

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1067] NEW SERIES. Vol. XII. No. 16. THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1913. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is one of the essential principles of capitalism that profits must, as far as is humanly possible, be left undisturbed. The public may be grossly overcharged, and the workmen may be sweated and underpaid; but capitalists, while a few among them may, perhaps, regret these things, take good care not to amend them. If any business concern finds its expenditure increased, two courses are open to it, and two only. It may meet the additional expenditure out of its profits, or it may raise its prices to the public. Under the capitalistic system from which we are suffering at present, only the most demented idealists would expect employers to penalise themselves by reducing their profits so long as there remains an opportunity of penalising the public. We saw so many instances of this in 1911 and 1912 that they almost became monotonous. The success of the transport workers' strike was at once followed by an increase in freight and passenger charges; and the miners' strike, though on the whole a failure, led to increases in the cost of every variety of coal. We are shortly to see another illustration of the principle; for the Railways Bill is rapidly passing through its final stages in the House of Commons.

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This Bill is surely the most ironical comment ever made on the Labour Party. Petrified by the "sudden" outbreak of the railway strike, although it had been spoken of for weeks beforehand, the Labour M.P.'s, led by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, pulled themselves together sufficiently to secure a truce of twenty-four hours, a truce which was fatal to the men's cause. Having sought inspiration from the Cabinet, these three public-spirited

supporters of law, order, and capitalism gravely conveyed to the overworked, underpaid strikers some cock-and-bull story about a forthcoming German invasion. This story, supported by an appeal to the "patriotism" of the men, was reluctantly swallowed; and then, while the gods held their sides, Labour members and Cabinet Ministers proceeded to talk about "Boards" and "settlement proposals" and what not. The scare over, the public was led to understand that the men's wages would be increased, and that, if any cost in the working of the lines should result from the increased wages, a Bill would be introduced, authorising the companies to increase their charges proportionately.

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This Bill, since it is a Government measure, must eventually pass. But it is going to be passed in the form desired by the Government, and no amendments will be accepted. In the course of the discussion on February 12, Mr. Bathurst, the Unionist member for Wilton, moved, surely reasonably enough, that the Railway Commissioners, before deciding whether an additional rate was justified in any particular circumstances, should set off against the increased expenditure any economies effected by the company in dealing with traffic. Mr. Buxton replied that, if this amendment were accepted, the "undertaking given to the railway companies could not be carried into full effect." Sir A. Markham then inquired whether the President of the Board of Trade was under an agreement with the railway companies to accept no amendment. There was a general rumour in the House, he added, that such an agreement had been arrived at. Mr. Buxton evaded this very direct question by stating that he desired that the Bill should pass intact, and any amendment of the principle of it would weaken the undertaking of the Government. As if this were not a sufficient confirmation of the view often put forward in these columns that the Cabinet is merely the Executive of the capitalist interests of this country, Mr. Buxton kindly proceeded to give yet another proof of our contention. He proposed three amendments in the name of the Government; and two of these were agreed to before the House, sitting in Committee, rose. But Mr. Buxton, in introducing his amendments, casually mentioned that he had placed them on the paper "as the result of negotiations with the railway companies"

—the railway companies, if you please; not the men, not the trade unions, not even the Labour members of the House, but the railway companies.

* * *

The Hendersons and the Thomases appear to have taken no part in this interesting discussion; and perhaps, bearing in mind their muddles of the past, we may congratulate ourselves, and the men, that they did not. The most salient feature of the House of Commons ever since the 1906 election has been the growing stupidity and apathy of the Labour Members. Every strike has found them unprepared; every dispute has found them, when they have recovered their few wits, ready to support the Cabinet and its capitalist backers. For this reason we are prepared to attach less importance than might have been expected to the fusion into one body of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the General Railway Workers' Union, and the United Pointsmen and Signalmen's Society. A body of nearly 200,000 men might conceivably be expected to carry out the hopes expressed by some of its leaders, and to raise the standard of living, as well as the wages, of the members. It cannot be too strongly asserted, however, that even if this body numbered two million men, it would still be useless as an anti-capitalist instrument so long as there remain connected with it either any of the Labour M.P.'s or any other officials who expect to become M.P.'s. These Unions, working separately, were within an ace of victory in 1911; and that victory was spoiled at the last moment only by the Doubting Thomases in the House of Commons. If all the Unions in the country were fused into one they would still be useless so long as their officials looked forward to Parliamentary honours. Indeed, when (we should rather say if) the Insurance Act gets to work, we predict that all the Unions in the country will be fused; but they will be fused in the sense in which the word is used by electrical engineers.

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Before the House went into Committee on the Railways Bill, Mr. Tim Healy again raised his objection to the voting of £1,825,000 for grants in aid of National Health Insurance, "in addition to the sums payable under Section 3 of the National Insurance Act, 1911." This additional estimate, as Mr. Healy quite justly held, was outside the scope of the Insurance Act, and the Appropriation Bill became, in consequence, "no more a Money Bill than a forged note on the Bank of England was a banking transaction." The original estimate provided for 4s. per head for the doctors, but, as the doctors were now to receive 8s. 6d., the extra money had to come from somewhere. Utterly shameless, as usual, Mr. Lloyd George, assisted by his Masterman Friday, endeavoured to secure the extra appropriation by a side wind, as it were, without the knowledge of Parliament. Mr. Healy's first objections had been waved aside on a previous occasion by Mr. Masterman—to show what could be done, no doubt, "if I were Dictator." Too pugnacious to be dictated to by an underling, Mr. Healy raised the point again when Mr. Asquith was in the House. The Premier, better appreciating the gravamen of the charge, acknowledged that his critic was right, thereby throwing over both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman. He promised, however, to arrange for the payment to be "regularised" at the first opportunity. With this promise, strangely enough, the whole House appeared to be content, and the matter dropped. Incidentally, the Prime Minister had an opportunity of being reminded that many private Members were becoming tired of the in-

solence and arrogance of Mr. Masterman, whose lack of elementary courtesy has long been a subject of comment.

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In this dispute, again, the Labour Members were curiously silent. Mr. J. H. Thomas is supposed to be a sort of financial authority. Why could not he have supported Mr. Healy in combating the Jim-the-Penman tactics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? A mere Irish Nationalist killed, dissected, and buried any reputation for financial integrity which Mr. Lloyd George may have had left to him, and the only slight assistance he received was from Mr. Austen Chamberlain. From the Labour benches not a sound was heard; not a funeral note. After a Trade Union "fusion," we observe, the Labour Members can join heartily in singing "Auld Lang Syne" (what could be more appropriate?); and on the stump they can be loud enough in their denunciations of capitalism and capitalistic governments. But, when they are in the House, we confess we can only look upon them as Bismarck looked upon the inhabitants of the suburbs of Paris when he saw them after the capitulation: "The men had no sooner taken notice of our uniforms than they assumed angry countenances and heroic attitudes. It reminded me of a command which used to exist in the Neapolitan army, 'faccia feroce,' or 'make your faces fierce,' instead of saying 'shoulder arms.' With French people all is pompous and imposing, as on the stage." The remark no longer holds good of the French people—we have only to think of their recent successful opposition to capitalistic labour legislation. But the mantle of the Neapolitan army has now fallen upon our Labour Members, to whom Bismarck's comment on the French people of his time applies equally well.

* * *

While the Labour Party is "making fierce faces" at the Railway Bill and other capitalistic measures, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has been proving his moral and political honesty by resigning from the "Daily News." He resigns, as he tells us in last Friday's "Herald," lest the next great measure of social reform should make it illegal to go on strike—a bitter comment, this, on the Insurance Act, Section 87 of which provides that a workman who voluntarily leaves his employment without just cause shall be disqualified from receiving unemployment benefit. At a time when, as it would seem, hireling journalists are only too willing to write exactly what their employers tell them to write, Mr. Chesterton's action comes like a refreshing breeze in a desert. It says a great deal for the corruption of modern English journalism that whereas such a resignation would have caused little surprise thirty or forty years ago it calls for our gratitude and respect at the present day. After the numerous instances of journalistic turncoats which have come to our notice during the last few years, it is gratifying to know that there is still one honest man in Fleet Street. Sodom, it will be recollected, could have been saved by ten righteous men. We cannot see that the "Daily News" has now any reason for existing.

* * *

With every successive "big story," to use their own parlance, the tone of the newspapers seems to decline still further. The very last ounce of sentimental copy has surely been squeezed out of the accounts of the death of Captain Scott and his companions. We are glad to think that here, as usual, the Press is utterly unrepresentative of the feeling of the people of England, and that our newspapers, sobbing like the Walrus, are bought only because there is no other satisfactory method of keeping in touch with current events. The dead explorers themselves, we dare swear, would be among the first to repudiate the slush that has been written about them; though what, after all, can we

expect from a Press "run" chiefly by Scotsmen and Irishmen who appear to have left most of their national feelings behind them in the land of their birth? These aliens appear to imagine that it is a simple matter to appeal to the people of England by turning on the tap of sentimentality and letting it run copiously. But the English—ah, the English!—have not yet taken to making public displays of their grief. The nation as a whole, at such times, simply continues the tradition of Captain Oates, who left the hut when he felt himself dying and perished in the blizzard outside rather than incommode his companions. This action, in its fine simplicity and dignity, is almost Homeric, and even the daily Press, we notice, has been too cowed to comment on it at any length.

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We feel, it must be admitted, no great enthusiasm over the discovery of either Pole. But a task which is in itself of no great consequence becomes almost noble when its execution involves the risk of sacrificing the lives of brave men. Any monetary rewards, or even any rewards of honour alone, which the members of the Scott expedition might have expected as the result of their voyage, could not have failed to be utterly disproportionate to the risks run and the dangers and discomforts encountered. We should all have realised this perfectly well, we should all have been quite ready to assist the families of the dead explorers, without the gush which the Press has vomited over them—we dislike the expression, but no other is possible. We have been sickened by the interviews with this, that, and the other relative, with ghoulish conjectures as to whether Mrs. Scott has yet heard the news, with stories of the grief of little Peter—who at present, let us hope, feels his life in every limb and knows nothing of death.

* * *

The Press, it seems to us, has declined *pari passu* with the theatre. Exactly as the theatre has degenerated into the cinematograph, so has the sober newspaper of the last generation degenerated into the scrappy photographic sheet of this. The despicable insincerity of the Harmsworth papers, in particular, was clearly demonstrated by the "Daily Mirror," which, after publishing photographs directly or indirectly connected with the Scott expedition on nearly every page for two or three days, suddenly dropped this subject to insert in facsimile a message from the runaway Rev. Albert Knight, then on his trip to Australia under the name of Herbert King. After this exciting episode, the Scott film once more made its appearance. But of all the examples of bad taste and execrable journalism, commend us to the drawing on p. 9 of the "Daily Mirror" of February 13, "which indicates what the scene must have been like in the tiny tent while Captain Scott was writing his last and now famous message." We will take our oath that the scene must have been like nothing of the sort. We feel sure that Dr. Wilson never wore such a sad smile, and that Lieutenant Bowers would never have lain in that position. All three men are represented as clean-shaven, whereas shaving is impossible and hair-cutting difficult at such a temperature and under such conditions. All Polar explorers come back to their ships, and often to the nearest civilised land, bearded like the pard. But the imagination of the "Daily Mirror" artist is doubtless good enough for his readers.

* * *

While on the subject of the Harmsworth Press, it would be interesting to know precisely what the "Times" means by its sudden volte-face in favour of conscription. In view of the well-known intimate relations which exist between Colonel Repington, the "Times" military expert, and the War Office, we are usually justified in assuming that nothing appears in the paper's columns which has not a certain amount of official authority. If we are to judge correctly, however, the conscription now advocated is conscrip-

tion for the Territorial Army, though this would be just as unpopular as any other form of conscription. Everyone recognises that the Territorial Army is a failure, though the causes assigned for the failure naturally vary. We are still prepared to maintain that a great mistake was made at the beginning, as we pointed out at the time, in associating the Territorials with the obsolescent Lords-Lieutenants of counties. To hang a new organisation on a rotten peg was not exactly the best way of affording it firm support. But this was only one cause, as we have already indicated. The fact is, no matter how much the Imperialist Press may scream about "sacrifice" and "service of the State" and so on, the people of England are realising more and more that any sacrifices they may make will benefit neither themselves nor their country, but only the capitalists, who are now slowly but surely, and all unconscious of their own doom, grinding the country to powder.

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This phenomenon, we would add, is even more evident in the United States than it is here; and what the United States is, England, under capitalism, is gradually becoming. The United States, with more than double our population, has a standing army, on paper, of only 90,000 men, with a State militia, on paper, of a little more than this number. (It is this State militia, by the way, which is always called out to shoot down strikers.) In practice, the regular army numbers 30,000 men, and no more, for the simple reason that there, even more than here, the people are so greatly concerned with keeping body and soul together that they have no time to think of the defence of their country. After a week's grind in their respective factories, neither Mr. Carnegie's overworked furnacemen nor the Lancashire cotton operatives feel inclined to deck themselves in khaki and spend their Saturday afternoons in shooting-practice, with the ultimate object of preserving property in which they have not the slightest interest.

* * *

The relationship of capitalism to defence is not taken into account by the wirepullers who are utilising Lord Roberts as their figure-head in the present conscription campaign. Not being statesmen, these people have to resort to all kinds of shady tricks—tricks at which a decent white slave trafficker would turn up his nose. The Paris correspondent of the "Times," if information which reaches us from the French capital is correct, has lately been busy going round to the editors of well-known dailies and asking them to take special steps to report Lord Roberts's speech of Friday last, at Bristol. Copies of this speech have also been circulated several days in advance; we had the pleasure of reading one in Fleet Street two days before the speech was delivered. Such senseless procedure as this can arouse nothing but profound contempt. If steps had been taken, a few years ago, to maintain our yeoman class on the soil, on the lines we laid down, for example, in last week's NEW AGE, we venture to say that the problem of the Territorial Army would have solved itself.

* * *

These matters apart, can anyone explain the enormous waste in our military administration? The system which enabled the Bulgarians to put nearly 350,000 men into the field against Turkey cost, on an average, £1,600,000 a year for the last four or five years. The estimated cost of our Territorial Army alone, for the financial year 1912-13, is £2,780,000, and for the previous year the cost was £2,766,000; and our Territorial effectives number 280,000 odd. If to these amounts we add the material supplied to the Territorials, though charged to the Regular forces, we should find that this gigantic fraud cost us something like £4,000,000 per annum. If, instead of pulling wires, the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" threw some light on these items, the country as a whole would be benefited, and certainly interested.

Current Cant.

"On every hand one is glad to see signs of a re-awakening interest in poetry."—"The Bookman."

"Eugenics, thanks to men like Darwin, we hope is destined to become more potent as time goes on."—T. H. GREENFIELD.

"Thanks to an intelligent and sympathetic public it has fallen to my lot for the second time to command success in journalistic enterprise. . . I fully recognise that if the interests of making money for my readers is bound up with the steady expansion of this enterprise, the while contributing to their merriment, I shall also be helping forward the good welfare of a great and generous public."—A. MORETON MANDEVILLE.

"If you write for the Press, one of the first things you realise is the extreme difficulty of saying just what you mean."—Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

"The problem before London is, therefore, how to make the fullest use of her tremendous advantages. . . Millions of pounds have been circulated, all new money, to London's coffers. . . The whole world grows wealthier, holidays become more frequent. . . It would be shameful to neglect such a gorgeous opportunity for easy money-making."—The "Standard."

"Ibsen has conquered London but slowly."—RUPERT HYDE.

"In the midst of the present confusion, when no one knows what a day may bring forth, when surprises are continually sprung upon us, when we ask with baited breath: 'What next?' it may be as well to spend a few moments in looking back and looking forward."—"The Vote."

"In many directions we recognise a new spirit of unity of aim and endeavour making for the advantage and advancement of Wales."—"Cardiff Times."

"An Englishman wants to sing in Church and the choir will not let him. . . So Englishmen do not attend church except in Switzerland."—"Fairplay."

"Some people certainly possess a natural gift for drawing, but the lack of aptitude need not debar one from becoming skilful as an artist."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"It is the custom to depreciate agriculture as a business vocation, but it is prosperous, perhaps never more so, and we may anticipate still greater prosperity under the beneficent laws which have been passed by the present Government."—PROFESSOR JAMES LONG.

"I do not believe that any minister would seek to enrich himself illegitimately."—BONAR LAW.

"The free, open, and unhampered discussion of public affairs in the newspapers is an essential condition of popular government. No respectable journalist wants to turn the Press into an engine of darkness."—"Daily Mail."

"Newspaper proprietors, printers, railway advertising contractors, billposters, and advertising agents, could do a great public service by creating what I submit that public interest urgently demands, an Institute of Commercial Advertising."—THOMAS RUSSELL.

"Mr. Balfour gay and schoolboyish, bubbling over with mischievous glee. Mr. Long deepening in colour and in anxiety. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a picture of racked and despairing anguish—and Mr. Bonar Law going pale and pink by turns as his bustling lieutenants keep him informed of the ups and downs of this supreme testing-phase in his wonderful generalship."—"The Nation."

"Mr. Chesterton seems to me to be in considerable danger of developing into an intellectual and religious reactionary."—CHARLES SAROLEA.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Maugham—to name only a few—openly write for the theatre as a trade. What a contrast is here with the great age of English comedy."—"Saturday Review."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I HAVE several times recently had occasion to refer to the rather strained relations existing between Austria and Russia, which arose out of the crisis in the Near East. As I indicated, diplomatic measures were being taken to bring about a better understanding between the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, and about a fortnight ago the Emperor Francis Joseph took the extreme step of sending an autograph letter to the Tsar of Russia by a special courier. The courier on this occasion was Prince Hohenlohe, a nobleman who, although not very well known in diplomatic circles here, has the reputation abroad of being exceedingly tactful in his handling of rather difficult personal relationships. It is with great regret that I have to record that his mission on this occasion proved unsuccessful. After the whole question had again been thoroughly investigated in St. Petersburg, it was realised that the divergency between the views held by the two Governments was so great that no ultimate decision could be reached by the Tsar and Prince. As definite particulars of the negotiations which had previously taken place between the two countries have not yet been published, I may perhaps summarise them here.

