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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We really do not see that any improvement can take place in our affairs while none but liars are on both sides in politics. Only a few months ago the Unionists were doing their best to prove that the Liberal reverses were due to the Insurance Act, and the Liberals themselves were seeking the explanation everywhere else but there. To-day, however, it is the Unionists who are defending by their silence the Insurance Act as it is, and the Lberals who are loud in attributing their defeats to it. The superficial reasons for this complete exchange of views are, of course, clear enough. The Liberals have an amending Bill in prospect, and do not mind calling stinking fish of the Act which is to be amended. The Unionists, on the other hand, are in terror lest their opposition to the Act should have overshot its mark. The more solid reasons, however, for the Unionist attitude are two : they do not desire to force the Government to resign either upon the Insurance Act or upon any other Bill or Act ; and they have not the smallest intention of amending the most popularly odious feature of that Act itself. Of the first excuse it is perhaps enough to remark that no political party known to us in history has been brazen enough or cowardly enough to employ it as openly as the Unionists now employ it. For once in our rude partisan story a party exists that has no desire for office and not a plank upon its programme which it heartily accepts; and both these phenomena, so strange and cynical, arise, not from any regard for the national good, not even from any regard for the welfare of their own party, but simply and solely from fear. As every close observer knows, the opportunities for the overthrow of the Government, if the Unionists had desired it, have been as thick as hops during the whole period since the introduction of the Insurance Act. At this moment they swarm. Has the great ex-Canadian Bonar Law, the famous fighting man, availed himself of any of them or even attempted to use them? On every occasion when the Government, dog-sick as most of them are of office, appeared about to resign, Mr. Bonar Law and his Imperial nurses came to their assistance, propped them up with pillows and administered cordials to prolong their life. And the Unionists will continue in this course, unless their patient insists upon dying, until the natural end of the Government in 1915. The conclusion is, therefore, irresistible that they neither believe in their own programme nor have they any principled objection to the Liberal policy. Is it Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment they desire to prevent? They could do it to-morrow. Is it Tariff Reform in any shape they desire to introduce? The prospect of all the offices in the pay of the nation cannot tempt them to attempt it. In short, except for their Press and their dupes, the Unionists are more Liberal than the Liberals and much more anxious to maintain the Government than even its own party are.

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The particular motive, we now learn, for the cooling of the Unionist opposition to the Insurance Act is their discovery that this Act embodies a "valuable principle" —such is the cant phrase—in the form of Compulsion. The word itself appears to act like a trumpet upon the party of "Liberty" and the critics who declare of Socialism that it means an end of freedom; and the idea, established now in the Insurance Act as a precedent, appears to them the new principle of progress. By means of Compulsion, which the Unionists rejoice to have seen introduced by a Liberal Minister, they hope to perform miracles in the way of social reform—social reform, of course, as capitalists, not as the proletariat, understand the word. We are to have compulsion in extended education, compulsion in the matter of incarcerating profitless paupers in lunatic asylums (100,000 such persons, now free, will be thus imprisoned under the Mental Deficiency Bill), compulsion in military training and, when all these have familiarised the nation with the new word of progress, compulsion in arbitration and labour. Such is the vista which Unionists see open be-

fore them from the clearing in our national prejudices made by Mr. Lloyd George in the Insurance Act. Is it likely that they will amend the Act in the very respect in which it is at once most hateful to the proletariat and prospectarily advantageous to capitalism? Never. Thanks to Mr. Lloyd George, the principle of Compulsion has been introduced into social legislation when, so to say, no one was looking for reaction, when, indeed, the chapels (those sentinels of liberty !) were only waiting to cheer anything that Mr. Lloyd George might do. The Unionists, like the Liberals, intend that, once in, the principle shall stay in.

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We need not argue at length against the principle of Compulsion. It is condemned on every ground and from every point of view save that of the profiteering classes. These, alone, who are now unfortunately the governing classes also, have some immediate advantage to derive from compelling the rest of the community to live under their dictation, though the advantage will prove in a very short while less than the disadvantage. We mean that Compulsion is less profitable in the end even to capitalism than the mere appearance of liberty. But, for the rest of the community, Compulsion is not now and will never again become a principle either to be welcomed or, surely, to be endured. Its restoration, in fact, to legislation should be a signal that the nation has been either asleep or retreating during the last few years. If anything, we thought, was securely established, as a principle if not as a fact, it was that the condition of improvement is liberty. There was no class in society that did not at least pay lip-homage to it, and most classes were sincere in their belief. From this liberty it was expected that in course of time and after many mistakes the world would finally arrive at the measure of human wisdom : this result being demonstrated by history to be impossible by any other means. Yet as we were congratulating ourselves on our hopeful views, and thinking ourselves secure in acting upon them, the chosen champion of more liberty, more popular liberty, more spontaneous popular liberty, comes by stealth and restores on behalf of the governing classes the principle of coercion, which even they were just beginning to abandon. Its restoration will plainly result in the conversion of Parliament into the organ of a class, finally and absolutely. Moreover, it will convert the present semblance of democratic government into a real oligarchy. In short, if Compulsion is once again accepted as a principle of normal legislation and not merely as a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, the clock has been put back some three hundred years of English history.

