way to see it. In another place you mention the beautiful little writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties. I am not immediately concerned with refuting the faulty construction and the lack of finish in works such as those that I have named—works by men who have spent years of their lives grappling with the very problems of which the existence you would have us believe them to be ignorant.

The function of a critic is to criticise, even to destroy when need be, but construction and not merely destructiveness is his ultimate aim d'être, otherwise criticism would have very little value. To term disagreeing entirely with some of your conclusions, I am not immediately concerned with refuting them if you wish to prove that furniture design among us is a bad way, you must refer to their being a set of incompetent and bungling amateurs, which excels in this perdition of finish I shall be glad to go a long way to see it. In another place you mention the beautiful little writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties. I am not immediately concerned with refuting the faulty construction and the lack of finish in works such as those that I have named—works by men who have spent years of their lives grappling with the very problems of which the existence you would have us believe them to be ignorant.

The function of a critic is to criticise, even to destroy when need be, but construction and not merely destructiveness is his ultimate aim d'être, otherwise criticism would have very little value. To term disagreeing entirely with some of your conclusions, I am not immediately concerned with refuting them if you wish to prove that furniture design among us is a bad way, you must refer to their being a set of incompetent and bungling amateurs, which excels in this perdition of finish I shall be glad to go a long way to see it. In another place you mention the beautiful little writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties. I am not immediately concerned with refuting the faulty construction and the lack of finish in works such as those that I have named—works by men who have spent years of their lives grappling with the very problems of which the existence you would have us believe them to be ignorant.

The function of a critic is to criticise, even to destroy when need be, but construction and not merely destructiveness is his ultimate aim d'être, otherwise criticism would have very little value. To term disagreeing entirely with some of your conclusions, I am not immediately concerned with refuting them if you wish to prove that furniture design among us is a bad way, you must refer to their being a set of incompetent and bungling amateurs, which excels in this perdition of finish I shall be glad to go a long way to see it. In another place you mention the beautiful little writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties. I am not immediately concerned with refuting the faulty construction and the lack of finish in works such as those that I have named—works by men who have spent years of their lives grappling with the very problems of which the existence you would have us believe them to be ignorant.

The function of a critic is to criticise, even to destroy when need be, but construction and not merely destructiveness is his ultimate aim d'être, otherwise criticism would have very little value. To term disagreeing entirely with some of your conclusions, I am not immediately concerned with refuting them if you wish to prove that furniture design among us is a bad way, you must refer to their being a set of incompetent and bungling amateurs, which excels in this perdition of finish I shall be glad to go a long way to see it. In another place you mention the beautiful little writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties. I am not immediately concerned with refuting the faulty construction and the lack of finish in works such as those that I have named—works by men who have spent years of their lives grappling with the very problems of which the existence you would have us believe them to be ignorant.
emotions and become irritable, nay, even carnivorous; they may begin to feel that the complete destruction of every lamp upon the stage would be exciting and expedient. But this is extreme, almost as extreme as is Mr. Webb's attitude to the need for space and freedom. It did not occur to Mr. Webb that, given a certain amount of space for the expression of individual emotion, the actor might not be receptive completely to the sense of the audience until both his emotions and those of the audience were existing upon the same inspired plane. Can we conceive a state of affairs such as this? Or, could such a consummation be impossible? A state of affairs in which the actor could neither break scenery nor entrance the audience? If he can, then he understands the whole state as created by the intellectual "producer." Why should Mr. Webb imagine that as soon as the actor is allowed space he will become insane? Mr. Webb is irrelevant. In his letter this week Mr. Webb says "that the actor should be as amenable as paint upon the master's brush. He (the actor) is the paint, and does he presume to see the completed work more clearly than its author?" Now I myself said that an actor cannot possibly foretell what the effect of the play, as a work of art in a particular form, will be upon the audience. "The play," Mr. Webb says, "is not complete until the actor has done his share." This I have consistently maintained. The acting of a play is a mental process. What I listened to convey by stating "that the actor is limited to the present moment in time," was that while Hamlet, for example, is not a play a "real pressing peasant slave am I!" while he is expressing spontaneously the emotions suggested to him by that particular line. Shakespeare does not suggest that the actor is a dab of paint, not even a grease paint. But I will forgive Mr. Webb everything. He has coined one sentence which stirs my heart. I will quote it again, now, removed the delusion from his mind. If I have to be a sort of kaleidoscopic illusion. A play is not complete until the actor has done his share. "An Artist" is under a misapprehension. In this present controversy we are dealing with Shakespeare as a dramatist, not as a decadent. An Actor.