* * *

It was all along Austria's wish that, if Turkey could not be entirely rehabilitated in the Balkan Peninsula, the new territory acquired by the Allies should be as small as possible. It followed that the first serious difference between St. Petersburg and Vienna became apparent when the delimitation of the new Albania had to be considered, as it was seen that Albania would inevitably become a kind of annex of the Dual Monarchy. Count Berchtold wished the northern portion of the new State to be fairly large and the southern boundary rather narrow, in order that Austria might have as much and the Greeks as little influence as possible.

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The Russian Government was undecided for a time whether to suggest that Albania should be large in order that Serbia might secure a little influence on the northern end, which would naturally be used to Russia's advantage, or to bring the boundary within as narrow limits as possible in order to restrict Austria's influence at the same time. This point is still undecided.

* * *

Again, Russia wished Bulgarian territory in future to include a very large portion of Macedonia and Thrace. Austria, jealous, and with some reason, of Russia's influence in that quarter, insisted that Turkey should retain a large part of Thrace, including even towns like Kirk Kilisse and Adrianople in the north, Demotika towards the centre, and the port of Dedea-gatch in the south. Here, again, the negotiations became protracted. I refer not only to the Ambassadorial Conference in London, but to the semi-official pourparlers which were being carried on at the same time between Count Berchtold and M. Sazonoff.

* * *

At the time of writing, no immediate action by either of the two Powers concerned is likely; for the Kaiser has also sent a private letter to the Tsar, making it clear that Austria may confidently rely upon German support. This being the case, it is still, I find, regarded as highly probable in London diplomatic circles that a solution of the difficult questions at issue will be found without recourse to arms. It must, nevertheless, not be forgotten that for the last three or four weeks Austria has had at least 900,000 men under arms and ready to march at a moment's notice. The extent to which this calling up of reservists has affected the commerce and social life of the country may well be imagined. Impatience exhibited by one side or the other at this juncture may lead to lamentable results.

I emphasise the importance of St. Petersburg at this juncture because the Tsar, who favoured a peaceful Balkan policy until a few weeks ago, has now fallen under the influence of the war party. This has led to some friction with the Foreign Minister, M. Sazonoff, whose continued occupancy of his present post is almost inevitable if peace is really to be preserved. In this connection I have only to add that the Austrian military authorities have been having considerable trouble with their Slavonic troops, many of whom are ready to join the enemy if war breaks out.

* * *

The recent events in the Near East have naturally withdrawn the attention of Western Europe from the Far East; but the rioting just reported from Tokio has led many financiers in London and Paris to reconsider their plans regarding the immediate future of Japan and China. It must not be assumed that the Japanese mobs have risen in revolt against either their monarchical or their parliamentary régime. There is a strong movement in Japan which might almost be called Socialist, but up to the present it has been devoid of any political significance or influence. The Japanese have not yet recovered from the disastrous effects of the war with Russia, and I do not think I exaggerate when I say that, all things considered, Japan is to-day probably the most heavily taxed country in the world. The lower classes of the people, driven to desperation, have simply rebelled against the prevailing high prices.

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Although I have referred by courtesy to the Japanese Parliamentary régime, I do not necessarily wish it to be inferred that any such thing exists within the western meaning of the term. The Japanese Diet, or, rather, the lower half of it, known as the House of Representatives, is in very much the same position as the German Reichstag. The Ministers, nominally pledged to party government, find themselves checked, when they are not careful, by the ruling military oligarchy. Of late, however, a new commercial party has grown up in Japan, and is contesting the supremacy of the so-called "Elder Statesmen," or Genro, in very much the same manner as the Parliamentary supporters of the Manchester merchants contested the supremacy of the Tory landlords in England in 1832. I do not speak of the "Boshin," or commercial party proper in Japan, but rather of the Kokumin-to, the party formed by the union of the Progressists and the Boshin. The older Constitutional Party, known as the Seiyu-Kai, which controlled the House of Peers in the past in the same way as the English Conservatives controlled the House of Lords, felt its power threatened; and the strained situation which has been developing for some time culminated in the suspension of the Diet on December 21. Heated arguments arose when it met again on February 5. The arguments, so far as the Japanese public is concerned, relate to abstruse political questions; and the fact that a meeting of the Young Men's Constitutional Association was suspended by the police a fortnight ago, shows that the Japanese still take their politics as seriously as the English people did in 1832—and to-day, for that matter. The disputes between Prince Katsura and the Marquis Saionji appeared to have been solved on February 14 by the appointment of Admiral Yamamoto as Premier, but the latest advices are that the Diet has been suspended again. The Admiral was to take charge of a party combining elements of the Seiyu-Kai and Kokumin-to groups, a sort of Tory-Whig combination. The Foreign Ministry, however, was to remain in the occupation of Baron Kato, so that continuity in at least one direction may be looked for. I regret to note that "graft" is spreading in Japan, where, up to six or seven years ago, it was quite unknown. The character of a nation, however, usually declines with the introduction of commercial methods, and the development of an Imperialistic spirit. There is some talk of yet another loan. I suggest that this is wanted chiefly to provide more "graft."

Guild Socialism—XIII.

The Bureaucrat and the Guild.

IN the Socialist and Labour movement in Great Britain, bureaucracy and bureaucratic posts have recently become popular. In the early days of British Socialism a man who joined the bureaucracy was regarded in the light of poacher turned gamekeeper. It was assumed that the revolutionary pith had gone out of him; that henceforth he was irrevocably on the side of the established order. That is only another way of saying that the earlier Socialists shared this instinctive distrust with their fellow-men. As the Socialist movement shed its revolutionary skin, disclosing in the process a soft head for economics and a soft heart for politics, the machinery of political government grew more and more fascinating, until to-day it is customary for prominent British Socialist and Labour leaders to accept the Government commission and incidentally to feather their precariously perched nests. It is not generally realised how successfully the present Government has sterilised the Socialist and Labour movement by enlisting in the ranks of the bureaucracy energetic young Fabians as well as prominent political Socialists and Labour leaders—large posts in London, smaller posts in the provinces. These appointments have not been made because of the beautiful eyes of the recipients; they have been made because it is either consciously or sub-consciously understood that the Civil Service is the real palladium of the existing social, political and economic system, and accordingly Socialists and Labour men who join it of necessity bear their share in heading off any subversive movement. The Labour Exchanges and the Insurance Act have afforded many opportunities to practise this sterilising policy.

The accession to the ranks of the Civil Service of a certain number of men alleged to be democrats has, of course, in no way democratised Downing Street and its purlieu. Classification still rules, appointments to the first class still being the perquisite of the Universities. In this way the bureaucratic organisation is securely linked to the governing classes; they worship the same God; their tone, manners and ambition derive from the same source. It is not, therefore, surprising that the British bureaucracy is regarded by the bulk of the working population as an element of oppression—a governing class, having behind it the armed forces of the police, the army, the navy and the psychological discipline of the churches and the medicine men.

The conjunction of the State Socialists with the bureaucracy was obviously inevitable. State Socialism involves bureaucracy because it has never realised that democracy is impossible if co-existent with the wage-system, and, as we have shown, State Socialism can only pay its bondholders by maintaining the wage system. A democratic bureaucracy is a contradiction in terms because it has always been, is now and always will be, the governing arm of the governing classes. As the existence of a governing class is the negation of democracy, it follows that bureaucracy is essentially anti-democratic. The instinct, therefore, of the working classes that warns them against the domination of the Civil Service is at bottom the instinct of democracy. So far as the alliance between bureaucracy and State Socialism has gone, its effects are psychologically rather than actually oppressive. The Fabian Society has always been frankly bureaucratic; it has pursued its meliorist policy through the agency of the public services. "What is a bureaucrat?" asks the young Fabian gaily. "One who works in a

bureau," is the glib answer. "What is a bureau?" he further asks to clinch his point. "Only an office," answers the chorus. "Quite so," says the self-assured young man, "and if we called him a clerk there would be no fuss." Words, however, have their associations as well as their derivative meanings. We might ask the young Fabian if an officer is one who works in an office. We might further ask him if an officer is a clerk. We know the meaning of the two words; we know that bureaucracy connotes a vast deal more than desk-work. The Fabian attitude towards democracy—an arrogant and supercilious attitude—is largely due to the reliance which it places upon the bureaucracy to administer social reforms from above; it cannot conceive wage-slavery doing it for itself. Fabianism is so far correct in its estimate of the regenerative infertility of wagery; but it is incurably anti-democratic because it is content to tolerate wagery—have not Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb said so? To argue that the wage system cannot be fundamentally abolished and concurrently to proclaim belief in democracy is not only illogical but indicative of a rooted ignorance of the true relation of industry to effective democracy.

If the Fabian has a reasoned attitude towards bureaucracy, the official Labour leader has none. He is innocent of any theory of life. He loves authority, and he loves the ordered ease of the Civil Servant. He has natural yearnings for a swift passage from the "passive" conditions of wagery to the "active" influence of the bureaucratic organisation. To be a Jack in Office in Whitehall is to him far preferable to the strenuous impotence of labour politics. Apart, however, from the personal considerations that draw State Socialists and Labourists into the bureaucracy, the main reason undoubtedly is the settled conviction of the vast majority of the "politicals" that political government reforms but does not revolutionise. And, until the real revolutionary meaning of wage abolition is grasped by the workers, the addition to the bureaucracy of reputable Labour leaders will be deemed some small guarantee for a good supply of ointment upon the wage cancer. If Labour does not want to abolish wagery, it obviously does not want either revolution or democracy. To it, therefore, there is no treason in joining the bureaucracy.

Nevertheless, it is treason of a peculiarly odious type. What purpose do these Labour-bureaucrats fulfil? They become the eyes and ears—the spies—of the governing class, warning it how far it may go, whilst cajoling industrial discontent into acquiescence by promising or suggesting trifling easements. If the number of Labour-bureaucrats were multiplied by a hundred, the result would be precisely the same; you do not weaken your enemy by giving him your own men—deserters who remember your weaknesses and forget your strength. In America, where the bureaucratic purchase of Labour politicians is done on a wholesale scale, the results are precisely the same as in Germany, where the bureaucracy trains its own spies. Here and there "Labour is mocked, its just rewards are stolen."

But would not the Guilds produce their own crop of hard-shell bureaucrats? Would not the inevitable Guild hierarchy play the same part as the existing Civil Services? Are not the high officials of a Trust as bureaucratic as any in the Government service? Of course they are, and for precisely the same reason: they are appointed to guard the interests of rent and capital. That is exactly the function of the government official. How then would the Guild official differ in essence from the Government or Trust official? In two fundamental respects: (a) Because there would be no exploiting class to protect—it would go with the wage system; (b) Because the Guilds would democratically elect their own officers. We have previously remarked that the workman is an exceedingly shrewd judge of competent work and of industrial administration. In less than one generation there would not be

an incompetent official in any guild. The Guild membership would judge his competence, not by the glibness of his tongue nor by the suavity of his manners, but by his skill in producing wealth with the minimum expenditure of labour. Every Labour economy effected would spell either greater wealth for distribution amongst the members or more leisure to dignify and recreate life.

From all this is drawn an inference of profound importance: industrial democracy is the bedrock of a free social life. Political freedom without industrial power is a cruel and tantalising deception. It is fatal to forget that economic power precedes and controls political power. We see, further, that an analysis of bureaucracy proves it to be anti-democratic and, therefore, contrary to the spirit and principles of Guild organisation.

It is only when the democratic forces turn resolutely away from political action and concentrate upon the acquisition of industrial power (they can only do it by applying democratic principles) that they will discover bureaucracy—the outward and visible manifestation of the power of the possessing classes—backed as it is by the Army and Navy and an informally Erastian control of the churches—to be their real antagonist in the "class struggle." One of the most disastrous results of political Socialism has been to obscure the reality of the class struggle. The Socialist and Labour politicals—indeed, all the component parts of the Labour Party—in their scramble for votes have been compelled to disregard and even to deny the existence of a class struggle. To disregard it as a political necessity is at least understandable, but to deny it as a serious factor in the situation is surely the acme of political poltroonery. Yet the leaders of the I.L.P. have unblushingly asserted that the class struggle is altogether irrelevant to the Socialist agitation. And they wring their hands in wonderment that real wages are still curving disgracefully downwards! Let us then iterate and reiterate that the class struggle is the sternest of stern realities; that its ending by Guild Socialism will mean a prolonged war; that Guild Socialism cannot be born without the efforts inherent in every real revolution. Plutocracy will not be bowed out; it must be thrust out.

The gradual invasion of industrial conditions by the bureaucracy—factory acts, insurance, and the like—has opened the democrat's eyes to another important aspect of this problem: In all matters relating to wealth production, the bureaucrat is hopelessly incompetent. Parliament passes Acts governing the conditions of factory and workshop life only to waste succeeding sessions in amending them. Industry is too complex, too integrated, to be subjected to the amateurish interference of political busybodies. The factory inspector is a joke both to employers and employed; they know when to expect him and they systematically deceive him. There is no factory rule or regulation worth its paper value unless it be obeyed with the willing consent of the industrial population. Under the Guild organisation, these Parliamentary enactments would be regarded as superfluous and impertinent; if industrial democracy cannot regulate its own factory conditions, then Guild Socialism is a mirage. The fact is, however, that the bureaucracy has discovered that humane employment means larger profits; it enhances the commodity value of labour. All the factory acts have been followed by greater commercial prosperity. The employers, armed with economic power, reflect that power through Parliament. In consequence, they clip and trim labour conditions to suit their requirements, to appease labour with soft solder and to benefit by the credit that is gained by nominally humanitarian legislation. But all the time, rent, interest and profit are increasing whilst real wages are falling.

The present friendly relations that exist between official Labour and the bureaucracy must be speedily terminated. We know of nothing so undignified, if not

degrading, as the deputations that subserviently wait upon Government Ministers and their bureaucratic henchmen. These deputations always follow the conferences of the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party. They kow-tow to the Minister who responds with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles"; they ask the Minister if he will kindly look into this or that condition of some particular trade and legislate accordingly. The Minister gravely thanks them for drawing his attention to the subject—a subject that is always very near to his omnipresent heart—promises inquiry and retires. The deputation then proceeds to have a good time in London, visits the theatre or the House of Commons, where they enjoy the convivial company of the Labour Party—and so home. The Minister, in his turn, instructs his secretary to ascertain if the proposed enactments would offend or injure whatever wealthy supporters he may have in the particular trade affected, and his decision is ultimately governed by the replies he receives. This system of annual delegations to placate the bureaucratic elements has grown to the dimensions of a serious scandal. But their psychological effects are much more deadly than any possible scandal. The organisation of Labour will fast become a mockery and a snare unless it learns once and for all that it exists to fight the bureaucracy and not to wheedle it.

The advent of the Guild does not mean the departure of the bureaucrat, but it involves a change of heart and a sharp turn from the traditions of his order, although by birth, breeding, or education, his life and sympathies are bound up with the governing or plutocratic classes, he, nevertheless, is not generally a man of large means. He protects the plunder of his social associates; he seldom shares it. He is the poorly paid tutor in the rich man's palace, in the family but not of it; he is the eunuch in the palace. He has some affinity with the Royal Irish Constabulary—a fine body of men but pledged to protect the landed interest, without sharing in the rent. Like the R.I.C., the Civil Service has an esprit de corps that would make it equally loyal to a new master. It is a commonplace that the expert is a good servant but a bad master: so also is the bureaucrat. When, therefore, economic power is transferred from private capitalism to the Guilds—in the ultimate, economic power is Labour power—the whole spirit of bureaucracy will be subtly changed. It will cease to be an instrument of administrative oppression; it will revolve round a new axis and in a new atmosphere. The bureaucrat trained to-day to the

"Chicane of pendent pauses,
Sage provisoes, sub-intent and saving clauses,"

the prevarication necessitated by lip-homage to a nominal democracy and actual service to a plutocracy, will suddenly find itself released and free to act with conviction.

At the proper stage of this inquiry, we shall endeavour to outline the true function of a State whose politics shall be purified and whose policy shall be undisturbed by the restrictions of the financial interests. So far, however, as the bureaucrat is concerned, he will cease to act for the landlords and capitalists, associated for political purposes and calling themselves "the State"; he will then act for the general citizenship in contradistinction to the Guild membership. In this connection, it is imperative to remember that a man will act with his Guild in protecting his Guild interests without ceasing to be a citizen, voicing and fighting for his opinions as free citizens always do. We have no sympathy with a certain narrow school of thought that argues for the restriction of politics to the Guild, or its equivalent.

The Civil Service of the future, the descendant of the bureaucracy of to-day, will become the servant (having ceased to be the master when the wage system was abolished) of an enlightened political system from which the Guilds will have removed all financial burdens.

"The Path to Glory . . ."

By Brette Morgan.

Nine-tenths of the men who enlist in professional forces at times other than those of great patriotic enthusiasm enlist from that love of adventure, and especially of military adventure, which exists to a greater or less degree in all men. If there is a coincidence between the fluctuation of the recruiting statistics and those of economic depression—a coincidence which is barely traceable over any long period—it does not prove that men enlist for beer, bread, and 'baccy, as the economists do falsely assert, but that unemployment or bad employment causes a man to reflect seriously upon the possibility of gratifying an impulse which, if he were afraid of losing a good fat job, he would repress altogether, or attempt to satisfy by joining the Territorials (ROMNEY—MILITARY NOTES, January 23.)

IN what degree does the Army satisfy that "love of adventure" alluded to in the above extract? It is nearly eleven years since peace was declared in the Boer War, and there has been no real approach (to public knowledge) to a fresh war, while we are no nearer to-day, notwithstanding the insensate ravings of Lord Roberts and his imitators, a scrap of any sort which might attract those imbued with that "love of adventure" forming, according to "Romney," the impulse behind "nine-tenths of the men who enlist," etc. I submit that, with the possible exception of a spell of strike-breaking, there is less prospect of adventure in the Army than in any one of a dozen callings one might name in a breath, including the perilous profession of an anti-Suffragist Cabinet Minister.

