THE DEATH OF OLD CAPITALISM.

Why WE OPPOSE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE. By CURRENT CANT

NOTES ON THE PRESENT KALPA:

SOME MODERN APHORISMS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE CHRONICLES

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM

LETTERS FROM ITALY-V.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The offer of the Midland Railway Company to reinstate Guard Richardson constitutes a distinct gain for the men and justifies the attitude they took up from the beginning; but we must nevertheless decline to regard it as a final victory. The railway workers had grumbled many times previously about the control system; they had expressed their dissatisfaction with the oral alterations of the written rules. It is possible, so far as one can judge from the company's statement, that the procedure will now be modified; but the cause of the dissatisfaction remains. As we pointed out last week, this cause is simply the bad management of the lines, which are in charge of directors, many of whom do not know their business—a remark that often applies to the managers as well. It must not be assumed that merely because the directors appoint a manager with technical knowledge the railways will work as smoothly as they should. In all businesses, as in all forms of government, the "tone" is set by those in authority; and if those in authority are inexperienced or slack or careless, their bad qualities will be more or less reflected in every section of their staff. The only remedy, as we have already said, is management by the railway men themselves, in partnership with the State.

Clearly enough, the immediate victory could not have been gained if the men had been lacking in solidarity; and we hope this further exemplification of the potentialities of the general strike will not be lost sight of either by workmen or employers. We say employers as well as workmen in consequence of the complaint made in the "Pall Mall Gazette" against the public being inconvenienced by the railwaymen coming out solely on behalf of one man. The argument seems to be that if, say, a thousand employees had been affected, a strike might have been justifiable, but that since only one man was suffering from the conse-

quences of the dispute, it was deplorable that the railway services should be suspended while the matter was argued out. The company's climb-down, as it happened, obviated this extreme measure; but the complaint is worth noticing all the same. It is characteristic of the one-sided views prevalent in the Press, though not among the public, on the subject of labour disputes in general. The motto of the National Service League, an organisation which has always been warmly supported by the "Pall Mall Gazette," is "each for all and all for each." The "Pall Mall Gazette," like many another newspaper and politician, is quite prepared to act up to the first half of the motto. "Each for all" is their constant cry, whether in connection with conscription or the new blacklegging civilian police, but when it comes to "all for each" we hear nothing but a chorus of protests about inconvenience the public. This is obviously unfair. The very people who protest so loudly about the many consulting the interests of one are those who constantly express abhorrence of Socialism because under a Socialist form of government the interests of the individual, as they say, would be neglected. We cannot please everybody, but we can, we hope, show some people that their minds are fuddled and illogical.

This Midland Railway dispute has brought the subject of Labour newspapers into some prominence. Admirers of the "Daily Citizen," for example, who had been hard put to it to explain why some of the trade union leaders could justify the spending of at least £60,000 on a newspaper which, according to the published reports, had not come up to their financial expectations, triumphantly declared that the publicity given to the men's side of the question in the new Labour daily had made it necessary for the other newspapers to put forward the men's point of view. We are prepared to deny, in the first place, that the "Daily Citizen" influenced the capitalist newspapers at all; and that, in the second place, the "Citizen" has any right to speak on behalf of the working men of this country. This particular dispute was short and sharp: and the only documents with which the average newspaper reader was concerned were the statement issued for the men, the company's reply, the men's rejoinder, and the company's offer. To official documents of this kind, no matter which side issued them, the Press in general has always given publicity. We are quite justified in accusing the ordinary newspapers of suggesting falsi and suppressivo veri where Labour matters are concerned; and, to be fair, we must acknowledge that official statements have usually been given without being garbled. And on this occasion capitalist papers
like the "Mail" and the "Telegraph" said from the outset, without waiting to be inspired by the "Citizen," that the company had no case.

But, if we may accuse the capitalist papers of suppressing the inconvenient truth and suggesting the con-

veniently false, of the "Citizen" puts itself? Namely "owned and controlled by the Labour movement," to quote from its front page, the "Citizen" has from the very first devoted itself to sup-

porting the trade union leaders in and out of Parlia-

ment, despite the fact that the Labour Party in the House, and the trade union leaders in the country, have for at least six years shown themselves to be out of touch with the causes and the symptoms, even, of the unrest among the very men whom they were sup-

posed to lead and represent. We have only to recall the instances of the last railway strike, the transport workers' strike, and the miners' strike. In spite of the intervention of the Labour Party, the transport workers secured the increased wages they asked for, even though the public had to pay smartly immediately afterwards; and, thanks to the stupidity of the Labour Party, the miners and the railwaymen were defeated in 1912 and 1911 respectively. Yet the "Daily Citizen" has consistently supported these alleged leaders of the "movement." Now, anyone who has come into close touch with the workers during recent years knows per-

fectly well that their opinion of their leaders is so low that it would not bear printing. They realise that they have been sold and betrayed over and over again; but they are as powerless to control their little caucuses of leaders as ordinary veters are powerless to control the caucuses of professional politicians.

In this one respect we are glad to say that the "Daily Herald" is a distinctly superior paper. It is not for us to complain if the cap which Mr. J. M. Kennedy held out in a different direction a week or two ago was seized by the "Herald" staff and found to be a correct fit. The "Herald," we observe, rebukes our contributor, and incidentally The New Age generally, for condemning sectionalism, and maintains that it is necessary to put forward a sectional outlook. Admitting this for the sake of argument, we must point out that such sectional organs must not profess to be in any sense democratic or representative. Let the "Herald" and the "Citizen" put forward, if they will, what they conceive to be a Labour point of view, but, in so doing, let them cease to prate about Democracy; for it is the essence of Demo-

cracy that it shall not be sectional.

We have mentioned one respect in which we regard the "Herald" as superior to the "Citizen," and we

gladly admit that the superiority thus acquired, which no doubt attracted Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is all to the credit of the "Herald." But here, unfortunately, praise must end. One or two New Age contributors have already commented on certain vulgarieties in the "Daily Herald's" presentation of its news; but we are inclined to make in these Notes a still more serious complaint, viz., that neither the "Herald" nor the "Citizen" forward its sectional view properly. Pending the entire disappearance of the present capitalist system, the most important actual problem for Labour to consider is how to raise wages. Even a reader of capitalist newspapers would understand this. A reader of the "Herald" or the "Citizen," on the other hand, would imagine that every worker in the country was most anxious in the first place to secure votes for women, and, in the second place, to secure the abolition of the so-called white slave traffic. No impression, as our reader are doubtless well aware, could be more unjustified and baseless. Whatever the merits of the women's movement may be, the Labour movement is certainly not concerned with it; and when the Labour movement does not view it with more or less active hostility. As for the white slave agitation, they simply do not take it seriously.

With the financial affairs of the "Daily Herald," which is not connected with any official body, we are naturally not concerned. On the financial affairs of the "Citizen," however, which is in every sense an official newspaper, we have a right to comment in the inter-

ests of the workers. According to Mr. Arthur Hen-
derson's statement at the Caxton Hall Conference on Friday last, £60,000 had already been paid up in re-

spect of "Daily Citizen" shares and £25,000 more had been pledged and would duly be paid. Of the large sum of £60,000 (large, we mean, for the Trade Union movement), a considerable proportion had come from the funds of various trade unions— £10,000, for ex-

ample, from the miners; £13,000 from the textile unions; £5,000 from the engineers. Finding these sums insufficient, the delegates passed a resolution pledging themselves "to work to secure from their members an amount equal to 1s. per annum per mem-

ber for three years to secure the permanent success of the paper," and they further urged that "those unions who have not yet invested should subscribe capital." In short, the paper had arranged for capital to the amount of £85,000, and now a further £100,000 was wanted.

Legally, of course, there was no reason why ten times this sum should not have been asked for. From a practical point of view, however, we regard the de-

mands as ill-advised, to use a mild expression. We hardly like to blame the delegates, for they appear to have been so highly excited over the thought of having a paper of their very own that we must in all charity regard them as not being entirely responsible for their actions. Labour has reached a very critical stage. The recent strikes, successful and unsuccessful, have left many of the unions impoverished. The sum of £200,000 or so would have been a godsend as a solid support for the movement, yet it is seriously agreed by the "representatives" of Labour that a sum of this magnitude, or even more, shall be frittered away on a newspaper which, even if it were much better edited and conducted than it is, can at most possibly further the cause of the workers in the only way that counts, viz., by wage-raising.

We have maintained in these columns again and again, and the events of the last five years or so in the Labour world have proved the correctness of our assertions, that the party of the unions lies in indus-

trial action. When the unions confined themselves to purely industrial agitation the effect was seen in a steady rise of wages proportionately to prices. When the mistake was made of returning trade union leaders to Parliament, wages began to shrivel in pro-

portion to prices; and the further consequences of the fatal cessation of industrial agitation by the trade unions are seen in the falling wage-bill of the country, the rising prices, and the sky-high profits. Not con-

tent with diverting trade union funds to the exasperat-

ingly useless purpose of sending dolts to betray their followers in a worthless assembly of capitalists, it is seriously proposed now by Labour leaders that further large sums of money shall be spent on newspaper prop-

ganda. No Labour newspaper, let us emphasise, can ever hope to compete, in news alone, with organs like the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Mirror," or even the "News and Leader," and the more expensive "Daily Telegraph" and "Manchester Guardian." We may regret this state of affairs, but we must acknowledge it. The workman who wants the general news of the day, and not merely plaugey paragraphs and dull articles about votes for women and lashes for white slave traffickers, will find himself much better served by a paper like the "Mail" than by a Labour one. We think our Labour leaders have more advertisements, more money in con-

sequence, more news, and better sources of informa-

tion.
A Labour daily, if we assume that there is room for one, ought, we think, to be conducted on different lines altogether. Only a relatively few workmen, we feel sure from our own experience and observation, want a paper chiefly containing items of their own class. They know as much about their sufferings as the scribes can tell them; and what extra news or gossip on this subject they may require they can get with more truth from their friends at the nearest pub. than from the mealy-mouthed “Citizen” or the woman-ridden “Herald.” There is, however, quite a different public which is only waiting to be appealed to. We refer to the ever-growing number of men in all classes of society who are, whether through personal inclination or the force of circumstances, “taking an interest” in Labour problems. These people do not want mere day-to-day news so much as interpretative comments and explanations of current phases of the Labour movement. For the form of such a paper we cannot do better than refer inquirers to any issue of the Paris “Journal des Débats” or the older (not the present) form of the Paris “Figaro.” Our ideal Labour daily newspaper, to be more definite, would consist of four pages only, would be published at a penny, and would subordinate its news to its critical and its constructive policy; but it would have to be edited in a much nobler and higher spirit than any Labour organ now on the market.

We are convinced that all workmen worth their salt would become regular purchasers of such a paper, and that a journal on the lines we have briefly indicated would appeal to the middle and upper classes of society. This latter factor is by far the more important; for it is above all desirable that the Labour view shall be presented, not to the workers themselves—for they know it fairly well already—but to the classes whose interest in Labour problems is just beginning to be shown. This point would have occurred at the outset to anyone but a trade union leader. The small size—four pages—of the paper we recommend, and the price of a penny, would enable the paper to pay its way on its circulation alone, without relying upon advertisements. Mr. Henderson, at the conference already referred to, stated that the “Citizen” had not had nearly so many advertisements as had been hoped for. Why, we might well ask, should the “Citizen” expect to receive any advertisements at all? Why should the capitalist firms who advertise place their announcements with a paper which is, in theory, their avowed enemy?

Another argument raised during last week calls for some attention. It is held that, as the capitalists are represented in the House of Commons by, in effect, delegates for the various interests, as well as by innumerable newspapers, it is only right that the interests of Labour, too, should be represented in both these ways. We reply that it is the duty of the Labour leaders to attend to industrial agitation with a view to raising wages, and that they have no place in the House of Commons, where they can always be outvoted by the delegates who attend on behalf of other interests. This is a practical answer, but the question considered as an abstract political proposition is answered even more easily. It has long been admitted by both parties that, whether true or false, the mere “survivals” of the Darwinian process of evolution are of little account, and that unguided evolution leads to nowhere. Similarly, on the same analogy, economicists of all shades of opinion agree that a state which can be possibly expect of delegates who are “representing” interests instead of representing the nation, who have no goal in view, and no philosophy to stand upon.

We are happy to say that, as the result of careful inquiries we have made, the state of Labour unrest throughout the country is causing much concern among the employers. Capital makes cowards of us all, and this is certainly more so with capitalists who are afraid, at the present juncture, to move one way or another lest a Labour outbreak be precipitated. Some members of our ruling classes are in favour of an alliance with Germany in order that we may be spared the necessity of paying further taxes imposed upon us for the construction of armaments. Others fear that such a course might lead to trouble with France. Several influential capitalists are demanding conscription, believing that it would be a good way of keeping the workers in check when the railways and mines are nationalised, as they soon will be. They reason from the false analogy of the French railway strike. M. Briand, it will be remembered, who was Prime Minister at the time, summoned the workmen to return to their duties under martial law; but not before it had been definitely promised that their wages would be increased. Had the men been told to return without having been given this promise the consequences would not have been what they were.

On the surface the Insurance Act appears to be working well; in actual practice it is working badly and will almost certainly break down. The complexities of administration are, we are pleased to observe, proving too much for the greedy Jacks-in-office who owe their positions to the most barefaced corruption that has ever characterised an English Government since the time of Walpole—though Walpole always secured efficient service in return for his favours. It is calculated that at least 1,000,000 workers ought to be insured under the distress Act have never paid a farthing since the time came for them to do so. More than this, the victims of officialdom are already realising that the potions and boluses prescribed by the State Gaiens do not come to them composed of the very best materials. When the Essex Insurance Committee met on February 28, indeed, one of the members called the attention of his colleagues to the price-list issued by a firm of wholesale chemists, on which was the note “If insurance quality required, please ask for special prices.” The conscientious men applied to inquire whether “insurance quality” meant “inferior quality.” If it is not too late, perhaps we can save them the trouble. The deluded victims of Mr. Lloyd George are being dosed with the very cheapest drugs it is possible to obtain. What else, indeed, might have been expected?

