NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The sudden increase of armaments on the Continent has dwarfed all the other events of the last week. Germany threw down the challenge to France by arranging to increase her army by 300,000 men; France accepted it by reverting to three years' system of re-recruitment; and Russia has supported her ally by notifying the organisation of three new army corps—i.e., 150,000 men. As if this were not enough to startle the industrially jaded nervous system of the modern Englishman, the whole country has been thrown into a state of ludicrous alarm by some jokers who let loose a half-crown gasbag on the Yorkshire moors, an action which was at once followed by circumstantial rumours concerning German airships—airships which not merely turned up in half a dozen places at once, but were provided with searchlights clearer and much more powerful than any yet devised by human beings.

We should be the last to attribute serious importance to this gasbag incident; but we cannot forbear from citing it in view of the comments it has aroused in the Press. The spectre of Boney a century ago was never more terrifying than the spectre of German airships to-day; but there is a remarkable distinction between the two. We know that Napoleon actually did contemplate an invasion of England; we know that he took his preliminary steps, drafted his plans, and even organised his troops for the purpose. We know, too, that the Englishmen of the period quietly faced these proposals as courageous men might have been expected to do: they supported their allies with soldiers and money, and originated the movement among themselves which was afterwards destined to reach its perfection in the Volunteer system. Our contemporaries, if we can believe the Press, do not attempt to face the alleged German peril at all; they simply scurry into their industrial rabbit-warrens like some timid animal afraid of the sight of a man. In writing as they do, the newspapers undoubtedly represent the views of a large proportion of their readers; but of their middle-class readers, we firmly believe; not of their working-class readers. For the economic, industrial, social, and political system of this country has been for decades in the hands of the middle-classes, and ninety-nine newspapers out of a hundred are published in the interests of this ruling class. The working classes, where the Press is concerned, still remain beyond the pale, even in their own papers; for, unlike Germany and France, and even Italy, we have not yet in England a strong Labour Press, free entirely from capitalist support and capitalist subsidies in the form of advertisements.

We do not propose for the moment to examine the record of seven or eight decades of middle-class rule; but to one significant feature of it we must again draw attention. Middle-class domination, while it has not entirely crushed the traditional English tendency of the workers to form themselves into guilds, has had for its object—an object unfortunately very nearly achieved—the restriction of the freedom of the working classes, and the education, such as it has been, of the working classes solely for the benefit of the industrial caste. In order that this result might be achieved, our industrialists, through their Parliamentary representatives, have striven for years to repeal the Truck Act, in effect, by paying the working classes in kind rather than in money. Hence we have free schooling; free school doctoring; feeding for necessitous boys and girls; free libraries; and (through the municipalities) free parks, and so on. The Old Age Pensions Act for the relief of pauperised industrialists was quickly followed by the fishy Insurance Act, to which we have already had occasion to refer in these columns. The next item in this long catalogue is a Bill for Compulsory Arbitration; and in all the instances we have mentioned an extra shaving has been sliced off the workman’s scanty allowance. We must, in addition to all this, take into consideration the conditions under which our workpeople are expected...
to live and flourish. The middle classes have penned them in factories during the day, and herded them in slums at night; and they have at every turn opposed, and usually defeated every attempt to better their conditions of life and labour. Shorter hours, for example, have been followed by the intensification of the speeding-up process, so that the worker is just as exhausted as before, and even less inclined to formerly to resist toכולand measures.

In face of this facts, can we wonder at the civic and national apathy which has lately become so obvious a feature of the working classes and the lower-middle classes—those workers, that is to say, who are most affected by the industrial system, and yet the most numerous element out of all the elements constituting the national entity? Can we wonder at the rapid development of the cheapest and least intellectual forms of amusement, such as the cinema or the yellow newspaper Press? And who but jingo Army officers, ignorant of the conditions of our industrial life, would express surprise and scorn because these overworked, under-paid, half-starved, ill-housed victims of the hypocrites who subsidise the Liberal Caucus, prefer to spend their Saturday afternoons looking at football matches, instead of going to the drill hall? Let us assume that the military "experts" who have been clamouring for conscription are, just for the moment, in the right. What can they say in reply to this axiom of Machiavelli's, an axiom which history has proved true again and again:

"The very foundations of all estates, whether new, old, or mixed, are good laws and good arms. But you cannot have the former without the latter, and where you have the latter, are likely to have the former." It may conceivably be argued that Machiavelli was thinking of the relations between States, postulating the independence of a State as a necessary corollary to the exercise of its own laws. But, taking the statement in its narrower sense and applying it to our own country, how do our military advisers expect to have good arms to support good laws? Is the Insurance Act, for example, a "good" law from the military point of view? Is it likely to increase the physical fitness of the classes whence most of our common soldiers are drawn; is it likely to imbue these classes with the moral qualities of courage and discipline which is essential to be a soldier? Most certainly not. We wish from our soul that the members of the General Staff, instead of drawing up the plans of imaginary Continental campaigns, would study the application of the Insurance Act in any working-class district for a single week. Directly, their inquiry would have little to do with military operations; but indirectly it would have everything to do with them. For there can be no soldiering without soldiers; and not even Napoleon himself could have made soldiers out of men who are keenly conscious of their moral degradation as units in a helot class, who possess less than the average amount of moral sense as a consequence of Liberal inspecting from the moment of birth (for the servants of the Judges who betrayed the working-men must be careful about the disposal of the thirty pieces of silver), and who have been dosed, when necessary, with the cheapest drugs in the pharmacopœia. Here is a vicious circle indeed. Our bad laws have resulted in a nation which is physically and morally impoverished, and in consequence we have bad arms. Hence, presumably, our laws must prove themselves, through our arms, to be bad on the field of battle before some generous conqueror relieves us from the incubus of capitalism which is now slowly crushing all the virile forces in the country.

While we are willing to assume these hypotheses for the sake of argument, however, we must remind our readers that we have never admitted that the conspirators are justified in their demands for more and more and more men; and a remarkable article on "The Military Conspiracy" in the current "Fortnightly" month justifies the attitude we have always maintained. The writer of the "Fortnightly" month has proved that in 1905 the War Office authorities were so well satisfied with our ability to defend ourselves that they proposed to cut down the Volunteer establishment by 145,000 officers and men and the actual strength of the Volunteers by 50,000 men—and this in spite of the fact that in 1905 the Volunteers were already 90,000 short of the establishment. In other words, we may ask why the present-day army, about equal in numbers, and certainly superior in training to the army of 1905, should no longer satisfy the military authorities.

The writer of the "Fortnightly" article deliberately suggests that the "misrepresentations" of our present army are due to the fact that "highly-placed army officers have not got the army of their dreams, an army which can be used in pursuit of an ambitious and dangerous policy, an army which can, in fact, be thrown on the Continent." Hence, the reader affirms, the plan to kill the Territorial Force so far as its present voluntary basis is concerned; hence, too, let us add, the outburst of maudlin jingoism and hyper-patriotic sentimentality of crackheads and Cameridge professors. It is by no means the least humorous element of the situation that all this agitation should have been conducted by the nominal servants of the Liberal Party, the party of peace, retrenchment, and reform, the party that counts on the support of the House and in the country a greater percentage of daft peacekeepers than any other party in the world.

It comes to this, that our highly placed Army officers, irrespective of the actual state of things at home and abroad, have for some time past taken to dictating the military foreign policy of the Government; and as an excuse for this behaviour we have repeatedly noticed that Earl Roberts' apologists have got into the habit of reminding us of Bismarck, Moltke, and the German renaissance and unity of the sixties, culminating in the war with France. Such analogies, to our mind, show either an utter ignorance of what we may call the personal history of the time or a wilful distortion of it. It is perfectly true to say that the German army was a powerful and essential factor in deciding the events which led to the formation of the German Empire as we now know it; it is, say, German army, and the same, for the sake of convenience, referring naturally to the Prussian Army. At the head of this splendidly drilled, equipped, and organised force were two great soldiers, Moltke and Roon. It was their duty to make the army efficient and to keep it so; and how well they performed their task all the world knows. Bismarck never took a single step, whether against Denmark, Austria, or France, without consulting both these generals. And here we
part company with our modern analogists. Bismarck explicitly enquired on each occasion whether the army was efficient or not. He never in his life enquired whether his military experts would advise him to proceed against France, or Austria or Denmark. His military experts never had to do this. Here is the army: why not make an attack on so-and-so?" Had they ventured so far out of their own province, they would assuredly have been kicked down the stairs by the powerful Chancellor, or thrown out of the window. But nothing of the sort happened, simply because in the Prussia of 1860 and 1870, as in the Germany of our own times, each man knew his job, and did not meddle whether his military experts would advise him to proceed against France or not.

The powerful Chancellor, or thrown out of the window, the Prussia of 1860, would be lost on those of our mown, generals and Cabinet Ministers who stand in need of such advice. We notice in Monday's papers a long statement issued by the railway directors which is surely one of the most disingenuous documents ever penned. Richardson, let us recall, refused the foreman's order to take on three extra wagons at Chesterfield on the ground that he had in his charge as many wagons as he ought to take with a ten-ton brake; and he may have an appeal to the written instructions of the company. Richardson refused, rightly enough, as we think, to disobey the written regulations at the mere verbal command of two officers of the company. Had he carried out his verbal instructions, he might have endangered public life; and a case has been cited in which a railwayman is now being punished for not endangering the safety of the public.

And the excuse given by the Midland Company in this matter is that the written rules by which Richardson regulated his conduct were not approved by the Board of Trade, and that, in fact, merely the ordinary regulations of the company, that is the reason why we think the long official diatribe disingenuous; but it would be easy to point to other flaws in it.

Coming now to the question of remedies, we cannot say that we can give our approval to the speech of Mr. W. Hudson delivered on Sunday night at Kentish Town Baths. If the Company, he concluded by saying, were determined to pursue this policy instead of rectifying the grievous error which, in his opinion, they had committed, the State should withdraw from the Company the powers they possessed and take the railway into their own hands. Why, one might ask, "the railway," why not "the railways"? And why should the State take over the powers of the railway company in question? Both the Knox and Richardson incidents were, we think, due to the懒散 attitude of the management of the company to the system of capitalisation adopted by the companies. Mr. Emil Davies has already indicated how many of our railways are "controlled" by amiable old gentlemen of seventy and eighty years of age, and how directors of sixty-five or so are comparative youths. But we complain much more of railway finance; and here we touch on one point, we think, which has never yet been adequately dealt with. We refer to the pernicious habit of paying for improvements out of capital instead of out of revenue. That we must submit to the present system of railway finance until the workers wake up, we have at least the right to demand that our capitalists and financiers shall be efficient if they set their hands to anything; and this is precisely what railway financiers in England fail to do.

Our railways are enormously over-capitalised, and many millions of pounds of the total is watered capital, simply because all improvements have been paid for out of capital instead of revenue. Nor is the English railway director any better than Mr. Harriman, who made railway finance an exact science. He never gave the public a penny of the increased efficiency and profits resulting from the improvements, but merely the interest on the amount; not for a few years only, but in perpetuity.

We must recollect, however, that the men connected with the executives of American railways are familiar with their work. Look at the names of some of the English directors: you will find titled persons who cannot possibly know anything of the technical side of railway management or finance; astute lawyers; and, above all, country gentlemen who "must be elected" to "represent" certain districts through which the railway must happen to run. The other hand, had the railwaymen, Mr. Harriman in this respect, we have the Gouds, the Vanderbilts, Mr. James J. Hill, Mr. Harriman alone in this respect. We have the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, Mr. James J. Hill, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Milton H. Smith, Mr. C. S. Mellen, Mr. James McCrea—the list might be extended ad infinitum. We are not, as our readers well know, in love with financiers of any kind; but we will do the American railway magnates the justice of saying that they know their business down to the price of a lump of coal. Our English railwaymen know their work equally well. Our English railway directors have nothing to suggest but a nursing home or a lethal chamber.

We need not remind the public how shockingly the railways are managed at present. It is not merely that the services, except on the main lines between important business centres, are poor; that the charges at refreshment rooms are extortionate; that the freight charges are out of all proportion. These items are relatively minor offences compared with the composition of the boards of directors of the various lines and the system of capitalisation adopted by the companies.
**Current Cant.**

"Our poets, authors, statesmen—the very highest types of humanity—are always the allures of money making."—Andrew Carnegie.

"Finally, it is proof of his [Lord Cowdray's] faith in his race and his country that he owns twenty thousand acres in England and fifteen thousand in Scotland; and he has no terror of Mr. Lloyd George's Budgets."—J. P., in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

"England dislikes ideas, unless their exposition takes a masterly form."—Professor Starling.

"Austen Chamberlain reads the 'London Mail.' That is not surprising, because Austen is a clever man."—London Mail."

"Thanks to the longer holidays and more fresh air and a saner diet, we live longer than our fathers."—G. S. Street.

"The socialising of the State is proceeding as rapidly and as sanely as any thoughtful Socialist can expect."—Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett.

"Wales in these days has no lack of voices in the House of Commons. That country is returning a body of eager and devoted Liberals who watch its interests every day."—Liberal Monthly.

"What is called Christian Socialism will always be found to be rather un-Christian so far as it is Socialist."—J. W. Urwin.

"The photograph was taken fifteen minutes after the battle. . . . Note the dead men."—Daily Mirror.

"With one great advantage, Nature, ever lavish of her gifts to Britain, has endowed us. It is the same which brought us safely through the Dutch War. The prevailing winds blow from our shores to the Continent. Attack by us will be swift; attack upon us will be slow. It is ours once more to use the gift of Nature."—Pall Mall."

"Boys are born in sin."—Justice Darling.

"Mr. Stanley Houghton, who followed up his success with 'Hindle Wakes' by producing his earlier play, 'The Younger Generation' . . . is a prophet in his own country."—The World's Work.