There may be a clue to the mystery of the genesis of "Romney's" belief in the words "recruiting statistics." It may be that "Romney" is depending on some sort of statistics for proof of his assertion. But there is not, or was not, any mention of the motive for enlistment to be found in any of the soldier's "documents." And, if there were, I contend that they would be absolutely unreliable, because, as I shall show, this is a point upon which the recruit is not disposed to be truthful, and, though he may wax confidential to a comrade he will lie as a matter of course to an official.

The only reliable data, therefore, are those collected of the men, from the men, and by the men, the opportunity only of those who have lived the life in barracks and the field, in the "coffee-shop" and canteen, at drill and in prison, on the streets and in the pubs. I suggest that eight years of it, in half a dozen stations, at home, abroad, and on active service, coming into personal and comradely contact with an aggregate of some six thousand men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry (including militia), affords one a far better insight into the real motives ("causes" is a better word) behind enlistment than a stack of statistics. I shall show that it is rather doubtful whether even one-tenth enlist from "love of adventure," and, moreover, that at least eight-tenths join from causes connected with unemployment or bad employment! The conclusions set out are arrived at from either direct statements, unmistakable hints, or unconscious betrayals of the real causes for enlistment furnished by the men themselves.

It will be understood that I am dealing with the one point alone—the motive for enlistment. Mr. Secombe I can leave with perfect safety to "Romney." Besides, it does not need two steam-hammers to crack one nut! And I care not a brass button as regards the methods of obtaining armed forces. So long as the peoples are mutton-headed enough to supply armed forces for their own subjugation, it matters little whether they be pressed or purchased to serve. And so long as "diplomatic" cards are up the sleeves of diplomats, instead of on the public table, the people will continue to be pressed or purchased.

In the first place, I assert flatly that, of any hundred men, at least fifty enlist as the result of unemployment and as the last resort of hunger and despair! They will tell you so, or admit it in describing their enlistment. A common variation of the query "When did you join?" is "When did you get hungry?"

Another cause is non-employment as distinct from unemployment. By this I mean that condition result-

ing from "blind-alley" or preliminary "knocking-about" indulged in by thousands of youths before settling to permanent employment. They are really not of "working" age, and, as they have never had a real job, they are distinct from those who have had, say, several years at some definite and regular trade, and have lost that job. I call them "non"-employed. They are anything from fifteen to nineteen, and "drift" rather than "enlist" into the Service by thousands yearly, well-developed boys of fifteen passing as eighteen, the lowest age for "men." I should say one-tenth of the total are of this description.

I am of the opinion that a similar number join because, though employed, they are dissatisfied with their job ("Romney's" "bad" employment). Army life is continually, and truly, represented as an "easy time, with plenty of good grub, and pocket-money"; that is the recruiting sergeant's most killing bait. When this delightful prospect is contrasted by the youth with the apparently hard and unattractive lot of the average wage slave, there is little needed to persuade large numbers to throw up that for what the common term is "a good job."

The remaining tenth of the eight-tenths whose enlistment is connected, as I have said, with employment, or, "for beer, bread, and 'baccy, as the economists do falsely assert," is that class who look upon the Army as a "career." The type of story, wherein the hero invariably attains commissioned rank (as told by silly and ignorant word-grinders of the Garvice class) is responsible for a certain number of enlistments, while there are hundreds of cases where the ranks are regarded as the back door of the Officers' Mess, failure to pass examinations having precluded the front entrance. But usually the "career" is of more humble expectations. The higher non-commissioned or warrant rank is regarded as the limit of ambition. Thousands of sons, nephews, and friends of men who have attained these ranks join hoping merely for similar rewards. And considering all things, good pay, food, clothing and quarters, while serving, with a pension of half-a-crown to five shillings at termination of service (while still in the early forties) contrasts quite favourably with the majority of civil workers. The thousands who join the various "departmental" corps, such as the Royal Engineers, Army Service, Veterinary, etc., enter as they would any ordinary trade or profession.

I have admitted, though doubtfully, that one-tenth join from "love of adventure." That admission shall be allowed to stand. There is still one-tenth unaccounted for. And this is the most variegated of the lot. Crime, women, pique, vanity, and a dozen other motives or causes could be suggested, all truthfully.

It would probably astonish many worshippers of Thomas Atkins if figures could be quoted of the numbers of recruits to whom the Army is a "shelter." A few minutes' chat with any detective would elicit things! "Wot's the good," asks a genial 'tec in that New Jerusalem, Birmingham, "of chasin' 'em? If we ketch 'em, and gerrum six wiks, they'd ony be a bleedin' noosance when they come out! In the Army they'll be kep outer mischief. Lerrum stop!"

Since Atkins has the reputation of running after women, it is possibly surprising to find how many hundreds are running from them yearly into the arms of the recruiting sergeant. Yet it is so. Denied some woman, or by her, lots of disconsolate individuals fall an easy prey to the man of parti-coloured ribbon, while of the numbers who join to get away from some girl, the cause of whose "trouble" they are (each for each, of course!), an eloquent tale is told by the pay-lists under "Allotments." That is, such as are traced and proceeded against. About one in six!

Unhappy homes, quarrels with relations, "trouble" other than criminal, or sheer pique over some trivial matter, all these are responsible for a by no means negligible proportion of enlistments. And, perhaps in a class by himself, the "Knut," an individual attracted simply by a gaudy or attractive uniform, the more swagger the better bait, studying the military fashion-plates posted outside the barrack gate, rather than the

diet-sheets or statements of "advantages" accompanying them. Finally, the youth, who joins as a matter of course because his father or grandfather served, though with no idea or worry about "careers," and he who enlists simply and solely to rejoin a brother or a chum.

So much for that "spirit of adventure." If only nine-tenths did so join—they would not need to! There would be no Army to join.

But they do not enlist from any spirit of adventure. As I have tried to show, the majority are where they are from sheer economic necessity, and as an inevitable result of the system which breeds them in damnable subjection, but is cunning enough to bribe or bludgeon its victims into still more damnable instruments for its maintenance.

II.

Well, there is the beginning of the loose end which commences with the enlistment. After dealing briefly with the middle and the finish, I will offer a few suggestions showing how this loose end—a period of Army service—may be spliced at the beginning to the original thread of a youth's life, tautened throughout, and spliced again at the finish to the remaining portion of the man's career.

Now, for God's sake, let me be preserved in what modesty I have left, but really, so far as I have seen and read and heard, I believe I have been the solitary voice protesting against the present military system as a wastage of men as productive units—and (this is the mark of singularity) supporting my protest by facts and figures. Also, so far, I have been smothered by the indifference of all whom my erratic murmurs have reached.

"Wastage" is the keynote of most criticisms of military conditions. Mr. Norman Angell offers a thesis—unanswerable, in my opinion—touching the waste of treasure in armaments. He proves to financiers that militarism—either active in war or passive in peace—does not "pay." The only persons whom Mr. Angell will not eventually convince are shareholders in concerns manufacturing munitions of war—and Army officers expecting promotion. Mr. Robert Blatchford grieves the wastage of man capitalistically exploited in deadly industries who might be "made men" by Army life. Mr. Harry Quelch regrets the wastage of men as unarmed agitators when (in his Citizen Army) they might become armed revolutionaries at The Day (Mr. Quelch's Day). Ruskin and Tolstoy passionately protested against the wastage of men by battle-slaughter. There will be more men killed and wounded within the next twenty-four hours by selfish industrial conditions than by slaughter in the whole of the Balkan War. And generally more painful deaths and wounds—without any "glory" either. Lastly, Lord Roberts beweeeps the wastage of men in industries when they might be usefully employed in "defending their country." Said country being available, when properly "defended," for sale in some parts of London to "defenders" (and others) at £1,100 for six feet by two! Of course, Lord Roberts does not say so much. And beside, he will probably get his "six by two" (five by two in his case) for nothing if his friend the "Daily Express" has anything to say. "Tariff Reform means The Abbey for All."

Now, may I ask that for a moment Mr. Angell will quit wrestling with Rothschildren, Mr. Blatchford painting his military Super-man, Mr. Quelch his Revolutionist's Calendar (Perpetual), Ruskin and Tolstoy (in their disciples) their "clotted gore," and Lord Roberts his study of the 2,743 different ways a national hero may expire, exclaiming "Thank God, I have served my country. She needs me—she needs me—but I have another appointment. Kiss me, Blumenfeldt!"

And, in this moment of detachment, will they contemplate this statement: 'On any one day, out of 100 ordinary Army Reservists and ex-Army men (excluding Engineers, Army Service Corps, Veterinary, and other Departmental Corps-men), 35 will be absolutely unemployed or snatching "odd jobs"; 30 will be "labourers" pure and simple, earning only the wretched pay of labourers; 20 will be porters, doorkeepers, care-

takers, servants, potmen, messengers, watchmen—anything of the “standing around,” irresponsible, non-productive, “easy” and servile type of job—while some are “husbands” only, married to lodging-house keepers or women-workers, “doing the housework,” etc.; 10 will be found “skilled”—or, at any rate, included in the organised industries; 5 will be “miscellaneous,” embracing various “occupations”—the writer recalls two typical instances, a music-hall manager, and a Church Army organiser.

The figures themselves are sufficiently significant, but they become only the more ghastly when one realises that these men were—at the time of enlistment—“picked” men, so far as a certain fixed standard of height, a rigid medical examination, a guarantee of respectability (not worth much, certainly), by requiring “references,” can “pick” them. Now, these “picked” men, whatever may be their immediately preceding condition, are from the commencement well-clothed, plentifully if plainly fed, warmly housed, and otherwise well-cared for. They are compelled (if undeveloped) to undergo gymnastic courses, and encouraged to undertake voluntarily. Throughout their service they are regularly exercised (drills, parades, route marches, etc., for infantry; drill, parades, grooming, etc., for cavalry and artillery). Their rooms are clean and fairly well ventilated, and generally they are pretty scientifically supervised and mothered. I should say that from the point of view of physical conditions, the average soldier is twice as well treated as the average wage slave.

How comes it then, that, from my figures about 85 per cent. of these “picked” and physically well-trained men, are really “unemployable,” estimating fitness for employment according to the standard of any organised industry?

Without propounding any more conundrums—it is the life. Singularly enough, while the military ideal is the capitalist’s ideal—a machine which will do, without thinking, faltering, or complaining, what it is told, when it is told and wherefore it is told, servile and sycophantic, scrapped when useless, suffering injuries, body and soul (and pocket), without retaliation—the military article is practically worthless to the capitalist as a profit-making machine, useful only by his cheapness to reduce wages.

Space forbids detailed description of the “life.” Taken from civilian life when just possessing the rudiments of, or settled inclination for a trade, spending half the day in useless “work”; his leisure in a dull barracks, dirty coffee-shops or canteens; compelled by sheer monotony to drink or gambling, and other vicious practices in barracks; corrupted and tempted by vicious companions; out of the barracks only to find himself ostracised by snobs; pubs and women his final resource—he returns to civil life to find that seven, twelve, or twenty-one years of such an existence have bitten in deep. Indolent, loose living, years behind the industrial advance, unhand and atrophied—well, look at my figures again.

The Remedy? That instead of manufacturing machines for one purpose only, at any rate, double the purposes. So far as soldiering is concerned, the best soldier is a machine. Therefore, while we must have soldiers, make them as machine-like in that capacity as possible. Many real authorities maintain that if eight hours a day be devoted to learning the trade of soldiering (as a similar period may be for other trades), the perfect soldier can be turned out in one year, reasonable practice sufficing to maintain efficiency.

And after that year? Then, every man to be compelled as a condition of his enlistment, either to learn or to follow some recognised trade or profession—to be paid while so doing proper wages having regard to what he receives in kind, food, clothing, quarters, fuel and light, and so forth. Several articles would be needed fully to develop this idea, but that soldiering and other occupations might be practically combined and pursued should be clear when one realises the extraordinary efficiency attained by many volunteer corps wherein military training is pursued in spare time only, after a full day’s ordinary work. Pursued alternately, military

efficiency and industrial efficiency at the same time should not be beyond the powers of skilled organisation.

Now that I have shown what, from the point of view of the worker concerned, is the problem of militarism, I will dissolve the Committee of Enquiry I called in the commencement of this section—apologising to some for the presence of the others.

War on Capital.

IN a former article we made an analysis of the electorate, and we came to the conclusion that in the first place the proletariat has not got a majority of votes, and, secondly, even if that class had a majority of votes, it could not, under the present representative arrangements, send to Parliament a majority of Socialists. Against that conclusion Socialists may argue thus:—“That the possession of the political machine by the proletariat will be accomplished through a long series of struggles and battles with the capitalistic class. That just as the workers have reached their present franchise by stages, so they will complete the evolution until the present representative system be changed and the party which will command the majority of votes will also have a majority of representatives.” Against this line of reasoning I advance the following:—(1) That the workers did not reach their present franchise by their own efforts and strength, but got it as a result of the struggle between the middle classes and the aristocracy; (2) That against Socialism all the possessing classes are united, and it is not likely that they will sit and wait until the Socialists have a majority in Parliament. As long as they have the power they can so manipulate politics, and restrict the franchise, as will secure them against a Socialist victory. True, it would be “unconstitutional,” and would probably call out bitter protests from the proletariat, but protest would have the same effect on the rich as on the Cossack who, when passing through Prussia during the Napoleonic wars, stole a goose from a farmer. The goose not being pleased with the Cossack’s embrace, protested loudly, which brought out the farmer. The farmer, seeing the Cossack make off with his goose, cried out with great indignation, “For shame, Herr Cozak! for shame!”

Lassalle pointed out long ago that the Constitution of a country does not consist of written laws, but of organised force; and THE NEW AGE has often emphasised that fact. People must be very credulous to believe that because the ruling classes allow the workers to vote, and even to send a few dozen members to Parliament, they will also let them go as far as the taking possession of political power. No one who understands the seriousness of the case will for a moment entertain such a hope. So long as the different parties representing property can make use of the working man’s vote, so long will they allow him to amuse himself with it. But should the proletariat become so class-conscious as to turn its vote against the propertied classes, then it is inevitable that the possessing classes will sink their differences, and will fight the proletariat tooth and nail. What is there to prevent the possessing classes curtailing the working men’s franchise, so that a social revolution on Constitutional lines shall become impossible? Against such a contingency the Socialist has a ready reply:—“Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.”

Not only do Socialists recognise a physical force revolution as a last resort, but those of the capitalists’ spokesmen who are not too reserved hint at it. If we are to take the opinions of the “Standard” as a criterion of what the propertied classes think about the matter, it is quite clear that the latter would not wait for the proletariat to strike the first blow. A quotation from a leading article in that paper, dealing with the Socialistic resolutions passed by the Trade Union Congress in Bath, some years ago, may be interesting.

Says the "Standard" :—

Assume, for a moment, that the majority of the electors in the United Kingdom were bent upon such spoliation as the Congress has sanctioned. Assume that they had been confused by the glamour of a great Socialist demagogue. Assume that they seriously set themselves to put the will of the people into law. Even then the battle would not have been won or lost. The strength of the propertied classes is not to be measured by the counting of noses, and the promoters of the Social Revolution would find themselves confronted with sterner arguments than platform rhetoric or Parliamentary divisions. Only by force could such changes be effected, and in these days force does not lie in numbers.

On the above, "Justice" made the following comment :—"Force does not lie in numbers, if the numbers are a mere unarmed mob."

Before considering the chances of success which the proletariat has in a violent conflict with the possessing classes, a few words on the possibility of changing a social order by violence will be in order. The "Standard," and the Socialists, suffer from one and the same illusion. Both seem to believe that the social revolution can be brought about by force. They only differ as to who would be the victor in the fight. They seem to forget that there is a vital difference between a political revolution and a social revolution. A political revolution directly affects the combatants only. The mass of the people follow their ordinary course of life. Whichever party is victorious imposes and collects the taxes. The mass of the people might even remain ignorant of the cause of the fight. A social revolution, a change in the very life of the people, new conceptions of ownership of property, of working, of buying, and of selling; all that cannot be decided by a battle between two fighting armies. Let us now return to a consideration of the proletariat's chance of success in a civil war with capital.

Firstly, we must remember the old adage: Possession is nine points of the law." By this it is meant that when people are in possession of something it is hard to dispossess them. To dislodge a party from an occupied position requires a force ten times as strong as the party in occupation. The propertied classes possess all the organised forces of the State, military, naval, and police. They also possess the money, with which they could arm tens of thousands of the "Lumpeu-proletarier." What a pound a day, with plenty of whisky, could do we can learn from the strike-breakers in the United States. The rich could mobilise their forces and make all their war preparations freely and openly. The workers would be obliged to organise underground, and all their movements would be betrayed to the enemy by well-paid spies. What weapons would the workers use? Surely, revolvers and stones are no match for maxims and airships. It would be even difficult for the workers to obtain revolvers. Many Socialists console themselves with the hope that the soldiers themselves will become enlightened and will side with the proletariat. That is a vain hope indeed. Soldiers, whatever their convictions might have been before joining the Army, become after a few years of service mere fighting machines. Besides, the soldiers are not so important as the officers. The real power of the Army consists in the officers. That was proved in the Turkish and Portuguese revolutions. But the officers are from the ranks of the propertied classes. If ever there was a time when the proletariat had a good chance of using force successfully against the capitalists, it was during the Paris Commune. Everything was in their favour. The regular army defeated and disorganised by the Prussians—a well-organised army (the National Guard) on the side of the proletariat—the Bank of France left in the hands of the Commune, as well as the whole of Paris, and withal, such a disaster!