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How the revived principle will be extended if the combined forces of the two parties can contrive it, we have already suggested. The clear distinction between the rich and the poor, which the Insurance Act has made, will be, we may be certain, retained throughout the new progress. Compulsion, in other words, will apply henceforth to the proletariat and to the proletariat alone. The question, therefore, naturally arises : who, if not the proletariat themselves, will desire to stop it? And who, if not they, will stop it? At this point we arrive once more at the Labour movement which, poor and feeble as it is, is nevertheless the only power between the proletariat and systematic coercion. Why, we ask, has the Labour movement not yet sensed what is being prepared for its class? Or, it may be that the sense of danger is there, but the means of escape are not yet clear. On the latter supposition—a more hopeful one than the former—it would be a mistake for any of us to grow weary in instruction. For once seen, the idea, the method of escape, would quickly enough be carried into effect without our further aid. After all, and pace Mr. Finn, the proletariat, if not all-powerful in the ballot box, where it matters least, are all-powerful in industry where power matters most. The conclusion then is that the Labour movement, for the moment motionless, is hesitant before a tremendous problem; not unaware of the perils involved, but doubtful of the way of escape.

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If this should prove to be the case, the period of doubt, we think, should not last long. For on all hands the remedy of Social Reform which was so extensively advertised by all and sundry twenty years ago, and has been taken in such large quantities during the last few years, is now proving to be as quack as it was patent. Who that can recall the enthusiasm with which Social Reform was preached can fail to contrast its promise with its performance?

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In those days it seemed that in the paternity of the State and in the affiliation to it of every grievance, society had discovered a plan of campaign, an idea of progress, that would make short work of poverty and all its ills. But disillusion has now followed for all who have eyes to see and a mind to understand. There is no remedy for poverty in Social Reform, whether State or voluntary, whether collectivist or individualist. As long as the wage-system endures and there exists the class of the proletariat—propertyless men dependent solely upon wages for a living—so long will the laws of competition reduce wages to the level of subsistence for the healthy and to pauperism for the feeble. Nothing in political Social Reform can affect this iron law of wages. The State may establish the Minimum Wage, but the State cannot make employers pay it to those who competitively cannot command it. The State may institute shorter working days, improved conditions of labour, pensions and what not; but every such advantage dictated by the State is subtracted by the employers from the proletariat as a whole. Nay, as we have often said, and as experience is daily proving, if all the programmes of all the social reforming groups of all the political parties were put into execution to-morrow the final condition of the proletariat would still be to live upon wages fixed by their price in the competitive market.

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This disagreeable fact, however, will naturally take time to be absorbed. For one thing, so many vested interests have grown up in Social Reform that to attack it means to arouse their defence "for hearth and home." At least ten thousand middle-class persons are living comfortably on the cult; and many more thousands aspire to do so. For another, the new doctrines are not yet clear even to the young. But time will make them clear, as time will make them even more necessary than they are to-day. In the meantime, we say, in all sincerity, that the only atmosphere in which the new ideas are likely to blossom is the atmosphere of controversy. But controversy, unfortunately, is the last stimulus to thought that our age provides. We have symposia, we have multitudinous special pleadings, we have arbitrators by the score and propagandists by the hundred, but of fair discussion, of reason against reason, we have less to-day than ever before since men became thinking animals. Why is this, for the need, as we say, was never greater. The only explanation that occurs to us as adequate is the dangerous recrudescence of the doctrine of the superiority of instinct over reason : of prejudice, that is, over evidence. This, we are afraid, is the debt we owe to the school of Bergson and the pragmatists. It is not, we are aware, the debt they intended to leave us under; for intuition and not instinct was their conception of the master-faculty in man. But philosophy when it becomes popular becomes gross; and once out of the schools, where it should always remain, a doctrine is transformed so that its own parents do not recognise it. Be the case, however, as it may, honest controversy, to our great if temporary loss, is out of fashion; and a new generation perhaps will be needed to bring it in again.