There is something much more ironical than this. Mr. Lloyd George, it may be recalled, made a special feature of his sanatorium benefit; but when the time came for his promises to be carried into effect he could not even find one bed for the consumptive sufferers who applied for the benefit. In despair he turned for assistance to the Local Government Board; and Mr. John Burns, who had never supported the Act, and was generally suspected of regarding it with contempt and disgust, was called upon to make one important part of the Act operate by supplying workhouse hospital beds for consumptives sent up for treatment under the sanatoria clause (section 8b). We have reason to believe that the Local Government Board supplied nearly two thousand beds in response to the importunate demand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The advert of the Servile State may be hastened, the L.G.B. may be put to expense which, properly, should not fall within its province, and we may be spared the loss of the splendid sanatoria promised them; but all these things, it would appear, are of no importance so long as any means, however expensive and troublesome, can be employed to save the hypocritical double face of the most barefaced corruption.

The phenomenon of delegates in Parliament, however, instead of representative men in Burke’s sense, can only be described as laissez-faire transferred to politics. What can we make of a foxy Welsh solicitor, who glories in being the servant of Liberal capitalists and the betrayer of British workmen?
THE NEW AGE

March 13, 1913.

Current Cant.

"President Woodrow Wilson is America's new broom."—Nottingham Daily Express.

"I myself am one of the most celebrated people in Europe. I am not only a man of genius, but I make money out of it."—George Bernard Shaw.

"The Prince of Wales is travelling from Oxford in order to attend the dance which the King and Queen are giving. The dance is particularly interesting, as it will reveal the Prince as a dancer. The Prince has been a good deal in the public eye, but his skill as a dancer has never been demonstrated. As a matter of fact, the Prince is an excellent and finished dancer."—Daily Mirror.

"Of all the great galaxy of the Victorian age, none survive but him, whom we still affectionately call John Morley, standing austerely alone, the last of the giants."—Stephen Coleridge.

"Mr. Garvin is a futurist among the futurists; he strikes his roots deep into the past. Catholicity like his has no frontiers of creed, or race, or class, or period; it sees life steadily, and sees it whole."—J. P. Collins.

"Guard Richardson has put himself right with the officials, and the company are prepared to reinstate him. With a happy ending, this dispute should have good effects; the course of the brief quarrel shows the men that newspapers and public opinion, irrespective of politics, are ready to support any cause of the workers which is rational and just."—Daily Express.

"We know that Christ reigns, and He must reign. There is a mass of confusion, politically, ecclesiastically, and socially. Apostasy is going on at a fearful rate. Yet Christ reigns. Optimism, not pessimism, must be our note, knowing Christ is on His throne."—Rev. William Mincher.

"Trade unionism would be dealt a terrible, perhaps a fatal, blow if it should prove possible for the mistreatment of a single man to bring about a stoppage of the railway system of the country."—Manchester Guardian.

"It is folly for the man in the street to speak contemptuously of the 'idle rich' while men like Lord Howard de Walden exist."—London Mail.

"Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox has sympathy, inspiration, fancy, cheerfulness, hope, and philosophy. The literary diaper, the city clerk, will never possess, read them with satisfaction, and say, 'She writes just what I thought.'"—F. A. McKenzie.

"It is not sufficient to have some ideas of sin in a general way. The first essential to evangelical reformation is a personal realisation of a distinct personal relation to sin."—Rev. William Mincher.

"The restoration of the habit of daily prayers as the basis of the Christian household is a thing which is also a pressing need. . . . What could be more excellent for the purpose than the oil offices of prime and compiler as a substitute for the haphazard selection of collects that are generally in use?"—Morning Post.

CURRENT COMPETITION.

"A prize of twenty guineas is offered for the best attempt at re-writing any advertisement that appears in the 'Standard' during the month of March."—Standard.

CURRENT SENSE.

"Mr. Barker may now consider himself and his methods relegated to the scrap heap of the past."—Hilda Thompson, in the 'Clarion.'

CURRENT CONCERTO.

"From the artistic point of view, the chief success of the evening was scored by Mr. Joseph Bull, whose banjo selections were executed with great brilliance. A complete master of his instrument, Mr. Bull gave a splendid rendering of Wagner's 'Tannhauser.'"—Surrey Mail.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

When writing about the Young Turks in this column in the course of the last three years or so, I have, amid some severe censure, found opportunities of praising them. It is to be feared that their recent exploits admit of no such opportunity. Last spring I called attention to the danger which Turkey had to apprehend from Bulgaria; and I have reason to believe that the fears I then expressed were felt in Constantinople. But nothing was done to meet the risk. Even so late as last week, the Prince of Wales, in his express phrase of one authority, could have burst the Balkan Confederation like a soap-bubble. All those opportunities were neglected. Mahmud Shafik himself was forced under; and on his return to power it was too late to do anything. The whole Administration fell into a state of the utmost disorder and laxity. No one seemed to know what to do; others did not seem to care. The war with Italy was drawing near its end, and everything else was regarded with indifference.

The Turkish Army, over which Mahmud Shafik had kept an eye since the revolution of 1908, was found to be useless in connection with the Italian war, for it was impossible to transport the troops to Tripoli. Left inactive, the troops became apathetic; and at the first signs of trouble with Russia over the Persian frontier question they were all packed off to Asia Minor, while the defence of Turkey-in-Europe was entrusted to raw recruits. That these recruits gave an admirable account of themselves when the time came for them to fight is not now the point. Warning had been conveyed to the Porte that the Balkan Coalition had been formed, that its plans were being matured, that it was making ready to strike. Still indifference on the part of the Young Turk Administration.

It is greatly to Kiamil Pasha's credit that, after he came into office he was able to guide his country through a very dangerous situation as carefully as he did. But even in these delicate circumstances he was not left alone. The Young Turks, putting their party, or rather their desire for office, above all else, spent the interval afforded them by the progress of the war in preparing for a counter-attack on the so-called reactionary Government headed by the aged Kâmil Pasha. If through over-cautiousness a move was made too soon, and Kiamil Pasha was forced to resign just as he was in the act of arranging peace terms which, while not so favourable to the Ottoman Empire as they might have been, were probably the best that could be arranged at the time. With Kâmil out of the way and Nazim Pasha, the former War Minister, safely assassinated, the Young Turks thought they were safe. Enver Bey, the most level-headed of them, visited the troops at Chatalja, where, as the proceedings at Constantinople had become known to the officers and men, he had a mixed reception, a welcome which by no stretch of the language in his favour could have been described as warm. But he gained one or two small successes in the South, towards the Sea of Marmora, and strenuous efforts were made to stir up dissensions among the Powers.

These tactics partly succeeded. The Powers had been at loggerheads all along, and wanted no special inducement by the Turkish Cabinet to continue in that condition. The ill-feeling between Greece and Bulgaria was fostered. It looked as if Constantinople had just a bare chance of saving her face. But nothing was done to meet the risk. Through over-cautiousness a move was made too soon, and Kiamil Pasha was forced to resign just as he was in the act of arranging peace terms which, while not so favourable to the Ottoman Empire as they might have been, were probably the best that could be arranged at the time. With Kâmil out of the way and Nazim Pasha, the former War Minister, safely assassinated, the Young Turks thought they were safe. Enver Bey, the most level-headed of them, visited the troops at Chatalja, where, as the proceedings at Constantinople had become known to the officers and men, he had a mixed reception, a welcome which by no stretch of the language in his favour could have been described as warm. But he gained one or two small successes in the South, towards the Sea of Marmora, and strenuous efforts were made to stir up dissensions among the Powers.
been in love with the Parliamentary scheme, almost refused to have anything to do with the foolish wire-pullers who had made such a mess of the Empire. Home rule for various provinces was seriously discussed. The Tripoli Moslems had succeeded, almost unaided, in checking the Italian advance. The Arabs decided for independence when a favourable moment should come. Syria, Aleppo, Mesopotamia, demanded self-government.

These protests and demands were partly real; partly the outcome of anger. It was realised only too clearly that nothing could be hoped for from Turkey; but it was equally well realised that Turkey, or rather the Young Turks, would have to be held responsible for the degradation of the entire Ottoman Empire and the consequent decline in Moslem prestige all over the world.

The Constantinople Government could do nothing. The Young Turks had taken matters into their own hands; and the only man who could have done anything for them, Kamil Pasha, was in Egypt. Besides, he was their enemy, and they themselves had made him their enemy. The members of the Party of Union and Progress reproached one another; and the party was soon no longer one of union and certainly not one of progress. Some of the more daring members of the Committee, such as Enver Bey, wished to dissociate themselves from what they called the backward tactics of Mahmud Shekit and his companions in trying to secure peace at any price. Consequently, to the other troubles of Turkey there has been added a quarrel between the members of the Committee of Union and Progress.

And even this is not all. Nazim Pasha was a capable man in his own department; he had an influential following, and many influential friends who did not trouble to take much part in politics at all. These men, jealous for the honour of their country, and angry at the drastic treatment of their friend, have quietly been preparing for an insurrectionary movement as soon as the peace terms are settled. The Young Turks are aware of this; but the temper of the Constantinople people is such that no further drastic arrests are practicable at the present moment.

Uglier stories are now beginning to reach Western Europe from the Balkans. It is asserted—and from the proofs which have been put into my hands I fear the assertion must be accepted as true—that bribery on a large scale has, as usual, been practised by the attacking forces. Many of us will remember the Russian advance of 1877, and how the way was finally cleared by gold and not by bullets. At Kumano and Kirk-Kilisse large sums were distributed, and the fate of Janina proves again that every man has his price. Janina, as anyone who has seen the place will be aware, is a kind of land Gibraltar—a fortress which is in every sense impregnable. It was never really invested by the Greek Army at all, for supplies could always be had from the north. But the fall of Janina will have the effect of bringing to a head the quarrels between the Greeks and the Bulgarians. Greece appears to have disputes with all her partners; and the Bulgarian authorities have stated their intention of turning King George's soldiers out of Janina themselves, if necessary. For Janina does not really belong to the Epirus district, and it is desired that it shall form part of the new Albania. Without this fortress, indeed, the whole of Southern Albania would be liable to attack at any time, and even Vallona, which will presumably be the new capital, would not be safe.

I have unfortunately to record that the disagreement between Russia and Austria, chiefly over the allocation of the ownership of Djakova, still continues. The real problem is that of "Servia irredenta," which I hope to deal with very shortly.

**Why We Oppose Women Suffrage.**

By Frances H. Low.

The Home and Politics.

There are, I am convinced, a large number of both men and women, who, like myself, can join neither the Suffragists, nor yet the Anti-Suffragists, though we oppose Woman's Suffrage. The only hour when I feel the slightest doubt, or weakening of my conviction, is when I hear the arguments of people belonging to the Anti-Suffrage Society. It has always seemed to me that the attitude taken up by Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, is absolutely untenable. If it be so essential that women should have the municipal vote, which as her opponents very justly say, contains in miniature much that is included in the Parliamentary vote, if, as Mrs. Humphry Ward and her friends insist, it is urgently necessary that women should take a prominent part in the active practical politics of municipal life, then it seems to me a mere quibble to deny their claim to a participation and interference in politics. I am certain many women of intelligence, with topical minds, would have joined the Anti-Suffrage movement, much as we detect all their movements, had it not been for this, as I say, untenable and illogical attitude. The Municipal vote is a different kind from the Parliamentary vote; but to say, as the Anti-Suffrage Society women do, that Municipal politics deal only, or even mainly with domestic matters, is foolish and insincere. Parliament, nowadays, does concern itself with numberless matters largely domestic, matters that should never come into the political sphere at all with its tainted party element; and that should be established by public opinion, by the right traditions of the people. Please note of the words—public opinion and right traditions, for it is the keynote of our whole position; the very essence and root of our belief, a belief that creates quite as wide a gulf between us and the Anti-Suffragists, as between them and the Suffrage party or parties. We do not believe, on the one hand, that it would be advantageous for the State, or, and consequently, of advantage to women, to stimulate interest and active participation in contemporary politics. The most important section of women from the standpoint of an highly organized State, are the women creating and maintaining the nation's homes as wives and mothers. Here we come into conflict at once with the Suffragettes. Their whole campaign, every ideal with which their movement is invested and infused, is based upon an exactly contrary belief as to the relative values to the State of women as wives and mothers, and women as "workers," professional and industrial. The leaders of the Suffrage movement hold the wife and mother doing her useful normal work in the highest contempt. There will be, I am quite prepared for it—the usual denial. But there is not a single platform speech, nor deputation, nor demonstration, in which this conviction is not made perfectly clear. In one of the petitions, lately presented, the signatories, including Mrs. Fawcett, declare that "all the organized workers of the country demand the vote." They state that the National Union of Women Workers—a most misleading title by the way, as there is a large proportion of wealthy women, titled women, wives of bishops, and so forth, who belong to this Society; whereas, though I cannot actually prove this, I can state without contradiction that the number of bread-winner belonging, are in a minority. Questions really bearing upon the essential interests of the bread-winner, such as the competition of the rich woman and
the married woman in the labor market; the "under-payment of women by women," the Sweating Question, as affected by women and so forth, cannot obtain a hearing, whilst purely political problems are year after year discussed. To return, however, to the question of the "Organized Women Workers," the tremendous and vital difference between the Suffragists and ourselves emerges with impregnable strength at this point. The "Organized Women Workers" are composed of (a) the women who work from necessity; (b) the women who make money (please note they do not earn it) because they are bored, or want more money for dress, or for more comfort, or because they want to show their advantage over their fathers, or because they do not allow them, or because with the exaggerated notion of individuality, characteristic of our day, they believe their "work, journalism, or lecturing, or professional work," is of paramount importance and value. As the work of most of us is more or less second rate, the chances are the journalism, or play-writing, or sanitary inspecting of the well-to-do subsidized woman, is quite superfluous, and even, as I shall show, selfishly and cruelly mischievous. The two sections then make up the band of organized workers; and from our point of view, the contribution of the justifiable section, viz., that in which the workers need bread is (1) unimportant compared with the contribution of the wife and the mother to the national life, and (2) the clashing of interests already represented. As it is impossible to enter into lengthy detail on each point, I must make use of concrete illustrations to make clear my contention. Let us take two classes of organized women workers at the extreme ends of the social and intellectual scale. (A) Women journalists; (B) Women weavers. Now as regards importance to the State, if to-morrow the whole body of my sisters represented by men journalists, with whose lot she must do business, so far as she is an individual, were all bound up in the relations of men to women, and if you violently tear theae to pieces, you destroy many other parts of the precious social fabric, built up equally by the men and women that have gone before. Every bit of our national and social life is as vital as any of our schools to-day. As their qualification of the Degree can only be equally possessed by male teachers: their existence has only value if coupled by specifically feminine insight, the feeling and the mellow experience displayed by the first set of women teachers who filled the High Schools, and who had not dropped the traditional qualities differentiating them from men.