"The Poison Bolt" is one of the most sensational narratives we have ever had from the pen of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The first instalment contains an amazing adventure which leads the famous Professor Challenger to exclaim: 'It is, in my opinion, the end of the world!'—Adv. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"Could the Socialist Party once secure the alliance of the Catholic Church, the victory would be as sure as it was easy."—Westminster Review.

"The King was at a smoking concert last night. He opened the proceedings by lighting a cigarette, and remained until the end."—Daily Sketch.

"Tears, Idle Tears."—"I went to see 'Drake' at His Majesty's one afternoon last week. . . . It made the tears come into my eyes and trickle down my cheeks. I didn't want to cry, but I couldn't help it. 'Drake' made me cry. It just squeezed all the Englishman in me out of my heart into my eyes."—George R. Sims.

**CURRENT SENSE.**

"If you know you have well-shaped limbs, it is your bounden duty to display them."—The Duchess of Westminster.

**CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.**

"The scene was the Savoy Theatre . . . a trumpet blared noisily behind; suddenly a very modern photographer appeared. There was a flash and a bang, and our enger, straining features were snapped for a permanent memorial of this moving scene. 'Twelfth Night' had never been played before with such gusto. Miss Lilah McCarthy was absolutely aglow in the electrical atmosphere thus created."—News and Leader.

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**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

During the last few weeks there have been several rumours of prolonged diplomatic negotiations between France and Italy, although these rumours have hitherto been confined to diplomatic circles and have not found their way into the papers even in an indefinite form. On the other hand, the Press, particularly the Italian Press, did contain some references to a naval agreement entered into by Spain and Italy, though as a matter of fact, no negotiations or pourparlers had taken place between these two countries to warrant the statement that anything like a definite understanding had been reached. I am happy in my position to be able to give some details of the actual negotiations, which, as they come from the best sources, may be taken as authentic.

Reference was made in these columns at the time to the bargaining between France and Germany over the compensations to be offered by the former to the latter in return for freedom of action in Morocco. Spain, who had definite claims to a section of the Moroccan coast, was naturally interested in these negotiations, and it may be remembered that when they were concluded there was still a more prolonged series of conversations between Paris and Madrid on the subject of the Spanish claims to the district between Ceuta and Melilla in the north, and a much smaller strip of land in the neighbourhood of Ifni in the south-west. These negotiations were concluded in due time, and an agreement was drawn up relating to the internationalisation of Tangier and the construction of railways. The Spanish Government was disappointed at not being allowed a free hand in connection with these railways, but the French Government atoned for this to some extent by granting to a few Spanish financiers certain facilities in connection with the establishment of banks.

These arrangements had not been finally concluded before the Balkan War broke out and entirely upset the balance of power in Europe. For the first time in modern history Austria found herself threatened by a powerful combination of Slavonic forces in the south in addition to her own Slavonic neighbours on the east. The consequence was that the tactical plans of the Austrian Army had to be entirely altered, and it was made known in Berlin that in future all the Austrian forces available would have to be concentrated in the south and the event of any war in Western Europe they would probably not be available until some weeks had elapsed. This, as I indicated last week, was practically the equivalent of saying that they would not be available at all, since modern campaigns are practically concluded in the first month. The immediate consequence of this situation was the preparations made by the German Government for increasing the peace strength of the Army to 850,000 men, half a million of whom it was proposed to concentrate towards the western frontier. This arrangement, as I have already said, naturally gave rise to much discussion in France, and the General Staff has strongly advised the return to the old three years' system of enlistment which had been abandoned in 1905. The system is held to be necessary by the most experienced military authorities on account of France's stationary or dwindling population.

As the plans of the German War Office for increasing the Army had been made known to the Spanish Ambassador at Berlin, the Madrid Government sought to turn this altered state of things to its advantage, and in consequence made a proposal to M. Poincaré, when the President was still Foreign Minister, that Spain should enter the Triple Entente. As inducements, Spain offered to support France in any trouble that extended to the Mediterranean. The Spanish Army,
which at peace strength consists of about 100,000 men and which at war strength might be as high as 350,000 men, was to be placed at the disposal of France under special conditions. In return for this the Spanish Government asked that the integrity of the small portion of the Spanish Congo should be guaranteed, and that the French Government should authorise a loan on the Bourse which would help Spain to re-establish herself after the heavy expenditure incurred in connection with the Rif war.

In point of fact, however, it was not so much with France that Spain wished to enter into an alliance as with England. It was perfectly well-known that it was the intention of the German Government to arrange as soon as possible for a naval base on the western coast of Africa, and in the event of war this naval base would probably have been shifted without ceremony to the Canary Islands. Once the Germans had established a new base there, it would be no easy matter to induce them to leave. It is therefore sufficiently obvious that the main object of Spain in offering to join the Triple Entente was to secure the safety of her various Atlantic islands by means of the British fleet—the French loan, although a highly important consideration, being only secondary one.

This, however, was neither definitely refused nor rejected, but after giving a non-committal reply the French Government allowed the matter to rest. About three weeks ago, the subject was again broached by the Spanish Foreign Minister, and pressing representations, I am informed, were also made to Sir Edward Grey. While it must be clearly understood that no definite decision has yet been reached, it may be stated that, as at present advised, both the British and French Governments will accept the Spanish offer, although this acceptance will not be unduly trumpeted. In other words, if the present arrangements are carried out, Spain will form part of the Triple Entente in very much the same manner as Roumania has for several years formed part of the Triple Alliance.

The alleged negotiations between Spain and Italy belong to quite another category, and may be briefly dismissed. The proposal which reached Madrid from Berlin via Rome, was that Austria, Italy, and Spain should unite in guaranteeing the inviolability of the Mediterranean. This grandiloquent phrase simply meant that there should be a sort of subsidiary alliance among the three fleets in question, which would combine in time of war to harass the French squadrons. At the Spanish fleet hardly counts for anything, the proposal simply meant that Italy and Austria, or perhaps Germany, would have been able to make use of various Spanish harbours in the event of war. It is obvious that the Spanish Government could not definitely agree to this proposal until it was known what reply would be made by the Triple Entente Powers to the original Spanish suggestion that Spain should be allowed to become one of them.

I may point out in conclusion that while little may be thought in some quarters of Spanish strength or influence in the Mediterranean, Spain would really be an embarrassment to the Triple Entente if she should show herself to be unfriendly or punctiliously neutral in time of trouble. Her harbours would certainly be of great advantage to any fleet, and it is sufficiently well known in this country that Gibraltar is very badly prepared to meet an attack from the land side. All the Gibraltar defences have been constructed with a view to the possibility of an attack from the sea.

The financial situation of the Turkish Empire is hopeless, and the Porte has placed the country entirely at the disposal of the Powers. "Peace on any terms" is the inglorious end.

Intra-Guild Relations.

As the Guilds gradually shape themselves into their natural economic forms and groupings, it is certain that many vexed controversies will call for patient and statesmanlike discussion and settlement. The reorganisation of industrial society may be planned with Roman precision of thought and a Greek sense of symmetry, but, unless the spirit that directs it is informed with a cultured appreciation of the many and various problems that at present solution, we may find ourselves in possession of a charter and constitution as perfect as a Central American Republic and with as rotten an administration. The organisation of the Guilds is a task for trained craftsmen and industrial thinkers, and not for contented wage slaves. It presupposes an intelligent determination to be quit of the wage system and an understanding that Guild organisation is the strong successor to the old industry, now clearly destined to disintegration and decay.

It is impossible to forecast the many and various points of dissension which must arise between the Guilds. Where economic interests tend to diverge, it is prudent to anticipate acute and even acrimonious controversy rather than the gentle reasonableness of a Quaker conference. As the raison d'être of the Guilds is primarily economic, and as nothing stirs mankind so deeply as the consideration of its material interests and prospects, we may, therefore, expect the active operation of economic "pulls," even though we cannot foresee their exact character. If, however, we visualise the future Guilds, we may perhaps vaguely glimpse some apples of discord, even though we cannot taste the fruit. Referring to the various "pulls," we may perhaps vaguely glimpse some apples of discord, even though we cannot taste the fruit. Referring to the various economic "pulls," we may perhaps vaguely glimpse some apples of discord, even though we cannot taste the fruit. Referring to the various economic "pulls," we may perhaps vaguely glimpse some apples of discord, even though we cannot taste the fruit.

Here, then, are nine possible Guilds covering a working membership of 13,500,000, and representing the majority of the population. It requires but little imagination to conceive a wide diversity of group "pulls," even though an economic unity has been established which far transcends any conceivable unity in the existing industrial system. Theoretically considered, two men in making a bargain are seeking economic unity; but that does not preclude a stern battle of wits in reaching a mutually satisfactory result. And it is human nature that the man with the stronger "pull" will get slightly the better of the bargain. (A wise lawyer will affirm, however, that the most enduring settlement is when both parties are completely satisfied. That, perhaps, is a counsel of perfection.) Now we do not pretend that these Guilds are all of equal economic strength, and accordingly we may expect dissatisfaction amongst the weaker Guilds when the stronger from time to time impose their wills—that is, in the last resort, exercise their "pull." In what direction, then, can we reasonably anticipate dissatisfaction, followed by strenuous agitation for rectification?
Primarily, we imagine, in the value each Guild sets upon its own labour, and not conceded by the other Guilds. In our chapter, "The Finance of the Guilds," we remarked that in the earlier stages the highly skilled industries would insist upon a higher value being attached to their labour than to the labour of the so-called "unskilled" groups. Assuming a weekly maximum "pay" of 100 guineas and a minimum of (say) 50, it is obvious that the lower grades will unceasingly struggle to reach the maximum, which of this struggle will be waged inside the several Guilds, for example, the fitter and his labourer, both members of the same Guild, or the mason and his labourer, another of the same. But the domestic arrangements of the Guild do not concern us here; it is when the Guilds, as such, come to grips with the other Guilds to establish the general value of their respective work and functions that the main battle will be joined. Thus, agriculture is now poorly paid, and, in consequence, we have habituated ourselves to cheap food—so cheap, indeed, that we are the envy and wonder of the world in this respect. But the Agricultural Guild is numerically the strongest of them all. May we not, therefore, by action by that Guild for a revaluation of agricultural work and products? It is clear that the Agricultural Guild will have direct or indirect relations with all the other Guilds, because none of them can estimate the cost of their work until the price of food has been determined. Will the controversy for a higher valuation of agriculture, both in its actual products and as a supreme important element in our national life, be met by the other Guilds in a niggling or a generous spirit? In this connection, it is well to remember that even during the past decade extremely acrimonious disputes have arisen between existing trade unions, notas to to delimitation of work, and if such large questions were to be settled in the same spirit, the progress of the future greatness of the Guilds. But the Guilds, as we have pictured them, are not the existing unions, but the unions plus the practical intellects, the labour and brains of each Guild naturally evolving an hierarchy to which large issues of industrial policy might with confidence be referred. At the back of this hierarchy, and, finally, dominating it, is the Guild democracy—a constitution genuinely susceptible to any real claim in equity. Nevertheless, the main consideration is that the settlement of intra-Guild disputes will be the economic necessities of the case at the time.

Suppose, then, that the Agricultural Guild were to demand such an increase in the value of its produce as would enable it to pay up to 75s. The farmers again, further, that the other Guilds were to reply that, whilst anxious to see agricultural labour values improved, any such advance, just then, would upset the equilibrium upon which depended their existing estimates, and accordingly the claim must be resisted. What would be the next step of the Agricultural Guild?

Before attempting any solution, it may help us if we postulate some other Guild complications. Take the Transit Guild, for example. There is no reason to suppose that transit will be a less important function under the Guilds than it is to-day. Suppose, then, the Transit Guild to be in suppressed revolt against its treatment by the other Guilds. Obviously, the Transit Guild occupies a strategic position of peculiar strength. It could hold up all the Guilds, the production of goods. But it can only be strong as long as it exercises its strength with responsibility. It is, nevertheless, dissatisfied. Consistent with responsibility and its sense of economic unity with the other Guilds, must it do it to the future greatness of the Guilds.

Again, the Textile and the Clothing Guilds are closely related. The one would certainly buy from the other in enormous quantities suppose a dispute to arise?

Yet, again, the Miners’ Guild is intimately bound up with all the other Guilds, who, naturally, want fuel. The miners may value their labour at an average of 80 when the other Guilds would prefer an average of 75. What is the way out?

Undoubtedly, the ultimate way out would be by a speedy approximation of all labour values to one common standard. But finding the ultimate solution, what would be the probable course of future?

Fortunately, private capitalism has already evolved a plan which would largely meet the difficulties here cited. When groups of companies have mutual interests as buyers and sellers to each other, to avoid these very complications they take financial holdings in many other and exchange directors. They recognize their inter-dependence and take precautions against disturbing it. In like manner, the Guilds will probably exchange representation upon their several governing bodies, so that the Guild ambassadors understand and sympathetically enter into, the difficulties and problems of the others. Nor is there any reason why these Guild ambassadors should not be clothed with large authority to limit their Guilds to proposals that vary existing contracts or understandings. If large changes were proposed, the assent of the other Guilds, through their ambassadors, would be as deliberate as the changes were important. We have hit upon a valuable truth: When bodies between which there is no economic harmony disagree (labour and capital under modern industrialism) such disagreement leads towards disintegration; but disagreements between two or more bodies whose economic interests are harmonious, tend towards closer economic integration. Thus dissensions amongst the Guilds would almost certainly create a movement to reduce all such friction to its smallest area, and by good-will on all sides, to eliminate it. And to achieve this end would be by closer relations reached through the interchange of Guild ambassadors, whose functions would be precisely those of a national ambassador, who must not only watch his country but promote closer relations, and, if required, help to smooth out difficulties when they arise elsewhere. The position of Guild representative would obviously be very important—a position to which the best men in the Guild might aspire.