To conquer by force, not only physical fitness is required, but also psychological fitness. The class which has ruled for generations, has developed and inherited the quality of brutal determination, and an entire

absence of humanitarian considerations when dealing with an enemy. Such qualities the workers do not possess. Generations of servitude developed in them a meekness, a lack of determination; a fearing, hesitating, wavering, and compromising attitude. A chance success would frighten them rather than encourage them for further and greater successes. Many concrete examples could be given in support of the above. It is certain that the most valiant and self-sacrificing of the Socialists could carry on a guerilla war, not against the military forces, but against individual capitalists, since no army, however large, can protect individuals from being killed by persons who are ready to sacrifice their own lives. But, by such acts, the Socialistic Commonwealth could not be established.

JOSEPH FINN.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XIII. Links (continued.)

It is not merely in fairy-tales that animals speak, or that we have to deal with monsters. The early literature of practically every nation is filled with legends out of which our fairy-tales have developed. Not merely animals are in question; there are gods and giants and heroes as well. All readers of Genesis will remember the male and female Leviathan. The Talmud tells us more about them. When Leviathan drank, we are told, it took seventy years for the sea to recover its fulness. He fed on another monster which was 1,600 miles long. But then there was Og, the giant saved by Noah from the Flood. Of him the Talmud tells us another story—the story of a hunter chasing his prey, running while doing so along what appeared to be a piece of an enormous bone, embedded in the soil. This bone, he ascertained afterwards, had formed part of Og's thigh. In a previous article, I referred to the Indian, Krishna, who held up a mountain.

These legends are not so fantastic as they appear; they are no more untrue than the story of the Flood. Researches of recent years have supplied us with particulars of monsters such as the dinosaur; and scientists have a vague habit of telling us that such huge animals lived "millions of years ago." However long ago it may have been, the mere existence of skeletons shows us that there was a time when brutes long since extinct did actually walk the earth and swim in the sea: Long before any cultured or even half-cultured race of antiquity took to hieroglyphics, tales of these powerful enemies of man were handed down from one generation to another. In later times these tales became crystallised into definite legends; and from them come the stories of giants and demons which we find in all early literatures.

But there were periods in the history of the world (or, rather, the pre-history of the world) when man had to do battle with more enemies than the beasts of the field. At times it must have seemed as if the planet were being kneaded by invisible hands like some mere mass of dough. We have a very definite tradition concerning Atlantis; we have every possible scientific reason for believing that Ceylon was once part of the mainland of India, and was probably connected with Madagascar. We know that at one time England and France were not separated by a narrow channel of water, and that Java was joined to the southern coast of Asia on the one side, and to South America on the other. The solitary speck in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, which we know by the name of Hawaii, was once larger than it is now, and had companions around it. Earthquakes, as we should call them, earthquakes on a scale which we can hardly even conceive, separated countries that had previously been joined, flooded the Mediterranean basin, and sucked civilisations like that of Atlantis into the depths of the ocean.

It is not assumed that these catastrophes occurred all at once. They were probably separated by whole geological periods. And yet, when Oriental literature is

properly collated, we may have to revise our hypothesis very considerably. It is difficult for us to know more than we do of the actual facts contained in Latin, Greek, and, though to a lesser degree, Egyptian and Hebrew literature. Every line, almost every word, has been analysed and re-analysed. But Chinese literature, and even more particularly Indian literature, infinitely more rich in scope and variety, have hardly been touched yet.

All the more reason, then, why one remarkable coincidence should be mentioned. If we take the Hebrew records in Gen V and VII, we shall find that the date of the Flood is 2348 B.C. Reckon up the ages of Adam at the birth of Seth, Seth at the birth of Enos, and so on down to the age of Noah at the Flood, and assume the record to begin at 4004 B.C., and the date 2348 will be the result. This is taken as undisputed in Biblical chronology. Now turn to a very different text, that classic of Chinese history which we know as the *Shu-King*, not written by Confucius, as is generally assumed, but compiled by him from the ancient writings. In the third section of this book there is a remarkable passage: "And the Emperor said unto him, Yu, come hither unto me. When the flood caused me grievous sorrow and alarm, thou didst carry out thy promise and fulfil that which thou didst agree to perform. Thou wast diligent in the attention thou gavest to thy country's affairs. . . . Thou art destined for the highest honours."

The account of this Chinese Noah forms a remarkable parallel to the Old Testament story. But what was the flood referred to? It was a great deluge mentioned in many fragments of Chinese literature, and it occurred, in the reign of Shun. The ideographs relating to that reign have been deciphered; and we find that the Chinese Flood swept over the country in the year 2348 B.C. Few legendary parallels are more striking than this.

Geological upheavals, floods, and the struggles with monsters of land and sea assumed three definite fabulous forms. There is the legend of the Flood, the legend of the Great Tortoise, and the legend, more vague but still comprehensible, of the Beast. These legends were all started in the pre-historic age, they came down through the historic age, and they form the connecting link between barbarism and civilisation. It would be beyond the scope of this series to set forth a detailed account of them. Three or four volumes of *THE NEW AGE* could easily be filled with references to the Beast alone. To think that the number 666 applied to Nero is pure conjecture; for the original mystic number of the Beast appears to have been 616, and it is equally conjectural to suppose that 616 refers to Caligula. But this Beast of the Revelation appears to us in the form of Antichrist; and the celebrated Antichrist legend has never yet been satisfactorily explained. It was simple enough to say that it arose in early Christian times, and that Antichrist was merely a pleasant way of referring to those Roman Emperors who persecuted the Jews and finally expelled them from the Holy Land. Vischer ("The Revelation of St. John a Jewish Apocalypse") showed us that the legend might be older than most scholars before him imagined; and even Harnack and Pfeiderer took this view. Other authorities, such as Sabatier, while holding that the legend is a Christian one, and that St. John is a Christian author, admit that the Revelation which passes under his name is a composite work. Their arguments are too scholarly to concern anyone but a specialist in this field. But if any *NEW AGE* would like to spend a week-end browsing among strange and partly unexplained legends, he might do worse than read through the Revelation of St. John, Ch. XI, and ask himself what the references in v. 7 to 10 actually are. Why, it may be queried, should the beast ascend out of the bottomless pit and kill the two witnesses "when they shall have finished their testimony"? He will find that an attempt to answer this question will lead him back into early Babylonian times. There, perhaps, the splendour of the Sun-God will enable him to discard the heavy cloak of arguments and conjectures that pedants have wrapped round him; and, freed from this tiresome encumbrance, he will realise to the full the poetry of early humanity.

But he must wear the cloak first.

Present-Day Criticism.

THE "Daily Mail," like a defiant lady whose reason ranges not beyond her eyebrows, opportunely confirms our hints about the novel brand of professors which, under Fleet Street protection, is beginning to overrun the two Universities. In a brief, exasperated article, professedly devoted to the Prince of Wales, his development, St. George's Dragon emits some instructive particulars as to what it desires in its fosterlings. Naturally, these particulars are uninformative in any way which would be expected to run rather beyond the Harmsworth vision; but within the natural limits, the "Mail" paragraphs are serviceable enough. We gather that the old University régime will not do at all for "Daily Mail" scholars: the classical style of living and learning, elaborated by gentlemen for gentlemen, is now inadequate: things are going to be changed, nay, are already changed.

We know that journalists have some power: we know too that they incline to over-rate it; this comes of their feminine preference for sudden changes and their impatience against tradition and all things which seem disagreeably designed to prevent one from getting along, "booming," as it were, by leaps and bounds. Journalists are quite the same ignoramuses to-day that they were when their illustrious brother, Mr. James Gordon-Bennett, proclaimed "a good editorial" to be the highest achievement of the human intellect. Lord Northcliffe cannot be expected to understand how Matthew Arnold's colossal reply to the midge he would not stamp out, was sufficient: "This is not quite so." And, no doubt, if we assured him that classical Oxford's official comment upon all "Daily Mail" patronage is something in Arnold's style, he would pronounce it very feeble and negligible and warrant enough for him to run up and make any changes he pleased. We, of course, are far from denying that superficial change is stark to the eye both at Oxford and Cambridge, and especially at the latter University. Men who came down thirty years ago can find no conversation with the products of a decade of doing as one likes and Greek charades. Feminism, atheism, commercialism distinguish the undergraduate down now. But, if anyone is beginning to despair, let him sit by while one of these graduates tries to converse with present-day freshmen: he will observe something most reassuringly inharmonious—he will note that youth is turning once more towards tradition and discipline, that youth is being turned, we ought to say, but the disposition, even at Cambridge, is better than it was five years ago. This development of fine quality is not surprising considered with the environment where it has appeared. The classical life, whose basis is discipline and tradition, is the true life of Oxford and Cambridge; there, if anywhere, frivolity and novelty suffer by contrast with a culture abiding and ceaseless in accumulation—a culture that was already before one spire rose in either city and that will pass unimpaired to future nations. Let us remember that the canon of culture is unalterable and imperishable, and we shall not be surprised that men disposed to obey easily find the law and the teacher. Our Universities have the canon, and by the canon all things are judged. When, for instance, the journalistic Professor Murray proposes to abolish compulsory Greek, men of culture reply—"But we devote ourselves to the maintenance of classical learning. Come here for this purpose if you wish, or, in the other case, go build a place for whatever purpose you have in mind. We cannot welcome here as equals men unequal to the strain of learning Greek." And the world is wide enough for any number of colleges to accommodate all duffers; yet, being what they are, these, snobs as well as duffers, clumsily transgress once again the rules of gentlemen, and, hankering for a distinction which really pillories them, tread a cobble or two of Cambridge or Oxford and shuffle off, or, if they are un-

usually obtuse, allow themselves to be officially set up as deterrent examples: no one in particular contrives the situation—it comes about by the same means that maintain the standard of culture. Words are one means, no doubt, of isolating the intruders: "This is not quite so," is enough for a judicious student: and if we could collect the words which guided the recent demonstration of Oxford men against Professor Murray, we should expect to find nothing more (or less) conclusive than Arnold's remark. If we quote a paragraph from the aforesaid article in the "Daily Mail," we may be able to show that the new sort of professors quite realise their position, and, further, to what tribune they propose to appeal against the exclusive spirit of classicism. The paragraph, a mixture of cunning, insinuation and snobbery, is obviously concocted by and for low intelligence. "It happens that Oxford possesses at present a number of dons who are very far removed from the don of common report—that is, a man so absorbed in his academic subject as to be out of touch with the world. It is also becoming the habit of some of the leaders of thought in Oxford to take more trouble to instruct by intercourse and conversation as well as by the lectures, which are at the best formal, if not, as some hold, rather barren. In the spirit of this change, which it is to be hoped his example will do much to encourage, the Prince of Wales pays a weekly visit to Sir William Anson with the set object of discussing the current [sic] events of the week."

That, you observe, is not written for Oxford men or for students now at Oxford. These, of course, do not need to be instructed about the Prince of Wales' progress: also, they are aware that the "don of common report" is no don that was ever reported from Oxford, but the scholar as he appears to duffers. But how far are not these new "Daily Mail" dons removed from the customary classical don! After all, Oxford is very old, and dons established her and yet keep her established. This progressive Harmsworth journal is really rather too raw. The University view is, of course, not at all that men are too little concerned with "the current events of the week," but that these absorb overmuch attention, more than the events of most weeks are worth, except, let us say, to a journalist. The "Daily Mail" view of the right usefulness of Universities is the natural view of a newspaper; it has no relation to the University view. But we go to change all that, and, first, we will have no more lectures, formal, barren things; we will have a weekly talk with Sir William and a daily talk with the new dons. What a woman's notion of learning is not there! It is well to remember that the proportion of freshmen who want to be coaxed to learn is estimated in ratio with those upon whom even elementary education has been thrown away. To the end of time the classic don will pursue the old manly method of tutoring young men. These last may learn or leave learning, as they choose. Men are not invited to Oxford or Cambridge; they are not even compelled there by a paupers' Government. They come, they fight to come, and with only one degree of honour to expect, the same degree as they bring. Truly, the dull freshman departs dull; but a dull youth is not wanted at either University; he is the most unbearable of intruders. Oxford and Cambridge have nothing to offer to the unintelligent; there are plenty of minor schools for these.

So the "Daily Mail" exposes its absurd designs, in a flying visit from its ghetto in Cambridge, the which it imagines to be a stronghold. Here is a pat on the back for the "quite exceptional school of historians now gathered at Oxford," which happens so "fortunately" since the Prince of Wales is up. Let us trust that at least one freshman may set about imitating the example of the Prince, and call upon Sir William Anson or another Warden for a little discussion of the events of the week. Discipline is, perhaps, somewhat slack in certain quarters at Oxford, where the new dons seem not quite able to fill their gowns. Sir William is not a very new don!

By luck, before we go to press, a second and longer article, following up the "feeler" in the "Daily Mail," further displays that journal's witless efforts to drag in Oxford. "Dancing Dons" is the headline, and the thing purports to be written by an old Magdalen man, who, in the tone of a dormitory, describes a little display of country dancing by certain Oxford men, as though this and these were in the true spirit of the University. There is, certainly, an old Magdalen man connected with the "Daily Mail," and Magdalen, certainly, has small chance of forgetting the fact. Here is the style and the man busy inventing that "common report" we have already heard about: "If you 'cut chapels' too much, the Dean, instead of spluttering solemnly and being pompous will say: 'Look here, it's rather rotten of you to make me take up my time on this sort of thing. I'll gate you for a week, but I should have thought it more sensible to go to chapel.' And no doubt the student would think it more sensible of this mythical dancing dean to go to chapel than to gate the giddy student for absence! "What makes him really angry is to have an over-serious Rhodes scholar wanting to talk intelligently to him on the way to a football match."

Now let us admit that the dancing don is not unknown at Oxford. He is, moreover, not altogether discouraged—when his example is unmistakable, when he is ripe to rottenness, the nature of Oxford will smite him for a soft lot. Oxford belongs, not to dancing dons, but to classic dons and to serious, even over-serious, young men. As the old Magdalen man unwarily states: "It is all very good for the future of country dances." Cecil Rhodes did not make his bequest for the future of country dances, or for the benefit of dancing dons. The whole article is a libel of the meanest sort, calculated to injure the feelings of scholars and gentlemen. To our certain knowledge, there is not at Oxford a single Dean who would address a degree student in the manner of the "common report" above; nor might, or, we hope, would, the journalist group of students publish at Oxford matter like this in the "Daily Mail," caddish and of a degrading influence.

When, in future, Oxford men indulge in country dancing—against which amusement we have nothing to say—the most intelligent among them would do well to scan the audience, and, if a "Daily Mail" journalist is found present, postpone the performance. You remember the good doctor who was sporting with his scholars when someone approached. He looked, recognised his man, and said hastily: "Boys, let us be grave. Here's a fool coming!"

A BALLADE OF DELICATE DESIRES.

I sing the silver spirit of the muse
That dwelleth in the shimmer of a star,
I sicken at the horrid monster thews
That drag at Mammon's loathy-bellied car.
With names of grub-souled thrivers, I'm aware
I very well could fill up sheets and sheets—
Who sell their souls for pelf—but I declare
I'd sooner far sell matches in the streets!

I sing the music of the wind and rain;
The broken echoes of the sighing hills.
Let Williams yell his pink and pale refrain
And Carter cram the glutton with his pills.
Let Sandow swell the swinish multitude,
Or Oxo fill them with the blood of neats,
But leave me scoffing in my solitude,
I'd sooner far sell matches in the streets.

I sing the secret spaces of the sea,
And fill my soul with deep, divine delight.
The soul of Lipton is made black with tea,
Pears' soul is pink and Lever's lily-white.
Our gratitude rewarded Guinness well
For waxing wealthy on the drunkard's "treats,"
And Wills will puff his soul away to —
I'd sooner far sell matches in the streets!

ENVOI.

Prince, when next you puff a humble Wills,
Or soothe Maria with unholy meats
My voice shall bellow from a hundred hills:
"I'd sooner far sell matches in the streets!"

C. E. A.

The Crow.

(From the Mahabharata.)

THE King of Koçala sat enthroned,
When into his country came a sage
Had reared the king to royal might
In art and craft of State control.
He carried a crow within a cage,
And travelling swift by day and night,
Till versed in every city's scroll,
Names of high officers he intoned :

"Come hither all who do not fear
The corvine science I practise clear!
He that is wise will watch the crow
Past, present, future fates to know."

Proclaiming this, the Rishi sent
His crow upon the kings' demain
To note how wealth was earned and spent
And all affairs to ascertain.
Naught right in all that land it saw :
In every bridge it found a flaw ;
No gate was armed, or battlement,
No soldiers practised on the plain—
In empty forts lay flags maculed
And swords a-rust with *Arrak* stain ;
Here, doors of steel hid devilish glee,
And here stood hovels built with pain,
And walls by robbers ridiculed.
Cause and result the crow could see.

The sage of rigid vows returned
To Kshemadarcin, bowing low,
Then on the statesmen hurled his crow
And saw where seal and gem a-row
Too bright for thievish bosoms burned.
"O King, who steals thy wealth away?—
This man and these I charge this day!
Thou art the King, thou art the land,
Thou art the statesmen : let thy hand
All-powerful its mastery show.
Heed, lord, the warning of the crow!"

The King of Koçala struck not then,
And while from thought he fell to sleep,
Those courtly thieves, awake with rage,
Through guardless corridors did creep
And pierced the crow within the cage :
So Wisdom's eye is slain by men!
Uprose the Rishi and sought the King—
"O Master, thou of everything!
Command my speech lest I refrain

"Hear now, O King, of Sita's stream where raftsmen founder fast :
Thy kingdom like that river is, with nets around it cast.
Thou art the precipice that hides the honey-seeker's fall,
Or as attractive, poisoned food, thou slays't with secret gall.
Thy nature, long averse from good, impress of evil takes.
Thou hissest like a desert pit that swarms with living snakes.
O King! how art thou like a stream flowing with water sweet,
Upon whose banks dense *Kariras* and cane and thornbush meet ;
How art thou like a swan pursued by vulture, wolf and dog,
How art thou like a lordly tree that grassy creepers clog—
It feeds the parasites that feed the rising forest flame :
Like these thy ministers would blaze should Time devour thy fame!