We now see at how great a distance we are from the women suffragists. I shall, of course, be asked by the dense set of women who burn pillar-boxes and so on, that they may get the vote—I must not forget, out of pure justice that there are a set of males every bit as hysterical and irresponsible—"What on earth has this to do with Woman's Suffrage?" But I do not profess to be able, or wish to be able, to put reason into the heads of women whose weapon is the "hammer," when it isn't a bottle of corrosive fluid. Men and women, with any sort of breadth of mind and reflective power, know that they cannot inaugurate a great social and political revolution, and keep it labelled in a compartment as an isolated fact. We say that sentiment, tradition, chivalry, are all bound up in the relations of men to women, and if you violently tear these to pieces, you destroy many other parts of the precious social fabric, built up equally by the men and women that have gone before. Every bit of our national and social life is as much moulded and stamped by women, as by men, indeed far more so. Hence for the reasons of the State and the Individual, the enormous mass of women, who soak their minds from years' end to years' end in "Fashions," might possibly be persuaded to read something of more value; and in place of the columns and columns of Cash, Society, Dress, Complexions, and the advertisements that go with them, the quality of contemporary journalism would probably improve; it would be less frivolous and silly, and more solid and sensible. Then, as regards women journalists being represented as a class, all women persons on suffrage platforms are constantly telling us women are "human beings," as well as women, which oracular remark, now I come to write it, has no meaning whatsoever for me. But in so far as she is an "organized worker," whose importance appears to the Suffragists to be of more supreme importance than a woman who is not an organized worker, her interests are already represented by men journalists, with whose lot she must throw in hers, or be in antagonism. It comes then to my interests being far more adequately represented by the male journalist of my own class and standing, than we will say, by the Countess of Selborne, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or Mrs. Despard, with whom I am upon every point toiling upon my work and life in violent discord, diametrically opposed on every such practical questions as to whether women and men workers shall receive the same remuneration. Precisely the same phenomena are observable in the industrial world. Women shall be the individual for girls' and men's, and machines for women's and girls' appears to us the sole salvation for England, the only terms upon which she can make any spiritual advance. So far, then, from regarding all Mrs. Fawcett and her school do, that the "views and wishes" of the "Organized Women Workers" of England as of any particular significance or value, or of more weight than those of "Women doing the Work of Women," or holding that the intellect of the average High School Teacher, Doctor, Government Official, or any other professional woman, is more highly beneficial to the State than the fuller capacity, more all-round common sense and intelligence of the average woman, who, wisely organising and officiating in the home, honours the most modest, are of the directly opposed opinion. Give the same number of women quietly and lovingly fulfilling the high, nay the very highest function open to an woman, be her intellect what it may, as custodian of the home, counsellor to and inspirer of a man, taking his part in the world's struggle, and the guide and mould of the child, the future citizen, with the same number of women doctors, and even women teachers who are men men's work, and who fill the routine of the average school, we declare that the one group of women fulfil an irreparable rôle in the economy and well-being of the State; whereas, with regard to the second, it is doubtful, if the women doctors withdraw to-morrow, whether their loss would be severely felt, or felt at all, so long as men-doctors remain the sympathetic, humane, high-minded profession they have hitherto been. The same criticism applies to women teachers of the "Degree in which with whose lot she must do business.

With the women who earn our schools to-day. As their qualification of the Degree can only be equally possessed by male teachers: their existence has only value if coupled by specifically feminine insight, the feeling and the mellow experience displayed by the first set of women teachers who filled the High Schools, and who had not dropped the traditional qualities differentiating them from men.

We now see at how great a distance we are from the women suffragists. I shall, of course, be asked by the dense set of women who burn pillar-boxes and so on, that they may get the vote—I must not forget, out of pure justice that there are a set of males every bit as hysterical and irresponsible—"What on earth has this to do with Woman's Suffrage?" But I do not profess to be able, or wish to be able, to put reason into the heads of women whose weapon is the "hammer," when it isn't a bottle of corrosive fluid. Men and women, with any sort of breadth of mind and reflective power, know that they cannot inaugurate a great social and political revolution, and keep it labelled in a compartment as an isolated fact. We say that sentiment, tradition, chivalry, are all bound up in the relations of men to women, and if you violently tear these to pieces, you destroy many other parts of the precious social fabric, built up equally by the men and women that have gone before. Every bit of our national and social life is as much moulded and stamped by women, as by men, indeed far more so. Hence for the reasons of the State and the Individual, the enormous mass of women, who soak their minds from years' end to years' end in "Fashions," might possibly be persuaded to read something of more value; and in place of the columns and columns of Cash, Society, Dress, Complexions, and the advertisements that go with them, the quality of contemporary journalism would probably improve; it would be less frivolous and silly, and more solid and sensible. Then, as regards women journalists being represented as a class, all women persons on suffrage platforms are constantly telling us women are "human beings," as well as women, which oracular remark, now I come to write it, has no meaning whatsoever for me. But in so far as she is an "organized worker," whose importance appears to the Suffragists to be of more supreme importance than a woman who is not an organized worker, her interests are already represented by men journalists, with whose lot she must throw in hers, or be in antagonism. It comes then to my interests being far more adequately represented by the male journalist of my own class and standing, than we will say, by the Countess of Selborne, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or Mrs. Despard, with whom I am upon every point toiling upon my work and life in violent discord, diametrically opposed on every such practical questions as to whether women and men workers shall receive the same remuneration. Precisely the same phenomena are observable in the industrial world. Women shall be the individual for girls' and men's, and machines for women's and girls' appears to us the sole salvation for England, the only terms upon which she can make any spiritual advance. So far, then, from regarding all Mrs. Fawcett and her school do, that the "views and wishes" of the "Organized Women Workers" of England as of any particular significance or value, or of more weight than those of "Women doing the Work of Women," or
not be too intelligent, too cultivated, and too finely equipped for the home culture, so despised to-day, with the political agent or secretary or clerk, or even teacher, to say nothing of such narrow and usually barren specialists as the wage-slaege journalist writer, sanitary inspector, or what not, is simply to do what nine-tenths of kind females, male or female, do in truth, viz., misconceive the meaning and significance of the high role therein played or capable of being played.

Thus, to quote a typical absurdity, we find one woman deploiring in the "Freewoman" "that a woman of intelligence doing some preparing food when she could be carrying on chemical research as regards the nature of foodstuffs in a laboratory"; whilst another profoundly wise feminist declares "we cannot too soon make the educated woman from the menial labours of the home, the meanest of all labour." And from this utter misconception has arisen all our wrong doing, our eager treading of that wrong path that beginning by turning school girls into schoolboys without their redeeming virtues, and giving women a college education, which, as a man as a preparation for his life, and useful for, so to speak, its citizen side, is hopelessly bad as the beginning, middle, and end of a woman's studies and life, making the college-reared woman the narrow, barren, uninteresting wife she usually is, unless the woman, as one subject or section of a subject, to be found teaching in our high schools to-day and setting the standard for stupid educational authorities 'of what we are to look for in place of the wide culture, imaginative and sympathetic, of the older woman. And the logical result of this attitude is to be seen in two of the most brutal and materialistic doctrines ever held by any race, viz., that any sort of public work, even to looking after the public sewers, is preferably more "intellectual" and vastly more useful than the care of the home, which is the woman's specific work of creating the home, of moulding the race, moulding the race encouraging the man and bread-winner in his struggle for bread; and secondly, that unless a woman is somehow making hard cash she is a dull and useless blank on the map of Time. That is, we have substituted the necessarily sordid, un-ideal earning of a living for something very different: the Art of Living. And these services, the degradation of a high ideal, which those who went before with infinite wisdom discarded, and hypochondriacally lived and died for, are the fruit of feminism, the "advancement of women," about which I verily believe more cant has been talked than the mind can realise.

But even the most "practical" mind can, one fancies, see the absurdities and monstrosities to which this materialism has brought us. I finish this article with a couple of apt stories, true in every detail, showing the height which this craze for public work has attained. In the one case it is that of a wife and an able-bodied husband earning a small but secure income. They have a little home which with great prudence and careful spending can be maintained on the bread-winner's salary. There are three children whose ages range from two years to nine years. The mother, like so many of the feminists, is but imperfectly educated and has not assimilated the theories of the advanced amid which she lives and breathes. She is convinced that no wife who has any pretensions to being up to fancies, see "the absurdities and monstrosities to which their needs and necessities are—will be believed?—looked after by a woman of the charwoman class, and a neighbour "runs in occasionally," the little girl of nine putting the baby to bed. In the Socialistic coterie to which she belongs, this method of fulfilling the rights and duties of motherhood and wifehood is highly applauded; she is not "dropping within four walls"—she is "economically independent" on £80 a year! Her Fabian neighbours, of course, appreciate the irony and the humour of the situation, of the wrong inflicted on these children. Here are three children, future citizens, three lives to be reared, involving, if anyone has ever had the task, every faculty of thought and feeling. Nevertheless, up-to-date Mamma is running round advising others how to feed their children, ventilate the rooms, and attend to their babies, meanwhile her own being themselves only under the supervision of the charwoman and the casual neighbour. Could tospsi-tuvrydom go further?

Here is another interesting example—a sign of the times. A clever but very superficial woman is married to a young professor, a really intellectual person. The wife is delicate, and as the case of the one little child "gets on her nerves" and is "too much for her," a governess is engaged solely to see to the child. Very well. The wife's intellect is too great to be wasted upon the household economy—moreover, she is not strong enough to carry on the various crafts necessary for the inmates' well-being and comfort, making up no doubt an expensive household and putting, as it is too often the case to-day, a tremendous burden of incessant work and anxiety upon her own shoulders. Meanwhile the too delicate, too high-strung wife, whose intellect must not be burdened with seeing to the comfort and welfare of the home, the environment of husband and child, puts up as a candidate for the local "Parli. Council." What the theatre is in forty dustbins that is not to be found in one, and that one's own; why it is more "intellectual" to inspect someone else's sewage arrangements, whilst leaving your own to the domestic hired at £20 a year; and why to sit upon committees the shorter, not the longer, life must be a delicate woman or more suited to a high "intellect" than directing the activities of mind and body to the perfection of the one home in which it is possible to carry out the theories and propositions, I cannot enlighten you. The old motto, "He that is faithful in little" is out of date, the new version being "she that attendeth meetings and committees and frequents clubs and talks—that is the chief thing—is greatest amongst Feminists!"

But the anti-Feminist, adapting a famous maxim says: "I am a woman, and therefore everything concerning the home of deepest interest and concern to me," sees in the home her finest and highest opportunity of Making the Laws. Here it is true that society is merely the home expanded, that her personal individuality tells. She is not one amongst a score of other women obliged to do as she is bid by Mrs. Pankhurst, or the political organiser, or the party whip. She can be her best, truest, highest self. By her thought, her feeling, her conduct, by her influences that are so shamefully and so violently attacked by the feminist, she represents the nation's highest good. She helps to create the public opinion which will presently be consolidated by Statute—not at election times when men admit they are rarely their best, rarely their most sober, their most disinterested, their most wise and thinking—but as a peaceful process, without thought and act, she is making the law not indirectly, but as directly, decisively and irrevocably as if she were a member of the Cabinet or the Prime Minister himself. God that is the relationship of the home to politics for women. I may say that "Home" is used in no conventional sense. Marriage is not essential, though true marriage can alone give the home its highest, most perfect expression: Wife, mother, sweethearts, sister of the future domestic ideal. She fashions a home—it may be a couple of rooms, it may be a king's palace. This being granted its converse must be granted. There can be no home that is not stamped by a woman's personal faiths, affections, and activities.
The Death of Old Capitalism.

In the last article our analysis of the capitalistic system of production and commerce revealed to us the real source of unemployment, panics, crises, gluts, etc. We learned the cause of the cycles of "boom" and depression. If those "cycles" were to come and go at regular intervals, and with a more or less equal severity, then modern society could jog along for a long time in spite of the misery they bring. But the writer will endeavour to prove, that those cycles must become more and more severe and acute, until the "system" will become so clogged, that it will cause the collapse of old capitalism. Two forces are at work to bring that vast revolution:

1. The productive capacity of the workers, with the aid of machinery, and sub-division of labour, is rapidly increasing; and although it cannot be denied that the quantity of goods which the workers receive in wages is also increasing as a result of the general increase of commodities, still, it is in proportion with the increase in the productivity of labour. Hence, the surplus of commodities spoken of in the last article must go on increasing, which must result in longer periods of slackness, and more severe panics and crises. Until now there were two counteracting factors which prevented more frequent periods of depression: (a) the rich have, until recently, been indulging in more and more luxuries. Every day new kinds of luxuries were invented, so that the more labour was employed in the production of luxuries, the less was the "surplus". (b) The spread of our Western civilization in Africa, Asia, America, and Australia, increased the world market for the surpluses of Europe. Owing to those two counteracting factors the distress is not yet severe enough to cause the bankruptcy of old capitalism. But those two counteracting factors are almost expended. The rich have reached the circumference of luxuries. It is really beyond imagination what extravagances they can add to those they now indulge in; for they are on the border of insanity already. As regards new markets wherein to dump the "surpluses," a survey of the world will show us that not only are they nearly exhausted, but in those very markets is being dug the grave of old capitalism. This brings us to the consideration of the second force mentioned above.