But whilst nine out of every ten disputes between the Guilds would probably be solved by a system of inter-representation it is quite conceivable that a dissatisfied Guild would carry its discontent considerably further. We have already postulated a supreme governing body of the United Guilds; to this body, in which is vested plenary powers, every Guild would have the right to appeal. In the last resort, too, every Guild would have the right to strike, and against whom, at the moment passes our comprehension.

Disputes would, however, almost certainly play a very small part in inter-Guild relations. To adopt our ambassadorial analogy once more, the vast majority of nations are perpetually at peace with the world, but their ambassadors are none the less busy on that account. Quite literally, tens of thousands of questions would be constantly waiting their answers. Two Guilds, each with a membership of 1,000,000, with enormous trading relations covering the whole country, must of necessity evolve suitable diplomatic machinery through which their affairs would be regulated.

It is of some speculative interest to what extent red-tape would influence the Guilds. Would the diplomatic machinery need to be increased or reduced red-tape? For ourselves, we do not condemn so readily as some every case of official red-tape. It is as often as not very important and necessary. Nor is red-tape confined to government departments. We have heard that it takes from eight to fourteen years to get some question affecting policy settled in the Steel Trust. Other large trading organizations are equally deliberate, and rightly so. But between the Guilds two or three difficulties would not arise. In the first place, profits being eliminated, the element of secrecy would disappear. The Guilds would have nothing to hide. Next, there need be no privacy as to the origin of the raw material or the destination of the finished product. Thirdly, the machinery would not be
private; it would be open to everybody. The several Guilds, therefore, would always meet each other in an atmosphere of complete frankness. Even their respective policies might prove competitive, but each Guild would be represented on all the others.

A probable fruitful source of negotiation between the Guilds would be the style and quality of goods bought and sold. Conceivably the manufacturing Guild might say: "We make the article the One Guild might benefit; another might reply: "We want it not so, but thus." Then would arise a considerable discussion as to methods, at which we should immensely like to be present. Is the maker or the buyer the better judge? Must the craftsman really produce or should a craftsman be bound to conform to the Guild's standards of quality? Does the buyer have a genuine interest in the survival of the Guild that he can claim a right to maintain? Will the Guild or the maker be able to consider the needs of the market? Does the maker have a genuine interest in economic production? Everything will be discussed, and the issues will be fought out by the Guilds for the protection of their standing in their several Guilds, but new principles will not be allowed to act contrary to their dispositions as citizens. The foregoing, however, is a matter of economic bearing.

This fact is destined to play an important part in the passing away of wage slavery, every member of the guild would exercise his rights as a citizen transcend his Guild membership, which we should immensely like to be present. Is the maker or the buyer the better judge? Must the craftsman really produce or should a craftsman be bound to conform to the Guild's standards of quality? Does the buyer have a genuine interest in the survival of the Guild that he can claim a right to maintain? Will the Guild or the maker be able to consider the needs of the market? Does the maker have a genuine interest in economic production? Everything will be discussed, and the issues will be fought out by the Guilds for the protection of their standing in their several Guilds, but new principles will not be allowed to act contrary to their dispositions as citizens. The foregoing, however, is a matter of economic bearing.

The social work of society is carried on by individuals, or groups, with antagonistic interests, and without a social object. The object of each individual engaged in the production and distribution of commodities is solely to benefit himself; he has no thought whatsoever about the consequences of his operations to society as a whole. Hence, the industry and commerce of the world are carried on without a plan and without order. The so-called captains of industry and commerce have no knowledge of the ship called "The World," which they are supposed to manage and steer. In fact, it is not managed at all; it simply drifts, whilst the captians are only concerned with their own private cabins. Thus it happens, that we have alternative periods of "boom" and "depression," "busy" and "slack.

It must be pointed out that the planlessness of production is not alone responsible for the chaotic state just described. Were the only cause, then it would be reasonable to conclude that the remedy is to be found in a more regular process of production. Unfortunately, the disease is placed much deeper in our social-economic system. To find the exact place where the disease is located, we must make a comparison between the present system called "Capitalism" and the feudal system of the past, and observe their characteristics.

The old Feudal system was economically independent and self-sustaining, whilst "Capitalism" is interdependent and can only sustain itself by means of the World Market, i.e., foreign markets wherein to dispose of the surplus products which the home market cannot absorb. Under the Feudal system the majority of the people lived on, and from, the land, and the minority lived in towns by trade and craftsmanship. The products under Feudalism had a direct "use-value," for the serfs as well as for their lords. The disease is located, we must make a comparison between the present system called "Capitalism" and the feudal system of the past, and observe their characteristics.

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1. Production was carried on by hand (no labour-saving machinery).
2. The town population was much smaller than that of the country.
3. The serfs produced nearly all the things they themselves required, and most of the things their lords required, on the land. The products had for them a direct use-value.

Such a system of society, bad as it was from the standpoints of liberty, democracy, and civilisation, was nevertheless economically sound. Were it not for the
The Protestantism of the Irish Catholic.

Ernest A. Boyd.

Since Nietzsche questioned the fundamental principles of Christianity, as distinct from the dogmas which had previously been the main object of attack, Protestantism has fallen into discredit, with a section of the intellectuals, at least. Catholicism, on the other hand, has derived a certain renewal of vitality from the sympathy of those who profess to see therein a more modified exposition of the Judeo-Christian ethic to which Nietzsche objected. They accuse Protestantism of being narrow, unimaginative and democratic, and of trast its rigidity with the freedom and morality of Catholicism, whose leaven of paganism has preserved it from the unesthetic influences of Judaism. The various divisions of Protestantism are cited in support of this view. In proportion to the distance which each sect has moved away from the fold of the Catholic Church, the more pronounced is the difference between the atmosphere of Protestantism and Catholicism. Puritanism, which is taken to be the flower of the Protestant spirit, flourishes in the ranks of Nonconformity, while the Anglican Church affects a wider tolerance in worldly matters. Thus Catholicism has secured the sympathy of writers as widely different in most respects as Brunetiére, Remy de Gourmont, G. K. Chesterton, and Hilaire Belloc. Even his attitude towards Catholic dogmas, has reached a common party of agreement in the recognition of the Catholic Church as a bulwark against the rising tide of democratic mediocrity and a refuge from the intolerant freedom of the Protestant. In the broad fold of the older Church they find a liberty of thought which is impossible within the narrow confines of Protestant Dissent. There the gloomy doctrines of Judaism are rendered still more intolerable by the democratic right claimed by every brother of exercising an intellectual and moral supervision of his brother's mind and conscience. Upon this conception of Catholicism as a foster-mother of the arts, and of Protestantism as the gospel of joyless materialism, some ingenious conclusions have been based. Modern apologists have compared the artistic imagination and joyfulness of the Latin countries with the ugliness and gloom of the Northern races. The senses of the latter, they argue, have been deadened in the cold grip of Puritanism; the sensuous has been rendered intolerable by the democratic right claimed by every brother of exercising an intellectual and moral supervision of his brother's mind and conscience. Upon this conception of Catholicism, whatever weight it may derive from Continental experience, will hardly be supported by the conditions which prevail in Ireland. The Irish Catholic is a Methodist in the true sense of the word. He would recoil in horror from the conception of his Church entertained by Remy de Gourmont and other champions of aesthetic Catholicism. The artistic beauty of the Church of Rome, which has appealed so strongly to certain modern mystics and intellectuals, is rarely manifested in the religion of Catholic Ireland. The conversion of a Verlaine or a Huysmans would be impossible in the Puritanical atmosphere which is characteristic of Irish Catholicism, and which savours rather of English Nonconformity than of Celtic or Latin spirituality. All the repressive influences which have been ascribed to Protestantism flourish with great vigour in Ireland. It is natural that the Protestants should undergo the fate of all religious minorities, and become narrow and intolerant, but from the Catholics something better might have been expected. Yet they have none of that easy tolerance which is usually the pet of all religious minorities. The constraints of Protestantism seem to have acted as an incentive to Catholicism to excel in the same direction. The effect of this competition in moral excellence has been to produce...
imbued with a rigid Puritanism. Nowhere can the effect be studied than in Ireland. All distinctions of architecture are distinguished by that unrelieved dulness and absence of ornament which are supposed to be barren as that of Catholic Ireland, where life is as drab as in a Dissenting, industrial town which is nowhere else identified with Sabbatarianism.

The only gleam of idealism has been the movement for the revival of the Irish language and traditions. Even the hideous Wesleyan pulpits of the Irish countryside have their Catholic counterpart in rural Ireland. An effort of imagination is required to conceive of an Irish Catholic writing a book like "La Cathédrale" of Huysmans. The beautiful cathedral of Chartres could not spring from a soil as artistically exotic. It is unnecessary to draw further parallels between Irish Catholicism and Protestant Puritanism. All that is considered peculiarly characteristic of the Continent was proud to protect and honour. The champions of the neo-Catholic movement are wise to confine themselves to the conditions which prevail outside of Ireland. Here they will find little justification for the fanaticism which is in their case excessive. Protestantism is essentially arid and narrow, and unimaginative, so too is Irish Catholicism. If this result is due to the influence of the Protestant minority, then, indeed, the conquest of Ireland by England has been unusually complete for a Church that has succumbed which has always boasted of its power of resistance. Ireland is only nominally a Catholic country. The mentality of the Irishman is fundamentally different from that of his co-religionist on the Continent, his priests have little in common with their French, Italian or Spanish colleagues. The obvious reply is that the minority has triumphed in religion as in politics. This explanation may account for certain superficial resemblances between Catholic and Protestant, but it does not extend to the more serious divergence which separates Irish Catholicism from that of all other countries. The truth is that in Ireland the Catholic Church has always been an exotic. It is a striking commentary upon the failure of the Church to become wholly identified with the national spirit of Ireland that Catholicism has never inspired an Irishman to great work. Irish artists have invariably been either pagans or Protestants, while those who were Catholics have carefully eliminated their religion from their work. Neither in art nor in literature is there any expression of this Consciousness of the people.

John Eglinton, has pointed out, "the literature which rose in this country out of the mission of Patrick is the most charming, but little known, Irish writer, Mr. Pauline," if not Lutheran, flavour of St. Patrick's era. Elsewhere, in "Bards and Saints," Mr. Eglinton notes the "distinctly Pauline," if not Lutheran, flavour of St. Patrick's era. The case is clear, the exponents of moral indignation for which England is famous, but the case of Parnell is there to show that "periodical fits of moral indignation" which are always the tide of the primitive Paganism. It is not surprising that Dikle should have been the victim of one of those explosions of moral indignation for which England is famous, but the case of Parnell is there to show that "periodical fits of moral indignation" which are always the tide of the primitive Paganism, as Macaulay has suggested. They would, of course, be impossible in any of the genuine Catholic countries of Europe, but they are common to the very special Catholicism of Ireland. It is doubtful whether the Irish Catholic would comprehend the morals of Catholic Popes and other dignitaries of their Church, whose private history is more familiar on the Continent than in Ireland, where a vigorous literary censorship induces a blissful ignorance of ecclesiastical biography amongst the faithful. Here a certain evangelical fervour replaces that smiling tolerance and philosophic irony which seem so natural to the mental equipment of the French or Italian Catholic. The latter are enabled to view with a sceptical detachment those weaknesses which seem most reprehensible to their Northern co-religionists. Nor would they be so morbidly anxious for guarantees of moral and theological respectability. The ears of Catholic Ireland are deaf to the appeal of the artist until he has satisfied his examiners as to the orthodoxy of his beliefs and the purity of his morals. The latter, moreover, are not satisfied with such tacit acquiescence as satisfies the less rigorous Continental, who is thus able to claim the support and sympathy of many whom a more inquisitorial system would have driven away. It is of course, a certainty that such a "convert" as Huysmans or an erring child like Verlaine would be accepted with any sense of satisfaction in Ireland. As Catholics they may pass, but as Irish Catholics they would be utter failures. They manifest none of the necessary signs of spiritual regeneration, such as are usually associated with the meetings of Re-vivalists when a "wandering brother" testifies to having felt the touch of grace.

It is necessary to draw further parallels between Irish Catholicism and Protestant Puritanism. All that is considered peculiarly characteristic of the Continent was proud to protect and honour. The champions of the neo-Catholic movement are wise to confine themselves to the conditions which prevail outside of Ireland. Here they will find little justification for the fanaticism which is in their case excessive. Protestantism is essentially arid and narrow, and unimaginative, so too is Irish Catholicism. If this result is due to the influence of the Protestant minority, then, indeed, the conquest of Ireland by England has been unusually complete for a Church that has succumbed which has always boasted of its power of resistance. Ireland is only nominally a Catholic country. The mentality of the Irishman is fundamentally different from that of his co-religionist on the Continent, his priests have little in common with their French, Italian or Spanish colleagues. The obvious reply is that the minority has triumphed in religion as in politics. This explanation may account for certain superficial resemblances between Catholic and Protestant, but it does not extend to the more serious divergence which separates Irish Catholicism from that of all other countries. The truth is that in Ireland the Catholic Church has always been an exotic. It is a striking commentary upon the failure of the Church to become wholly identified with the national spirit of Ireland that Catholicism has never inspired an Irishman to great work. Irish artists have invariably been either pagans or Protestants, while those who were Catholics have carefully eliminated their religion from their work. Neither in art nor in literature is there any expression of this Consciousness of the people. There lingers obscurely the old antagonism of bard and saint, of which historians have written. St. Patrick, it is true, converted some of the bards into clerics, but they always retained something of their natural paganism. A few, at least, that most charming, but little known, Irish writer, Mr. John Eglinton, has pointed out, "the literature which rose in this country out of the mission of Patrick is the expression of that primitive paganism, which Christianity came to cast out." Elsewhere, in "Bards and Saints," Mr. Eglinton notes the "distinctly Pauline," if not Lutheran, flavour of St. Patrick's era. The case is clear, the exponents of moral indignation for which England is famous, but the case of Parnell is there to show that "periodical fits of moral indignation" which are always the tide of the primitive Paganism. It is not surprising that Dikle should have been the victim of one of those explosions of moral indignation for which England is famous, but the case of Parnell is there to show that "periodical fits of moral indignation" which are always the tide of the primitive Paganism, as Macaulay has suggested. They would, of course, be impossible in any of the genuine Catholic countries of Europe, but they are common to the very special Catholicism of Ireland. It is doubtful whether the Irish Catholic would comprehend the morals of Catholic Popes and other dignitaries of their Church, whose private history is more familiar on the Continent than in Ireland, where a vigorous literary censorship induces a blissful ignorance of ecclesiastical biography amongst
Mr. Dion Boucicault and Natural Acting.