Of subjects still needing honest controversy for their settlement we could name offhand a round dozen. And the amusing fact about them all is that until they have been through the controversial mill they will never be fit for human life. Their propagandists vainly hope that by dodging or burking discussion their "causes" may arrive at fulfilment. So they may if fulfilment means no more than arriving upon the Statute Book. But we have seen too many green fruits forced into legislation there to rot because too early taken from their trees to "keep." Take, for example, the Act we shall never tire of citing, the Insurance Act. What has Mr. Lloyd George gained by refusing to discuss it thoroughly while it was yet a vexed question? It is a vexed question still, and so will remain until all our doubts about it are set at rest. Or take the questions now vexing minds, some of which are impatient to see them in practice and may, for all we know, find the power to put them into practice: Women's Suffrage, Co-partnership, Educational Reform by Machinery, Compulsory Arbitration, Proportional Representation, and the like. There is not one of these subjects which has not for its leading advocates men or women who deliberately hope to succeed in their cause by pretending that there is no rational criticism to meet, and by thus appearing to evade it. But though they may evade reason temporarily, it is contrary to the nature of man that they should evade reason permanently. In the end they will discover that their causes, thus brought to practice, will not work. Reason will not allow to work what has not once passed through its crucible. Do the women propose to "force" the franchise from us? They may, but we shall in revenge for outraged reason, take care that it does them no good. Do Lord Robert Cecil and his brother propose to institute co-partnership without first meeting the objection that the trade unions must be considered? The trade unions will afterwards have their way and co-partnership will be ruined. Is the country prepared to accept an Education Bill that no teacher approves as a settlement of education? Education will not thereby be improved, nor will the controversy be closed. And a similar judgment may be passed upon the rest. Reason lies in wait for everything that is unreasonable. Sooner or later Reason must be appeased. Until Reason is satisfied every question remains open.

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The next great controversy that awaits society, however, is none of these: it is the controversy concerning the legitimate successor to the throne of the dying Social Reform. For Social Reform, we say, is unmistakably dying. Its last high-priest was Mr. Lloyd George and in the odour of Marconis he and it are passing away. Of Bills enthusiastically brought in and enthusiastically received for the amelioration of the wage-system we have seen the last. We now know that the wage-system cannot be ameliorated. But care must now be taken that under the name of Social Reform—powerful as a superstition when it is no longer a belief even among the Fabian Society—Bills are not brought in, or, if brought in, are not enthusiastically received, which are designed not to ameliorate wage-slavery, but to perpetuate it. That is the great peril of the Labour movement at this moment. For as surely as the governing classes have brains so surely are they aware that social reform is played out; and so surely as they know it is played out, they will prepare to meet the reaction of this discovery when it is made by the proletariat. In view of the moment when the Labour movement wakes to the double fact that Social Reform is dead and that Capitalism is aware of it, we urge once again the need for immediate discussion of the new ideas and of the new weapons. The thesis we are prepared to defend and which we would nail up upon every public door in England is this: Until the wage-system is abolished there can be neither improvement nor progress in the lot of the proletariat.

Current Cant.

"It is easier to telephone in London to-day than it was ten years ago."—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"There has been a larger, swifter, and surer social improvement throughout the country than ever took place in any fifty years of our history."—A. C. BENSON.

"Americans are coming on. . . . They have made a great discovery. . . . In a word, they now know that sex exits."—A. MAURICE LOW, in the "Morning Post."

"The Church has always recognised that the aptitude and vocation for God is not equally distributed over the whole race."—EVELYN UNDERHILL.

"Probably the most important man in England to-day is Mr. Pease, the Education Minister."—"Vanoc."

"With the spirit of journalism and the greater variety of opinion it offers, the public is, in normal conditions, more and more disposed to keep an open mind."—"News and Leader."

"If the law were always lenient because judge and jurymen were conscious of their own fallibility, the community would suffer grievous wrongs."—"Daily Express."

"The Church should bend itself with all its energies—as, indeed, it has done in the last five years—to make impossible such an evil as the white slave traffic, the very existence of which has rightly shocked and maddened thousands of women."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Among all the phenomena of this revolutionary era of ours, nothing is more striking than the ever-increasing significance of science as a factor in the upward struggle of humanity."—"The Dial."

"Mothers must dress to please their schoolboy sons nowadays, as well as their husbands. Boys are literally teaching their mothers how to dress, what to wear, and what not to wear. Some even call on dressmakers to ensure that their mothers shall have the very latest style."—"Daily Mirror."