2. A capitalistic country can exist permanently, and prosper, when she has access to non-capitalistic countries, i.e., countries which are principally agricultural, and which can take the surplus of manufactured articles of the industrial and trading classes which are produced in the largest workshop of the world, England and Russia were two such typical countries. The former was the first and largest workshop of the world, and the latter the largest agricultural country. England was in need of Russia's grain, timber and other raw materials, as well as food-stuffs, whilst Russia was a ready market for England's surplus.

The writer takes the liberty to make a slight digression to point out that the above will give us the key to the historical Russophilism of our Liberal Party. That party was the political expression of the fast rising capitalistic class, for whose existence and prosperity two things were necessary—a market for their surplus, and cheap food for their workers. Russia was the ideal country for that purpose, and although the economic situation has much changed, i.e., Russia buys now more of other capitalistic countries than of us, and England gets plenty of food-stuff from her Colonies and the United States—still, the sentiment of the Liberal Party towards Russia has not changed, because it is a psychological fact, that when a sentiment is born of an economic situation, it outlives the situation and lingers on.

Russia must become less and less of a market for England's surplus, because she herself is becoming a manufacturing country. Even her former autocracy has been undermined, when her trade is gradually withdrawing itself from her autocracy and bureaucracy, she will even outstrip England in the development of capitalism. Who knows whether that is not the reason why our Liberal Government helped the Czar out of his troubles in 1906, and thus helped to crush the revolution?

Many countries are now capitalistically developed which before served as markets to the first capitalistic countries. In the United States the Western and Southern States half a century ago were the market for the manufactured surplus of the Eastern States; now they are not producing enough to supply these demands. England, to-day, for Lancashire; for the New England States, but they themselves are developing the "surplus" disease. This evolution goes on all over the globe. The Colonies which were the markets for England's surplus have now their own surpluses. India will soon become the Surplus of the world, for Lancashire; for the New England States, but they themselves are developing the "surplus" disease. This theory evokes us to learn the cause of the cycles of "boom and depression". Let the reader try to imagine tens of millions of workers idle, bankruptcies by the millions, a universal panic, misery and depression everywhere; and why? Because the appetites of the world market have become surfeited with commodities!

Whether the above forecast is based on fact, or is merely imaginary, may be judged from the present. When the cycle of trade depression, crises, and unemployment comes around, what is then the nature of the trouble? Is it caused by some natural calamity? Are millions of people in want because there is a scarcity of the necessities of life? Certainly not! Just the reverse is the case. Workers are idle and suffer; then, their employers are depressed and miserable because more has been produced than can be sold. We are so accustomed to that phenomenon that the majority of people fail to realise how terribly ludicrous it is. It is a joke, however, which comes from hell, and you hear in it the laughter of Satan and all his demons.

Having described what the economic state of the world will be after old capitalism has run its course, we may throw a glance on the political situation which will then be created by the economic. The class war will by that time reach the acutest stage. The workers will then make their last and greatest effort to gain political power, and to right matters by constitutional means. The propertied classes, in their fury and blindness, will then throw off the mask of constitutionalism and will disfranchise the workers. Then a period of genuine Syndicalism will set in. The first step will probably be a universal general strike, which, owing to hunger, is bound to fail. Next are bound to come outbreaks of violence on a large scale. As organised force will be on the side of the propertied classes, the revolutionary workers will, after a few massacres, be defeated. Open organised violence will then disappear, and it will be left to guerilla war against individual capitalists will then set in.

Let us now ask ourselves what is the likeliest thing to happen when society is in the state just foretold? Judging from the past and present, it is safe to predict that a universal general strike, ending up in a war between the traders when they find that a certain locality is too small to sustain them, try to kill each other by competition. They probably would kill each other literally if the higher power of law and order did not intervene. Now they find in their united strength that a war in coming too small for them have nothing to overcome them; and as "reason" cannot get a hearing at such a time, war is the only result. We will take the war pre-
parations by England and Germany as an illustration of the truth of the above argument. Here are two of the most civilised nations in the world—of the same race, and of the same religion, and even their monarchs are of the same family, yet they prepare for a war. Why? Because they are two shopkeepers, and the market has become too small to hold them both on the present system of commerce. They foresee the inevitable, and prepare for it; all the pacific talk and friendly visits are of no avail. Had they consulted Reason for some plan, how to get out of the difficulty without a war, she would have told them that rather than try to exterminate each other they could solve the problem by simply joining in partnership, i.e., by becoming one against each other. For the world market, they should amalgamate their industries on the joint stock principle, each country sharing in the profits of the other. Their example would inevitably be followed by the other countries, and the result would be an international partnership of all the capitalist countries. Competition for the world market would cease; modern commerce, which means the pushing of one country's goods into another, would cease; and simple exchange of commodities would be its place. The whole civilised world would become one country, and war, military and commercial, would become impossible.

To this great idea of international partnership, or the “New Capitalism,” the writer will devote a concluding article. 

JOSEPH FINN.

Some Modern Aphorisms.

By Gustave Le Bon.

(With acknowledgments to the literary supplement of the Paris “Figaro” of January 11, from which Mr. J. M. Kennedy has translated the following aphorisms.)

The word democracy, in the various social strata, stands for very different ideas. The democracy of the popular classes bears not the slightest resemblance to that of the cultured classes. Popular democracy is dominated by the need of equality. It spurns class fraternity and shows no regard for liberty. Intellectual democracy, on the other hand, is eager for liberty and indifferent to equality.

The thirst for equality is often merely an articulate form of the desire to have inferiors and no superiors. When the artificial notion of equality was created, the hatred of all those superiorities which go to make up the greatness of a country was created at the same time. Democracy believes itself to be of rational origin, though, as a matter of fact, it draws its strength from sensitive and mystic elements which are quite independent of the reason.

Progress does not spring from political institutions, but from the sum total of the personal efforts of each one of us.

Democratic theories would have it that the isolated individual is nothing, but that he acquires all his strength by forming a part of the entity known as the People. Psychology teaches us that, on the contrary, an entity of collective individuals is mentally very inferior to the isolated man. The real democrat is a collective being with no individuality but that of his group.

Democracies replace intermittent wars between nations by continual wars between classes. The successive exacerbations of the working classes recall those of the nobility and the clergy, against which the kings of former times could scarcely hold their own.

When democracies do not become transformed into military dictatorships they end by becoming plutocracies; and a plutocracy is a very oppressive form of despotism.

Democratic theories belong to the category of theories which we are very eager to impose on other people but rarely accept for ourselves.

What is called popular government is, in reality, the government of a small oligarchy of leaders. A popular government is dominated by too many passions to be equitable and tolerant.

One of the greatest illusions of politicians is that of considering the people as a kind of divinity which is not under the necessity of giving an account of its acts and is incapable of being deceived.

The crimes of kings are trifles compared with the crimes of peoples.

To be guided by false but popular opinions is one condition of the existence of all democratic governments. In popular governments the phantoms of fear play a preponderating role. Fear of the army, of the Church, of the working classes, of officials, has successively dictates the greater number of our laws.

In its first evolutionary phase a triumphant democracy destroys the old aristocracies; in its second it makes new ones.

A narrow mind, strong passions, intense mysticism, an incapacity for letting itself be influenced by reason: such are the main elements of the revolutionary soul.

The revolution is not a rationalist, but a believer. Far from building his belief on reason, he seeks to mould his reason on his belief.

What is detested in a tyrant is not always the tyranny itself, but the individuals who carry it on. The most severe tyrannies are easily accepted when they just become anonymous.

Anarchy alone makes popular governments tolerable. The struggling parties obtain power rapidly one after another, and their despotism is thus necessarily ephemeral.

It has been held that it would be more dangerous for a democratic government to close the public-houses than to close the churches. But it will certainly be discovered one day that the closing of the churches would be the more dangerous policy.

The real political regime of a people is not revealed either in its constitution or its laws. It can be discovered only when we look for the extent of the rôle played respectively by the State itself and by its citizens in public affairs.

Great social reforms are not the work of revolutions. They are brought about, like geographical upheavals, by the slow accumulation of trifling causes. A people which is too conservative is fatally destined to violent revolutions. Being incapable of gradual evolution, it endeavours to transform itself abruptly.

A revolution does not always represent a phenomenon which has come to an end and is followed by another that begins, but sometimes a continuous phenomenon which has accelerated its progress.

Scientific revolutions spring solely from rational elements; political and religious revolutions spring from sensitive, mystic, and collective elements.

Mental contagion is the most powerful factor in the propagation of a revolutionary movement.

The revolutionary mind being a mental state independent of the object on which it is exercised, no concession can appease it.

Every popular revolutionary movement which succeeds is a momentary return to barbarism. It is the triumph of the instinctive over the rational, the rejection and casting away of those social restraints which distinguish the civilised from the barbaric.

A crowd rarely understands anything about the revolutions which are carried out with its assistance. It passively follows the suggestions of its leaders and contents itself with exaggerating them.

Revolutions merely change external appearances. They cannot destroy a mental structure built upon a long past.

Revolutions and wars represent the material exteriorisation of a conflict between psychological forces.

Most men ask for an opportunity of being led rather than for an opportunity of revolting.

The immediate result of revolutions is simply a change of masters.

When a people finally comes to understand why it has carried out a revolution the revolution has generally come to an end a long time before.
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XVI.—Science and Art.

It may be true, as Mr. Balfour once jocosely suggested, that man has been educated above his station in Nature. A purely scientific record of the progress of humanity may perhaps lead men to realise that they have not "advanced" so far as they thought, that their efforts are often puny, their better qualities undeveloped, their conscience and common sense wanting. Our eugeniasts, Darwinians, rationalists, and materialists of this and every other description are never tired of emphasising the "struggle," the "evolution," the "progress" through which mankind is advancing towards they know not what goal. To these people man is still a mere mammal who must be bracketed with other mammals; he is, in their terminology, a homo sapiens, and previously he was a pithecanthropus erectus. To these men, as to the class of thought which they represent, nothing is inspired, nothing is mastered, everything is in process of evolving.

In science this type of mind is in its element. In science it is essential for examining facts and weighing mechanical data; though in the higher flights of science—as in the initial steps of scientific investigation, in taking the steps that lead to new scientific discoveries—it is out of place, exactly as it is out of place in art. We are not directly concerned just now with the influence of science on art; but it is time to lodge something more than a formal protest against the invasion of art by the scientific mind. Art may and does utilise science and scientific principles when it wishes to do so; but no form of art was ever dominated by science. As the greater the lesser, so the artist includes the scientist. The man of science deals with material things; beyond that province he is unsafe; and if his instincts as a scientist are sound he will know himself to be unsafe. For beyond that province he is in the domain of the artist. Of those who seek to penetrate it many will be sound he will know himself to be unsafe. For with the influence of science on art which by its luxuriant temptations and enduring spiritual rewards, has always fascinated the children of men, as to the class of thought which they represent, there is, in their terminology, a homo sapiens, and previously he was a pithecanthropus erectus. To these rationalists, and materialists of this and every other class of thought which they represent, nothing is inspired, nothing is mastered, everything is in process of evolving.

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thereby show himself to be creative. But a history, a novel? Herodotus wrote a history, and so did Mr. Herbert Paul. Well? If we class the history of Herodotus as an artistic work, why cannot we class Mr. Paul’s as an artistic work also? If we say, as we do, that Fielding was an artist, how can we deny that proud answer of Mr. Arnold Bennett? Nay, some one will say, is not Mr. Bennett the greater artist; does he not take infinitely more care with his work than Fielding ever did? And do not both authors describe the men and events of their own time? What, then, is this subtle, elusive thing that makes one of them an artist, and the other, who appears so closely to resemble him, an outsider, simply a mere scientific craftsman? The true artist will realise well enough, God knows; though his answer, if put definitely into words, would be above the heads of those who find it necessary to ask the question. Let us therefore try to give a clue to the distinction by referring to a poet of the eighteenth century.

When we cast our minds back to the literary and other artists of two centuries ago, we see the age typified in Pope. It was a courtly, scholarly age; an age in which the behaviour of the people, to borrow a diplomatic expression, was eminently correct. Underneath all this correctness, formality, harshness, and stiffness, there lay the wit of the man of the world, the courtesy of gentlemen, the scholarship of omnibus minds; in short, humanism. The superficially unmeaning, boisterous, often bad- mannered Johnson, who kept Lent when he could, and the stately, dignified Earl of Chesterfield, who laid down definite rules according to which his son was to commit adultery, had these qualities in common. The eighteenth century, usually looked upon as being a lifeless, uncreative epoch, was in reality so full of life that only a few people had any time left for creation. It was, we might say, an age of social creation, an age that laid the foundation of our modern manners.

This age, then, had its poet in Pope; the dignified and witty, Pope the sarcastic and bawdy, Pope the scholar, Pope the society man, Pope the humanist. To Dryden, the first distinguished poet to write skilfully in lacial pentameters, Pope never failed to admit his obligations. But Dryden was a poet of depth, now and then he does not scan; sometimes, even, he does not rhyme. And so what Pope said of him we may, with even more justice, say of Pope:

He taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Eney divine.

Pope was “popular” in his day—that is, he was read by everyone who took an interest in literature. And he was therefore imitated, apparently with success, by many versifiers who have long since been forgotten. The curious will often pick up at second-hand bookstalls dull, neglected volumes, in the Popian manner, by men like Erasmus Darwin, the Wartons, Dr. John Langhorne, William J. Mickle, and innumerable others. Superficially, they read like Pope; only in the worst cases, for Dryden’s mastery coupled into a mere jingle. The difference between them and Pope, nevertheless, is the difference between the artist and the scientist. Pope’s writings, at their worst, have a definite meaning and their form is perfect; at their best both form and content are perfect. His imitators have the form without the content; the shadow without the substance; the skill to imitate without the inspiration to create. Pope’s gifts of scholarship were common to him and many others; but he possessed, in addition, a shrewd-cut outlook on life, based on a strongly held faith in an age when faith was usually lacking and concealed; he had a definite interpretation to give of the soul of man as he conceived it. When this conception, as was usually the case, differed from that of the times, when he saw art falling among the Philistines, when he saw foreign princelings and their creatures fastening them-selves on and around the throne of England, his indignation found expression in some of the most severe satires ever written. Yet in no case did he forget that he was a scholar and a gentleman: however bitterly he wrote, he was always stately and dignified. 