In my previous article I dealt with the "realistic" system of play-producing, and attempted to show the grampohonic effect which it has upon actors. I shall now contrast the "realistic" system with the "natural system of play-producing.

The "intellectual" producer is the product of the "intellectual" play, and aims at producing "realistic" acting. But the intelligent producer is the product of drama, and aims at producing "natural" acting.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is an intelligent producer, whose experience has not been influenced by "intellectual plays," but by dramas. The Boucicault tradition is drama; not the Fabian Society. Mr. Boucicault assumes, therefore, in the first place, that his company are possessed of individual intelligence. The brains of men and women for Mr. Boucicault are not blank gramophone discs upon which he must engrave certain passions and emotions of his own invention. They are brains which are capable of their own emotions. Mr. Boucicault's genius is employed in suggesting certain lines of dramatic action which he considers will be effective towards a dramatic end. When you arrive for the first time upon the stage for rehearsal under Mr. Boucicault, he impresses you at once, not as a man who is going to remove your brains and substitute his own, but as a man who will draw enormously upon your own powers. His personality is not restless and irritable, but serene and calm. He makes you feel confident that co-operatively with him you are about to accomplish great things. The suitlet of his method lies in this: that while he inspires you with a consciousness of power, at the same time, he causes you to feel that certain broad lines of dramatic action will enable you to make the highest possible use of that power. His method is seen at its best in the production of J. M. Barrie's plays, since these afford opportunities for spontaneity and impulse, and give the actor a wide margin for freedom of expression.

Many readers will recollect Mr. Barrie's comedy, "What Every Woman Knows." They will recall the election scene in Act II, in which over sixty players are engaged. Mr. Boucicault treated this crowd as he treats an individual; spacious, and with a freedom which made spontaneity inevitable. I shall endeavour to give the reader an impression of a portion of the first rehearsal of that particular scene.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Boucicault, in his impressively quiet voice, "this scene in which you are concerned is an election scene. You are all electors." The crowd fastened its hundred eyes upon the little man who addressed them. "You are all electors," continued Mr. Boucicault, "and you are all Scotch." The crowd smiled. Mr. Boucicault raised his eyebrows, and nodded. "You are all Scotch," he repeated, "and you are, or most of you are, members of the Cowcaddens Club, which will be up those steps at the back of the stage; some of you will make your last entrance from that direction. Now, gentlemen, when this scene opens, you are all anxiously waiting for the result of the election. You are outside the shop, very excited, hoping that your man, John Shand, has got in." The crowd began to move; a few voices became audible. "Quiet, gentlemen," came Mr. Boucicault's voice, "let me explain what we have to do first." The crowd became attentive again, and soon, Mr. Boucicault had made them sufficiently interested in what they had to do to begin the rehearsal. "Now, gentlemen, let us make a start." The crowd suddenly became animated, and commenced to move backwards and forwards, murmuring and shouting. This went on for about twenty seconds. Mr. Boucicault blew his whistle. "All right, gentlemen; don't overdo it; don't overdo it; reserve your breath; and I don't want you to be too noisy when the scene opens. You see, there will be two glass doors between you and the audience, and until these doors are opened the audience will only see you, and not hear you. What I want you to do now is to express your excitement, not by your movements and gestures, but by your movements and gestures. I want you to make me feel that you are very excited, simply by your gestures and movements. Once again, please." The crowd tries again, and in five minutes they are expressing excitement solely by movement and gesture. "Now," calls out Mr. Boucicault, "one or two of you suddenly point off to the O.P. side; you have seen some one approaching the shop, a messenger with possible news of the result. You, Mr. Taylor—and you—and you—and you, point off and draw attention to what you see. Now, all you other gentlemen, slowly take up the same attitude, until you are all expressing expectancy. What you must make the audience feel is that someone is running down the street with news from the poll. Reserve your voices for the opening of the doors, and when Mr.—rushes into the shop, give a howl of interrogation. You want to know what has happened. Some of you can shout out, 'Is he in?' or, 'He is?' or, 'Shand?—Shand?' or, 'Majority?' or 'Majority?' Make us feel just as excited and expectant as you are yourselves. Then, as the doors are shut in your faces, stop all noise, and increase your movements. You see, gentlemen, all awaiting the news; you don't know what's happened yet. We don't know. Your man may be defeated.

"Don't tell the audience that your man is in before you know. Now, don't get too hot, we're going to do this very nicely, gentlemen. Take a rest for a few moments and get your breath." While the crowd is doing this, Mr. Boucicault has taken the arm of the principal who has to rush on through the crowd. "Well," says Mr. Boucicault, "if you really feel easier that way, don't alter it. Anyway, you will see, as things shape."

The crowd is ready again. "Now, gentlemen, let us start from the rising of the curtain." The crowd gets to work again, moving excitedly up and down, in and out. Suddenly, attention is drawn to the O.P. side, the crowd slowly directs its attention upon the supposed distant messenger, who is running down the street (but who, in reality, is waiting just out of sight of the audience with a broad grin on his face). Then his cue comes, he drives into the thickest part of the crowd, fights his way to the door, and into the shop; but, by the time that he gets "down stage," he is in rags. Mr. Boucicault smiles reprovingly. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, please don't tear him up too roughly; he has a sufficient space to get right on. You see, gentlemen, there is no necessity to be really rough. I only want you to act; it's quite simple; use your intelligence, and try to remember these two things—it is absolutely necessary that Mr.—shall get on alive; it is also absolutely necessary that he should get on for his proper cue. Don't hurry, gentlemen, we'll get it all right in a moment; take it easily. Just try that entrance again." This time Mr.—gets on with great ease, and the rehearsal proceeds.

In three weeks Mr. Boucicault enabled sixty people to behave excitdly and naturally throughout the whole act without either spoiling the scene or sacrificing spontaneity. No individual was tied down by moment. The play ran for over twelve months, eight performances a week, and the election scene never became flat. The crowd went off like a firework at every performance.

Mr. Boucicault stimulates and guides the actor's emotions; he does not stereotype them.

AN ACTOR.
Notes on the Present Kalpa.
By J. M. Kennedy.

XV.—On the Meaning of a Word.

Democracy has become associated with uniformity and cheapness. Uniformity is an artistic evil; cheapness is an economic evil; both are social evils. Several months ago there was some correspondence in The Nation on the meaning of the word Democracy. In the natural progress of language, words are either diverted at times from their original signification, or their original signification, though remaining in use, may be obscured by the addition of a secondary one. The noun Democracy, originally meaning rule of the people, has not changed its fundamental significance at times from their original signification, or their original signification, though remaining in use, may be obscured by the addition of a secondary one. The noun Democracy, originally meaning rule of the people, has not changed its fundamental significance so much as its adjective democratic; but the change in the meaning of the adjective is naturally reacting on the noun. It is perfectly true, as a New Age contributor has pointed out, that we now hear of “democratic” suits of clothes, and that the word is applied to cheap reprints, because, presumably, a shilling is the proper price of a classic. So much for the adjective. The association of uniformity and vulgar with the noun is a more serious matter.

It is difficult to convey to humanity in the mass the meaning of an abstract word; an idea. Instinctively everybody, except only the few who are in a position to think and understand, will endeavour to associate the abstract idea with some concrete fact. It does not matter whether we oppose Democracy to Aristocracy and swear by the one or the other—there is nothing in the original signification of the words to suggest that Democracy should tend towards uniformity and vulgarity and Aristocracy towards diversity and charm. That these associations should now be connected with the words is due, perhaps, not so much to a misinterpretation of the words themselves as to a proper natural interpretation of the phenomena connected with the modern advocates of Democracy, or of what they conceive under this name.

In the abstract, Democracy and Aristocracy represent two forms of government: a Democrat supports one form, an Aristocrat the other. But at the time of the French Revolution the meaning of the words altered; the Republicans called themselves Democrats, irrespective of the discord between an ideal Democracy and the Republican government; and they dubbed their opponents Aristocrats, heedless, of the fact that these Aristocrats had long before ceased to be Aristocrats in the abstract sense. Again, the Democrats in the United States form a definite political party as opposed to the Republicans, although both parties profess to believe in principles which, considered in the abstract, are, properly speaking, Democratic. “Aristocrat” in the United States means a penniless nobleman who comes over from Europe to seek an heiress; “aristocratic” means, as often as not, the nature of some vulgar dinner party at which the wine costs a hundred dollars a bottle. “Aristocracy” in England means the nobility, and not the landed gentry, who are the real “aristocracy” in another sense of the word.

No wonder, then, that all these different meanings have made such an impression on the mental state of many modern writers on philosophy and politics. The object of this article is not to show what the real meaning of the words ought to be, for that can be found in the dictionary; but to endeavour to indicate what average meaning is attached to the words by modern writers. Out of the welter of uses to which a word like democratic is put, we may find one use which may fairly be termed average.

If we go back a little, we shall see that Burke, whenever he referred to himself as the representative of the community—as in his famous Bristol speech, for example—meant his democracy to be, above all else, national and not sectional or class. (This, by the way, was the real Burke.) Burke’s Democracy included everybody, or represented everybody. He would have been perfectly willing to speak of the House of Commons as a democratic assembly; but he would not have called broadsheets democratic simply because they happened to he the opposite of them. Then we have the Revolution with the radical alteration in the meaning that came to be attached to Democracy. It came to stand for mob rule and for everything associated with mob rule—for confiscations, for unjust imprisonment, for executions by the hangman, for the infamy of the Dickens school: the lower classes fighting against the survivals of feudalism; belief in the “people,” belief, that was, in the lower classes simply because they were the lower classes, disbelief in the middle and upper classes just because they were the middle and upper classes.

In modern newspaperdom the word seems to have been given another series of twists. The Nonconformist Press means by Democracy the lower middle classes, as a rule, though sometimes the working classes appear to be included. Everything is democratic that is cheap—e.g., the “democratic” suits of clothes already mentioned. Democracy means now democratic that is within the reach of people with small incomes—this is the “average” sense. Hence the Board Schools are democratic, and Oxford and Cambridge are not. Could there be a greater travesty of language? The Labour Press, on the other hand, means the working classes alone when it refers to Democracy—I judge merely from its general tone. All the Labour and Socialist newspapers, daily and weekly, do not make a democratic appeal, although they seem to think they do; they make a purely sectional appeal, which is quite a different thing. Democracy is not sectionalism. And this, I believe, partly accounts for the ill-success which has attended Labour newspapers up to the present, and their constantly reiterated frantic appeals for money. Strange though it may appear to some observers, it is only the working classes of this country who have remained democratic in Burke’s sense of the word. So far as Press organs go, they are inarticulate, except for The New Age. It might have been thought—it was thought by superficial journalists—that a purely class appeal would “go down” with the workmen of this country; that they would support working-class candidates for Parliament, buy working-class papers, and generally take a working-class point of view.

Now, confining ourselves for the moment to this aspect of democracy, can anybody truly say that the working-classes have done all this? They do not vote for Labour candidates to any great extent—if they did they could return at least five hundred Members to the House of Commons instead of a miserable forty. They do not take in Labour papers when they can get papers with a wider appeal. They refuse to consider their own class alone; even when they are economically hard pressed they come out on strike only as a last resort. In short, these perverse beings still talk and act as if England were a nation, as if men still possessed virile and equally balanced minds. They listen to speeches by a man like Lloyd George, and they applaud him. But when it is all over they laugh at him in private in the nearest pub make fun of his odd little Celtic ways, with strong expressions of contempt, and curse his Insurance Act. They are, in short, thoroughly democratic; but democratic in Burke’s sense; not in the Labour or Liberal newspaper sense. They are national. And that is why The New Age, sometimes openly and unreasonably contradicted by the so-called Socialist and Labour newspapers, sometimes flouted by them, frequently boycotted, but seldom supported, is living to see the decline of them all. The Nation is not a section; and the whole is still greater than the part.
Present-Day Criticism.

Occasion agreeably serves us to add a little to our notes on tradition. The Philistines grow demented in their dislike of learning and culture, and the spectacle of a demented foe must always be agreeable to men who mean to defend hard-won acquisitions and awards; he will certainly busily fighting the sheep and oxen, and known for a madman, his chance of commanding support will have passed by. But perhaps we should more properly use other than Homeric comparisons in debate, but briefly, like the Zunozing of Jingo out at Cambridge. Was there ever a more futile proposal than this, to refuse the degree of Bachelor of Art to scholars averse from the art of the bayonet? The tradition of the English Universities is learning, not soldiering. The duty of a scholar is to instruct his country in the humanities, not to protect its shores.

Really Germany should not get the better of this astounding far appeal, this last appeal to the defence by a few scholars! One laughs—but a wild pack of persons are at large, and we should be foolish to neglect them merely because they appear contemptible.