"We think we may fairly claim that there is no profession in the world which is more keenly alive to its responsibilities than that which supplies the nation with its daily pabulum of fact."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"The 'Express' has received the following letter. . . . It expresses so admirably the point of view of the intelligent working classes. . . . 'Sir, I have recognised for a long time now that the greatest need we workers have is for correct information about the things that really matter, and, thanks to yourself and Mr. Arnold White, we seem at last likely to get some. . . . It is because Mr. White does his utmost to tear down the web of lies that obscures our vision that I venture to congratulate you on the enterprise that has secured for your working-class readers the opportunity of having placed before them that rarest of commodities, unbiased truth."—J. PIKE, in "Daily Express."

"The Liberal Party, with its policy of many definite reforms."—"Cardiff Times."

"The silver-tongued orator of the Labour Party, Philip Snowden, M.P."—Advertisement in "T. P.'s Weekly."

CURRENT CONCUPISCENCE.

"The Woman's Freedom League begs to announce a lecture by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman on 'Assorted Sins.'"—Advertisement in "Everyman."

CURRENT CONVERSION.

"Some weeks ago we appealed for prayer on behalf of one of our members who had been led into error and had been received into the Roman Catholic Church. . . . Definite prayer on his behalf was specially offered at the morning watch and at the Good Friday rally."—"Christian Endeavour Times."

CURRENT CITIZEN.

"I have not had a sovereign in my hands for the last fourteen years."—A Woman at Kingston Court.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE Triple Alliance is dead.

This news deserves a certain amount of consideration, so I put it in a line by itself. As those readers of THE NEW AGE who may happen to have followed these articles for the last years will realise, I do not expect that this intimation will be followed immediately by an official announcement that it is right or wrong. The Governments concerned will not say anything publicly; but they have already said enough privately. It has been intimated in St. Petersburg, in Paris, and in London that the Triple Alliance is no more. Italy, Austria and Germany are now, from the military point of view, distinct and separate countries.

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I say the military point of view, because the Triple Alliance of Austria, Germany, and Italy was essentially a military contract. The Dual Alliance which preceded it was intended to protect the two Teutonic nations from the Slavs on one side and the French on the other; and Italy was afterwards brought in as a means of additional protection from the French. All this is now at an end. The Balkan war, which has settled so many ancient controversies and given rise to so many new and equally perplexing ones, has decided the fate of the old balance of power in Europe. What the annihilation of the Triplice means to this country we shall see in a minute or two; but before we come to this aspect of the new situation let us consider the newly-formed military position which has shaken all the Foreign Offices in Europe, those of Lisbon, Madrid, and Stockholm not excepted.

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Up to a few months ago the balance of power in Mid-Europe was plain to be seen. The Balkan Peninsula was held by Turkey—Turkey, the friend, almost the ally, of Germany and Austria, ready, it was believed, to come to the assistance of these two countries with half a million trained troops in case of trouble. Lying between France and Russia was a solid Teutonic wedge; and away on the other side of the North Sea was England, finding it hard enough to keep pace with German shipbuilding. Now Turkey's army is no more; and the Balkan Peninsula is held by half a million Greco-Slav troops, well trained, well equipped, and fresh from battle —troops, moreover, representing peoples which, although they differ acutely among themselves, differ from Austria much more. Russia, no longer humiliated as in 1905, but with renewed energies and unusually satisfactory Budgets, has taken advantage of the recent scare to concentrate twelve army corps of 50,000 men each on the frontiers of Austria and Germany. France, with every nerve revived, is ready to fight to-morrow.

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This is not the worst, from the German point of view. Italy has set out on a very hazardous enterprise in Tripoli, and only a few days ago we were informed that the Arab tribes in the interior had attacked and defeated an Italian force near the coast. This news served to remind those of us who had overlooked Tripoli of late that the Italians, in spite of the many months which have elapsed since the last fighting, have not yet been able to penetrate more than a few miles from the coast, and that they can be said to hold the coast line and no more. It is difficult to gauge precisely how many Italian troops are at present "tied up" in Tripoli. But I know that the number is not less than 90,000, and may be as large as 120,000. And even the most optimistic of Italian statesmen admit that a force of 100,000 men will have to be kept in Tripoli for years to come. It is true that a force of 100,000 or even of 120,000 men does not mean the whole of the Italian army; but the remainder of the nominal peace strength of 287,000 men will, it may be taken for granted, be kept within easy reach of Brindisi in case Italy might not be able to approve of Austria's views regarding Albania.