Sir,—I have something to say in opposition to the official pronouncement of Mr. Hope, but before I come to this agreement I should put myself in harmony with "An Actor." He thinks that in my first letter I twitted impertinent actors with their lack of money. I was not guilty of this lapse of taste; nor can I find the pecuniary assistance which I had read this meaning.

We get a further insight to what "An Actor"'s methods of production would be. In referring to the unoccupied actor he calls to fill up some of these derelicts with beer and good food, and to "let them loose on a scene from Hamlet." He anticipates a godlike performance with the quality of "emotion." But surely, after the beer. And, as he says, "there would be nothing mechanical about their ensemble.

However, "An Actor" has not quite grasped the key to my psychology. "But," he concludes, forecasting my attitude towards this imagined performance, "as Mr. Webb would say, 'If you can't afford to do these magnificent things, don't be an artist.'" Mr. Webb would more probably say, "If you can afford to do these magnificent things, don't do them."

It would seem that this controversy is creating quite a stir. Mr. John Francis Hope has deserted his accustomed columns, and I wonder whether he is speaking about all about. He would smooth our childish differences.

Mr. Hope says that a man is not an artist who employs mathematical terms in connection with art, and goes on to explain that any attempt to base drama on mathematical terms in connection with art is "the instant one is society. Now comparing art with anything is a totile business, but there is a certain mathematical analogical for, is that the way of the artist is an utterly lonely one? It lies at which Mr. Hope stands aghast. To do his work, can Mr. Webb compare it to nothing but prison. Oh, would not all be the better for more of this prison discipline at which Mr. Hope stands agreeably? But then, to copy each of us, with conscience as jailer? If Mr. Webb in his capacity as dramatic critic visits the London theatres in search of this drama of ours, has its analogy in society, I marvel that he has not found it. To carry his theory to its logical conclusion (an ungenerously proceeding, I own), the ideal play would be one in which each character was written by a different person, and acted by another unit.

And, again, I am in opposition to Mr. Hope, who, although as Mr. Hope conceives, he has Mr. Ould's analogy between drama and music. I can not whether conductors give different renderings of the same music, according to their moods, as Mr. Hope says. I am conscious of a single result only, and so long as it is a consistent whole I am satisfied, on this particular point—though I believe the conductor who did not allow his orchestra's mental and expressive to its logical conclusion (an ungentlemanly proceeding, I suppose), Mr. Webb would not expect restraint of him. A play from its nature is a composite thing, and must of necessity be standardised for a certain time.

Mr. Cosway complained that in giving him his definition of acting "An Actor" merely turned a phrase. "Acting for actors" was the definition; and Mr. Hope, in his patient attempt to explain "An Actor's" meaning, is in danger of merely re-turning the phrase. "Acting for actors, not actor-managers," he says, as he replaces it. Does Mr. Hope not "An Actor," he suggests, "as some amateurs do, to discuss the play generally, and each other's parts particularly, there would be no monopoly of the centre of the stage . . ." Must I tell Mr. Hope that the way of the artist is an utterly lonely one? It lies along desolate regia, where two cannot walk abreast, much less him and "An Actor's" theatrical triumvirate of beer-inspired amateurs? But to continue my quotation from Mr. Hope's letter, "... as decorum is preserved in a drawing-room without master-mind, so a company of actors let loose upon a play. ..."

Let loose!

But how in sympathy are his methods with those of "An Actor" who used this very term in connection with his ideal production. "Let loose upon a play will find a working compromise. . . ." So Mr. Hope is for a working compromise, he suggests, "he would like to jump from the licence of musical-comedy to prison discipline." No, I suppose not. Just a pleasing compromise between the two. "Drive into an actor concludes Mr. Hope, "that the play not the part is the thing, and something like art will be the result."

This is possible, but I would have Mr. Hope realise that it is art, not something like it, that I would have.
In answer to Mr. Butt's string of questions I must return him the compliment of quoting him as an artist lie will never be a good artist.

Indeed.

Webb: Indeed.

Butt: He talks about the conception of a competent actor; will Mr. Webb kindly tell me his own conception of one?

Webb: If Mr. Butt will study better my letter, which seems to have upset him, he will find a sentence containing the words ''a perfect workman."

Butt: Further on in the article he says, "No, we must throw him over and accomplish the good work behind his back." Really.

Webb: Really.

Butt: Has Mr. Webb discussed the entire business of the actor with the gentlemen who are its leading members, and are they in accord with his opinions that he should talk about sex?