The eternal enmity of the Philistines against art and learning is exhibited to-day with more than grossness. They have destroyed Philae. They have set Beethoven to rag-time. They attack the classics, and the very language. They are destroying agricultural England. Certainly, we do owe to them with full appreciation of dry acts. No doubt, after the invisibly ignorant manner of poor Munnings, who charged his carriers that if they lost certain Greek statues they would have to replace them, the fools would do so, but scholarship is no use at all to them now, because the loss of the yeomanry can be made good by Canadian farmers' present of a new Dreadnought. We do not credit them with the least of true intelligence—these commercial engineers, these Portly Jewellers, these money gold-bugs, these 'cathedrals'!—but they have cunning, and they are terrified! As profiteers they have starved the fighting force out of the once hardy men on the land, and now, quite mad with fright, they try to palter factory hands, and at last to University students that Philistia expects every man to do his duty. Let us amuse ourselves in replying: God wot! there are forty thousand gold-bugs in this stained, starved, cheated, and pauperised land. Let the insects defend themselves and their property! The Universities would, without doubt, be spared, if not, indeed, richly conciliated, by any modern invader. Only usurers and Lord Northcliffe might be hanged in the event of one of our many witty, cautious, and intelligent foreign foes occupying London. There would be no "Daily Mail" left free to undermine the populace with sensationalism, deadly daily play on the nerves, and that would be better for the common people than this bedevilled England dreams. Also, Dancing Dons and Warrior Dons would cease to caper at Oxford and Cambridge, and the tradition of learning emerge unobscured once more.

However, the Universities will, perhaps, not need a foreign invasion to save them from military service on behalf of the flabby, squealing "Daily Mail." Just "No" will be enough. But after this abject exhibition, scholars should make it strongly inadvisable for men of their order to part with prestige by contributing to St. George's Dragon. That newspaper has nothing to do with learning; its whole atmosphere is opposed to learning. No item of news which might possibly be reported to the disadvantage of scholars and scholarship is neglected. A student shoots himself: he is carefully described as a "scholar." Why might suppose that suicide was the average end of serious students! The most trivial and remote "stories" of brain-fagged men and boys, even Germans, are set conspicuously. University men, not of the classical order, but representing as leading Oxford and Cambridge, and every mad and unmanly freak of an ephemeral fool is chronicled. The latest war-dancing stratagem has been preparing this long time. The "initiatory" letter in the "Times" was actually a culminating letter of Lord Northcliffe, representing gold-bug England, is quite witless enough to hope for a defence force from the Universities, and doubtless any force would seem better than none to this new nobleman, who squeaks with relief every time some wretched, fettered criminal is safely hanged; but when his disappointment is made certain he will scarcely fail to deplore brazenly the lack of Imperial spirit, self-sacrifice, devotion to national duty, etc., ad nauseum, to insinuate much to the detriment of scholarly reputation. This man, who has vulgarised every village in England, has no ideas beyond sensational commerce. Even if the property of all Fleet Street were defended by a million sound men to defend the shore, every Philistine, however peace were on the country, he could not, by any stretch of imagination, be visualised as on the side of learning. There is no "copy" to be had from learning, and "copy" is his necessity. Football, cricket, county-dancing, playing at soldiers, these things fill his columns; but scholarship is no use at all! In belittling learning he acts on a cunning habit, next only to an instinct. But if Lord Northcliffe's almost inexplicable relations with certain Fellows are something more than spiritually vexatious to men of taste, his relations with the English mob are disastrous: his newspapers are one vast damage in England. He broke, so far as he might, the links that Philistia expects every man to do his duty. Let us take what comfort there is in the fact that Lord Northcliffe directing a hundred paid hands all ready to beset the common people. Any subject will do provided it can excite raw passions—a disgraceful war, a man-hunt, or an international tragedy like that of the "Titanic." Carmelite Street "works up the story" until even sentiment seems befouled by association with such philosophers. He comparatively sedate exploits of this man, such as his preposterous money awards, are yet sufficiently vicious. His prize of a thousand pounds for the best bunch of sweet peas was out of all proportion to the merit of the thing. Why do the people without money care? He is looking to an honest living. It would be safe to say that Lord Northcliffe will never be found except under-mining the good character of the people. His opposition to the Insurance Bill spelt as he spelt everything self-interest. The newspaper industry is perhaps the only one where capitalists cannot hope to extract their insurance contribution from sales or wages. Neither employees, advertisers, nor readers can be levied—newspaper profits must pay out of profits.

We take what comfort there is in the fact that Lord Northcliffe's public influence is already dated. In spite of huge circulation, the "Daily Mail" cannot persuade or dissuade people on any truly public matter. To quote the paper on a hustings or a street platform is to court a laugh. "Ho! the Daily Mile!" The very hooligan has grasped some notion of its fallibility. It has no tradition, but only notoriety, and this does not last.

The tale goes that no one has more contempt for his journals than Lord Northcliffe himself, and this may be true, though it is unlikely; Barnum laughed at his freaks, but he thought them nevertheless the greatest show on earth and himself the greatest showman—nor had he ever meant that! Northcliffe's acts alone testify to their grip of intelligence. It is a
surpassing wonder how men of any breeding at all can permit themselves to contribute to Lord Northcliffe's success, for there are exemplary limits which he can never break through. We could name a round hundred men among statesmen, clergy, scholars, offices, and gentlemen whose names will never appear in his columns by permission. What, indeed, should a man of taste be doing there, where every sentence must consult the intelligence of the average Harrisworth reader, daily debauched.

Lord Salisbury's comment—"by office-boys for office-boys"—is still accurate as regards the "Daily Mail." No outside contributions will be permitted to endanger this tone!

A note to propagandists unacquainted with the psychology of reform: Too large a public is—Nobody.

**Days of Romance.**

By Edward McNulty

There are no days like the days when the Count de Monte Cristo rang like a war whoop through the blood that had become chilled over a course of the labourous romances of Waverley and when, despite every precaution of parental supervision, we found ourselves, week after week, alone in the Pirates' Lair, some wonderful and mysterious event was always about to happen. A document of the man who is twenty-one, from which period the road of life was aglow with rapture until it vanished in the remore senility of twenty-one, from which period the road of life was aglow with rapture until it vanished in the remote senility of fifty years. It was not necessary to dig back into the forgotten issues of the Medical Press to discover why we were in love with the little girl in white frock and blue sash who lived next door and whose acquaintance we had made across the garden wall. It was enough to revel in the dreams of first love and perform prodigies for self-improvement by saving scanty pocket-money for her weekly box of chocolates.

Empires may rise and fall, and even more disastrous events desolate the world, but the memory of that pristine goddess remains more constant than the Evening Star. It was on her account that we formed the momentous decision of expressing emotion in poetry and, consequently, became aware of the extreme poverty of the English language, as illustrated by the limited amount of syllables that rhyme with "moon."

These efforts, of course, were valueless outside the spell of their environment. Even the literary romances read at that time were enhanced by the imagination of the youthful reader; and yet, with all their defects, they were not yet fully stoned by the system of money prizes in the magazines. Men of letters were so unsophisticated as to allow their works to speak for themselves; and would have scorned to degrade the laurels of fame by intertwining them with testimonials to a quack medicine.

It must be remembered that these were the days before the halo with which the world decked the brows of the poet was transferred to the narrower cranium of the chartered accountant. People were still thrilling to the raptures of a writer named Byron who revealed to them the glory and mystery of the sea which is now utilised as a drop scene to the buffooneries of the weekend trippers. There were excellent plays and players too. The beautiful art of acting had not been stoned to death, nor had the theatre surrendered to the Epigrammatist with his machine for the automatic production of mental sausages.

Life was deliciously perambulatory. Meditation was never violated by megaphone yells of "Do it now!" for, happily we were unacquainted with the hypocritical gallow-slaves who, as they bend to the oar, shriek malignantly to their fellow-sufferers to get on or get out.

It was possible to dream undisturbed along the quiet suburban roads where the front gardens displayed the blended glories of lilac and laburnum, and the placid nursery maid practised the odd artifice of guiding a bassinet of babies whilst her eyes were fastened on the pages of a tale. We childishly scorned the Lorenzo Gheri"nian which blighted the footpath where we paused to listen to the melting strains of "Trovatore" from the barred organ of the dark-faced Italian with the large, gilded ear-rings.

It was not a crime to be seen in the company of Melody, that tender, sweet-eyed angel who has been remorselessly hurled into the gutter.

Labour unrest was unknown. Not yet had dawned that artful hour when Mr. Wells, after perspiring nights of industry emerged from his baker, with the huge cake of dough labelled "Mankind in the Making." There were, of course, leaders of the people: tub-thumpers who loved to take the floor, but none with sufficient hardihood to take the earth. Then, as now, the wooden heads of the multitude made a convenient ladder on which the politician crawled to his sincere. The superior person, not known by the hideous name of Superman, had, however, already appeared. Seated on a fence, by assiduous use of his discordant rattle, he startled the crows in the fields; but he could never interfere with the divine rapture of the lark in the blue above.

Popular songs had a long lifetime; and their refrain has still a magical power of revivifying the memory and re-creating the panorama of faded scenes. Of course, characterised by an appeal to the heroic emotions or sentiment of chivalrous affection, they were based on the elemental feelings which have fallen into disrepute.

They were written before the heart was contemptuously relegated to a glass-case in the pathological museum and its place in the human economy usurped by the passionless potato. We had not reached the period of culture when the difficulties encountered by an intoxicated man with his latchkey form the most popular idea of refined humour; and "Put me amongst the girls" illustrates the highest ideal of romantic love.

The more pathetic of the many illusions of early youth included the belief that a monarch was a semi-divine being, midway between angel and man, existing in a state of transcendental purity, as the centre of a dazzling circle of celestial light; that the aristocracy were mentally and physically more beautiful than the common herd; that the clergy were saints in surplices; that people in prominent places had arrived there by sheer force of romance; finally, that the evils of the world being due to false opinions it was merely necessary to proclaim the Truth for mankind to embrace it with hungry enthusiasm and live happy ever after.

These ideas, mostly forced into the unquestioning mind of the young before the world grew physiologically, and the evils of the world being due to false opinions it was merely necessary to proclaim the Truth for mankind to embrace it with hungry enthusiasm and live happy ever after.

Looking back at that period one sees its dreams and illusions glittering closely like a perspective of brilliant lights; but truth demands the confession, that there were many darkened stretches between. To every youth, watching with wistful eyes the unceasing rain, an hour seems twenty-four, and even in the most hopeful moods imagination is so quickly outrun by reality that events never arrive fast enough. Hence the impatience of the young who resent the deliberate methods of grown-up people; the morbidity that so often accepts a trivial misadventure as an incentive to profound meditation on the heroism of suicide; and the tendency to dwell so often with the enervating luxury of self-pity.

It is pleasant, however, to dwell with affection on the bygone days of romance so pregnant with golden promises before the world grew physiologically, and the evils of the world being due to false opinions it was merely necessary to proclaim the Truth for mankind to embrace it with hungry enthusiasm and live happy ever after.

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Letters from Italy.
IV.—Two Classic Beauties.

The whole of Rome is—happily—not entirely devoted to the service of fire, war and holiness. There is a little beauty left. My first irritation with the place was, of course, the result of sudden contact with the barbarity of the vulgar, which, in England, one comes to take as a necessary nuisance. In a foreign country, where things have an outward gloze of unfamiliarity, the crudities obtrude and hurt. Then comes the realisation that a French or Italian tram, whore, or tout, is exactly as unimportant as the same thing in England or anywhere else; and one ignores them.

On the Piazza S. Trinita dei Monti, which leads out of the Via Sistina, is the Villa Medici, where the Beaux Arts fellows from Paris come. In front of the Villa are a number of dark-leaved ilex-trees, whose branches are so thick that they seem to make one huge tree. Underneath them is the most beautiful fountain basin I have ever seen. "Et gelidus fons est, et nulla salubrior art."

Il_x leaves, nor the whiteness of the single short jet in the clarity of the water, whose colour is exactly that of the ilex leaves, nor the whiteness of the single short jet in the centre. There is a constant slide of water over the lip of the great bowl into a shallow circular trench. Here float dead leaves and twigs, and here bambini do not want to go. They come to watch the sun set. Peter's dome looks well at this distance—any nearer is too close.

And then on the other side is a pleasant contrast—a muscular satyr, heavy and half-sober, carrying a huge krater of wine. The figure gives just the right amount of balance—brings it from a land of impossible pleasure. The figure gives just the right amount of balance—brings it from a land of impossible pleasure. He is a good place to watch the sun set. Peter's dome looks well at this distance—any nearer is too close.

Mind, I do not wholly commend the sunsets. They do not want to go. I don't know what they are meant to represent, what "story" they tell. But they are so beautiful, their chitons and peplums fall in such a decorative way, that I love them very much. I don't know which one I love most; I rather feel—

"Dan Cupid, choosing midst his mother's graces, Himself most fair, made scorn of fairest faces."

There is another relief further on of five more girls; I call them The Flowers, because they are dancing more gaily, and their gowns are tossed up to their knees in ruffled petals. They are not grave and stately as the others—I find them slightly frivolous, un peu "Parisienne." But they are charming, and I know somewhere or other, a sculptor, walking in the fields through flowers, saw the girls as they took up their gowns and the kind of furtive sexual sensuality they indulge in themselves. Io! for the sweet smell of the woods. The Greek took his wine diluted with much water, and loathed the foul barbarian who drank his unmixed. Also, the Greek had different notions about women. There is nothing "English" in the delicate hedonism and gay abandon of these figures. In the middle of one relief two men are leaning on each other's shoulders; the thyrsis of one is particularly bent. On the left of these is a fragrance, a girl on one foot in some wild dance; her draperies are whirled about her; she is frail and light, and her lifted hands hold part of her peplum in a curved fold. All the lines are those of flight; she could fly, if she wished. And then on the other side is a pleasant contrast—a muscular satyr, heavy and half-sober, carrying a huge krater of wine. The figure gives just the right amount of balance—brings it from a land of impossible pleasure down to the grassy earth.