"My life with thee is like his life
Who in a room with snakes abides,
Or his that heeds a hero's wife—
Behind my footsteps danger strides.
Thou art to me as hunger's food
But from thy officers I shrink—
Those kinsmen hostile to thy good—
As he that hath not thirst from drink.
No Brahmana can hate, O King!
My speech of poisoned swords—is pure.
I am the tongue of Brahm! What thing
Thou answerest row—that must endure."
The King said : "Stay, O holy one!
Wield thou the rod of chastisement,
Do thou thyself what should be done :
Or guide me towards accomplishment.
For gift—I give Abandonment.
That foremost Rishi took the Gift :
And Kshemadarcin lost his sins.
Who of his soul acceptance wins.
That day hath practised royal thrift!
"My crow is slain; thy sight is spoiled—
Therefore forget this common Wrong ;
For passions knit in fear are strong
As ropes around a buffalo coiled.

And forth thy borders pass again.
Forgive, though friendly force intrude
Upon thy unsafe quietude!"

King Kshemadarcin summoned near
That sage and said : "Shall I not hear
All words of thine, who am not blind
Unto my soul's prosperity?
Speak, O regenerate one, nor fear.
Say what thou pleasest. See, I bind
My ears with thy sincerity."

The sage said : "Know that curses fall :
Who serves a king need dread them all—
The curse of friends, the curse of foes,
The King's own curse whose self-wrought woes—
Leap like virulent snakes or fire
At him that chides a king's desire.
Yet he who fails to persuade his king
For countless years goes wandering!
Friends by intelligence aid friends
When virtue's wealth of merit ends
And perilous seasons, blank and poor,
Approach the mind's sin-opened door.
This crow of mine, O King, was slain
Upon thy service : yet no stain
Do I lay on thee, but pray thee gird :
They love not thee that slew this bird.
Take up intelligence, and learn
To strike thy foes, and friendship earn.
Them thou establishest at call
Are knaves and peculators all.
Rob not thyself, O King : thine eyes
Are bound by passions—break those ties!

"I crossed thy land as through a stream
Where fierce-toothed fish did threat'ning gleam.
I crossed thy land as through a glen,
By rough Himalaya locked from men,
Dark with rocks and shrubs of thorn
Where lurks the tiger jungle-born.
O'er fordless streams a boat may cross :
The crow, my boat, is now my loss!
Through gloomy regions lamps may shine :
The crow, my lamp, is now not mine!
Thou thine own kingdom canst not trust—
How then can I? Here rot and rust
Are mingled with the ripe and green,
Here good and bad are equal seen,
Here righteous strangers find a grave
Whilst thou thy evil kin dost save.
Intelligence should leave this land
Where all misdeeds supported stand.

Prove thou each fault with cautious horns,
Weaken in turn each knotted sense ;
For vices blunt the will intense,
As rubbing blunts the points of thorns.

In former days I served thy sire—
We two for thee thy kingdom won ;
Commit no more this fault, O son,
Of trusting ministers of desire!"

King Kshemadarcin long did live,
And through this world acquired such fame—
That gods in three worlds heard his name,
And took the gifts he sought to give.
And last, he led the Earth in thrall,
With every subject-sense restrained,
Each passion slain, and Peace attained—
And gave that foremost Rishi all!

'Twas Kshemadarcin's soul, some say,
That sought its costly car of clay—
But take or leave this, whole or whit,
For nowhere will you find it writ.
Heed well the Crow, plain saith the Sage.
Good luck is his that reads this page!

The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

IN the course of years I have often been asked if I could explain why men who do not usually indulge in the habit of giving something away for nothing, show such anxiety to secure seats on town councils and boards of guardians, seeing there is no pay attached to such offices.

When in reply to such questioners I have suggested that there are other ways of killing a dog than choking it with butter, I have generally been met with the further query: "How, pray?" Now, I have noticed that once you begin to furnish details, such seekers after truth are at first mildly incredulous, then flatly indignant, and usually wind up with an observation to this effect: "Why, sir, according to you, our public men are nothing better than a pack of scoundrels." When you respond that if he has not knocked it down he has certainly struck the fact a nasty blow, he blazes up with: "What! Do you contend that Mr. Black, who is churchwarden at St. Jude's, and Mr. White who is sacristan at St. John's, and Mr. Brown, who is deacon at St. Just's, are part of a parcel of rogues?" When you finally reply that you do contend this, and that, moreover, you know for a fact that these gentlemen are the worst members of the pack, the honest inquirer quits you in disgust and you afterwards find that by trying to remove his illusions you have made an enemy for life. Our friend has been accustomed to seeing Messrs. Black, White and Brown once a week on what is called his day of rest. Whilst he is standing at the street corner about 12.25 waiting for opening time, Councillors Black, White and Brown, exuding unction at every step, top-hatted, frock-coated, carrying three volumes of Christian literature ostentatiously displayed on a level with their gold watch-guards, pass by on their way home from their respective places of worship; and their poor victim is impressed by their deportment into a belief that they are what they appear to be.

I, too, once possessed a similarly simple faith, but a close study of the works of these gentlemen and their congeners has cured me of all belief in the integrity of the Blacks, Whites and Browns. On the contrary, my investigations into the working of our town council, Poor-law Guardians, Education Committee and police court have left me with the firm conviction that our public authorities as at present constituted and worked are a conspiracy against the people; that our local authorities, so far as the manual classes are concerned, resolve themselves into nothing less than instruments of oppression and plunder; and, further, that all men above a certain social stratum—parsons, priests, ministers, property owners, plutocrats and publicans—are bound together not by any formal rules or organisation, but by a common understanding that to fool, fleece and exploit the people is their one mission in life.

How and why I reached these conclusions I propose to relate in the following papers, merely promising that I wish the readers of THE NEW AGE to understand that the cases quoted are taken from our public records and are not the figments of a lively imagination.

It will be best perhaps to begin at the beginning and explain how I came to take such an interest in municipal affairs, and what were the attractions that could induce me to attend council, education, guardians and police court sittings for twelve years almost without a break. Some fourteen years ago I set up business in Palmerstown as a grocer. After I had been here a few weeks a gentleman, striking the attitude peculiar to Jacks-in-office, presented himself at my shop. Being busy at the time, I inquired what I could do for him. "Oh, I've just called about your rates," he replied. "Have you been here before?" I asked. "No—this is my first call." "Well, leave your demand note on that counter and I'll attend to it." When my customers

had departed I went and picked up the demand note, and to my astonishment discovered that it had been made out originally to the previous tenant; but her name and rates had been scratched out and my name and rates inserted in red ink, showing an increase in my rates over those of the late tenant of $\frac{1}{5}$ per cent.

I at once went to the rate office and demanded the explanation of such a rise. Put briefly, what I was told was the following: "You are a stranger in Palmerstown and there has been a new assessment of the property. We don't make the rates here, we only collect them. If you are not satisfied, appeal to the Assessment Committee at the Guardians, but you may rest assured you would only get your trouble for your pains."

I thanked the rate-collector for his courtesy and made him the following promise: "If, sir," I said, "I remain in Palmerstown as many years as I've been here weeks I shall by that time have discovered every man who is in any way responsible for this imposition, and when I have discovered them, sir, the Lord have mercy on them, for, believe, me, I shall have none." This was my first experience of local government in Palmerstown.

A few months after the above event, whilst discussing local affairs with another tradesman, I discovered that he also considered himself the victim of harsh rating. I, therefore, suggested that we should attend the monthly meetings of the Town Council and take stock at first hand of the people who levied, collected, and spent the rates. My friend agreeing to the proposal, we put in an appearance at the next meeting of the Council. It was obvious from the moment we entered that our presence was resented; the pack did not like the idea of being overlooked. This, however, did not concern us, and from that time we attended regularly for years. Others joined us, till now the attendance of the public may be from anything between ten and a hundred.

To revert to the first night. I found that the Town Council of Palmerstown was composed of English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and Germans, with creeds as various as their nationalities. But, I soon discovered also that, notwithstanding the great difference in their origin, here, in council, they were as unanimous as flies round a jam-pot.

A discussion on local affairs never occurred in open Council. The reports of the various committees were moved, seconded and adopted without comment, and, stranger still, the doctor's report was always taken as read. The reason for this will be made apparent as I proceed. It was only when a communication from some other local authority, inviting the Council of Palmerstown to join them in an effort to move the L.G.B. to action in some matter that any discussion occurred, and then it was generally to show why the invitation should be rejected.

My friend and I soon began to observe another feature about our councillors. Several of them invariably appeared to be under the influence of drink; not drunk (in the police-court sense), but most certainly the worse for liquor. We noticed, further, that as soon as the meetings were over these gentlemen usually retired to a public-house belonging to one of the councillors. We followed suit and then discovered the unelected portion of the gang—master builders and master painters, who shared the Corporation contracts amongst themselves—waiting to hear the results of the meeting. As a matter of fact, municipal business was arranged over the liquor, and afterwards embodied in resolutions in committee and confirmed in council, in the interests of those assembled here.

Being satisfied by this time that there was something crooked about the conduct of our public affairs, I procured a copy of the "Abstract of Accounts." Amongst other things I found a certain sum entered as having been spent in stamps. A rough calculation satisfied me that it would be an utter impossibility with the staff

in the Town hall, even if they were all engaged doing nothing but writing letters, to expend the amount of money shown; and as a test I called public attention to the matter in the local Press. My surmise was fully justified, for in the next "Abstract," "stamps" were never mentioned, but a somewhat similar amount was now shown under the heading of "Sundries." Again I inquired what the term sundries covered, and then "sundries" disappeared also, and the amount under the heading of "miscellaneous expenditure" was increased.

(To be continued.)

Lord Eversley on the Flogging Act.

[We have been asked to reprint the speech delivered by Lord Eversley in the House of Lords on the occasion of the passing of the White Slave Bill. We do so with much pleasure.]

LORD EVERSLEY: My Lords, I hope I may be permitted to state in a few words the reasons why I support this Amendment. I understand that the Lord Chancellor, who gave notice of this Amendment, is not prepared to support it. I hope he will pardon me for saying that this is a somewhat unusual and perhaps unprecedented course. The Amendment is one of very grave importance. It is for the purpose of excluding, except in cases of second and subsequent convictions, the punishment of flogging. It proposes also to bring this clause into harmony with Clause 6 in this respect, and it proposes also to give effect to the wishes of the majority of the House of Commons as declared in the sixth clause.

I need hardly state that I detest the crimes at which this clause is aimed as much as any of your Lordships, and I agree that no punishment which the State thinks fit to apply to these offenders is too severe for them. The only question is whether, having regard to the past experience of this country and other countries in respect to flogging, there is reason to believe that it will be efficacious as a deterrent, and whether this kind of punishment is not attended with other evils which make it undesirable to apply it. This is no new question with me. So long ago as the year 1871, when I was connected officially with the Home Office, I gave a good deal of time to examining the records of that Department with regard to flogging, and I came to the conclusion, which I believe is the same as every one, with one or two exceptions perhaps, who has served at the Home Office has arrived at, that flogging has not in the past been a deterrent of crime. Several discussions arose on the question during the period that I was a member of the other House, and I took my part at times in opposing or defeating the extension of flogging. The most important of those discussions arose in the year 1885 upon a question very analogous to that of the present clause. It was proposed to extend flogging to a crime quite as detestable as any crime included in this Bill—namely, rape of young girls—and a discussion of great importance arose on the question, in which four of the most eminent lawyers of their time took part. Three of those eminent lawyers afterwards became members of this House. I refer to Lord James of Hereford, Lord Herschell, Lord Davey, and Sir Edward Clarke, and I think your Lordships will agree that it would not be easy to pick out four men of equal eminence at the Bar. They all concurred in the view that flogging had in the past been no deterrent of crime, they all opposed its extension, and they all pointed out other evils attending upon such punishment, with the result that the Bill was thrown out.

I wish I could quote to your Lordships fully the speech made by Lord Herschell on that occasion. It was one of the ablest I had heard from him. Among other things he pointed out that it was an entire mistake to suppose that the Act of 1863, commonly called the Garrotting Act, which applied flogging to cases of robbery with violence, had in fact put down garrotting. He showed that the outbreak of garrotting in London

which had occurred in the previous year, 1862, had been entirely put down by a firm and severe administration of the law, under which all persons concerned in that crime had been sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, with the result that at the next sitting of the Central Criminal Court the learned Judge who presided congratulated the Grand Jury upon the complete putting down of that crime, and this was months before the Act of 1863 was passed. Lord Herschell also pointed out, in respect of other kinds of crime of robbery with violence which were included in the Act, that there had been an increase and not a diminution of those crimes in the years following the Act of 1863, showing clearly that the fear of the Act had not deterred people from committing these offences. The same view of the effect of the Garrotting Act was given by the late Lord Aberdare in the debate in the House of Commons in 1875, and later in 1890 by Mr. Asquith, who had previously been Home Secretary, and also by the late Lord Ridley, who was at the time at the head of the Home Office. I think, therefore, it is absolutely certain that flogging under the Act of 1863, commonly called the Garrotting Act, had no effect whatever in putting down garrotting.

But, my Lords, we are not confined to experience of that Act in respect of flogging. I need not remind your Lordships that flogging was almost universal in this country and all through Europe up to the middle of last century. In this country flogging was the punishment applied to almost every kind of offence, great and small, under our Criminal Code, and persons, both men and women, were flogged in great numbers. Men were flogged before they were hanged. Men were flogged for every kind of offence of an immoral character. They were flogged for petty thefts and for libel. In the case of men they were flogged publicly, and I believe there were not less than sixty whipping-posts in London alone, showing the number of persons who must have been flogged in those days. All this flogging had no real effect upon the diminution of crime. In fact, there is good reason to believe that it rather increased crime than otherwise. It was the same on the Continent. Flogging was almost universal there. It was the punishment for offences great and small, and I believe I am right in saying that in petty courts of Germany ladies of the court were not infrequently flogged for breaches of etiquette. Perhaps I may remind the Bench of Bishops that flogging was at the time I speak of approved by the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome appears to have had a firm belief in the efficacy of flogging. Flogging was the punishment applied to all offences under ecclesiastical law. Flogging also was recommended by the Church of Rome as a form of penance, and priests and even bishops flagellated themselves in private, under the belief, no doubt, that that was the best way of curbing the evil spirits within them. Sometimes these flagellations took place in public, and priests headed processions throughout the streets of persons who were flagellating themselves till their backs streamed with blood.

Towards the middle of the last century a change came, and I think it was one of the most remarkable changes which have come about in the last hundred years. Flogging came absolutely to an end. There is not at the present time a single country in Europe whose Criminal Code recognises flogging as a proper mode of punishment. Everywhere throughout the Continent it has come to an end. The Church of Rome has also taken a very different view on the subject. Flogging has altogether ceased in cases of ecclesiastical offences and is also discouraged, if not forbidden, as a matter of penance. At all events, priests and monks no longer flagellate themselves except in a few cases of most severe monastic orders. Practically, therefore, the system of flogging has come to an end universally throughout Europe. This country is the only civilised country, I believe, where there has been a reversion to some small extent to this system in the case of the Act

to which I have referred and also in the case of an Act directed against incorrigible rogues. With those exceptions I believe I am right in saying that flogging has ceased to be a punishment in every country in Europe, and also in every country in the New World. In these circumstances it does seem to me to be a grave question whether we should go further in the direction of re-establishing flogging.

There is another point connected with it which I desire to bring under the notice of the House, and that is the effect of flogging upon the persons who have to inflict it. I have consulted at different times persons who have seen the infliction of flogging as it is carried out at present in our gaols. It is carried out by warders, who receive additional pay for it, and the prison officials have to be present to see that it is properly carried out. I am told that the effect upon these men is decidedly bad. The warders who have to inflict it begin by a feeling of disgust at it, but that passes away soon, and there seems to be a strange fascination connected with the system which has a bad effect in stimulating the passion of the men who are engaged upon it, and not only them, but also the officials who are bound to be present. For my part I think that the State has no right to put these men in a position where they are compelled to be parties to scenes of that kind, and I believe it would be a wise thing on that account not to extend the system but rather to limit it in the cases in which it is already permitted. There is much more that I could say on the matter, but I have endeavoured to be as temperate in my language as I could be. I can only conclude by saying that my firm conviction is that flogging has not been in the past and cannot in the future be a means of putting down crime. I believe, on the contrary, that its only effect is to brutalise those upon whom it is inflicted and those whose duty it is to inflict it, and in the long run also to brutalise public opinion, with the result that crime instead of being diminished will ultimately be increased. I beg, therefore, to support the Amendment before the House. [HANSARD]

A Shaw Play in France.

(The following is an extract from an article by M. Abel Hermant, the well-known dramatic critic, which appeared in "Le Journal" of January 29, and which has been translated for THE NEW AGE by Mr. J. M. Kennedy.)

I THINK I can realise well enough why Mr. Bernard Shaw should have met with such great success in England. It may at first seem strange that in a country where ordinary adultery is not tolerated on the stage, and where the illicit connection in M. Paul Hervieu's "L'Enigme" was reduced to a mere flirtation, Mr. Bernard Shaw should be able to exhibit with impunity his procuress-mothers, and run to earth with his sarcasms the most useful prejudices and feelings imposed upon us by propriety, or even suggested by Nature herself. But this English modesty, which is so ill-judged on the Continent, includes fantasies and inconsistencies which are my great joy. Everybody who has spent even a couple of days on the south coast knows with what coolness and naïveté Englishmen will remove their clothing, at all events after nine o'clock in the morning, even to the extent of sometimes overstepping the limits of decency, and with what naïveté, too, young women will approach and look at those men who happen to be handsome.