He had a genuine passion, and when a game of ill and paper to control. Hisscientific imitators were actuated by no definite impulse; they wrote for the mere sake of writing and not because they felt themselves urged on to do so. Their anger is forced; their passion, the whippings of a dead horse. And on the few occasions when they think they are more severe they lose control of their minds and become hysterical. We need not go back very far in our literature to trace the spiritual parentage of men like Dowson, Davidson, Wilde, and Miss Corelli.

The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

III

I mentioned before that amongst the nations represented on the Palmerstown Council was Germany. The son of the Fatherland in this case was a pork butcher by trade, and a money-lender by profession, and had accumulated wealth and property with extraordinary rapidity. He had grown correspondingly insolent. On one occasion, when his term of office was about to expire and he was about to be opposed by a Socialist, he came, whilst under the influence of drink, and asked me to sign his nomination paper, a request which I flatly refused.

German: “Why for you not sign my nomination?”

“Because I don’t thank you are a fit and proper person to represent me.”

German: “You not understand, sir. I am fit. While me sit on Council me watch my assessment.”

“That’s exactly what I do understand. As far as I’ve observed you from the gallery, you’ve never watched anything else.”

German: “Why for me not? Before me get on Council me have one shop; me rate £120. Mr. Dixon, three doors away, have same like shop; him rate £80. Why for so? Me get on Council; my council me have one shop me rate Mr. Dixon, three doors away, have same like shop; him rate £100. Me not publish, me want same as Mr. Dixon. Me get on Council: Why for not?”

So here it was at last. The secret that I’d been seeking for years was presented to me with both hands without my even asking for it. Now I understood why Catholic and Freemason, Protestant and ruder, were so tolerant that all the differences, all arising from faith and naturalness had disappeared. But before I proceed to relate what use I made of the knowledge let me dispose of my German. Fearing that his Socialist opponent might beat him in the approaching election, he gave instructions to a brother councillor, who kept a public-house in the ward, to run a free beer tap. This tap was on the run for four weeks, during which time the German and many of his supporters had a standing drunk. In the end he won, at a cost, it is alleged, of about 6s. per vote. Whatever doubt there may have been about the cost of his election, the cost in the degradation of everyone connected with it was apparent in the public streets.

Having hit the lid of the German, discovered the trail which led to the sink of corruption, I determined to pursue it to the end. The following week I entered the rate office and demanded to see the rate-book. The officials, not suspecting my purpose, produced it, and I proceeded to extract the assessments of all the butchers in the town. What a capture! When I got home and began to sort out my extras the whole rottenness of our local government stood naked and revealed. A few samples will suffice to show the character of the tax.
a member of the Board of Guardians, vice-chairman of the Assessment Committee, a justice of the Peace and chairman of the local Liberal Association—altogether a big pot. His wisdom and benevolence had been fitted into the town. Its marble front looked on to one of the principal streets. Behind the shop were the appointed offices, and behind those again a private slaughter-house. The shop possessed also a cold-storage cellar which occupied the length of the building. Three doors away was another butcher's shop—a lock-up shop in the basement of a public hall. It had neither offices nor conveniences. In fact, it was so exposed that, to obtain privacy for his meals, the salesman was obliged to hang a canvas across one corner. When I came to examine the rating of these two shops what I discovered was this:

Alderman's perfectly appointed shop, rated on £35.
Eastman's, Limited lock-up shop rated on £41 to 10s.

Here, then, was the reply to the question, "Why do men who are known to be too mean to pay for their own drinks show such anxiety to serve the people on the Council for nothing?"

There are several points worthy of remark about this case. This Alderman, being a member of the Council, could practically first make his own rates. Then he could recommend them to himself as a member of the assessment committee. Then as a J.P. on the Bench he could confirm them, as president of the Liberal Association, he could stand on a public platform and gasp about what he'd done, was doing, and intended to do for the benefit of the working classes.

On the next occasion when I presented myself at the rate office my access to the rate book was not so easy. On preferring my request to see the book, the rate-collector placed the book upon the counter, but kept his hand upon it, while he demanded:

"What right have you, Mr. Fanning, to demand the rate book?"
"The right of a ratepayer," I replied. He then removed his hands, but asked further:
"How far over this rate book does your right extend?"

"Now you've asked me I'll tell you. My right extends to making any extracts from it, if I like."
"And if you don’t like?"
"Then I can make you make them for me."
"Oh, indeed! Make me?"
"Yes, make you. Now you've asked me the question let me make it clear that I am fully aware of my rights as a ratepayer. I can, if I am so minded, demand a copy of every document in this office relating to rates, and you are bound, under a penalty of £20, to furnish such copies."
"That will do."

In the two hours that followed I selected certain properties and their assessments, the rents of which I had already ascertained before going to the rate office. A few of these cases will suffice to show how the poor are plundered by the slum owners and how the community is robbed by its public men.

The first is a block of property in "Sweet Meadow Lane." The property originally consisted of three self-contained dwellings of four rooms each, and let at about 5s. 6d. per week. When I discovered them, they had been converted into 12 one-room tenements, and let at the following rents:

Front room, down, last, 35s. 3d.; back room, down, 28s. 9d.; front room, up, 38s.; back room, up, 25s. 3d.; total, 10s. 9d.

As said, there were three of them, all let at the same rents, so the weekly payments for these stanties was £1 2s. 6d., or £58 17s. per annum. Before I proceed further with this case, let me, if I can, remove a very widespread misconception as to what constitutes a "tenement." The common idea is that a block of property inhabited by a number of different families is, perforce, a "tenement." This is not the fact. Under the Rating Act of 1859, any property became a tenement whose annual rental was as follows, or under: London

£20, Liverpool £13, Birmingham and Manchester £10, elsewhere £8. For properties rented as above the owner could claim a exemption for the rates, or the rating authority could compel him to examine. But the biggest advantage which the property owners conferred upon themselves by this Act was that it relieved them of all responsibility for the upkeep of the property. Here lies the reason why slum property paid, and why property was purposely allowed to become slum tenements.

Now to the case in hand. On looking up the property in the rate book I found it was assessed as follows:

Tenemented property, Sweet Meadow Lane—
Assessment, £24; rated on £22.
Product of rate at 65. 5d. in the £.
Rent, £7 1s. 2d.

Now let us see how it should have appeared:

Annual rack rent
83 17 0
Owner's allowance, 1/6th
13 19 0
Rated on
65 18 0
Product of rate at 65. 5d.
22 2 0

The owner's plunder, it will be seen, was £15 6s. 10d. per annum.

I next turned my attention to two blocks of property in Lavender Gardens, belonging to an alderman, and therefore a member of the rating authority. In this case I had taken the precaution of examining the tenants' rent-books before going to the rate-offices. I will set the matter forth, first as it appeared on the rate book, rated on the landlord's return and then as it should have appeared according to the tenants' rent books:

1.—On Rate Book.
1 to 20 Lavender Gdns, landlord's return £129 0 0
2 to 38
81 10 0
181 0 0

Total...
£310 0 0

Rated on £254.
Product of rate at 65. 5d. ...
£81 9 10
Less 40 per cent. compound rebate
£32 12 0
Rates actually paid...
£48 17 0

2.—According to Rent-Books.
1 to 20 Lavender Gardens, weekly rent
48. 6d., annual product ...
£85 10 0
2 to 38, Lavender Gardens, weekly rent
48. 6d., annual product ...
£222 6 0

Owner's allowance 1 6 ...
67 19 0
Rated on ...
339 17 0
Product of rate at 65. 5d. in the £...
108 15 3
A difference in the owner's favour of £59 17s. 5d. per annum!

There is one other point about this case, at the very outset we find a difference between the landlord and tenants of £57 16s., so that if the Income Tax collectors accept the rate-book as the first source of information, they are done brown.

The next case that came under my notice was as follows. Sitting in the gallery of the Council Chamber one night, a neighbour asked, "Am I not entitled to a vote, Peter?"
"That all depends. How long have you occupied your house?"
"Well over three years."
"Have you got a rent-book?"
"No—and have never had one."
"How is that?"
"Billy says what's the use of bothering about a rent-book, seeing that I never owe any rent."

"Take my advice, and when Billy comes for his rent next Monday, tell him you are not going to pay any more till you get a rent-book; and more than that, tell him it will have to be filled in and signed from last July twelve months up to date."

I didn't say anything more to my friend at the moment, but next morning I went and looked at the rate-book and discovered what I had suspected. The house was not on the rate-book at all. The "Billy"
referred to above was a member of the Town Council and chairman of the Board of Guardians and a member of the Education Committee. In business he was a grocer, living over his shop. He conceived the idea that he would like to get rich quick, and with this object in view he acquired several public-houses and went to reside in one of them, letting the dwelling over the grocer's shop to my friend. Of course he forgot to send in any return to the rate collector, and of course the rate collector forgot to ask him. For consequence, the town lost the rates and the tenant his vote. This, however, was not an isolated case. My own next-door neighbour, a greengrocer, took a notion that he would like to be a Councillor. He put up for a seat and won it. His chief claim to fame was that he was attached to his business; but three weeks after his success at the polls he went to "live private" and let his house. At the end of his three years he had had enough of it, and did not seek re-election. The week following, the rate collector came to me and demanded to know:

"Who do those rooms over the greengrocer's shop belong to?"

"Me. All the rooms of the second story are mine." He went away then, but returned the following week. "I'm not satisfied about those rooms, Mr. Fanning," said he.

"Now, sonny, what is it you are after?"

"I want to know where the house is that ex-Councillor Blank occupied?"

"The front door is up the next street and the kitchen door is in my yard."

"That'll do, that's all I wanted to know."

Half an hour later the ex-councillor rushed in to me in a terrible state. He had received a demand note for rates for his old dwelling, although he'd been out of it for three years. This was the first time he had ever been asked for money. Of course, while he was on the council it might have been dangerous to rate him. But once off he was considered powerless and therefore had to pay.

Some of these cases I managed to bring to the notice of the public. One of the leading journals in the nearest city made some pretty stiff comments upon them, and another took up his editor to浆 upon the subject. One of our councillors, thinking there was some credit to be got out of the business for himself, demanded that there should be an inquiry into the matter, and supported his demand with this statement:

"Mr. Mayor, I myself know a house in the Grange Ward which is rented at £26 a year; but it is only rated on £6."

Mr. Mayor: "The matter is entirely out of order. The question is one for the Assessment Committee and not this Council."

This particular mayor was the greatest plunderer of the whole lot. Last year there was a question of a general increase in the rates owing to the increased cost of education. They got the straight tip that if there was going to be a rise in the rates, some of us were also going to raise a row. So they thought better of it and went into the Grange Ward and increased the assessment by £2,000 a year, which means that the pack concentrated in that ward had been paying a thousand pounds a year less than they should have done.

Present-Day Criticism.

A NAME is needed for the writers who supply the "neutral part of society" with reading matter: so comprehended by affinity the wants of that majority described by Sainte-Beuve as asking only to exist and to submit, so long as they are guaranteed in their beliefs and interests. The work of these writers is akin to journalism in that it is to be read and gossiped over, but rarely re-read; but the name journalist means for us a newspaper contributor, and will not cover the various legions of verse-writers, play-wrights, and novelists as well as feuilletonistes who cater for the neutral class. Not artists, either major or minor, not major authors—the order of Bacon, Hume, Lecky—and as certainly not minor authors—that class, admirable, scrupulous and of so happy variety, the class of Boswell, Lady Mary Montague, Hazlitt, Ruskin, Lord Morley—no serious description readily occurs for the purveyors to Philistia. To note their locations and their rules to give the public what it wants and to dazzle the clear-sighted with false promises, would be to assign a designation for them. But we pass to consider the class they represent. The appetite of this class for reading-matter in bulk is quite a modern circumstance, due to the spread of phonocracy and the met who don't require is to have in peace to pursue a secure if ignoble existence, and it will hand itself over only to leaders who flatter its instinct for security. Military conquerors succeed by wisely considering this neutral class in any nation—the first to settle down under conquest, and religious pioneers fail who fail to realise its coarse, comfortable expectations. Some observers seem to think that our century of military and religious peace has altered by softening the temper of this neutral class in England, has injured its self-protective instincts by allowing leisure for quasi-aesthetic indulgences which are for the decently ignoble type nothing less than hysterical waste of energy. But types do not alter. The ordinary relief of persons of the neutral class is irregular and, in a certain spasm of fanaticism, and their modern exhibitions of apparently frantic attachment and aversion towards and from a constant succession of aesthetic idioms are no portent of change in character: a war, a State threat against religious stagnation, even a modern idea, would merely bar the doors of their minds until material assurance once again came uppermost. The dole's progress from Tennison to Mr. Masefield, from Robertson to Mr. Bernard Shaw, from Mrs. Humphry Ward to Mrs. Elinor Glyn, from Ruskin to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, far from showing more accessibility to the lure of culture, shows a contemptuous indifference to the threatenings of culture. Tennison, on occasions, really sang, but the neutral class easily stopped their ears and only opened them for "Music"—Mr. Masefield's muddy pool of verse contains no siren-haunted islands. Robertson moved their tears—they laugh at "Man and Superman"; "Robert Elsmere" made them uneasy. "Three Weeks" makes the neutral class feel virtuous, and Ruskin temporarily jeopardised their stability. Mr. Fyfe is their model of a halfpenny ambassador, consolidating stupidity the world over. The defeat of Ruskin, the last man of letters really to reach the Philistines, let loose an insolence against culture, the besetting effect of which is so apparent that one finds it taken for granted by philosophic men that there will never be another great artist in England, unless a satirist. The historian of to-day must chronicle the submergence of Philia, and that event almost inevitably dates for the English nation the prospects of artistic glory—artists can have nothing to offer a people that destroys works of art. The neutral class is now all-powerful while its mentality is still that of monials and tradesmen. Caliban up or Caliban down is still Caliban.