I had meant to speak of the eloquent of St. Giovanni Laterano as a third beauty, but I have written too far through this letter to have sufficient space. And there are many more figures in these casts. I remember the wild Maenad swinging the torn body of a little doe, with a knife in her right hand. (The knife does not appear in other versions of her.) Then there are three girls and a faun. The faun is quite naked, cloaks his cymbals, and waggling his odd little tail with delight "ready to twitch the nymph's last garment off." I cannot quite remember the girls; one has her chiton just sliding to the ground; she on the right is clothed to the waist; the third is just throwing off the shoulder-fold of her peplum. Notice that a modern person half-undressed looks wholly ridiculous—these look perfectly natural and simple. Obviously, clothes were no more to them than an aesthetic adornment or a means of keeping warm. False modesty they never knew. They are quite as accustomed to going without clothes as with them.

From a feeling of jealousy I have crossed out in the early part of this letter the name of the room where these figures are. I have a feeling that I found them for myself and loved them for myself. Why should anyone else have them? Some lusty academic would criticise their loveliness, some prude would be shocked at their unChristian behaviour. They might even be photographed! (Not that I despise photographs of statues.) And so I will keep these fauns and satyrs and bacchantes and apotropaic little girls away. I expect the Germans know all about them and that there are learned monographs on their history. But among all the barren Roman art, the ugly portraits, the unsatisfactory copies of Greek masterpieces, these few fresh things meant something more than "Hellenische Kultur" to me.

Roma.

Richard Aldington
Views and Reviews.

CHARLES DICKENS is dead; so is Algernon Charles Swinburne; and the Victorian age is last. The meaning of it has been a myth by the machinations of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. So mythical is it that never till now did I recognize Swinburne as a Victorian. His early inspiration ran counter to the tastes of the time: his translations of Villon, for example, are still disfigured by rows of asterisks. True, James Russell Lowell imitated the genius of Shakespeare's work; but Browning, that typically inspired genius, ran counter to the tastes of the Victorian age.

The Victorian age was largely sectionalized, and the Victorian age of Browning and Swinburne was largely sectionalized. The Victorian figure was largely sectionalized, and the attribution of influence to the Renaissance poet, could not with justice be called more incontestable than the supposed inspiration of Shakespeare from the gods of his youth, from Villon and Baudelaire, and in like manner Swinburne in his old age turned to the gods of his youth, from Villon and Baudelaire and Catullus (but not from Cacthresis), to the trousserd divinity of Dickens. The Victorian age evident, had gravity, for it diverted both Browning and Swinburne from the elliptic orbits of their genius, and left Browning revolving around himself, and Swinburne circling around Dickens.

It is difficult to recover from astonishment at the latter phenomenon. Swinburne, I suppose, did write "Dolores"; "Before a Crucifix" bore his name; and "Across the Downs" and the "Mutter" poems bear no resemblance to the works of Dickens. If ever there was a twentieth-century poet, it was Swinburne before he saved his life and lost it by the assistance of his friend. He had all the curses of a decadent genius: feminism, atheism, political republicanism, to say nothing of the sexual vagaries that are typical of a degenerate type of mind. One quality only had he in common with the Victorians; that was a wonderful, power of writing long after inspiration had forsaken them, that has added much weight to their works. They could write stories, as even Swinburne admits of Dickens, that never told a story; and redeem it in their eyes by the intrusiveness of the work, the man like Swinburne, the historical vignettes inserted by Hugo in his "Ninety-Three" would not be a blemish, but an additional beauty; and he talks fustian enough about the loose ends and incomplete characters of Dickens to make virtues of slovenliness and lack of selection, instead of telling us that they are capital crimes in literature.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who follows as hardly after Swinburne as Swinburne followed after Dickens, tells us that Swinburne was gifted to an extraordinary degree with a sense of humour; and it is to this an unobtrusively unknown quality that Mr. Watts-Dunton attributes Swinburne's delight in and understanding of the works of Dickens. From childhood, it seems, Swinburne rejoiced in Dickens for many years, and in these days, only G. K. C. can rejoice; he instructed children in the rudiments of Dickens, he prescribed Dickens as a medicine for invalids, and, instead of family prayers, he read Dickens to the people at the Pines. From the time that he met Dickens, Mr. Watts-Dunton tells us, the obsession became complete, and I can only wonder why it was that Dickens did not influence Swinburne's own work to the extent, at least, of teaching him the blessedness of popularity. We know that Mr. Alfred Austin became poet laureate of local servicios; and, with that condition that he was not obliged to write on any State occasion; but his political services could hardly have militated against Swinburne's popularity, for he knew from Dickens how to obtain it.

Humour is not a quality usually associated with the characters of lyric poets; indeed, we more frequently speak, with Mr. Augustine Birrell, of "the measureless malice of the metricalists"; and in this volume, whatever may be true of his private conversation, less of humour than malice is manifest. Anger at disparagement of an author is not typical of humour, and to reply with a disparagement in reference to the creative work of the critic is to raise prejudice instead of rebutting argument. When we know at the same time that the writer has written of the creative work of the critic in terms as glowing as those in which he now describes his new idol, we may doubt of his humour; but not his malice, and the value of his opinions is heavily discounted for us. What Matthew Arnold had to say about Dickens was, at least, relevant and reasonable; and it is no reply to his criticism to say: "A man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself by painful painstaking into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth could pay no other tribute than that of stolid scorn to a genius of such inexhaustible force and such indelible originality as that of Charles Dickens." The terms in which he referred to Andrew Lang were not more humorous; and whatever Swinburne thought of the genius of Dickens, the incommunicability of his humour is apparent.

After all, one might appreciate the humour of Dickens, his inexhaustible force and indisputable originality, without being disposed to regard him as a great literary, poet. Emerson, who forecasted much of modern criticism of the English, said of Dickens: "Dickens, with preternatural apprehension of the language of manners, and the varieties of street life, with pathos and laughter, with patriotic and still enlarging generosity, writes London tracts. He is a painter of English details, like Hogarth: local and temporary in his tints and style, and local in his aims. That is definitive criticism, as contrasted with the comparative criticism employed by Swinburne; but would anybody but a hero-worshipper suppose that it did less justice to the author, or was less accurate, than the more extended fulminations of the comparative method? It is certain that what English criticism needs is a standard, and that standard is not supplied by casual references to Balzac or Hugo or anybody else. There are longeurs in Balzac, there is much padding in Hugo; and Dickens, no more than any poet, can claim the full voice of praise.

I repeat that Swinburne's humour, of which we have only lately learned, cannot be regarded by the public as a characteristic; "it hath not appeared," Roderigo would say. But the influence of Dickens' humour on the prose style of Swinburne has been lamentable. Swinburne's verse, more particularly after "Songs before Sunrise," was characterised by a bulant tintination: assonance and resonance clashed and clashed until the fury of sound filled the void of sense. His prose had ever a hectic flush. But catachresis was never more catachrestical than when the humour of Dickens at last affected the style of Swinburne; and I may give one example of this degradation of style. "The Father of the Marshalsea," says Swinburne, "is so pitifully worthy of pity, as well as of scorn, that it would have seemed impossible to heighten or to deepen the condition or the compassion of the reader; but when he falls from adversity to prosperity, he succeeds in soiling his mind and sinking up to a more tragicomic ignorance of more aspiring degradation." Behold what Dickens hath done even unto Swinburne!

I conclude that this pamphlet is not so much a criticism or an appreciation of Dickens as a belated panegyric of the author. The reviewers, Dr. Thorne and Emile Zola, writers at least on the plane of Swinburne's early work, are as whole-hearted as those of any convert. It is, to Swinburne's latter mind, a dignity added to the genius of Dickens that "it never condescended to whiskin metaphysics or in filth"; and we can only smile at the apparition of Swinburne as a Victorian epigone.

"Charles Dickens." By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

(Chatto and Windus. 36. 6d. net.)

A. E. R.
We have got to relieve our Government from the domination of special classes, not because these special classes are bad, necessarily, but because no special class can understand the interests of a great community.

I believe, as I have in the past, in the average integrity and the average intelligence of the American people, and I do not believe that the intelligence of America can be put into commission anywhere. I do not believe that there is any group of men doing business or playing Providence to me. I will not live under trustees if I can help it. No group of men less than the majority has the right to tell me how I have got to live in America. I will submit to the majority, because I have been trained to do it—though I may have quite opposite opinions upon the majority. I do not care how wise, how patriotic the trustees may be, I have never heard of any group of men in whose hands I am willing to lodge the liberties of America in trust. (p. 61-2).

If the nation can take care of itself, we may ask, why is it like the god Baal and why does it allow uninvited persons to govern it? Dr. Wilson goes on to speak of all this as "democracy." Now, if there is one thing that modern political scientists, from Burke downwards, have tried to emphasise, it is this: that government by the mere numerical majority is not democracy at all. Stable government is, and always has been, a matter of weight and not of numbers. When Dr. Wilson tells us that he does not want to live under trustees, that no special class can understand the needs of a great community, and that he is simply saying in other words that he distrusts weight and prefers to rely upon numbers. And when he further tells us that he will submit to the majority because he has been trained to do so, but that he sometimes has his private opinion even of the majority, he is merely saying that he is an individualist, and consequently an anarchist. All the units in the majority have what they are pleased to call their "private opinion" of the remaining units constituting the majority; and the consequence, the inevitable consequence, is that any small united group of the members of which trust one another and have no "private opinions" in this sense, can easily control, direct, and guide any majority, however large.

For a proof of this assertion Dr. Wilson has merely to look round his own country. He will see millions of units, each of them entitled to the full protection, to all the privileges of United States citizenship. He will note that these people are proud of their "history," even though their parents may have come over from the Ukraine or from the Lofoden Islands only a couple of generations back, they will talk of the American flag as "Old Glory," they will exchange mutual assurances to the effect that one man is as good as another, and they will congratulate themselves that they have escaped the conscription with which effete European countries are saddled. And they will think themselves free. Yet above them all, moulding their material destinies, fixing their hours of labour, deciding the prices of their food, clothing, housing accommodation, theatre-tickets, and their cradles and graves; laying down curricula for their children's education, even subsidising their religions, is a small class which, for its size, wields more power than any other group of men in the world; the class of American financiers, headed by such families as the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Carnegies, and the Astors. Dr. Wilson has not come within miles of discovering the cause of this contrast, which lies in the rooted individualism of the American people. We must all sympathise with the statesman who says on ideas but they must be good and true ideas. That is why I have a feeling of dissatisfaction in laying down this book. It is very nearly a strong, virile book; the author almost sees what is wrong; he comes within an ace of finding a remedy, something lacking in the book that will enable us, I think, to see where Dr. Wilson is likely to fail in his great task:—

J. M. K.
REVIEW.
The Daffodil Murderer. By Saul Kain. (Richmond, 14, Conduit Street. ed.) A touching slip of biography prefaces this remarkable work. "Mr. Kain is still a young man... He loves poetry better than pipe-clay... The Chantrey Prize of seventy guineas has lately enabled him to augment his dietary... He trusts that when this sum is expended he will win another prize." Mr. William Butler, the editor and sponsor of our new poet, remarks: "An effort will be made to secure for Mr. Kain a Civil List allocation of at least £50 per annum, whereby he may be removed from that poet's terror, the anticipation of hunger, and the ease to pursue his art... In conclusion, I will say once again that I have read the 'Daffodil Murderer' nineteen times, and that on each occasion it made me weep more copiously than I ever wept before."

Now, miraculous in conception, wondrous in design, and perfectly stunning in style as this epoch-making poem is, it must inevitably suffer by comparison with the Great Narrative Poem which recently let the sawdust out of the British Academy. "The Everlasting Mercy" takes precedence in point of time, and in these days of universal mediocrity precedence in time of publication is, we understand, to be considered as a main stand-by of the new "Daily Mail" canon which is being run up, since the old canon won't do at all for modern stuff. Mr. Saul Kain's work is undeniably second in the field, but, this trying little vice admitted, we have nothing but gratitude to express for a production that bids fair to maintain, carry on, and justify the great tradition invented by Mr. Masefield. Not a single trick expected aspect was revealed in the Queen's Hall a fortnight ago. This was nothing less than the survival of Arthur Somervell. Practically everybody whose opinions mattered had regarded him as to all intents and purposes dead and his works buried with him. Then comes Nikisch post-haste from Leipzig, gives the London Symphony Orchestra a couple of rehearsals, and we have the "Thalassa" Symphony and the first public performance in London of the "Normandy" Variations. The young bloods scoffed, of course. They had been swallowing Stravinsky in large doses, and snatches of "Elektra" and "L'Apres-Midi" and "Hicky-Koo" were playing the devil with their feverish young brains. "Just listen to Elgar!" one fellow cried to me, as a particularly graceful bit of Somervellian melody was played by first and second violins in unison: "Pooh!" "Early Victorian rubbish!" "Pink and white!" "Can't score for nuts!" and other epigrammatic utterances were to be heard at the buffet during the five minutes' interval. One young musician, less noisy than the others, who remarked, "At last there is some hope for English music!" was applauded as a farceur, much to his embarrassment, and his attempted explanations were drowned in laughter.

Upon our souls, it's perfect, down to the little farewell twiddly-bits:—

O seasons passing by
Like clouds across the sky,
There's summat mortal strange
In storm and shine and change;
I see it now so clear,
The waking of the year... . . .

The Chantrey Bequest ought really to increase its honorarium to £1oo! Our handkerchief is fairly sopped!

Music and Musicians.
By John Playford.
Parry, Somervell, and others.