I will not recall here the conveniences which the official ignorance of this form of human activity affords for the carrying on of prostitution; but it reminds me of a sight which I witnessed quite by chance in Hyde Park last summer, and which was very significant—I will even go so far as to say symbolical. The King, returning from Ireland with the Queen, passed along the Serpentine about six o'clock in the afternoon, an hour when hundreds of urchins were disporting themselves in the water. When the youngsters saw the splendid

procession, and, above all, their dear King and beloved Queen, their enthusiasm made them forget for a few moments that they were not in Court costume. They began to run along the bank, giving utterance to savage hurrahs. Some of them had bathing-pants, but they carried them in their hands and waved them above their heads, like flags. This sight, I repeat, touching, though rather comical, seemed to me to typify the incoherences of English modesty.

English hypocrisy is not, on occasion, less contradictory. When we set out to humour it, it appears to be lying in wait for us, and at once conceals itself. When we attack it brutally it makes no resistance. It does not find that process so disagreeable, and its little shrieks are not always due to indignation.

Yet I doubt whether—in spite of the apostolic zeal of M. and Madame Hamon, and in spite of the assistance given them by M. Jacques Rouché—I doubt whether Mr. Bernard Shaw will be able to make himself master of French opinion so easily. It is not that our snobishness is not always ready to give itself up; not that hypocrisy is lacking among us; but that our modesty has been violated so often that it has now become cloyed and such attacks no longer give it pleasure. Nor, again, can it be said that, for racial reasons, we are incapable of understanding Mr. Bernard Shaw. I will not retract here what I may have written elsewhere about the spirit of foreign nations. I am of the opinion that two individuals belonging to different races can never come to an entire understanding, and that their intimacy can never be very profound. Still, there are degrees. The English people have so clear-cut and personal a character that they do not resemble ourselves by any means, or other people, for that matter; but they are, nevertheless, not so different from us as the Japanese. There are some things common to them and to us; and one of them, the one about which we can pronounce a most definite opinion, is wit. I hope I shall not offend our English friends if I venture to tell them that the majority of them are not excessively cultured or particularly intellectual. But they almost all possess a certain kind of natural wit, a discreet irony, which resemble the same qualities in the French—just as the word "humour" resembles "humeur," which they took from us. Mr. Shaw, who cannot possibly have less wit than the majority of his countrymen; and who is really, if I may say so, enormously witty, should become intelligible to us through that very quality. If, however, his wit frequently fails to attract us, and even escapes us altogether at times, this is because he is not thoroughly French; though, on the other hand, he can hardly be said to be English. He is violent; he is bitter; he is dry. He is cruel almost to the point of sadism, though I should certainly not reproach Mr. Shaw with this if he made use of this cruelty when the occasion demanded. But here we come to the chief defect of our author, the defect that renders his jokes and sarcasms irritating almost beyond endurance; Mr. Shaw's cruelty is quite disproportionate to the personages and objects on which it is exercised. Mr. Shaw has no sense of proportion. He still believes that propagandist plays have an influence and a range; really this anarchist lacks any kind of scepticism. He believes, through some form of megalomania, that the deformation of the theatre is an excuse; he believes that he is a prophet, a forerunner, and that he has overturned society merely because he has put to flight a few lies of the social order. When we realise how little even revolutions themselves have altered the face of the world, we cannot but smile at this poor perspective.

It is, indeed, a trifling thing to upset a few social values; what does that matter? But, ah! when Friedrich Nietzsche flattered himself that he had overturned moral values and opened up a new era to the activity of mankind—at all events, to "masters"—there was no optical illusion, no error of pride, in his case. Again, he generally said things like that through the mouth of Zarathustra, who has more prestige than either Mrs. Crampton or Mrs. Warren. And whatever he did say in his own person was merely an unanswerable truth. The world would have changed indeed if

"Zarathustra" or "Beyond Good and Evil" had become our new apostle, if Nietzsche had indeed been able to destroy the old morality—which is probably eternal in all its hypotheses, whether laid down by a god, or imposed on us by our reason, or whether it necessarily resulted from the conditions of social life. When Nietzsche called himself the Antichrist, he was right; for he really was Antichrist. But when a man has simply demolished a few generally received ideas, ridiculed a few errors of conduct, or even of psychology, a few prejudices—well, he needn't make a song about it; the damage he has done is small. I do not wish to vex Mr. Shaw by telling him something which it will certainly be most disagreeable for him to hear; but I must tell him: Mr. Bernard Shaw is inoffensive.

[The remainder of the article is devoted to a short summary of the play for the benefit of the readers of "Le Journal."]

Views and Reviews.

MARRIAGE is a subject about which all but the nubile are facetious; and although to Strindberg, it was an obsession, he attained in this volume of sketches* to a derisive sanity. Like all the stories of marriage that are worth hearing, they are tales for men only; the epicene convention never bothered Strindberg to any great extent, but he seems to have written these sketches regardless of the possibility of their being read by women. Their merry malice could not have been maintained had he, at the moment of writing, been aware of the existence of women who could read. The thought would have made him self-conscious, and in that moment his humour would have deserted him; he would have railed at the sex, instead of emulating the impersonal satire of Puck. "Lord, what fools these mortals be," is the only satisfactory attitude of mind towards this subject; otherwise, we have indictments of either sex, accusations, recriminations, anything but the humour that discovers both parties in a ridiculous situation. Unlike our own Shakespeare, Strindberg does not confine his satire to sportive bachelors who succumb to the temptation at last; nor does he, as de Maupassant did, give one the impression that adultery is the concomitant of matrimony. Rather, he attains to the wisdom of the Greek: "Whichever you do, you will regret it."

It was not to be expected that Strindberg would add to the cynical dicta on this subject; the humours of matrimony have really been exhausted in literature, and Strindberg never turns so admirably a phrase as Stevenson's—"To marry is to domesticate the recording angel." But his own uncanny susceptibility to the influence of women, his keen consciousness of his bodily sensations, to which should be added that telepathic power that enabled him to know as a fact the truth denied by women, make him a far more formidable satirist than Stevenson. Always, he dealt with facts, although, in those other works of his that I have read, he generalised too confidently on a narrow basis; but however insanely he reasoned from his experience, he never fell away to the imbecility of the Philistine. Life, to him, was one vast embrace, terrible or delightful, according to his state of mind; but he never made the mistake of supposing that happy marriage implied comfortable domesticity (to use Shaw's distinction), or of supposing that love was a source of happiness in a home. Rather, he said of those who are comfortably married, what Stevenson said: "You have only to look at their faces to see that they were never in love, or hate, or in any high passion."

It is clear from what has been said that I do not credit Strindberg with any marked originality, and that I do not regard this volume as a considerable addition to literature. It is apposite, and that fact confers on it a momentary value, and adds a passing poignance to its satire. For the women who claim to be representative of their sex have denied their sexual nature in an unsuccessful attempt to imitate our invention of the soul; with the consequence that they have neither their own babies nor our blessedness. Against these Ibsenitish

women, Strindberg used all his powers; and in one of these sketches, "Corinna," he added circumstance to circumstance to make the type not only ridiculous but detestable. The lady contracts a marriage with a lecturer on ethics, and refuses to consummate it until he, having become a member of Parliament, refuses to introduce her Bill for the abolition of prostitution. That is briefly the theme, admirably satirical in its juxtaposition of facts; but the sketch must be read if the full flavour of its humour is to be appreciated.

I am not concerned with the teaching of "Asra" or "Phoenix," for there is no necessary hardship involved in the postponement of marriage until a man has established a position that will enable him to support a family. There are cases, as in "Asra," where the restraint is suicidal; usually, it is not exercised, and the awful consequences of celibacy are avoided by a discreet profligacy. The case of "Phoenix" is really more pathetic, although not so patently actual as "Asra"; for celibate women, except those over-worked women of the lower classes, are not usually jejune at the age of twenty-four. What Strindberg tries to prove here is that, owing to economic circumstances, a man falls in love with a girl and marries a woman; but as the whole burden of his argument is that one never gets from marriage what one expects from it, the pathos is really forced in this case. Moreover, it is difficult to feel the effect that Strindberg intended this sketch to have; for his observation is so acute, and his statement so precise, that the pathos becomes epigrammatic and ironical. This woman's glory had faded before her marriage, and not even celibacy will save a woman from growing old; but, really, we can only smile when we are told that "the words of endearment had been cast off with the baby clothes, caresses had deteriorated into a sort of massage." The observation is too precise to be pathetic.

In this volume, at least, Strindberg asks no questions of the Universe; although there are hints of his usual question: "How is it that man, in his attempts to realise the happiness of his hopes, obtains only misery as the result of his efforts?" He is here content to assume that sex is not soul, nor even the precursor of soul; and to reveal those who confuse their physical sensations with their psychical apprehensions in the absurdity of their bewilderment. It is the duel of sex that he portrays in this volume, omitting none of the psychological defences that modern feminist literature provides. Particularly skilful is he in his ridicule of "A Doll's House," and although in all his examples, the husband has a natural talent for domesticity, he varies the method of the triumph over the teaching of Ibsen. In "A Doll's House," argument fails to convince the wife that her application of Nora's case to her own is not admissible; but a violent flirtation of her husband with the spinster who introduced her to Ibsen's work, compels a backsliding into common sense. In "A Natural Obstacle," the man wins by sheer patience under provocation; and is happy to be called henpecked. In "His Servant," the matter is settled by the attempt to find an economic basis for the new idea of marriage; while in "A Duel" no conclusion is reached, for both parties are unable to find suitable employment for their energies at the same time. On the whole, Ibsen comes badly out of the encounter.

In his insistence on the fact that marriage is only a provision for our physiological needs, and is not a satisfactory provision, that our sexual morality should be based on the plain physiological facts, Strindberg reveals his affinity with Nietzsche. But however we may change our minds on this subject, behind physiology lies economics; and economic questions are not answered by jeux d'esprit, however witty they may be. In one form or another, a man has to pay for the pleasure of both parties; if the woman cannot get it from his purse, she will get it from his skin. The only economic question that arises in these days is whether marriage is not too high a price to pay for the satisfaction of the sexual instinct; and if the returns of the Registrar-General are to be trusted, that question is being answered in the affirmative.

A. E. R.

* "Married." By August Strindberg. (Palmer. 6s.)

Letters from Italy.

II—En Route : Firenze.

It was still disgustingly cold when I got to Turin. They tumbled us all out—peasants and priest and me—to “cambiare.” The porter remarked that it was uncommonly “*freddo*”—and I said “*si, si,*” it was “*bruto*” with all the aplomb of a Mercutio who had the gardener’s knowledge of Italian.

All the way to Alexandria the snow lay thick on the ground, and starved, cold trees stood up dismally against a misty sky. Good Lord, thought I, is this the bella Italia where the sun always shines? I dozed most of the way, occasionally waking up as anxiously as a child on Christmas Eve; but no one put anything in my “stocking”—there was always snow and fog.

“Est hic mundo Ceres, est Amor, est Bromius.”

I couldn’t see them; Ceres had departed; Amor was vulgarised; and Bromius was in the wine flask of a drunken soldier. Nevertheless, towards Genoa, things brightened. We ran into hills, very like those round Lynton, but larger and covered with vines. The snow suddenly vanished; waggons drawn by oxen appeared on the roads, the carriage became uncomfortably hot. Ecco Italia! This was what I had come for.

I nearly got out at Genoa. Orange trees with shining Hesperidium fruit, tall, slim cypresses, lemon trees, roses, olives, and ilex trees stirred me to prodigious interest, though I was horribly tired. I hummed hexameters, I searched my mind for pastoral quotations; it would have been so good to see Theocritus’ “littered hyacinth” and the “rhododaphne liliaque,” but it was too much to ask of the winter even at Genoa.

By this time I was so bored with the train and so tired that I noticed little. I vaguely remember the blue sea dashing against broken rocks, and olives and vines, and a general feeling of “here I am at last.” It was almost evening when I got to Pisa. There had been no one interesting in the carriage, and I had been vaguely annoyed by a little rat of an Italian military person, who had the physique of a Cockney consumptive and the airs of Hamilcar and Buonaparte. It was too much trouble even to look for the leaning tower. Hang the leaning tower! I don’t believe it is much good after all.

At Firenze I intended to get down, and on the way there I revived sufficiently to collect one gape—the sole spontaneous tribute to my beaux yeux I ever knew. I was talking in rotten French to an Italian clerk, when a soldier opposite suddenly leaned forward, and staring hard at me, said: “Gals, eh?” “Come?” said I, puzzled to death. “Gals,” said he “E molto bello—molte ‘gals, non è vero?” “Good Lord, no!” said I, startled into English by outraged modesty. “That is—er—no—non donne!” Then he asked me if I were married, and I said I was not, thanks to luck, Iddio, and my own impudence. And he said he was and showed gravely a horrible-looking ring on his fat finger. I said it was “molto bello,” meaning the ring, not the state of matrimony.

Somewhat the time passed, and eventually I was pitched out at Firenze and got to an hotel, and went to bed and to sleep for twelve hours.

There is no particular reason for my describing Firenze. The lily has been painted often enough—everyone from Ruskin and Browning on has daubed it his own particular hue. Besides, there is something due to the dead after all.

I had one very pleasant day there, when the sun was as warm as May and the sky almost clear of clouds. I got up in the morning early, while the dew on the grass was pearly, and went straight towards the Duomo. After London I kept feeling that there was an immense way to walk (it looked it on the plan) to buildings and rivers, and so on, and always ran into them long before I expected. The Duomo jumped up before I knew I was on it. I hope to live a long time and to see everything, but I never hope to have a keener delight than the look of that cathedral. The white marble was white and clean (I thought of poor, grubby West-

minster Abbey), and the designs of the coloured marbles and sharp curve of the dome were fresh and brilliant in the sunlight. Who said Giotto’s tower ought to be put in a glass case? He was an ass—it is as beautiful as a flower, and should be allowed to fade like one, if need be.

I went inside the Duomo. They were singing High Mass, tinkling bells, and tossing censers about in the usual way. I liked the priest’s Latin—he said his mass well, without gabbling. The incense smelt clean, and not stuffy as usual. “Almost thou persuadedst me—” A pity they let that Lucchero person hurl his soul in concentric circles on the ceiling of the dome. Still, his paintings weren’t as bad as I thought they would be—all writers on art seem to have a prejudice against cinquecento work, whether it is good or bad.

Ghiberti’s gates ought to be the gates of Paradise—a pity the Florentines don’t keep them clean.

I walked down to the Arno. The quotations from Dante stuck about street corners made me pretty ill. “Onorate l’altissim poeta” if you like, but don’t make him a street sign.

If I stayed long in Florence I think I should love the Arno above all other rivers. The mist was drifting away to the hills when I saw it, and the cypresses on the hill at Fiesole gave me an odd emotion of—I can’t call it “home,” but as of being in a place where I had lived happy days. A pity del Sarto had a shrewish wife—one could live very comfortably at Fiesole, if one had books and chianti and tobacco. And I daresay charming people and pretty ladies would come and take tea. (All this nonsense I thought as I “slauched” along). The colour of the Arno as it slips over the brown flagstones under the bridges is one of God’s happy thoughts. “I do not commiserate, I congratulate him.” What has Dante to do with Florence? That old poker-up of hells and investigator of vague heavens? This is the city where my good friend Cellini stabbed someone or other, and here Leonardo dreamed his impossible dreams. Benvenuto’s Perseus is down there in the Piazza—a fine, bronze youth. I think he could hate pretty well. Michelangelo’s David isn’t bad; it would bring the sweat out of our sculptors if they tried to beat it.

The Pitti and the Uffizi were shut while I was at Firenze, but the Gozzoti at the Capelle Medici is the sort of picture one returns to think of with pleasure. A man shows it you with a lamp on a pole. In one corner is a portrait of Pico della Mirandola and one of Angelus Politianus. Also the Magnificent Lorenzo on a horse. This was that Lorenzo who founded the library and whose munificence made glad the days of so many scholars, artists and philosophers. Would he were alive now! He once said that he patronised the arts because he would be remembered by it. Ecco, Lorenzo! Thus I pay the debt of Ficino, Politianus and the rest.

Santa Croce is beautiful outside, but the tombs to Alfieri and Dante are in vile taste. However, everyone knows that.

And so I went around the city and forgot London and all the clatter and nuisance and fog. I sent people incoherent postcards; I did myself pretty well in a ristorante fiotto. I don’t know if he liked it, but I felt I owed him something for his tower and its beautiful lines against the “beau ciel d’Italie.”

One ought to be able to make a graceful little epigram out of such beauty, Meleager would have done it, but I refrained. And the next day saw me in the train en route for Rome. I believe something amusing did happen on the way, but I forget what it was. Orvieto I noticed sitting up on a rock, like a decrepid vulture—half bones. And after an interminable time, during which we ran through hills and mountains, and were escorted by the Tiber, I saw the dome of San Pietro on the sky-line. “Ecco, Roma!” grunted the Italians. And the train jogged through squalid streets and through a hole in the old Roman wall, still mighty and impregnable-looking. Then the porters yelled “Roma,” and I got out. They call it the “Eternal City.” I’m an optimist myself. RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Pastiche.

CRITICISM WITHOUT TEARS.

It is usual nowadays to preface books with an intimation that the author does not imagine himself to be offering anything new. Then follows an enumeration of the various sources to which he is indebted—in other words, the previous writers whose work has been re-hashed—and the reader is left wondering what justification there is for the appearance of the book, assuming that anybody applies so harsh a test as a “proper reason for existing” at the present day. We shall display no such extreme modesty in regard to this article. The subject of criticism—and literary criticism, which we have particularly in view, has already been treated. A Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote some time ago, we believe, on the function of criticism, and there are various contributions to the same subject extant. We feel, however, that they fail on the practical side. Whatever may be their merits from a theoretical point of view—and on that we express no opinion—they are of little use to the man who wishes to obtain a position as a book reviewer on the daily or weekly Press. Those interested in art in its various branches will know that a work has recently been published entitled: “How to Write Saleable Fiction.” How to write saleable reviews is the subject of the present article.