Webb: I will be patient. Mr. Butt must have a misconception of the theatre; not the licensing of cinemas or any other legality.

The All-Round Failure of the Germ Theory.

Sir,-Readers of the extraordinary effusion which appears in your current issue over the signature "A. K." doubtless said "Pitt and Hallden: Those be brave words indeed;" but could hardly help regretting that the gallant writer should not have possessed the courage of his opinions sufficient to append his name to his lengthy communication. I feel sure that while wondering at this unlucky silence, and admiring his choice and free use of such scientific Billingsgate as "tear-be-grimed spectacles," "pity-the-animal-coloured spectacles," "unscientific crank-like manner," and so forth—which are not quite ordinary expressions in civilised controversy, but which most aptly reveal the gentleman's (or lady's) exasperation—they could not fail to recall the learned society on the Stanislaus, whose proceedings Bret Harte has so graphically depicted.

Indeed.

Eventually, however, the letter reveals that this apologist for—not so much the theory of germs, but the practice of animal experimentation on which that is based, and to which it leads—is merely advertising a very notorious society, which sails under a highly misleading title, and is no less celebrated for the glaring mendacity of its opinions (not promptly) yielding overwhelming proofs of the particular malady with which they were originally associated.

For his inaccuracy—when I came upon the phrase "in some cases Dr. Snow refers to Dr. Wilson's book on anti-vivisection, where proofs of the 'failure' are categorically given"—I was forced to pause and rub the spectacles aforesaid before I could believe my eyes. Is there such a book? I think not. But anyone who has been good enough to glace even cursorily at my article must know that reference was to the recent "Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection"; and especially to the "Reservation Memorandum" thereto by Dr. George Wilson. That discusses in detail the numerous failures of the germ theory; and this, moreover, after a fashion, valuable and significant in the highest degree. Dr. Wilson was probably the one thoroughly unbiased member of the Royal Commission, and was unquestionably one of the most competent. He is not connected with the anti-vivisection movement in any shape. He is simply a fair-minded, impartial doctor, of sound common-sense, and penetrating intellect—all faculties extremely rare, I fear, in the medical circles frequented by "A. K."

Now for the strictures on my article: I said that, of "Koch's Five Postulates," no single microbe yet put forward as the cause of a disease had ever been found to comply with more than one. "A. K." states that the germs of tuberculosis, plague, anthrax, comply with at least three. That is true, but is not associated with the anti-vivisection movement in any shape. He is simply a fair-minded, impartial doctor, of sound common-sense, and penetrating intellect—all faculties extremely rare, I fear, in the medical circles frequented by "A. K."

"The tubercle bacillus has been confirmed by exhaustive research (not promptly) yielding overwhelming proofs of its existence in completed cases (sic)."

Mean? Nobody doubts the existence of a microbe termed the tubercle bacillus. I myself have seen it scores of times. But whether it is the cause of tuberculosis is quite another question. Such a view is disproved by evidence that is overwhelming, common sense given. It would be interesting to learn whether this "exhaustive research" was made on the guinea-pig; which, as Dr. D. Wilson Fox, whose conclusions are so well substantiated, can be rendered tubercular by almost anything. "Every fresh step in Science is invariably disposed of, either simply by a repetition of the discovery, or on rarer occasions, by a denial that the discovery is the result of experiment on animals." Alas! this is perfectly true; I grant its veracity at once. Only, that veracity, and the corresponding force of the proposition would be immeasurably enhanced were "A. K." able to indicate with reasons appealing to any fairly intelligent individual a step which has not been brought about by experiment on animals. I have made diligent search for one and cannot find it. On the other hand, examples of false and misleading inference from this source are numerous. It was admitted by the late Prof. Koch—and who should know better; see his "Cure of Consumption"; it has been more recently confessed by Professor Starling, and sundry other experts in this practice, before the recent Royal Commission; that no scientific inference from phenomena in the lower animals to the human subject is ever possible. After this, what becomes of the supposed "steps in science"—which invariably turn out to be failures or frauds, often extremely disastrous in their practical results to mankind, however lucrative to those who exploit them.

"Vaccine lymph and other ultra-microscopic organisms cannot so far be detected. This is the first time I have heard of anybody claiming vaccine lymph as an organism, microscopic or otherwise! But Science is making rapid strides; and the hands of such able professors and exponents as we may assume "A. K." to be.

"I challenge Dr. Snow to inoculate himself with a bacteriological culture (a virulent one), such as states to be harmless." O, saints and angels! O, the noble Research Defence Society aforesaid. Surely even that will exclaim, "Save me from such subjects this." Where did I say anything of the kind, or of meaning in the least approaching this?