I do not crave indulgence for writing once more on the subject of English music. Anyone who observes the trend of affairs closely must realise that English music is going to be discussed more than that of any other school in Europe. To an elect few—among whom I count myself—it is the question of the moment. And there are many sides to it. One delicious (and unsuspected) aspect was revealed in the Queen's Hall a fortnight ago. This was nothing less than the survival of Arthur Somervell. Practically everybody whose opinions mattered had regarded him as to all intents and purposes dead and his works buried with him. Then comes Nikisch post-haste from Leipzig, gives the London Symphony Orchestra a couple of rehearsals, and we have the "Thalassa" Symphony and the first public performance in London of the "Normandy" Variations. The young bloods scoffed, of course. They had been swallowing Stravinsky in large doses, and snatches of "Elektra" and "L'Apres-Midi" and "Hicky-Koo" were playing the devil with their feverish young brains. "Just listen to Elgar!" one fellow cried to me, as a particularly graceful bit of Somervellian melody was played by first and second violins in unison: "Pooh!" "Early Victorian rubbish!" "Pink and white!" "Can't score for nuts!" and other epigrammatic utterances were to be heard at the buffet during the five minutes' interval. One young musician, less noisy than the others, who remarked, "At last there is some hope for English music!" was applauded as a farceur, much to his embarrassment, and his attempted explanations were drowned in laughter.

"I think I know what the young man meant. "Here," I can imagine him saying, "after all these strenuous years of discoveries, of amazing progress in orchestration, of skill in performance, we have a man who has never got beyond his Weber! In these days, when an advanced technique is universal and schools practically indistinguishable, we discover a man who is perfectly contended with his own village pump. My friends, the phenomenon is amazing; it is the most significant thing that has happened for years. You are fools to laugh. Don't you see that because we are all so damned fashionable, we are as like each other as peas? Can one of you spot any difference in technique between Harty's 'Comedy' Overture and, say, the overtures of Balfour Gardiner, Arnold Bax, and Montague Phillips? Is it not curious that Harty's 'Variations on an Irish Theme' should be an artistic failure, while 'A Sea Symphony' of Vaughan Williams—a less well-scored work—should be regarded as an artistic success? Call me a platitudinarian if you like, but don't you see that Vaughan Williams's technique, laborious as it is, is entirely subordinated to the musical ideas in the work? The fact is, we all score too jolly well. You
fellows seem to have lost the historic sense when you laugh at Somervell. Who amongst us would run the gauntlet of the daily Press by scoring that Intermezzo movement the way he did in a style not a day later than Schubert's C minor? Is it who get applauded, not men like Arthur Somervell. He is the Don Quixote of our time."

A young man who would have said so much in defence of an academic writer would probably have said much more. Whether he would have praised the actual material of the "Thalassa" Symphony, I do not know. Probably not. We are all born iconoclasts—even the most conservative of us—and in music it is the comparatively recent composer we vilify, the composer of a generation ago. The nearest analogy to Somervell's music I can think of is the verse of Tennyson. It is music of Tennyson's period, but Tennyson at his best. It has all the stateliness of the famous Poet Laureate's finest phrases, with none of the pomposity of his worst. There is the same measured grace, the same carefully ordered climaxes, the same absence of intimacy; one's withers are never wrung by emotional confidences of the distressing kind one listens to in "Ein Heldenleben," for example. It lacks colour—for obvious reasons an essential of modern music—and, there is the same measured grace the same carefully produced effect upon his own creative work. Not even Parry, who many years ago gave him lessons in composition, has left any trace of his own personality in Somervell's work, and he might as well have studied in Pooles as in Berlin for all the "influence" one may discover.

* * *

The Symphony was certainly not performed as well as it might have been, and I feel sure Nikisch would have been glad to give it at least one more good rehearsal. It was played from memory, and it might have been, and I feel sure Nikisch would have been glad to give it at least one more good rehearsal.

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I have split this much ink over Somervell because he represents to me an interesting and by no means negligible vision of the question I set out to discuss. Parry's new Symphony I heard the other day for the first time, and obtained—really this is exhausting—still another point of view: the same evening. We have all admired Parry's new Symphony I heard the other day for the first time, and obtained—really this is exhausting—still another point of view: the same evening.

There appears to be a kind of boom in Grainger just now, and I doubt whether it is going to do him much ultimate good. The "Mock Morris" and "Molly on the Shore" are, as I have said, superlatively fine things in their way, but that is no reason why we should have such things as the "Hill Song" and "Colonial Song."
Pastiche.

GREAT THOUGHTS AND THEIR THINKERS.

The illuminating results of a recent "Evening News" symposium on that subject so straitly confining of fine intelligence, "Are we too silly to Think?" led us to believe that a few further discussions of a similar nature would put England right with those grand intellectual organisations which go always to the making of our intellect. Accordingly, a distinguished member of our staff was set to canvass the same mass of opinion on a topic which promises to become very populous in conversation of the whole world, and an affair of practical politics to boot. Without misgiving, therefore, or any more delay, we beg to present our audience with a new programme.

Replies appear in most cases to have been lifted from our Carmelite contemporary, but this appearance is really a grand testimony to the consistent philosophy of the contributors.

ARE WE TOO SILLY TO LIVE?

MR. JOHN GALSworthy: You ask whether we are too silly to live. An owning of illustration is worth a pound of theory. I sought at this moment to be living sensibly. I am writing—with all deference I say it—for your local literature.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT: No, I don't think people are. There's more sensible living going on than ever there was. At least, I have been born with this fact, in my opinion, proves that our age is more sensible than the next will be.

MR. PURPLE SNOWDEN: God forbid! Railways, telegraphs, the newspaper, modern industry! Why men are being all round stimulated to profound living!

MR. WORKMAN ANGEL: I don't think, Mr. Bennett, we lived for the right things we should live more.

MR. GOLDON SELFRIDGE: We are never too silly to live. Living is a habit which can be cultivated, or which can allowed to drop. But we are never too silly to live!

MR. J. T. GREEN: No—absolutely no. Because on Sundays, far from the muddling crowd, people do turn up to hear me lecture, even at Goldner's Green.

MR. C. HOLBROOK: I confess my inability to understand what "well to the other evening with the string quartet" means. In all my riotous career as a concert-goer, I have never heard anything that could beat this for unashamed vapidly. I would rather listen any day to Holbrooke's "Byron" or Wallace's "Villon."

One word more about Mr. Percy Grainger and I have done. We live in an age of conceits and affectations—what age was not affected? (There is a story told of Mr. Cyril Scott that when someone, discussing the tendencies of modern harmony with him, remarked, "I hear you intend to abolish rhythm," the young modernist replied quite modestly, "I have abolished rhythm." I do not vouch for the truth of this story, though I believe it.) The affectation of the true-blue Anglo-Saxon composer is the latest. Mr. Grainger is not contented with the Italian expression marks that have sufficed for other people. The familiar "poco cresc. molto" becomes "louder largely hit by bit"; "ben marcato" becomes "well to the fore"; "poco marcato" becomes "slightly to the fore"; "molto cresc. molto" becomes "louder lots." In order to make his meaning quite clear Mr. Grainger has been obliged to explain himself in Italian. I may be losing what sense of humour I was born with, but I do not think this sort of thing is funny. As a musician of more than a few years, I should have had to confess my inability to understand what "well to the fore" means. Again, I do not feel that the dedication of "Molly on the Shore"—"Birthday gift, Mother, 3/7/07"—is in the best of taste. This young genius requires explanation.

A critic, to be thoroughly conscientious, must always be changing his opinions. At the present moment it is my firm conviction that the two most important personalities among the younger composers are Gustav von Holst and Vaughan Williams. Von Holst scores more subtly and with greater inventiveness than Vaughan Williams, but there is a rhythmic quality in Vaughan Williams' later work and an emotional intensity that make it worthy to rank with the best music of to-day, and take a proud place in any classical programme. I have heard their works in rehearsal, so I know what I am talking about. (Reserving the right, of course, to change my opinions to-morrow morning.) As a piece of orchestral colouring, von Holst's "Beni Mora" is almost unique in English music—Delius's "Pais" is the nearest that occurs to the mind offhand, and even that at all comparable. As an essay in imaginative writing Vaughan Williams' "Sea Symphony," too, requires a quality of beating in this or in any other country; and it was after hearing Gervase Elwes sing the cycle "On Wenlock Edge" that I became an enthusiastic supporter of the accompaniment of the Grimston Quartet that I made up my mind I had been listening to the music of a composer who matters very much indeed, and will matter still more. An exciting decision.

March 6, 1913.

THE NEW AGE

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whether aeroplanes have anything to do with the matter. A, who goes daily to the City in a motor-bus and fails to speculate sublimely, as we do, that we do not fail, would never have been a metaphysician even if he had trudged his way with simple feet. Metaphysics does not require for its mission anyone who is accustomed to ponder on eternal things—the perpetual booms in books and so on. I must make one reservation, though, for I think a machine turn not very silly: I do think that the study of the technique of logic—in Whately for choice—would do nine men out of ten a great deal of good whose lives are weighed down by the mere controversy! I am myself quite obviously feebleminded!

Sir Harcourt Tree: I do not think people are too silly to live. They must have some amusement.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson: It is impossible to be too silly to live; you may be too lazy to live or too incapable of living, but being silly itself is a kind of living.

Mr. W. R. Titterton: We are all of us always living in a dazed, foolish way. Again, the metropolis has become so vast that we spend much of our time en route, half-hypnotised, and thinking aimlessly about this and that. Yes, we live far too much nowadays; what we want is something to live on.

A SUMMING UP.

One may not be taken back out of life, and yet may very well be too silly to take up a pen and write out one's thoughts on the subject. Quite a number of would-be distinguished persons have refused to cope with the necessities of life. How silly! Have they no idea of our circulation?

EPIGRAMS: MANNERS SERIES.

TO MR. ARTHUR RANSOME.

O delicatessen violets, hither! O dandelions, not beloved by sucklings, be not seen! O all desirable but impolite flowers of opium, be avoided! O all desirable but impolite pleasantry of the quietest poets we ever had, a seductive carica-ture of John Bull merely to entice one. And one of his loveliest poems is to be used as a method of provocation, though we have not the courage to do it. Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, with all her money, does not even manage to make herself heard on some matters. They are outraged just now by Mr. Paul Taylor's reference to the police. And the queen of the police—Pethick-Lawrence, indeed!—judge Darling recently sentenced two poor little boys for a raid on a tuck-shop— for the very same offence which he was unusually done desiring as something like a silly prank in two grammar-school boys. Where were these race-mothers?

RACE MANAGEMENT.

This very Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, with all her money, does not even mother one solitary child! That would be getting to work—to adopt a few of the Race, and mother them. Motherhood means having something to do with children, and it would puzzle anyone to find the children among the suffragettes; no, they never do. The less we want to mother the race, but they do yearn to manage it.

The middle-class female probation-officer is managing poor children into police-courts and thence to reformatories and then to the City, at the rate of about two, thousand per annum; children-robbers and pirates, cheeky children, truants, all sorts of high-spirited little wretches, come to lifelong grief now, and wherever they are "sentenced"—there you will find the dingy, stiff-faced female officer hovering behind the quaking victim. The number of child-prosecutions secret is up, up, every month. Race-management is the real term. This very Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, with all her money, does not even mother one solitary child! That would be getting to work—to adopt a few of the Race, and mother them. Motherhood means having something to do with children, and it would puzzle anyone to find the children among the suffragettes; no, they never do. The less we want to mother the race, but they do yearn to manage it.

TO MR. FISDON YOUNG.

How came you, Sir, who are well acquainted with device, to go in for the use of emblems by printing them all in italics? Consider now how much of your honourable indignation at the sabotage at aerial Reading was thrown away in the so called "Mall Geosoon" by your unoriginal method. For forcibility you should have reserved the type. Thus, you might have printed strongly: "I have no great belief that wicked people can manage, or put themselves in a decent frame of mind. I do think that there should be quite a special form and severity of punishment which would render an act of treacherous cowardice of this kind obviously and publicly disgraceful." People would then have quite understood that we were not taking up a pen and writing out our opinions, but were using a revenge equally clearly as low as the mentality of the saboteur. I am afraid that the Bishops have already cornered most of the good names of political emblems for other offences against morality not yet sufficiently boomed, but as an aeronaut you might not bind your man, take him up in a machine, and let him drive the propeller. You would surely die happy hearing him ground to pieces! Or, if this is not sufficient to teach the public that "a man with a man," then even It-and-Yon and him—first read him some of your vapidous stuff. His agogies... and then read him some of your vapidous stuff. His agogies... but a hint is enough to the wise!

T. K. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RACE MANAGEMENT.

Sir,—The wealthy and childless Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence has at last given away the secret of the movement. He is not equal divorce rights with privilege of life-maintenance for the wife, not a lien on one's husband's wages, not a say about vaccination, no more than a sort of moral approval hoped it might be—the chance of making England some what less brutal and little more gay (do not ask me, at least, how much I admire this imagination!). The secret is,—"the dawning in the consciousness of women of the sense of race-motherhood and of the corresponding sense of humankind which might possibly determine to be included in the human commonwealth as a sovereign half of a sovereign people."

Race-management is the real term. This very Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, with all her money, does not even mother one solitary child! That would be getting to work—to adopt a few of the Race, and mother them. Motherhood means having something to do with children, and it would puzzle anyone to find the children among the suffragettes; no, they never do. The less we want to mother the race, but they do yearn to manage it.
Our strength is that men love us, and our "progress" should be in learning what to applaud in men, so that they shall respect us for our choice of subjects, and not for their business, it is to applaud the best, since we suffer or prosper according to their wisdom or their folly. When men run mad, we are swept aside like pebbles. Our present tactics are certainly preparing us for little consideration. Five years of ceaseless insult will take some wiping out. Those who mean to continue should remember the words of Essex Trench, though the idea, so far as I know, has not been formulated in your columns. "I was never proud, Madam, until you tried to make me too base."