The advantages of an acquaintance with the principles of modern criticism are obvious. In addition to the actual cash remuneration one is able to add inexpensively to one's library, and presents for Xmas and the birthdays of friends are secured without any outlay. The art is, moreover, easily acquired, and by careful attention to the principles here laid down any person of average intelligence may earn a very respectable income. Some knowledge of the elementary rules of English grammar will be useful (there are many excellent primers on the market), a foreign phrase-book should be secured, and those with leisure will find “How to read, write, and debate” (John Lang, id.) worth studying.

Commencing with fiction, which enormously preponderates, it is obvious that the reviewer cannot read any considerable proportion of the novels he receives. We deal first with the great majority of unread books. Where only a short notice is required, the task is very simple. The reviewer has only to read Press opinions on any publisher's advertisement to see the sort of thing that is required. An observation that a new book by Miss Smifins is an event in the publishing world, and an intimation that the high expectations aroused by her previous work are fulfilled in the present volume is always in place, the writer having, of course, made sure that she has published previous works. “Not a dull page from beginning to end” is a very quotable phrase, and the critic may remark of, say, one book in six, that he found himself unable to drop it until he had read to the last page. With a little practice this sort of thing can be turned out at a great rate, and with half-a-dozen papers sending one books, it is really quite remunerative.

Where a longer review is required, and it is not convenient to read the book, the critic must indulge in safe generalities. Quotations and platitudes are handy. Such reviews may open somewhat in this way:—

“Of the making of books” (or “making many books” as the Revised Version has it) “there is no end,” said the preacher. This is more than ever true to-day. What a multitude of books is produced in a year! Where do they all go? How many are read? Still more important—how many will live? This a question that only posterity can answer. Miss Smith-Briggs is not a new writer. With “The Soul Bride” she created at once a reputation, which was enhanced by the publication of “And Is This Love?” One naturally expects the later work of a writer to be stronger and more mature than that produced at an earlier date. Many of the imperfections should disappear with experience, and the whole work should be strengthened. This is what has happened in the case of Miss Smith-Briggs. All the sterling qualities—

And so on, indefinitely.

Where the book has been read one should, of course, make the most of it. From some of the no doubt excellent but impractical works to which reference has been made, as well as the reviews actually printed in THE NEW AGE the idea may have been gained that some standard of criticism is necessary, and that regard should be paid to the ultimate outlook of a writer, his “underlying philosophy” and the like. This is a complete mistake. Not only would such reviews be “heavy” and unpleasing to the general reader, but they demand a culture which

would reduce criticism to the work of a comparative few, and an amount of study which is incompatible with anything like an adequate output. Moreover, a reference to the most successful fiction of the day supplies the *reductio ad absurdum* of this idea, for the works of Miss Barclay and Mr. Garvice, to mention only two writers of “saleable fiction,” have no underlying philosophy at all, and probably both these thoroughly healthy writers would deal very shortly with nonsense about æsthetic canons and such fads of affected youth. Not that a note of scholarship should be altogether lacking from the review, and if careful attention is given to the grammar primer and the phrase-book there is no reason why it need be. After a preliminary “puff” of a couple of sticks, the advantage of having read the book may be utilised in some such fashion as this:—

But, as has been said, nothing human is perfect, and there are blemishes in Miss Smith-Briggs' work, which it is the duty of the critic to point out. The split infinitive on page 182 appreciably weakens an otherwise fine passage, and in more places than one—pp. 90, 126, 134, for example—the authoress ends a sentence with a preposition. On page 226 Denvers, the hero, is made to misquote Pope, who did not say: “A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,” but “A little learning is a dangerous thing.” By this misquotation, though the meaning is not affected, the fine alliterative effect of the original is lost. In the ante-penultimate chapter we think the authoress is guilty of *ὑστερον προτερον*, or putting the cart before the horse.

In reviewing poetry principal attention should be given to the binding and general get-up, and “dainty” will here be found a serviceable adjective. References to the “Divine afflatus” and the Olympian heights are not out of place. “Poeta nascitur non fit” is quite relevant, and gives an air of culture to the review, which editors are not slow to appreciate. Where a classical or foreign quotation is in any way essential to the sense of the review, it should be translated. There should, however, be a few quite unessential phrases untranslated. This flatters the reader, and is appreciated.

Books of essays need no attention beyond that devoted to the get-up, except where a publisher's announcement supplies the material. “Chestertonian” and “paradoxical” are convenient words, and female essayists may, he said to “recall the Essays of Elia.” Charles Lamb is dead, and no action will lie.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.”

Wonder-words of golden meaning,
Plasmoned oats for “democrats”!
Lexicographers, a-preening,
Moulting 'mid your tits and tats,
Found ye finer words of gleaning
Synonym of Dogs and Cats?

MORGAN TUD.

SALEEBIAN.

Hail, all hail, the God of Glory;
Shout Hosannas! to the Name:
Tell it forth in song and story:
All the wonders of its fame;
Sing, O Sing, Cherubic Band!
Hail, all hail, The Sexual Gland!

MORGAN TUD.

WILL AND SOUL.

Ponder no more on freedom of the will,
And on the soul, if it shall die or no.
These things elude the measure of our skill
And baffle all the cunning we can show.

What of the will? A strange, unfathomed power
Whereby we win or lose in life's campaign.
What of the soul? A counsellor hour by hour,
Without whose sanction thought and act are vain.

This doubt not: If the will has shaped a plan
And if the soul in approbation nods,
Ye need no amulet and talisman
And all the pomp of fetishes and gods.

P. SELVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE FATE OF THE MOHAMMEDANS OF MACEDONIA.

Sir,—I send you the following details of the Macedonian horrors. They are derived partly from the first report issued by the Constantinople Committee which has been formed for collecting evidence upon this subject, partly from a French report,* and partly from the Turkish Government's appeal to the Powers, of which I have at last obtained a copy. I remember reading last December in the "Daily Telegraph" a brief but significant statement to the effect that a group of English persons, bent upon inquiring into the alleged atrocities, had been stopped from going to Kavalla and to Serres. Of Kavalla we have had some tidings of a hazy kind, but none have come from Serres until now.

This is the report of Mehmed Sirri Bey, Chief of the Post and Telegraph Office at Zelhova, who fled to Serres when the Turkish troops evacuated Zelhova.

After the Mohammedan population had been carefully disarmed, first by the Komitajis, who preceded the Bulgarian troops, and afterwards in a house to house search by the regulars :

"On November 27 (old style), towards evening, a rifle shot was heard; at once a terrible fusillade broke out and Mohammedans were seen to fall in the streets. Some Greeks, killed by mistake, were seen to be among the victims, when the firing ceased and the soldiers fixed their bayonets; from that moment it was a horrible butchery in the streets, in most of the houses and in the inns. The ferocious troops and the Komitajis being unable to satisfy their greed for Moslem blood took to herding the unfortunate victims and shutting them up in the mosques, so as to be able to kill them all at one time.

"Informed of this horrible massacre the Greek Metropolitan went at once to the Bulgarian General and prayed him to put an end to the killing, adding that if the butchery continued he would leave immediately for Salonica.

"The General left his residence and dispatched officers to all quarters of the town with orders to stop the slaughter. In effect, at a quarter past four o'clock (Turkish time) the carnage was drawing to an end, thanks to the humane intervention of the Greek Metropolitan.

"Some hundreds of unfortunate Moslem women, torn from the houses where their fathers, brothers, husbands, children had been butchered, were shut up in the Turkish schools opposite the Government building. They were presently visited by some Bulgarian soldiers, about fifty, who flung themselves upon them and began to defile and maltreat them abominably. From where I was (that is to say, from the telegraph office) I heard the despairing cries of the poor wretches and even saw the abominations practised on them.

"Next day the number of the slain was estimated at 4,700.

"The same night Bulgarian soldiers plundered a large proportion of the houses and shops; and in the course of these nocturnal visits they everywhere violated and abducted women who had the misfortune to please them.

"A great mass of refugees had collected at Serres. On the day following that awful night the Bulgarian military authorities invited them, with many promises, to return to their villages. Nobody dared budge; all scented the premeditated massacre. A day after, however, they were made to go by force, and on the road, a little distance from the town, were all butchered with the exception, it would seem, of young girls and young women, for no young or pretty woman was found among the heaps of corpses.

"After three days a great number of Turkish soldiers, which has been estimated at ten thousand, taken prisoners in divers battles, were brought into Serres; they were wearing nothing but a shirt and white drawers; they were allowed to sleep a night in the Government buildings and on the morrow were led out under pretext of being sent to their destination. But the unhappy prisoners were all killed in the environs of Serres. They tied them up by tens and fifteens and butchered them.

"While these horrible massacres were going on, the Bulgarian forces concentrated at Serres amounted to eighteen battalions. In addition there was a regiment of Greek cavalry, newly arrived from Salonica. This regiment took no part in the carnage, and was an eye-witness of it."

So much for Serres, though much more is added. My next document is a report addressed to the Sheykh ul

Islam by Amin Effendi, Deputy Governor of the town of Drama.

"After having taken possession of the Konak of Drama, the Bulgarians invaded the town. They broke in the doors of Mohammedan houses. The women who inhabited them were first of all violated, then some had their breasts cut off, their eyes put out, after which they were dragged out of doors to be put to death in a barbarous manner, or burnt alive after having been soaked in petrol.

"At sight of this inhuman scene, a crowd of from two to three thousand persons left the town on foot in the direction of Kavala. Going in search of my own family towards evening I passed in front of the Konak and by the foreign depots of tobacco, in which a crowd of men, women and children, mad with fear, had taken refuge. In a shop over which the English flag was flying, I saw heaped up two or three thousand fugitives of all ranks and both sexes. There they remained for four consecutive days, absolutely deprived of food. The authorities having caused it to be announced by public criers that order was re-established and that every one could return to his home in all security, a part of the inhabitants regained their houses; but they found them completely empty, without furniture or any object. My house had suffered the same fate. My family, which had passed one night at the village of Doskat, had gone on to Kavala on foot with a thousand difficulties. I was only able to get news of them thirteen days later through the Greek Metropolitan in whose house I had had to seek refuge. It is that prelate, too, who procured me the means of going to rejoin them at Kavala, giving me two monks for escort.

"In the night of October 22nd (old style) the house of Shaban Agha, a notable of the village of Doskat, at one hour from Drama, was looted. All the members of his family were put to death, one by one, before his eyes; in his turn Shaban Agha had successively his eyes put out, his nose, ears, arms and feet cut off. After that, his body thus mutilated, was thrown out into the street. A young school master was put to death after they had cut off his ears and put his eyes out. All the other inhabitants of this village, containing four hundred houses, have been killed with the same barbarity, with the exception of about forty aged and infirm persons. After the taking of Kavala the Bulgarians commandeered all the bread from the bakeries, leaving without nourishment for several days the inhabitants and refugees from the surrounding country. The notables of Kavala and those of other towns who had sought refuge there were put to death without exception, pitilessly. Edid Bey and Bahtiar Effendi, Moslem notables, were cut to pieces with several other unfortunates. The mosques have been transformed into churches and their minarets replaced by belfries. Some inhabitants of neighbouring townships who had sought refuge at Kavala were forced by the Bulgarian authorities to return homeward. They were despoiled and massacred en route."

At Stroumnitza (from several reports of eye-witnesses).

"The Bulgarian Colonel Mitof, commanding the forces of occupation (which consisted of 15,000 Bulgars and 3,000 Serbs), pledged his honour as a soldier to see that the life, honour and property of all the population were respected.

"Unhappily, the misdeeds began two hours after these pompous and solemn assurances.

"During the forty-eight hours that the Bulgarian troops remained in the town of Stroumnitza, thirty-four Moslems were assassinated, among whom five children; especially the houses of the rich were attacked and pillaged. Colonel Mitof had to leave Stroumnitza on October 24 (old style), after naming the Bulgarian Lieutenant Volcheff Governor, and the Servian Major Ivan Gribitz Commandant of the place; he also entrusted the municipal authority to Midhat Hakki Bey, *procureur de la ville*, who resigned a few days later.

"Among the first victims we are told of an unhappy notable of Radavishta, named Cadir Bey, and another. Mustapha Bey, who was ill in bed. Cadir was first robbed of his money, about a thousand pounds Turkish, and of his wife's jewels, and then led off with the other unfortunate, Mustafa, to the abattoir and put to death.

"Soon a revolutionary tribunal was set up of seven bandits, including the Bulgarian officer Volcheff, the Servian Commandant Ivan Gribitz, the Komitaji chief Chakoff. . . . The victim was first undressed and left in shirt and drawers, his hands were tied behind his back, and he was forced to traverse the streets and bazaars of the town on foot, escorted by the soldiers and the Komitajis. The poor wretch was thus conducted to the abattoir (the common slaughterhouse for butcher's meat), where he was put to death by proddings of the bayonets after some

* La Guerre d'Orient; une race qu'on exterminé; témoignages et documents; par Jean Ruby.

horrible mutilation. One unlucky young man named Ismail was burnt alive after having been soaked in petrol. A very limited number of the victims had the good luck to be shot.

"The victim sometimes had to carry one or two of his executioners on his back when going to the abattoir; such was the case of Husni, son of Kerim Agha, a notable of the town.

"During twenty-three days up to November 16 (old style), 591 persons had been condemned by the tribunal of the bandits. This carnage continues till the present time. The Bulgarian and Servian officers say openly that their mission is to annihilate the Moslem population. Only a small number of the inhabitants have been able to escape by disguising themselves, and thanks to the humanity of the Greek Metropolitan; there are also some Bulgarians who disapprove of the carnage, but they are powerless to put a stop to it.

"All the young women and girls are violated and converted by force. Even the rich whose fortune rose to many thousand Turkish pounds are forced to send their children to beg bread in the Greek and Jewish quarters. Besides, since the end of November we have been unable to obtain further news of these unfortunates."

"In the region of Salonica, the villages, and particularly the hamlets, are exposed to all kinds of unexampled cruelty. (This is from the report of the Vali of Salonica to the Turkish Ministry, dated December 9, 1912, old style). The policy followed by the native Bulgars and the bands is to diminish the Mussulman element in Macedonia. For example, they gather together all the Mussulmans of the male sex of a village, shut them up in the mosque, then during the night they lead them to the mountain and put them to death. The young girls are married by force to the first Christian, the older women are converted to Christianity under pain of death.

The Bulgarian Government lets all this take place, alleging that it is the work of the populace and the bands.

"The Mussulmans of the village of Kortot, a place of 200 houses, were collected in the mosque and there burnt alive after having been soaked in petrol. The old women of the village were likewise burnt alive in three barns. The above-mentioned atrocities, which have never taken place on any point of the globe, are done publicly and with great pomp everywhere in Roumelia (*i.e.*, European Turkey) without exception.

"As I said in one of my previous reports, these atrocities obliged one of the Consuls to say: 'I am ashamed to be a Christian and a European.' The aggressive acts continue in the country. As it would be difficult to make Europe believe in the truth and accuracy of these atrocities it is indispensable that an international commission of inquiry should be charged to go the round of the villayetes of Salonica and of Kossovo and should realise de visu the barbarities committed. The Consuls of the Great Powers, as well as Osman Adil Bey, one of the notables of Salonica, and some other notables, have taken steps in this direction. It is indispensable that this commission should come as soon as possible to these regions in order that it may see the human bodies putrefying all along the roads.

"The evening when this report was finished the Consul of Austria called on me and expressed his very great regrets, saying that the atrocities committed in the region of Salonica are without precedent in the world, and that he felt, as the English Consul had said, ashamed to be a European and a Christian on learning of these cruelties. He said: 'The Consuls of England, France, Germany and Austria have written to their Governments on the necessity of sending out a mixed commission.' (This, of course, refers to one of the documents which Sir Edward Grey refuses to make public.)

"At Uskub the Servians massacred men, women and children under the eyes of the Consuls. The Turkish prisoners conveyed to Belgrade and to Nish were massacred. Between Kumanovo and Uskub before the end of November three thousand Moslem non-combatants had been put to death; five thousand in and round Prishtina. We have already received a report of the massacre at Dedeagach. Prizrend, Veles, Perlepe, Krichova have also been the scene of horrors not yet fully known. Between October 16 and 22 (old style) the Bulgarian soldiers burnt all the Moslem villages in the region of Palas-Pachmaklar-Deridere. The villages of Davond, Topoclou, and Maden were burnt on the night of October 22-23. The Bulgarian cavalry which crossed the frontier at Malkochlar burnt, with the aid of bombs, twelve villages, after having committed monstrous acts upon the women and girls."

In the "Daily News" of the 8th instant I read from a Constantinople correspondent:—

"The continued recital by the Turkish Press of bogus Bulgar massacres of the Turks is causing great hatred."

All that the unfortunate Turks have ever asked was for an international commission to investigate the matter. They have been asking for it now for three whole months in vain, and all that while these horrors have been going on. The Servian, Bulgarian and Greek reply to the charges has taken the very cynical form of calm denial. The allies and their sympathisers heap their scorn upon the Turkish demand which has till now been humbly urged, as if it were ridiculous—a mere device to cadge for sympathy. Two hundred and forty thousand Moslems killed most cruelly; that is the rough estimate of a European of high standing in those regions. And the prayer for an inquiry is treated as absurd by Western Christendom. Like the Consuls of Salonica, I am heartily ashamed of being a European and a Christian at this juncture.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

NIETZSCHE AND DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—I do not quite understand Mr. A. D. Wood's letter. His contention appears to be that Christianity has made slaves of us and Nietzsche will set us free, but in one part of his letter he tells us that we do not really believe Christianity and that it has failed to grip the people, while in another part he tells us that it has shackled us. Is he not mixing up two different things? Christianity—by which I mean the teaching of one great "Asiatic" about brotherhood, etc.—has never gripped the people. The aristocrats and the capitalists take good care that it shall not. It would not suit their book for us to be shackled by the Gospel. They have other chains which they prefer. What Nietzsche attacked was not Christianity, but the diluted or distorted form of it which the propertied classes have allowed the proletariat to become acquainted with. Let the great "Asiatic" speak for Himself and A. D. Wood need not reject Him, even if he likes to have Nietzsche as well on his platform.