All this is not in the least to admit that literature and the other arts are dead in England; but just as the Philistines have definitely cast out culture in order to "be themselves," the cultured class has as definitely retired from the conflict with the unlettered. Very little artistic work is being produced at all, and that little is indifferently left to present success or failure. More than ever, the artist distinguishes himself by reserve and exclusiveness. The theory of Ruskin, that "the English is fast becoming a mob to whom it will be useless to speak of artistic matters," has become a truism for men of taste: if these men are not deliberately silent, one would have to conclude that there are artists alive—but they are not altogether silent.

Men are still to be met who longingly have died to save Philia, even as that minority of doctors risked...
for the old kirk, with its shabby, mediæval canopied, and its marble reredos (like S. Clemente), and the pillars, so obviously stolen from classic buildings.

Then there is close by the Temple of Fortune, turned into a church of Greek monks, which accursed fellows do only open it on one day in the year. You can look at Rienzi’s house if you like.

But it occurs to me that I am imbibing far too much culture for an idle person, and I saunter up to the Capitólo and find the stone bench close to the Tarpeian rock, whence one observes the whole Foro Romano. (The post-card devil thinks I am a student from the French Academy, propert my velvet habit, and do leave me alone—Jove, I thank thee.)

There I sit and smoke my cigarette and cogitate. That Forum is an odd place for thinking—it gives me a cold feeling, like the skeleton in the wall of Caesar’s senate house, or whatever it is called. Somewhow the real citizens of Rome, Sulla and Marius, Cicero and Cato seem very far off—not that I ever cared much for them. And even my amiable friends, C. Valerius Catullus and Publius O. Naso, are rather elegant men who, if I meet in Paris than inhabitants of this web of buildings. Nero is a shadow and Constantine a horrid nightmare—yet Nero must have passed often down the Via Sacra, and the Basilica of Constantine looks like a railway viaduct above the Forum of Antoninus and Faustina. How stable this Roman Empire must have seemed to those Romans, to generals like Septimius Severus, for instance, or even to a chronicler of scandal like Suetonius. And all their “business” Empire and militarism fell over like an elephant with the cramp, and the beastly barbarian rived swinishly among the marble and the gilt columns. And then the Byzantines came—witness that column of Phocas by the edge of the Forum proper, which I am assured is a.d. 600. And they passed and the day of the Popes came. They forced a King of England to yield his crown to their legate, they inspired six crusades to a distant country, solely by the promise of forgiveness of imaginary sins. They forced powerful, they had armies and money and mistresses. In the Renaissance their artistic sense almost stoned to some of us for their lack of self-control in ethical matters. I remember with a kind of pagan pleasure that Pope Alexander VI had a beautiful Aphrodite carved on a gem and set in a crucifix so that he might kiss her when he went through the routine of his Christian rites.

The Popes brought art to Rome and imprisoned Gallileo, they forced a King of England to yield his crown to their legate, they inspired six crusades to a distant country, solely by the promise of forgiveness of imaginary sins. They forced powerful, they had armies and money and mistresses. In the Renaissance their artistic sense almost stoned to some of us for their lack of self-control in ethical matters. I remember with a kind of pagan pleasure that Pope Alexander VI had a beautiful Aphrodite carved on a gem and set in a crucifix so that he might kiss her when he went through the routine of his Christian rites.

All these have gone, and when they were great it would have been blasphemy to hint at their decay. And now, when the critic eye criticized notions and pointed out their stupidity, we take comfort from these dead Empires, and know that the Empire of “commercial supremacy” will not last for ever. Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, and Jean-Jacques have done their work; they have penetrated to the “aegium vulgus,” so that Laurent Tailhade can now satirize the little French bourgeois who has “la Voltaire.” We all are concerned with our own whimsies for the future, and not with the empire of commerce. We all are concerned with our own whimsies for the future, and not with the empire of commerce.

Heigho! time for luncheon! It is odd how one dreams by the Forum. Anatole does it more originally, but we do it with the better grace to Rome.

Richard Aldington.
Views and Reviews.

It is always gratifying to read a reasonable answer to an outrageous accusation; and the committee of the Wine Trade Club is to be congratulated on the publication of this,* the first of a series of text books designed to give some authentic information about alcoholic liquors to the public and the trade. The teetotallers have monopolised the public ear, and it is easy to understand that its use, by people who are not in the habit of using it, will not be of much benefit. Daily excessive ingestion of any fluid must burden the heart, the blood vessels and the kidneys; whether the liquid ingested be water, milk, or alcohol, the difference will be only one of degree, not of kind; excessive drinking of water is bad, but excessive drinking of milk or beer is worse, because of their food value. What is known as the beer-heat, for instance, is not the result of the action of alcohol, but of over nutrition; it is the abnormal quantities of liquid, and not the small percentage of alcohol contained therein, which has overtaxed the functions of the heart and caused the fatty degenerescence of that organ."

But to regard alcohol as a mere alternative to fats and carbo-hydrates, is to forget its other and more important function. Men never yet drank fermented liquors as a substitute for anything, but for their specific action on the nervous system. Alcohol is a nerve-stir, or no man would be tempted to repeat his first experience of it. Dr. Charles Merieux said: "Alcohol has the power to unlock the store of energy that exists in the brain, and to render available, for immediate expenditure, energy that without its use would remain in store, unavailable for our immediate needs." It would be possible to write an entire chapter on the beneficial effects of alcohol from this point of view; for there can be no doubt that the specialised activities of the present day do result in the disjunction from conscious control of much energy that would be better expended. If the school of Freud has done nothing more, it has shown us how dangerous repression may be to sanity and bodily health; and all specialised activities imply repression. When we add to the repression implied by modern labour, the repression of the natural instincts effected by education and by the further repression imposed by custom and by legislation, it is perhaps a not too fantastic prophecy that we may soon be confronted with the necessity of introducing the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia into our social customs, to prevent us all from becoming insane or feeble-minded.

A method less shocking to our national prejudices would be that proposed by Dr. Hollander. "It is by improvement of the public-house," he says, "by giving the poor man in the public-house the advantages which the rich man enjoys at his club—comfortable rooms, easy chairs, newspapers, etc.—that we can reduce the tendency to drunkenness." If we add to the repressive effect of the public-house in reducing the craving for alcohol, the more latent repressor, the law of demand, it would be possible to write an entire chapter on the beneficial effects of alcohol from this point of view; for there can be no doubt that the specialised activities of the present day do result in the disjunction from conscious control of much energy that would be better expended. If the school of Freud has done nothing more, it has shown us how dangerous repression may be to sanity and bodily health; and all specialised activities imply repression. When we add to the repression implied by modern labour, the repression of the natural instincts effected by education and by the further repression imposed by custom and by legislation, it is perhaps a not too fantastic prophecy that we may soon be confronted with the necessity of introducing the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia into our social customs, to prevent us all from becoming insane or feeble-minded.

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The present volume is really an introduction to the series, for it deals summarily with the subjects to be discussed in extension in later volumes. But the lecturer makes it clear that if no trade in the land can claim a greater antiquity than the wine trade, or to have been more subject to the attention of legislators, the growth of the vine is perhaps the oldest and most extensive form of husbandry. From pole to pole, the wild vine has grown; and to this day, viticulture adds a charm and value to land that would be otherwise barren and valueless. For the vine will flourish where no other thing will; the abstainers may live on the fat of the land, but alcohol is the product of much sunshine, plenty of air, and a minimum of earthly riches. The volume contains a short description of the history of the wine trade in England, general information on the growing of vines and the art of wine-making, the science of distillation and the effects of alcohol on the human body. Subsequent volumes will deal exhaustively with the different wines of the world, with the botanical, scientific, chemical, medical, and political aspects of the question, and one volume will be devoted entirely to spirits.
Thirsty Gods.
By Leonard J. Simon.

"Lentement, mais toujours, L'Humanité réalise le rêve des sages."

"Nous appelons dangereux ceux qui ont l'esprit fait autrement que le nôtre et immoraux ceux qui n'ont point notre morale. Nous appelons sceptiques ceux qui n'ont point nos propres illusions, sans même nous inquiéter s'ils en ont d'autres."

"Qu'il est pénible de travailler au bonheur des hommes!"

In the old, and wickedly ignorant, days doctors had one sovereign remedy: the letting of blood, more or less, according to the severity of the malady. Doctors are beginning to learn better now—and so are social reformers.

Social reformers had practised the letting of blood as a remedy before ever a doctor had thought of it. Indeed, it is likely that even before doctors were invented, old idealists who felt the times were "out of joint" have spilt blood to satisfy the thirst of the gods; and, before the days even of Orestes, they have had to pay dearly for the moral enthusiasm which has led them to provide the gods with drink.

Most notable among such experiments in social surgery has been the great French Revolution. So widely, indeed, has it been noted, so thoroughly has it been discussed from every social, political and religious point of view, that it might have been thought that M. Anatole France, at this point in his long literary life, would have chosen anything rather than the Great Revolution as the theme of his novel, "Les Dieux Ont Soif"; but, no doubt, he had good reasons for what he has done.

Truth to tell he has not tried to give us an historical study of the Revolution, nor, for that matter of anything or anybody. Louis XVI is not seen at all; Marie Antoinette is mentioned in fourteen lines, and the killing of Robespierre, with the twenty-one who died with him, is told in a sentence. What M. Anatole France has done is to throw a peculiarly interesting and suggestive light on a number of incidents of the Reign of Terror, and give us glimpses of many typical characters, some historic and some fictitious.

There is nothing and no one heroic in the story, unless it be here to have a share of the romantic ideal, and obstinately to hold to it while facts come hammering down to show its utter unpracticality. That is the character of the artist, Evariste Gamelin, who, being unable to earn his living by painting, becomes "assassin at eighteen from the day" just as René Descartes himself. But M. Anatole France has done is to throw a peculiarly interesting and suggestive light on a number of incidents of the Reign of Terror, and give us glimpses of many typical characters, some historic and some fictitious.

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Still, though Evariste Gamelin is a hero-worshipper rather than a hero, there is less satire and more serious sympathy in the portrayal of this character than of any other in the book. Evariste has great faith—faith in mankind generally, and particularly in his own people and in their leaders; faith in God and in France as a nation; and, though he believes that when the Republic grows strong it will also be merciful, he has an obstinate faith in the present efficiency of shedding blood. His hero among the classics is Brutus; his chef-d'oeuvre, as a painter, is a scene of the avenger, Orestes, attended on his sick bed by his sister Electra. For the rest, his taste in art is expressed by a sentence, "La simplicité seul est belle"; and, in his mode of life, he is chaste and ascetic.

Quite the antithesis of Evariste Gamelin is Maurice Brotteaux, a genial old pessimist and sceptic, and the pocket of his puce frock-coat, and for his creed, has a cheerful lack of faith in everything.

In some degree Brotteaux exemplifies the attitude of M. Anatole France himself, who might well be called a second "poet of disillusion," had he not lost the illusion even of his disillusionment, growing sceptical to the value of scepticism and agnostic as to the truth of agnosticism itself, against revolutions. In "Les Dieux Ont Soif" all the peculiarly "Francesque" qualities of the author's work are more intense than ever: especially, his vein of satire. At the start there is this little summary of the means which Brotteaux employed as his living after the Revolution had made him poor:

"Il gagna sa vie à peindre des portraits sous les portes cochères, à faire des crêpes et des beignets sur le quai de la Magistrerie, à composer de désordres pour les représentants du peuple et à donner des leçons de danse aux jeunes citoyennes.

It just makes one wonder what M. France's verdict would be, were he to indulge in plain speaking, on "representatives of the people" as a class, considering that he shows us (in a kind of aside) the people's representatives, at the time of the most democratic upheaval of history, getting their speeches written for them by a cynical aristocrat!

There is this illuminating side-light on the popular idea of patriotism:

"Avez-vous vu jouer de Jugeement dernier des Rois? L'auteur y montre tous les rois de l'Europe réfugiés dans une ile déserte, jadis un volcan qui les engloutit. C'est un ouvrage patriotique."

Brotteaux's comment on the loadness of writers for the subject of war is sublime:

"C'est, depuis Homère, une étrange manie des poètes que de célébrer les militaires. La guerre n'est point un art, et le hasard décide seul du sort des batailles. De deux guerres en présence, tous deux stupides, il faut nécessairement que l'un d'eux soit victorieux."

There is this on the religion of the day, as represented by Brotteaux's fellow prisoners after he has been arrested:

"Les feuillants, les constitutionnels, les girondins trouvaient, comme Brotteaux, le bon Dieu fort mauvais pour eux-mêmes et excellent pour le peuple.

Satire of the gentler kind is shown in relating the discussions of an old priest, Père Longuemare, with his fellow prisoners, one of whom, to while away the time, has dressed as a devil, and whom, after the king has been killed by the way, both takes refuge in the attic, the venerable author calls Brotteaux. "It is not," the child explains, "that I love him, the king; you quite understand I never knew him, and very likely he was not so very different from other men. But when two men here are wicked, they torment me—they want to prevent me following my trade. But I have no other. You quite understand that if I had any other I should not follow this one."

When, however, the priest is called a capuchin, he is seriously and deeply distressed that his accusers cannot distinguish a true Bernabite.

It is characteristic of the whimsicality of the really revolutionary M. Anatole France that the two most charming characters, next to the reactionary aristocrat, Brotteaux, should be a fanatical old Bernabite priest, quite incapable of feeling bitterness against his persecutors, and an ignorant young girl, a "daughter of joy," who defiantly cries "Vive le roi!"—long after the king has been killed, by the way. Both take refuge in the attic of the "epicurean philosopher," as the author calls Brotteaux. "It is not," the child explains, "that I love him, the king; you quite understand I never knew him, and very likely he was not so very different from other men. But when two men here are wicked, they torment me—they want to prevent me following my trade. But I have no other. You quite understand that if I had any other I should not follow this one."