**THE "DAILY HERALD" HEADLINES.**

**Sir,—** The reply of the "Daily Herald" to your comments on its headlines is to misrepresent what they know very well what they ought to respect, and to make me too base. A couple of the "passenger" captions as "Mown Down by Motor" and "Three Kiddies Killed," into a general charge against the whole of its headlines. The epithet "odious" was served by your critic for these two disgusting captions; the merely silly ones of which the "Daily Herald" has certainly prepared to their wisdom or their folly. When men run mad, we are swept aside like pebbles. Our present tactics are to applaud the best, since we suffer or prosper according to their wisdom or their folly. When men run mad, we are swept aside like pebbles. Our present tactics are certainly preparing us for little consideration. Five years of ceaseless insult will take some wiping out. Those who mean to continue should remember the words of Essex Trench, though the idea, so far as I know, has not been formulated in your columns. "I was never proud, Madam, until you tried to make me too base."

**SIR,—** May I be permitted to thank the writer of "Pre- sent-Day Criticism" for his much-needed comments on the "world's "martinets" and "silly American back- slaps," which are more and more becoming distinguishing notes of the "Daily Herald." His snare but merciless criticisms of Mr. Arthur Machen, Mr. Hamilton Fyde, and Co. are to serve, at least, as a wake-up for all serious, or self-respecting individual is compelled to look at the publications in which those gentlemen air their views on life and love; for obviously, the people cannot ignore the "Herald"; and a good many of them must for some little time now have been coming to feel a certain disgust at those characteristics singled out for censure by your contributor.

I do not know who is responsible for this persistent striving after what American journalists describe (I believe) as "snap." Probably not the Editor, who must be far too busy touring the provinces addressing meetings (and incidently "talking the limelight") to have any time to spare for foreign news; but whichever is responsible, he needs to be told—and told often—that virility does not necessarily imply vulgarity; and that one might even feel unconcerned to be quoted (for obvious reasons) as "reading loudly, at all too short intervals, that it is chop, chop, chop." To complete the farce, the papers are now full of reports of feverish activity on the part of White Slavers—as well as of counter-warnings against credulity and panic (e.g., "Daily News," February 26). Now either these reports (a) are untrue or (b) they are true. If (a) then hysteria is demonstrably a farce; if (b) then, the Act that was to work such wonders that it had to be put forward as the first-fruits of the Woman's Suffrage movement, and a sample of favours to come. Remembering the intellectual premise of the movement that sincerity with this were not so, but facts like the following seem conclusive.

One main reason given for opposing the Liberal at recent by-elections has been, I understand, that to support him would be to vote for White Slavery because against the Bill. The chief societies were officially represented at the Kingsway meeting (the audience being mainly feminine). Readers of their papers could no doubt give conclusive quotations. I need only refer to the sentence from the "Sixty-Six" about Miss Robins' St. John's Wood burlesque, given in your "Current Cant" for January 21. Mrs. Fawcett was on the platform at the same meeting; indeed, she should perhaps be considered the main proponent of the present social psychosis. (Cf. her letter to the "Daily News," April 27.) The one paper devoted solely to the propaganda ("The Awakener") is a suffragette.

**SIR,—** Some weeks ago you were so good as to publish a letter from me pointing out a somewhat remarkable mistake in a leaflet issued by the "Pass-the-Bill Committee." Its complete history, which I now make, makes, I venture, interesting.

On June 13 the Home Secretary stated that the number of women and girls reported to the London Police as missing during the previous twelve months, and still untraced, was 4,516, for those under 16 years 165, for those under 16 years. ("Times," June 14.)

Answering a similar question more fully on July 11 he gave the numbers as 136 for all ages above 16, and 82 for those below. He added that their absence was in many cases explainable; further, "one woman is known to have gone abroad with a foreigner." (Hansard, June 24, July 12, col. 2356.)

(1) On July 26 "A Mother of Girls," writing to the "Daily Chronicle" quoted these figures (first answer), but substituted "weeks" for "months," that is, multiplied by 42.

(2) In the September number of the parish magazine of St. Luke's Heywood (a town in Lancashire?) the rector of the parish printed a revised version of these figures. Presumably his only source was (1), as he too gives the "weeks" version.

(3) The "Pass-the-Bill Committee" republished (2) version as a leaflet under the title of "Criminals of the Labouring Classes." In their columns and those of the "Nation" (November 23), this leaflet, so far from being withdrawn, is now being issued in a revised (1) and a printed form; the reading "weeks" is still preferred.

(4) Mr. Willis, in his book "The White Slaves of London," reproduces both (1) and (2), presumably that each may morally support the other (pp. 17, 174). Strange as it may seem to others than readers of this remarkable work, Mr. Willis is obviously unaware that he has himself given the correct figures (second answer) on p. 174! This book, too, has been reprinted (in January) and is evidently still selling briskly.

(5) The prison authorities are to some extent at least preparing a letter of recommendation from the Bishop of London, whose endorsement is the less equivocal in that two specific points are explicitly excepted from it.

To sum up, a committee of self-appointed experts make use of publicly subscribed money to disseminate "facts" which they take from a caption, which was taken to them from an anonymous lady who, a few weeks after the figures have appeared in the Press, cannot quote without quadrupling them. How many pounds, one wonders, have been spent on the discrediting of this proposed proposition? Has the hand falsification? Finally, a bishop, an expert and their well—those who believe them—are months afterwards collectively unable to see anything wrong though the refutation is contained in the same volume.

Such are the methods and the minds that have stumped us back to a form of torture that is clearly monstrous. Let us, infinitely unattainable (Home Secretary, January 21), and notoriously unattractive (e.g., a professor of ethics openly regards the inflicting thereof as a reward, "Nation," November 23). To complete the farce, the papers are now full of reports of feverish activity on the part of White Slavers—as well as of counter-warnings against credulity and panic (e.g., "Daily News," February 26). Now either these reports (a) are untrue or (b) they are true. If (a) then hysteria is demonstrably a farce; if (b) then, the Act that was to work such wonders that it had to be pushed through in time to save the Christmas shoppers has admittedly made matters worse. Incidentally, a writer in the "Awakener" says that times have been worse since the Act of 1885 than before it.

There remains the question, whose the credit? And here we remember that (1) the agitation and the Bill have been put forward as the first-fruits of the Woman's Suffrage movement, and a sample of favours to come. Remembering the intellectual premise of the movement that sincerity with this were not so, but facts like the following seem conclusive. One main reason given for opposing the Liberal at recent by-elections has been, I understand, that to support him would be to vote for White Slavery because against the Bill. The chief societies were officially represented at the Kingsway meeting (the audience being mainly feminine). Readers of their papers could no doubt give conclusive quotations. I need only refer to the sentence from the "Sixty-Six" about Miss Robins' St. John's Wood burlesque, given in your "Current Cant" for January 30. Mrs. Fawcett was on the platform at the same meeting; indeed, she should perhaps be considered the main proponent of the present social psychosis. (Cf. her letter to the "Daily News," April 27.) The one paper devoted solely to the propaganda ("The Awakener") is a suffragette.

Finally, "P. W. W." ("Daily News," November 2) has stated with open cynicism that even the anti-suffragists are supporting the Bill provided; of course, in a position there have I, think, been no inadvertent suffragette denials. It is a pity, for as Mrs. Hastings says, blood-stains are apt to clot. At least, a larger, more eager suffragist has become an active opponent of what the Woman's movement here and now stands for.

**SIR,—** Labour is considered, by those who mistake the rapid motion of the industrial whirlpool for progress, to
remember them sufficiently well to be able to uphold him as heartily as I should like, in this view; but I beg him to believe that disingenuous as my arguments may seem it is at least fair for my facts to be believed, and that I speak fairly on matters so vitally important as the arts and crafts.

ANTHONY M. LIPPOVCI.

CONSCRIPTS OF HUNGER.

Sir,—First, let me cordially thank Mr. James Ward-ropper for his interesting letter, quoting Col. A. J. A. Wright, of Leeds, that "70 per cent. were conscripts of hunger, and would not have joined had the enemy been assured of a job." The Colonel is very near the mark—though he only allows five per cent. for "love of adventure.

Secondly, I would quote the "Daily News and Leader," February 14th: "Of 5,000 to 6,000 tramps received in the Casual Ward at Newbury, during twelve months, there was not an ex-Navy man, whereas 62 per cent. had been soldiers." My article was, of course, in the Press, or I would have added the foregoing, but my own 65 per cent. of out-of-work and casual job-hunters was near enough.

Thirdly, I reply to Romney's remarks as to Territorials that my article dealt with Regulars, merely citing Terri-

torials as a proof that pursuing soldiering and a trade simultaneously was eminently feasible.

Fourthly, I will deal with the only fragment of real reply Romney has made, which was a correction of his "nine-tenths" fallacy. He says: "Mr. Morgan allows me 30 per cent. of enlistments to cover the numbers of those who:

1. (from dissatisfaction with civil life.
2. (in the hope of a 'career,' not 'very much want to do something else'—than call the job.'
3. (from sheer boredom of adventure,
4. (admit that NOS. 25, 56, 98 and 108 were perhaps exceptions. Unfortunately I do not

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

For the sake of the gallant and unsuspecting critic I think that an artist-cabinet-maker of the phenomenal reactivity of Mr. Hamilton T. Smith ought at least to hang a warning over his productions: Caution; Do not "sit" on this furniture—it the penalty for disregarding the notice being a conscientious and painstaking correspondence in the Press. A fact which gravely complicates the process of coming to terms with him is that, like the people who have taken offence, Mr. Smith easily mis-

understands what his adversary is driving at. So easily, indeed, does Mr. Smith now charac-

terize my argument about "technique" in my last letter as "dishonest." It was very far from being disingenuous. Let me start briefly what I meant. I did not mean, as Mr. Smith implies, that he was the first to raise this cry, or that I had not also used it. What I depre-

cated was the too ready use of the cry "technique," as a privileged rejoinder on the part of one thoroughly saturated with the mysteries of a particular technique, against one who though criticising results, was not so saturated. There was nothing in that, particularly as I went to the trouble of writing not one but twenty or more lines on the point.

Then Mr. Smith returns to the main issue, and after nailing me down to nine exhibits, appalls me by staking his high reputation upon the fact that I am wrong in what I said about them. Now, what is the position thus created? In a word, where the reader is left in doubt as to the possession of a carpenter's bench is sure to be told very strongly in one's favour, especially if one is opposed to a man who does not possess such a thing, and who yet dares to pronounce his judgment on matters con-

nected with the carpenter's bench; in such a world, the specialist will naturally be allowed to out-roar his non-

specialising and yet tasteful brother. And every English-

man will feel that justice has been done. This is ob-

vious. From my point of view, therefore, the position which seems to have been created by Mr. Smith is an impossible one. But you notice that I say very gnarlily "seems to have been created," for, as a matter of fact, though in my next letter I may_admit that I created this position, for the present it is still inchoate, or merely foreshadowed. As it stands, the position is this: Mr. Smith has the group of exhibits to the fine-ninths of which were not even referred to in my article! (Search how you may, you will not find a trace of Nos. 25, 56, 94, 98 or 208 in his criticism.) He says Mr. Smith, you condemned these exhibits by implied con-

cession to him—that perhaps the statement which he quotes from my original article, did give the impression of too unexoevable universalism. Still, I would re-

mind him that the rule is proved by exception, and that I am perfectly willing, in view of his staking his reputation upon the fact, to admit that Nos. 25, 56, 94, 98, and 352 were perhaps exceptions. Unfortunately I do not
three little pictures of the past, recalled by Romney's funny theory, and let it go at that.

(1) The writer (a "Corporal") testifying to the generally good behaviour of his dozen share-bears, gutter-snipes who were up before the C.O. and had no plea but that "th' corporal 'ad refused th' larns-stripe for three little pictures of the past, recalled by Romney's

"funny theory," and let it go at that.

(2) Again, the same "corporal," as captain of the footer team, requesting a rather foul-mouthed officer letting the team down "to swear like a common person" acting before the most peppery C.O. in the Army with the deliciously impudent request that he might be allowed to rise an hour later than the others, because "the bad music of the mess band deprived him of his usual allowance of sleep!" The request was naturally refused, but if any individual of that regiment does not now smile on the incident being mentioned, he is dead. Well, such a man as this "corporal" might be no saint. He may even be a bad example for his fellow-soldiers. But he would hardly "depress" him. Such a man might lead his comrades into the Aisles of Hell (though oftener, it is reluctantly remembered, into the canteen!) but "depress" them? Not very much! BRETT MORGAN.

A VIEW FROM PARIS.

Sir,—I enclose a translation of a cutting from the Paris "Midi" of February 12, which I hope you will print. We may well be proud of the spirit in which Scott and his companions faced death under terrible conditions, but is it not time we asked ourselves of what practical utility are such expeditions?

F. MOULDER.

PARI S "MIDI," February 12th, 1913.

The death of Captain Scott and his companions at the South Pole is surrounded by stirring and affecting circumstances. Be it so. But before writing of England in the vigorous manner which characterised Thomas Hardy's Tempest of yesterday (qu'elle est 'veuve de ses meurs filés) that she (England) was widowed of her best sons, I ask permission to reflect a little. And after reflection I do not find the death of Captain Scott very intelligent. What was he doing at the South Pole? Working for science and progress? Where is the pleasure or satisfaction of slaking one's foot for a few moments on a floating iceberg? Does it add to the sum of our knowledge? The Norwegian, Amundsen, has been and returned. I am still waiting to be shown the results of his exploit. His studies of the Antarctic fauna seem to consist principally of photographs of penguins. His researches into the climate of the Antarctic have resulted in a plentiful crop of rheumatic complaints. He has told us that the Pole is a country where dogs are yoked as in Belgium, and eaten afterwards as in China. Apart from that Belgium and China offer far more variety, and are much more interesting.

Be frank. Say that you are going to the Pole to indulge your amusement, and for my part I shall not take any.

No, young Frenchmen, Captain Scott is not a model to imitate. He would hardly have been better employed in moderating his country in his own rank and station. One does not leave a wife and child in order to eat raw seal and scurvy, to amuse oneself. Well, one does not amusing oneself there. The least you may expect is that frozen feet and rheumatic complaints will not cheat you of your amusement, and for my part I am not taking any.

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