What I pointed out was that bacteria per se do not appear to cause or to convey disease. At least, there is no scientific proof that they do either. But in a "bacteriological culture" there is a great deal beside the germs to be considered, as "A. K." very well knows. If he is in the habit of handling a microscope, he must be fully aware that it is impossible to isolate bacteria, and that a literal "pure culture" is out of the question. These organisms are so infinitely minute that no one can ever isolate them from their "true environment,"—the "virus" of the particular unaided with which they were originally associated.

After all, "A. K." may perhaps be confusing me with someone else; or is it simply that he has mixed up his papers? What other explanation is there for the two phrases first cited at the beginning of this letter? I can see none. My article is the cruellest possible comment on animal-experimentation. It discussed the futility and folly of the practice from a scientific point of view; and even this only incidentally, as bearing upon a factitious theory, exploited for the sake of gain, and generally negativated by known facts.

Perhaps "A. K." may be respectfully invited to ponder over an eloquent saying of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "If a man hasn't got plenty of common-sense, the more science he has, the worse for his patient"—or may we here substitute "reader"?

The Post-Philistine Shoondists.

Sir,—The publication of my manifesto in your Review was hailed by the editor with dawn appreciation of our ennobling mission, a resolve to shuffle into line with the compact shoddity. Evidently you endorse the exemplary enterprise of your erstwhile poet, Mr. Selver, in slouching so nonchalantly into a profitable side-line. The sugary, buttery side of blessings conferred by acclamatory critics in the post-philistine Press. Probably you suspect that this is not merely an age of shoddy, but also of universal compromise. Our Aristotlean-philosopher-editors, perhaps, slurred and smudged into
venal proprietors—perhaps, we say, for we are prepared to welcome you into the Post-Philistine Shoddy-Poetry Machine if you will only tell them that present-day critics go to—the British Museum of Hades, and abandon the Stockman-before-the-Curtain attitude, which recalls so poignantly the enthusiasm of our youth.

Yes, sir; we want your co-operation in this elegant conspiracy, which has for its desideratum the elimination of that opprobrious appellation, "Philistine," from the mental status of otherwise wealthy and worthy individuals. Owing to the rapid spread of the poetic conscience the demand for our salve is now stupendous. Have you not seen it coming, sir? Theologians for centuries have been busy dispensing tasty emollients for the religious most abject materialist to the dreamy-eyed, super-the poetic conscience. Sir, we could gush for not, impotently have sundry enthusiasts dilated on excellent credentials. The inimitable festo, while the staff of producers can be augmented owing to the rapid spread of the poetic conscience the de-volatilisation of that opprobrious appellation, "Philistine," from the go to—the British Museum of Hades, and abandon the to-the Carmelite circuit, has an irresistible knack of titilating the chastening influence of poetry, and their gentle re-conspiracy, which has for its desideratum the elimination of the mental status of otherwise wealthy and worthy individuals.

If you will only give our goods a prominent display, we do not sample a dose of our realistic unction, and confess his annual thousand deficit. We who dream dreams foretaste the homely image of a man turning over the body of the rat with his foot gives to the apparition a grim familiarity, but though relentless and gloomy. The homely image of a man turning over the body of the rat with his foot gives to the apparition a grim familiarity, but though relentless and gloomy. The homely image of a man turning over the body of the rat with his foot gives to the apparition a grim familiarity, but though relentless and gloomy.

As for seductive samples:

... they, the Occelers, hurried to the door.
And burst it, fearing: there the singer lay...Singing her passionate last life away.

... the arrival of a doctor.

W. G. Gibbons, in the Bowles circuit with the latest Abercornie variety, although this gentleman requires a little more practice in the "pushing" cult. He voluntelles: ...it is the breast of the beloved, not of the wronged one, that she dies upon...

So much for the latest Maschfeld brand. Then we have "W. W. Gibson," in the Bowles circuit with the latest Abercornie variety, although this gentleman requires a little more practice in the "pushing" cult. He voluntelles: ...it is the breast of the beloved, not of the wronged one, that she dies upon...

Nevertheless, such titillations more than compensate: "In the first act we find the villagers smitten with a terrible pestilence, and awaiting the arrival of a doctor."

The homely image of a man turning over the body of the rat with his foot gives to the apparition a grim familiarity, but though relentless and gloomy. The homely image of a man turning over the body of the rat with his foot gives to the apparition a grim familiarity, but though relentless and gloomy.