The scene of these three in the attic, the venerable priest, the genial old pessimist and sceptic, and the naïve child of the streets, is the brightly romantic spot in the whole dark picture.

One other character is romantic, and indeed ap-
proaches more nearly to picturesque heroism than any—Julie, Evariste's sister. Perhaps she is really the most interesting of all the characters, though she does not appear till near the end of the story. After emigrating with an aristocratic lover, to whom she is bound by their joint misfortunes more securely than she would be by legal wedlock, she returns to Paris, in the garb of a man, and vainly pleads with her brother to save her lover's life.

Apart from the character of Julie and of the defiant royalist child of the streets—who, finally, is proud to die as the queen had died—"Les Dieux Ont Soi" is uncompromisingly realistic, though human weaknesses and frailties are drawn with kindly sympathy. "...the friend of the people," is shown as invalid, and we have a glimpse of Robespierre blindly and pedantically defending the rights of property and, with fanatical rhetoric, denouncing atheists.

And then there is Elodie. The very antithesis of Julie, is this voluptuous and charming lover of the handsome and ascetic young painter and magistrate, Evariste Gamelin. Certainly she is charming; yet all the smiling satire of suggestion of which M. Anatole France is the master, is in his irony, deep and powerful but never bitter. He is concentrated on the depiction of this fine healthy human animal of the female sex. To her father she was "...a housekeeper and four clerks": so she does not leave her father. Industrious she is, and a coquette; while embroidering, she maniaf tickets for people to see her, and so as to make her faire une parure; elle brodait de façons différentes selon ceux qui la regardaient.—She embroidered with nonchalence in the presence of those to whom she wished to impart gentle languor; she embroidered capriciously for those whom it amused her to exasperate a little; but she set herself to embroider carefully in the presence of Evariste, in whom she wished to arouse a serious sentiment.

She loved Evariste, truly; and it is after he has shown merciful justice, on the first day of his duties as jurymen-magistrate that she consummates her union with him. But, the more blood-stained his career grows, and the more terrible he becomes, the more genial irony, and easy pessimism of the author himself, which shines or glimmers through every page. Most likely it is this which gives the book its fascination—its way.

...
Art.
Mr. Walter Sickert and Others.
By Anthony M. Ludovici.

On entering the Carfax Gallery this afternoon I confess that I had a shock. Instead of writing a few cheerful remarks about the exhibition here, I was suddenly seized by the fear that my duty would have to consist of writing an obituary notice. I had, however, heard nothing of Mr. Walter Sickert's demise, so I made inquiries of my companion and was sincerely relieved to hear that nothing so untoward had occurred, and that my worst suspicions were entirely without foundation. Nevertheless, I feel that there were some grounds for my first gloomy impression, and, as it will seem strange enough to require a little explaining, it is only right that I should state these grounds here at once.

With the exception of a few brilliant examples to which I shall refer in due course, I was struck by the atmosphere of a "posthumous publication of note-books," which pervaded the whole of the show. And in this matter I feel certain that Mr. Sickert himself will agree with me. He, too, would have had this nary public a last chance of possessing something, torn from the body of an ordinary sketch-book, I entirely without foundation. Nevertheless, I believe—hanging upon the walls. It seemed to be the there were some grounds for my first gloomy impression, and, only right that I should state these grounds here at once.

I raise this point with intention here, because there is an age of sham and no shame. In any case, no matter how shallow or how tawdry a thing may be, it will be admired provided it be slick. Provided that meaningless brush-strokes of luscious and glittering colour be drawn zig-zag fashion in all directions in an obviously "clever" and daring sort of way. Be Jove! how the spectator is impressed—sincerely relieved.

ON entering the Carfax Gallery this afternoon I commenced my account of the exhibition as if it had been painted with the baton of a music-hall conductor. Even the austere Puritan is a million times better than the modern slip-shod aesthete. It is refreshing, too, in spite of a slightly displeasing idiosyncrasy in the colouring and a pronounced lack of much above transcriptism, to contemplate the sound, straightforward, and able work of Mr. William Strang—full of careful and straightforward work, and honesty. While here and there, in the work of Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly (No. 52), for instance, a certain good quality is evident, which must feel in strange company in this gallery.

What is it this age admires most? In the first place "smartness"—sleek, slap-dash, imperturbable smartness. No matter how shallow or how tawdry a thing may be, it will be admired provided it be slick. Provided that meaningless brush-strokes of luscious and glittering colour be drawn zig-zag fashion in all directions in an obviously "clever" and daring sort of way. Be Jove! how the spectator is impressed—sincerely relieved.

Examine the wonderful facility and ease of Mr. Lavery's twinkling high lights! Note the shimmer all the way down the dress—and be sure not to observe anything else, otherwise you might realise the bad arrangement, the doubtful taste, and the still more doubtful colour of the whole picture (No. 9). In No. 11, if you really want to feel exhilarated by the inspection of sheer brilliance, then might I suggest you turn with disappointment to those leaves from an artist's diary, the equivalents of which, I candidly and reverently suggest, might be found in every pocket sketch-book throughout the world belonging to a good draughtsman.

I raise this point with intention here, because there are some people who one knows are artists to the core; and such people can afford to be above those ordinary lapses into laisser-aller, which constitute the last shift of the multitudes who are less richly endowed. I always have regarded, and shall continue to regard, Mr. Sickert as one who can afford to be above a good deal which to the inferior multitude is indispensable.

I think I have said before in these columns that this is an age of sham and no shame. In any case, nowhere is this dictum more convincingly illustrated than at the Grosvenor Gallery, Bond Street, at the present moment. A certain anonymous reviewer has declared that I am the meanest of the mean. Well, I suppose I must be if the show at the Grosvenor Gallery is supposed to be art. When one feels peremptorily compelled to grousse and grumble at everything, however much trust one may place in one's aesthetic canon, and however sound its philosophical basis may appear to be, one cannot help at times feeling rather like the Irishman who was the only unit in his regiment who was not of age; and blamed the rest for not being uniform with him. At the present time one of the most difficult things to do is to keep a definite standard upright and clean in the midst of all the chaos and anarchy which is rife. But it is when I enter an exhibition like that of the National Portrait Gallery that I begin to think that there is perhaps something more than mere stupidity in that anonymous reviewer's words. Certainly, if to be ignorant of what art means is to call this exhibition bad, then I am ignorant of the very A B C of art.

There is conscience and there is honest endeavour in this exhibition; but they are the exception rather than the rule. In one case they belong to the last generation, in two cases they belong to the present. It is a relief to see the Walter Graves amongst all this stuff that looks as if it had been painted with the baton of a music-hall conductor. Even the austere Puritan is a million times better than the modern slip-shod aesthete. It is refreshing, too, in spite of a slightly displeasing idiosyncrasy in the colouring and a pronounced lack of much above transcriptism, to contemplate the sound, straightforward, and able work of Mr. William Strang—full of careful and straightforward work, and honesty. While here and there, in the work of Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly (No. 52), for instance, a certain good quality is evident, which must feel in strange company in this gallery.

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Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

The reaction against "advanced" ideas has at last reached the stage. The woman's right to be free, or, as English people said in their grouty way, to be immoral, has been the subject of innumerable plays during the last twenty years. The orthodox drama, with its female characters misconduct themselves (to use the polite language of the Divorce Court), and either suffer or evade the penalties for their offence by the clumsiness or skill of their defence, or by the intervention of knowledge or indifference to their sexual habits manifested by their husbands. In one way or another, the problem was illicit sexual intercourse; and orthodox drama devoted itself to showing how people may act when a simple problem of morals becomes personal and complicated. The "advanced" drama devoted itself to arguing the question, usually in vacuo; for I cannot remember a case in Shaw's plays, for example, where anyone did anything wrong. They simply argued at great length to justify their abstract right to break the marriage contract if they chose; and incidentally proved their undoubted powers of giving their husbands a bad time. Agreement on the point of fact was manifest. The orthodox drama said that illicit sexual intercourse was wrong, and illustrated its contention by murder, suicide, divorce, or simple repentance. The "advanced" drama said that illicit sexual intercourse was right in theory; but the theory was belied in practice.

Nor was any great difference in the ideals of women apparent. Both "advanced" and orthodox dramatists agreed that woman was an incomparably finer animal than man, because she loved her husband, according to the orthodox, because she was capable of loving any number of husbands according to the "advanced." One difference was developed. The "advanced" drama developed "ologies," as the "ities" are not allowed on the stage in this country; and among the "ologies" developed was psychology. Psychology, of course, is properly the science of the soul; but for modern purposes, it only means the study of the mental and physical symptoms of the inception, development, and satisfaction of the sexual passion. So we are told at very great length what "love" meant to a woman. Sometimes it meant children; sometimes it didn't; sometimes it meant restraint; sometimes it meant passion; sometimes merely polyandry; but whatever else it meant, it always meant explanations and demonstrations of what a woman does feel, might feel, or ought to feel, in the presence of one man or a dozen men.

Most of these women proved their superiority to the "merely mothers" type by developing what they called an "intellect"; that is, they tried to gain wisdom without experience. They studied syphilis, they discussed the evolution of the gametoid germ cell with their admirers, they presented a questionnaire relating to sexual intercourse to their admirers, and fluttered themselves that, with this body of information in their possession, they were immune from the deceptions practised by profligates on unsuspecting females. The monopoly of sexual knowledge before marriage was destroyed; and every man was warned that in the future women would be aware of all his little games.

Amid this welter of discussion and development, the state of matrimony was somewhat obscured. It was assumed that if a woman could not love anybody else, she certainly could not love her husband. There were the White Slaves, the Tabby Husbands, the skeptical attitude of women in industry, inequalities in divorce laws, and a variety of other "social evils" for which the husband was responsible. So pronounced had this "development" in the drama become, that the problem "Her Side of the House," recently produced at the Aldwych Theatre, had something of the shock of novelty. Through three acts we watched a young wife falling in love with her husband, a fact which will prove to all the "advanced" women that they were simply an abandoned creature. There was not one circumstance to mitigate her lapse into the "immoral so-called morality." Mrs. Havelock Ellis' famous phrases. She knew that her husband, Lord Arlington (nicknamed Chou-Chou), married her for her money; she knew that he had been profligate with women; she was not without lovers—nor was she theoretically ignorant of the nature of love, or of the difference between love and passion, for she asked and obtained, definitions both from Chou-Chou and his rival, Gerald Cholmley. Yet she fell in love with her husband, and, as the tail of the last act, went with him into his bedroom. And this, mark you, was a woman who married to obtain her "freedom.

The authors of this play, Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Miss Asté Hall, have been guilty of a most serious offence; they have dared to laugh at the "freedom" of woman. They have spared nothing that would make the cause of women's "progress" ridiculous. Cecile, pure soul, was educated in a convent; and was compelled to a marriage of convenience by her "tabby" grandmother, Mme. de Brienne. Ignorant of the world's ways as she was, she claimed to be original; and having freed herself by marriage from the tyranny of her grandmother, she proceeded to demonstrate that her instincts were in accordance with the most "advanced" ideas. Firstly, she abolished the honeymoon; secondly, she divided the house, and, neither passed to the side of the other without invitation; thirdly, she claimed to do exactly as she liked on her side of the house, and allowed a similar right to her husband on his side of the house. Perfect freedom, and no questions asked, was the motto; and he gave her the benefit of his advice when requested. Thus, each had what was stipulated in the bond; he had the money, she had the title; for a loveless marriage carried no right to a more intimate relation. Meanwhile, she had to discover what love was.

Here was a free woman indeed! She was not economically dependent on her husband, and was thereby exempted from either fidelity or devotion to her husband; she was not in love with him, and was therefore not contaminated by his embraces; and these two facts, coupled with her knowledge of his past, enabled her to assert her intellectual superiority by reducing him to the position of her adviser in love affairs. When he kissed her, she kissed gently, the lover should have kissed passion, given not by her husband from the husband's side, but for a loveless friend she kissed him; and he was because she wished to make comparisons; and the comparison showed that she was still an "advanced" woman. "Passion in a lover's glorious, but in a husband is pronounced uxorious," said Byron; but Byron was a cynic. Anyhow, the husband kissed gently, the lover should have kissed passionately, but he was clumsy when I saw the performance; and still she was undecided. Cholmley wished her to run away with him; she refused to do so until she overheard her husband making arrangements to run away with a former lover, so that her husband could divorce him and marry Cholmley. Then there was no alternative but for her to cohabit with him on his side of the house.

The decision was, perhaps, not influenced by the fact that Chou-Chou had reformed himself by making money on the Stock Exchange, and paying all his debts; but, however that may be, there is no an "advanced" woman who will not protest against all these cynical conclusions, and against the authors' degradation of a "modern" to a married woman. But, as I said in opening, the reaction against "advanced" ideas has just reached the stage, if they cut a farcical figure, that is not the fault but the merit of the commentators.
Pastiche.

THE DREAM.

Lines dedicated to the Saleebian School of Thought, closely allied to, if not the happy progenitor of, "the New Spirit in English Poetry."

I dreamed, and lo! a mass indurate, undefined, Of purple cloud and crimson tongues of flame. . . .

And as I dreamed, behold! there came

Upon the vision of my soul

The Virgin Birth as of a cosmos whole,

For, as I gazed in dream, the purple mass of cloud and flame

Did slow take form, and lo! the mighty frame

Of some vast pelvis glowed in space,

And in its womb engaged the full-term world

Emerging from the womb of Time, that for an ace

Of aeons as cloud and flame lay interwoven, unenfurled.

Sarah Gane, M.A.

(Midwifery Artist).

"WHILE HUMAN NATURE'S WHAT IT IS."

When neolithic criminals were smashed

By cells of stone the same excuse was found

Among The Philosopher gathered round

And brains with social epigram were dashed.