Let him, for instance, repeat the Magnificat, and call upon the mob to "send the rich empty away." Let him tell the "brother of low degree" to "rejoice in that he is made rich." If he wants a vocabulary with which to enhearten the wage slaves and make them want to throw off their chains he will find plenty of it in the New Testament. But I venture to think he is too optimistic if he really supposes he has only got to "tell the people" and the trick is done. One or two more crucifixions will probably be necessary, and even then—well, I have my doubts (perhaps because I am a clergyman). No, I think it is because I am a modern British socialist.

JAMES ADDERLEY.

NAMING NOT MAKING.

Sir,—Apropos of your "Notes" of the 6th inst., on the subject of citizenship in relation to the franchise, your readers should be reminded of the anecdote of Lincoln. Interviewed one day by a deputation demanding votes for negroes (before they had acquired any holding of property in the country), Lincoln addressed to the leaders the following question: "How many legs would you say a sheep had if you counted its tail as a leg?" The answer given was "Five." "Wrong," said Lincoln, "for merely calling the tail a leg would not make it one."

G. F.

SCIENCE AND SEX.

Sir,—I am glad to see B. Hastings' protest against making children sharers in *bedroom* conversations, as they are called. I have been dubbed old-fashioned—the will be, I warn her—for speaking against the practice. Children of tender years are incurious more often than not, except momentarily; if they ask, it's carelessly, and not in the scientific spirit. Older children are nervous, and willing to stave off as long as they can such information as the modern parent or educationist seems grotesquely eager to impart. Sex is like all things, good and sweet in season; hauled in at every opportunity, it grows rancid, and will turn sweet minds rancid easily.

—Does the hyper-anxious informant ever stop to inquire if the knowledge given is wanted? When I was a single woman, I was introduced one afternoon to a young married lady, also to a man, stranger to both of us; and two hours after our first greeting, we were walking three abreast down the village street, she holding loudly forth on the Nameless Disease (we had all read Brioux) with an ignorance almost unbelievable, trying to inform me of the dangers a woman ran. My protest brought on me the charge mentioned above, and when I was shamed into silence, on she went blithely into the arcana of unmentionable things.

I think that modernity is a trifle behind-hand in the matters of sanity and moderation. If I urge women to leave off their stays, it is for their health's sake, and I don't try to persuade them to walk abroad in their under-clothing only. If I cry out against the prurient hushing-up of knowledge which should not be withheld, I don't propose furnishing every uninformed person with one of the booklets on the (save me!) "science" of sex.

But as I don't smoke, and have never broken a window willingly, I have no right to interfere.

IDA WILD.—

* * *

PREFERENCE FOR WOMEN.

Sir,—No sooner do I pillory some astounding case of undue leniency to a female prisoner than another worse instance comes along. Last Saturday (Feb. 8), a French woman, named Boulanger, was on her trial at Nottingham for flinging a lighted lamp at, according to the judge, "an inoffensive old woman," burning her to death. She was found guilty of manslaughter only, and sentenced to nine months in the second division. In 1907 a man living at Leamington threw a lighted lamp at his mother, burning her to death. He was hanged.

ARCH. GIBBS.

* * *

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Sir,—It is quaintly characteristic of the sensitive specialist, indignant as he always is when someone ventures to criticise his particular business, that he invariably produces a most elaborate homily on *your* business, from up his sleeve, if ever you venture to rouse him. Apparently the arts of cabinet making are shrouded in mystery quite impenetrable to the non-cabinet-making critic, while to the cabinet-maker the arts of criticism are as transparent and as simple as how-do-you-do! Pompously Mr. Smith expatiates upon "the function" of the critic, while the whole gist of his letter is that I should refrain from expatiating upon the function of the cabinet-maker. He says that construction (underlined), not merely destruction, is the ultimate *raison d'être* of the critic. But is it precisely my fault if Mr. Smith was unable to see that the whole of the first part of my article was constructive in spirit? I am perfectly willing to acknowledge Mr. Smith's right to discuss my manner of performing my business, but only on the understanding that I shall be left in peace and quiet, and not bombarded with correspondence when I undertake to discuss his. I thoroughly disapprove of this cry of "Technique! Technique!" which rises from the lungs of all specialists the moment any one attempts to express his dislike of their results. Soon, if one dare to criticise a loaf of bread or a pudding, one will be deafened by the same cry from the quarter of the cooks and the bakers, until people more meek than I will resign themselves to eating distasteful things in humble silence.

I did not go as an accomplished technician to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. To suppose that I ought to have done so is to knock the last nail in the coffin of the man of taste and judgment, who, without being precisely a potter, or a french polisher, or a politician, can yet judge of a pot, a polished surface, or a Parliament. I admit that I went there with a very high standard of excellence in furniture in my mind, but certainly not with the express object of finding fault. I said to myself: the cultured men who are at the head of this "Craft" movement must not only equal, they must by far excel the ordinary tradesman, in the arts they are practising; otherwise their leadership as designers alone is mere romanticism, sheer dilettantism. I actually called myself "a fastidious critic" in the article to which Mr. Smith takes exception. And what did I do? I examined hinges, I passed my fingers over locks sunk into the wood, over mitred and other joints, I pulled out drawers to discover whether they glided softly or stuck, I ran my hand over carvings and under cornices, I compared fittings with the bulk of the furniture to which they were fastened, etc., etc. What was I on the look-out for? I was simply seeking that finish, that superb and conscientious meticulousness of the artist who deliberately chooses furniture as a medium of expression and whose work must, therefore, far outshine that of the workman who has to struggle against time and terrible competition in manufacturing it.

I admit it was a high standard; but as I said in my article on the subject, I was disappointed in its application. Here I found joints badly fitted, there hinges not even sunk into the wood, elsewhere drawers that would not glide smoothly, or locks not flush with the surface around them, and almost universally I found a lack of that superiority which I expected.

Are these, or are these not, things of which a man who is not a cabinet-maker can judge?

For the rest, *i.e.*, for matters of proportion and design, I relied upon that taste which inherited tradition and training have given me.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE ACT.

Sir,—If Miss Neilans really wants grounds for the spreading belief that women are responsible for the re-introduction of flogging (you cannot separate an Act from its *main* clauses), and does not merely desire to chop logic, she might glance at the letter from Mrs. D. Leigh-Bennett, which appeared in your columns side by side with Mrs. Hastings' letter. Mrs. Leigh-Bennett, a suffragist, and presumably acquainted with the facts, takes for granted that women supported the flogging Bill, and flogging certainly is "for men only." Also, she might read the Christian journals devoted to women, suffragist papers, and the report of the Albert Hall meeting. If women do not want barbarities, let them show it by public condemnation of every flogging sentence, or, at least, by some sort of support of those who have to undo their hysterical and disgraceful work. But, sir, we shall not expect any such thing! The ladies are sensationalists.

EDWARD STAFFORD.

* * *

THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

Sir,—Heaven forbid that I or any other ethnologist should question Mr. William L. Hare's "facts" regarding the lost Ten Tribes!—for surely every scientist now knows perfectly well that the Ten Tribes were never really lost at all. When I next solemnly set forth a purely imaginative Jewish solution of a problem that never existed, I will duly notify the fact in a footnote. I take Mr. Hare carefully off my hook with the same feeling of mingled sadness and amusement as Mr. Jack Squire no doubt felt when somebody wrote a letter, a perfectly serious letter, about a perfectly imaginary book which he "reviewed" in your columns. But Mr. Hare has charmingly summed up for us the laborious researches of half-a-dozen German scientists whose useful but stodgy tomes sleep comfortably, never more to be awakened, in a far-off corner of my shelves. That is no small feat, is it? My compliments.

J. M. KENNEDY.

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THE METHODS OF MR. BARKER.

Sir,—In retiring from this discussion, let me say that my entry into it was justified. I knew that no argument was possible between your correspondents, as they had not agreed on any data. The hearty adoption by Mr. Ould of my prison simile shows that he is an utterly in-artistic person. To the argument that the interpretative artist "ought not to be allowed to go beyond the bounds prescribed by the creative artist," I can only reply with an emphatic negative. A creative artist does not prescribe bounds: he provides inspirations; but even if he did prescribe bounds, the continuity of his inspiration would be broken by the intrusion of a third party between him and his interpreter. To say that people ought not to be allowed to do what they are prompted to do is to make a preposterous claim to authority. Criticism has its rights, but they are rights of criticism, not of censorship; and if Mr. Ould would be the first to deny Paderewski as much licence as he likes in the interpretation of Chopin, I can only hope that he will be. What Paderewski will say will become historic, and some poet will have the opportunity of including Mr. Ould in a new Dunciad.

I disposed of the orchestral argument in my previous letter by showing that an orchestral performance is a solo. A play is not a solo, and the analogy fails at a most important point. There is a form of music that is comparable with a play, and Mr. Ould skilfully avoids mention of it: I refer to chamber music. Mr. Ould is logical enough to demand that chamber music be produced under the baton of a conductor; and I should be the last to deny him the exercise of his logic. But I should not go to his concerts. In chamber music we have a refutation of his assumption that an autocratic producer is necessary to produce the effect of unity. By the simple process of rehearsing together, interpretative artists arrive at unity; but they do not disregard diversity. The unity for which Mr. Ould pants excludes diversity; it is not really unity, it is that indefinite incoherent homogeneity from which Herbert Spencer said that everything developed. I regret that I misunderstood Mr. Ould's aphorism, but if when he wrote "unity" he meant "unity," the fault is obviously not mine. It should be clear by now that "unity" and not "unity" was his meaning.

Mr. Ould gives away his whole case when, speaking of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," he says that "my agitato may be more or less fiery than yours, but agitato is agitato when all is said." Will it be remembered that we are discussing a particular thing, Mr. Barker's method of production? "An Actor" has told us, and Mr. Butt has corroborated his statement, that Mr. Barker will not allow an interpretative artist to interpret. Mr. Ainley's Malvolio, for example, may be more subtle, more satirical, or more farcical, than Mr. Barker's; but it is Mr. Barker's Malvolio, not Mr. Ainley's, that is to be seen at the Savoy. It may be an unfortunate prejudice of mine, but I prefer Mr. Ainley to Mr. Barker; but, apart from that, I object on general grounds to the subordination of one personality to another. There is no tyranny involved in attempting to understand and interpret a character as created by an artist; but to be checked in every movement, corrected in every intonation, and to be compelled to stultify and suppress the direct expression of one's own conception, is to be subjected to a process that is dangerous to sanity and destructive to art. This process will either drive the real actors mad or drive them off the stage; and the puppet theatre of Gordon Craig will be the only form of dramatic art allowed (to use Mr. Ould's word) to us. I object to being "allowed" anything. I want to see what people have to offer, and retain my natural right to criticise it.

It is clear that there can be no argument between us, we are far as the poles asunder. Mr. Ould will have his unity, I will have my diversity. Mr. Ould will not "allow" people to give their own rendering of a work of art, and I will not "allow" them to give that of anybody else. Mr. Ould assumes that a work of art is a finality when it leaves its author, and is capable of only one interpretation: I assume that every possible interpretation is equally valid, provided that the mood of the work is maintained. There are cases (Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" is an example) where not one mood but many are concerned in the writing of the piece; but no artist publishes an autopsy of his work. We do not know anything of the intentions of a work of art, and the artist himself, as Shaw showed in the case of Ibsen, is rarely conscious of them. It is absurd for anyone to suppose that his conception (even if it could be discovered) is really more valid than that of another; but it is a denial of the reality of interpretative art to force that conception on other people. It is, I think, right and proper to deny the title of creative artist to actors; but it is an unwelcome extension of the inhibitive process to refuse them the exercise of their interpretative art. We have the right to criticise, to advise, to condemn, or approve, the actor's interpretation; but we have no right to refuse any man the natural expression of his conception of a work of art.

I did not address myself to Mr. Norman Fitzroy Webb, and I am not obliged to say more than that my letter was intelligible to your readers without his commentary. But as he thinks that he would be better for some prison discipline, I agree; and give him my permission to immure himself for life in one of His Majesty's gaols.

JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

* * *

L'ACTION FRANÇAISE.

Sir,—I own that I am not able to discuss with Mr. Boyd, and it is the reason why this will be my last reply to his imputations. He avers that after having "accused THE NEW AGE of being late in its views concerning the Action Française, and queried the accuracy of the word 'recent' as applied to certain works published within the last five years," I denied that I ever made such statements. I wonder where I denied it. In the end of my last letter, I explained that I found fault with the term "recent" as applied to "Kiel et Tanger," because this book is nowadays quite classical and not "hopelessly out of date," as Mr. Boyd wrote it. Moreover, in that same letter, I again told him that he was late because he shamefully misrepresented our ideas. So I do not see the difference between these assertions and those of my first letter, and I am not able to understand how Mr. Boyd can say that I deny what I wrote. Perhaps it is because I am imbued with the "clerical obscurantism of Chauvinistic royalist reactionaries." ("Ouf!" as we say in France.)

In a like manner, I had written "we aim at reminding the Protestants that they are French people, a fact which a great number of them seem to have forgotten." Mr. Boyd quotes the first part of the sentence up to "French people," and then goes on: "challenged as to this, your correspondent quibbles, as usual, and explains that he meant a great number." I did not only mean it, but already wrote it twice, and if Mr. Boyd were loyal enough to quote the whole sentence, he could not charge me with quibbling.

Moreover, I can tell Mr. Boyd that he ventures too far when he says that he showed "by quotation that clericalism, militarism, anti-Semitism, and crude abuse are the most prominent features of the neo-royalist propaganda." In his article he quotes some Homeric epithets, and in his last letter some of Mr. Daudet's invectives, and if we add a sentence about Naquet, we have all that he quoted. Where are his quotations about our anti-Semitism, militarism, and clericalism? On the contrary, I quoted to him Mr. Dimier's and Mr. Lemaître's words about Jews as distinguished from Protestants. I told him that Maurras was a Positivist, an admirer of Catholicism, but not a Catholic himself, and that our militarism had nothing of a "blind enthusiasm." Those ideas could be easily discussed. Mr. Boyd never discussed them, and went on attacking our leaders and misrepresenting their ideas.

Yet, I must confess that on this point, there is a great change in his attitude. He now reserves for Mr. Léon Daudet the encomiums which he so profusely bestowed upon Mr. Maurras. Whilst in the article of December we hear of Mr. Maurras' poverty of ideas, lack of definitive constructive proposals, ignorance of the past and misinterpretation of the present, in the last letter we are told that "Lemaître, Lasserre and Maurras are superior to the rabble which has gathered about them," and that they are critics of some reputation. Perhaps, we can penetrate the mystery of this contradiction. Mr. Boyd likely peruses the French Socialist or Syndicalist papers, and during the last week of January, when all the French newspapers wrote about Mr. Maurras, in the "Humanité," the leading Socialist paper, he could read articles from J. Uhry, Snell, and Marcel Sembat, all favourable to Mr. Maurras; he could see that the journalists of the "Bataille Syndicaliste" consider "Anthinea" as a masterpiece, and that the whole of the Republican Press, from the "Action" to the "Rappel," admires Mr. Maurras' logic and loyalty.

So we understand why Mr. Boyd softens his tone when speaking of Mr. Maurras, but if he owns that the three leaders—the chief journalists of the "Action Française"—are valuable critics, how can he say to the readers of THE NEW AGE that the journalism of the "Action Française" is "literary hooliganism" and "mere Billingsgate," when every day those writers publish in that paper their literary and political articles? Once more we reach one of those contradictions of which Mr. Boyd is so fond.

As for M. Léon Daudet, I am sure that when Mr. Boyd will find his praises in the French Socialist papers, he surely will approve of his courageous "campagnes." Yet I dare say that the author of "Le lit de Procuste," enjoying the esteem of his countrymen, and seeing the positive results of his struggle with the hidden foes of France, cares but little for the blame or the approval of Mr. Boyd, whose lyrical strains against the "ancien régime," Louis XIV, and chiefly "the weak tool of Bossuet's ecclesiastical venom" (?) are more ludicrous than dangerous.

Before ending this letter, allow me to thank you for the hospitality which you so kindly gave me in your review, and as I did not only peruse Mr. Boyd's article and letters, but also found sounder criticism in your columns, I promise you that henceforth I will be one of your most constant readers.

G. DEPOULAIN.

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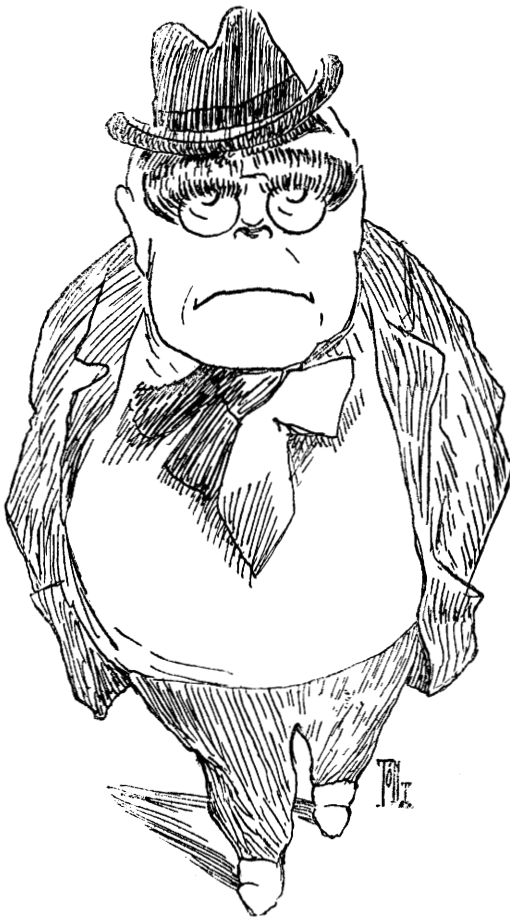
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