Offtimes the perfervid hundred scarves

This ink of instinct broadcast, with a sound

Of many engines moistening such ground

As once the prehistoric rains had plashed.

Were Human Nature other than it were

In places long ago by the—
The phantom men call Progress might appear

Yet live, and颁布 into drinking-troughs—began

In vain while Human Nature's what it is!

John Heston.

"SING A SONG OF ARMAMENTS."

It is reported that Germany proposes to expend £50,000,000 on increase of armaments.—Daily Paper, March 1st, 1913.

Sing a song of armaments,

A nation full of guns,

Fifty million sterling

Baked in powder-hans!

When a bun is opened,

Every time there cries a

Bleeding heart—now what is this

To please a dainty Kaiser!

Gilbert Thomas.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Certainly his sisters wanted her to stay. "Look at the dear little baby," they said—"How can you?" And she said she didn't really suppose she could in the end. All very well, I interjected—What end? Women cannot live by babies alone. She wants a handsome, brainy, reputable, and rich husband, as well as a father for the supernan. He is brainy and he can't unmake his face, said one of his sisters snappily, and besides, no one could truthfully call him ugly, and he has more money than many, and how da-hare you breathe a word against his character? And she wept. I was only generalising, I said, and saying noyed, I don't want it at all, my office here seems to be getting misapprehended. The real rise

Thadput a Grouped Ruin! The danger now is lest the tide of horror should sweep us too far and the next generation become the most frivolous ever known in England. Privilegility as to license and rapine, beggine little Gordon's pardon. Valerie here

had once a notion of going to Holloway, and now she wants to go on the variety stage. There must be found for her some ideal between these two extremes. Li Hung isn't it—which I have swallowed, but happily. The oldest sister had struck back leaving little Gordon quite unprotected from my eloquence. The younger one denounced the cradle, Miss Morning, I said; why can't a woman find her ideal in her husband, child and home? She wants to, right enough, I rejoined; that's exactly what she wants. Only Li Hung is not it, and poor little Gordon suffers by inheritance. I cannot mis-state the notorious fact, and you would be the first to suspect me if I did suspect me. It's all suspicious, said the elder sour. Well, Valerie and I will go away and tell it over, I said, and seizing her by the hair, dragged her along Piccadilly, up Regent Street and back twice, bolted her in a ship, and sat down with her quite tame on a seat in Hyde Park. It's this way, she said, Li Hung certainly has some mysterious attraction for me, it isn't his looks or his brains or his reputation, darling, these I solemnly declare are all nothing. I don't know what it is, but every time I make up my mind to cut the painter and launch upon life's sea alone, I begin wondering how I shall pay when the waiter brings the bill, and then I owe Felice a bill three leagues long, and she won't squeeze out even one single old silly little scarf more. Leave off wearing them, said. My dear, I couldn't get about naked! My dear, I retorted, don't talk to me as if I were a man! Well, I will admit that I'm not dressed, though I have always fifteen hundred scarves. The real rise

of a cannibal queen, dining with social epigram were dashed.

The phantom men call Progress might appear

Might broaden into drinking-troughs—began

In places long forgotten by the sun,

And brains with social epigram were dashed.

Among The Philosophic gathered round,

Of many engines moistening such ground

As once the prehistoric rains had plashed.

Souls, now narrow as the seas,

And rape, begging little Gordon's pardon. Valerie here

and rapine, begging little Gordon's pardon. Valerie here
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sirs—I now ask your hospitality to hitherto read The New Age in a respectful silence—with respect because I know that week by week in the porch of its sound-hearted, keen-witted philosophy; silently, because I have had nothing to say that was not being better said by its vigorous contributors. But in this matter more than ever I will endeavor to be an active reader and not a silent member.

I do not agree, con amore certainly not, that more contributions like Sir Almroth Wright’s letter—too quite infernally written for the best prescriptions for this social affliction. Is it not the danger of brilliant brains that they tend to deal with big human phenomena too purely on the intellectual basis? That is my quibble with Sir Almroth Wright’s too cold-blooded analysis.

Apart from the unmistakable lack of broad and generous understanding of human nature, he wrote too plainly out of pathological not normal experience, to be an acceptable interpreter to the unbiassed intelligence. He uses as a crushing argument that woman is all sex. The truth then crudely expressed is scarcely a scientist’s discovery, but the interpretation of a truth depends upon the conception of life that inspires it.

Nature has undeniably claimed the whole woman organism (as she has not the male) in the interests of her vital purpose. She has made of the mother-woman one vibrant instinctive receptive treasury, a living archive of her becoming and creative will. Whereas the man’s brain is set free for its own work, to seek knowledge in all the world’s mine of mystery and cosmic-energy, she locks up normally the woman’s brain (as she largely does also her physical powers). Some deep instinctive perception of this kind has saved men from despising the mothers that bore them, and has even acknowledged a sacred debt to that half of the human whole which Nature has destined to be primarily the giver, the self-devoted guardian of life’s vibrancy and potentiality.

Nature has in normal human life laid her fiat too plainly out of pathological, not normal experience as a halo about the mother-woman that no passing storms can cause to vanish from the eyes of men. I have seen as an ideal since ever I thought of such things the generous ungrudging equality of the sexes in all that world of opportunity and endeavour that is common to their humanity—the vision of a comrade, noble in its independence as in its mutual dependence.

No one would be less willing than I to see the natural spheres of the man and the woman confused or the boundaries of their complementary nature fretted and blurred. Nature has in normal human life laid her fast too plainly upon the nature and function of the man and woman to need our too amiable, too active, contributory life-force, explosive dynamic; the woman’s passive, centripetal, coiled and stored for the continuance of the race. This assigns to man the making, leadership, or as St. Paul has it, “the man is the head of the woman.”

What is it then that occurs now and again in human history and threatens to confuse the roles, to upset the balance, and to make havoc of the unity that should make life whole? My own reading of the Sphinx is this: The whole business is biological and as such Nature’s deliberate concern as her normal arrangements are. Be sure she never stirs up woman, the passive agent of her normal arrangements, to take the active role, save for one cause—race preservation.

Does not the theory find some support in the facts? What do we mean by the industrial age and its soulless profiteering? Our country-side—the best breeding ground of a sturdy stock—deserted, our crowded cities rapidly increasing with every year, our soulless race of neuters, being, if at all, without passion or the hope or capacity for creating a virile people. Our towns and villages are not growing, are being withered away as useless to the community of men before gods and men in race suicide on the heroic scale. I am firmly convinced that the woman’s movement of to-day (blind and subconscious in much of its manifestation, and so repelling to some) is essentially the protest of a mighty race vitally against conditions which threaten to destroy it. Women never have sought to wrest leadership from men unless and until men have abdicated or failed grievously in rule. Evidence of such failure is wide large on the face of the land, week by week is a remonstrance but none the less passionate protest against its shameful continuance.

Such being the state of the thing, I for my part, while regretting sincerely the demand for the vote by women, am not prepared to go to the extent of filibustering—I will even say to those asking. True, in present practice it means little enough, and flatters the plain citizen only to deceive. But if it is, the better, the better, and if women demand it, cannot in justice be withheld in face of the indictment that can be brought against our present civilization. Is it not a fact that effective union women can make of an instrument that has previously been used? In the hands of men, I can only reply in the spirit of a faith not lightly held; the power that is inspiring their crusade is the better judge of what a weapon it is.

Yet already it seems to have brought a return of reality into public life, and is assuredly making the dry bones of politics to stir. Surely that all too is most sincere in the labour world is in sympathy with this cause.

This, too, I believe, that once the woman’s awakening to the threat of race suicide has accomplished its purpose, her invasion in force of man’s sphere need not be feared. I agree with you, that poverty, in its aspect of a grinding wage-slave, is at least a bottom of such disaster as the White Slave Traffic, and that the man is either ill-informed or dishonest who skirks this issue. But whether it is to be economically or otherwise the work is the better committed to the woman, whose economic helplessness is a handicap to men in their struggle for fairer conditions.

If asked what limit should set the grant of political power to women, my reply would be that I do not regard women as equally fitted with men to exercise rule, that I would have men keep the political power in their own hands. Lesser reasons apart, I believe the radical disqualification in women for holding ultimate political power—which I mean by a self-operating voice in the councils of a nation—lies in the lack of elasticity in their make-up mental and moral. They lack that genius for compromise which, granted grasp and breadth of mind and an unusual measure of moral potency to stay conditions which threaten to destroy it. Women as equally fitted with men to exercise rule, that I never have sought and never will seek to wrest leadership from men, but only as to detention, not punishment; liberty of self-martyrdom to be preferred to the use of force in the matter of slavery, the speedy re-signification of a Government incompetent to deal with large human problems, and the substitution, if such may yet be in doctrine—not in words only, but in the act—of a nationally-minded Government. We want rulers capable of plain, even if not of chivalrous dealing, and of some dim traditional respect for free men and women and their culture.

Man’s energy is that of the catapult. Constantly discharged, its aim and energy are capable of infinite variety and renewal. His “silly games” restore elasticity. The woman’s energy is that of the coiled spring, normally charged, its aim and energy are capable of infinite variety and most effectively applied to the steady driving of gear. Man is the big Human? of either sex.

I assume, of course, the exception of genius, in the governing as in other spheres; the occurrence, that is, of the big Human of either sex.

Man’s energy is that of the catapult. Constantly discharged, its aim and energy are capable of infinite variety and renewal. His “silly games” restore elasticity. The woman’s energy is that of the coiled spring, normally charged, its aim and energy are capable of infinite variety and most effectively applied to the steady driving of gear. (Incidentally is there any slave-driving so merciless as female?) Hence it is not absurd to say that the race might be long in the land. The argument of the wise Woman-Ruler does not move me. The instruments of her government have been men. But a woman on the Bench and a Jury of women! Would a woman-on trial for life or liberty choose judgment by her peers, as a man assuredly would in her case? I do not think so.

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But to the present problem. Two things. First, the rigour of the law is at its base the law which they defy it—mere respect demands this—but only as to detention, not punishment; liberty of self-martyrdom to be preferred to the use of force in the matter of slavery, the speedy re-signification of a Government incompetent to deal with large human problems, and the substitution, if such may yet be in doctrine—not in words only, but in the act—of a nationally-minded Government. We want rulers capable of plain, even if not of chivalrous dealing, and of some dim traditional respect for free men and women and their culture.

While we wait, the health and vital possibilities of women whom the race can ill spare, are being wasted as passive or active rebels against the State which has need of them. The crusade will only gather, without its morbid potence to stay. Justice and statecraft alike demand a reasonable concession to a reasonable claim. The Conciliation Bill should be revived.

CHARLES CECIL.

P.S.—Since writing and posting to you my letter, I have read the Editorial Notes in The New Age of August 29, which it happened I had not seen. Their masterly...
range of power make these notes of mine indeed a case of "goals to Newcastle." Here is no dissecting-room skill, but the keen, sentient diagnosis of the big human physician. May I pay my sincere tribute of admiration and thanks?—E. C.

THE SINGLE TAX.

Sirs,—As your review of "The Road to Freedom" is a criticism of the Single Tax, with a direct attack on the bona-fides of Single Taxers, perhaps you will allow me a few words on the subject. While we must scrupulously care for the motives of a party who bring forward a measure, the measure, nevertheless, stands on its own legs as a step towards the truth or the reverse; in other words, the thing advocated has nothing whatever to do with the advocate.

Who, for example, would deny the abolition of slavery (industrial or chattel) because it happened to be brought forward by a man or a party who were not always just in their dealings with their fellow-men?

The first effect of the Single Tax is seen in the answer to the question: What is the difference in position between a tenant who pays the economic rent of his holding to a landlord, who in turn pays his estate to the State, and a landlord who pays the economic rent of his estate to the State? Answer: There is no difference.

The second effect is seen if we ask how the landlord is to get the use of the land. He is now merely a tenant of the State, and the tenant can appeal to the courts to have the rent reduced, and the selling price to the vanishing point. Now, the worker has no interest in the selling price of the land, but he must have the use of land or perish. He can now get the use of land on conditions which he will not be forced to accept; it is now up to the Socialists to formulate a definite programme and policy, with which they can appeal to the community to the State, which is all that is necessary to ensure that each man will get the full product of his own labour and that the common good of the community will be the concern only of the economic rent or Single Tax.

In conclusion, the Single Taxers have a definite programme mapped out in Australia and Canada small instalments of their reform actually carried out, often in the teeth of the opposition of capitalists and landlords. Here, in this country, we have strenuous opposition from manufacturers, landowners, and Socialists. The workers are eagerly looking for light and leading. You have admitted that "land monopoly is the root of all evil," and have paid your tribute to the Single Taxers, perhaps you will allow me a few words on the subject. While it is always useful to have a criticism of the Single Tax, with a direct attack on the articles produced in a small workshop, each was an experiment, each was the first of its kind. On the table, however, stood an inkpot of emperor and smoke, which, being a small article, and one for which I have had a large demand, was the last of a long series of experiments entirely by my own hands; and I should not be ashamed of this kind of work, compared with any example of industrial art, ancient or modern.

Mr. Joseph Armitage's corner-cupboard, with its delicate wrought-iron hinges by Mr. Edward Spencer, the obviously another first experiment, and less successful therefore, than smaller pieces of work by the same craftsman, was more clearly a work of genius, as it seemed to me, than almost anything in the exhibition. I was pleased to see that Mr. Ludovici could find no fault with Mr. Smith's work, except for the size of the hinges on a certain box, and these were certainly none too big, if he will admit my expert opinion. But the size of a hinge is determined, not by the strength of the metal, but by the facts that the hinge must have the wood by a certain number of screws, which must on no account be too close together.

A. ROMNEY GREEN.
secured seats by playing up to the non-Socialist voter, to whom it is as dependent as is many a Socialist in Parliament in Britain to Liberal votes. However, we like them for their fighting rank. Their ranks may find themselves at any time at considerable variance with the prejudices and lack of perspective that grows dangerously pressing.

In addition to the ordinary political difficulties in South Africa, there are the questions appertaining to the black and the white races. On this rock Labour grows.