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The position of Germany is now a little clearer to us. Formerly she reckoned on being able to dispose of her own troops, plus those of Austria, Italy, and Turkey. Austria and Turkey were to keep Russia busy while Germany and Italy saw to France and England There was one occasion, in 1908, when the plan was very nearly carried into effect; but 1908 lies five years away from us. Turkey has gone, Italy has gone, and Austria has more than enough to do in attending to the new problems raised by the accession to power of the Balkan States. Is it any wonder that Germany has made overtures of friendship to England? For the Triple Alliance, military to its backbone, military and nothing else is dead; and Germany stands alone.

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True, the German Navy Law has not been altered; true, the German army goes on increasing. It is necessary for Germany that the two services should be increased; for there is now no Austria to fall back upon. And what of us?

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There is no doubt that for the last ten years the cloud of a German invasion has been hanging over this country, and reasonably. Sometimes it may have been the size of a man's hand; sometimes it may have been more ominous. But the plan typified in the cloud was always practicable to a bold people, and this was instinctively realised here. This bugbear has vanished with the death of the Triple Alliance. Germany will make no move until she is sure that her military position is as good as it was before Italy declared war on Turkey—the incident, by the way, that started the anti-Moslem campaign and led directly to the Balkan war. Germany feels keenly the loss of Turkey, with those half-million Moslem bayonets, manufactured by Krupps. And it was for this that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein spent the best years of his life at Constantinople, flattering, coaxing, threatening, bullying, promising!

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The doggerel American rhymes about John Brown may be reversed. It is the soul of the Triplice that lies a-mouldering in the grave and the body that goes marching on. The Triple Alliance, shorn of its soul, its power, its military strength, will still be held up to frighten diplomatists, exactly as children are frightened by ghost stories. But there will be no more reality in the Triple Alliance henceforth than in a ghost story. We can even afford to smile at the news that Austria has managed to build a Dreadnought in twenty-six months —a record for a Continental Power, I believe—and that Italy has laid down the keels of two more battleships. The pace in armaments has been terrific, the strain everywhere too great. It was not for nothing that both the Tsar and King George were guests at the marriage of the Kaiser's daughter.

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We are not at the end of our international difficulties —I do not for a moment wish it to be understood that we are—but we are very far removed from the fear of war. The question of Persia is still to be discussed; and, as almost identical rights are claimed by Russia, Germany, and England, there will be a great deal of diplomatic bickering before Persia is commercially divided. The country is in a state of chaos; there is no supreme head, no supreme governing body; nothing. But these bickerings will not, unless by a miracle, develop into war, though if they had taken place eighteen months or two years ago war would have been almost inevitable. It is ironical enough that war on the part of France is now feared in Germany, and not vice-versa. There is a strong war party in France which holds that Germany should be attacked at once, as France is likely to win and may never again have such an opportunity. But M. Poincaré's advisers are prudent.

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As for us, we may be pleased. The quarrel between Servia and Bulgaria and between Greece and Bulgaria is not likely to involve the Powers. And even if it does involve the Powers the Triple Alliance is none the less dead.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THIS week I am returning to the old question of the aristocratic versus the democratic army. It is a question of great importance for Englishmen because the successful nature of our military experiences under aristocracy and the general strength of our aristocratic traditions have caused us to take it for granted that an army run on aristocratic lines is the only army possible, and that variations from this standard type are simply in the direction of a mob. This opinion contains sufficient truth to make it dangerous. It warps the judgment of the best of us. No English officer, for example, who beholds the French army in peace is not tempted to write the whole show down as an insubordinate and disorderly rabble, and if he is prevented from thus misjudging the French by a wholesome recollection of their prowess in the past, yet when he comes to armies like the Servian or the Greek, which possess the same democratic idiosyncrasies, he makes ridiculous mistakes and dismisses as a useless rabble what turns out on proof to be a highly efficient force.

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"I think I am the better fitted to discuss this question in that to my mind the whole question of aristocracy versus democracy is one of expediency. They are the means and not the end. In politics the end is naturally the preservation of the inherent rights of the citizens, whatever we judge those rights to be; in armies the object is equally indisputably the development of the maximum fighting power. To my mind, therefore, all attempts to settle the question one way or the other by attributing to either modus operandi an inherent moral sanction of its own are doomed to failure from the commencement. They are all part and portion of that attempt to consider the universe without reference to design or purpose which is the greatest lunacy of our time.

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"The foundation of the German system of training is good drill and stern discipline.

"The French believe in elasticity and development of initiative, and their discipline is not nearly as stern as that of the German army.

"The German system inclines to driving; the French system inclines to leading."

* * *

In these few well chosen words, appearing in the January number of the "Royal United Services Institution of India," Capt. Twiss has well expressed the main difference between the aristocratic and the democratic systems. To put the statement in another way, the great difference is as follows: The democratic system assumes that men are free citizens interested in the war, having a stake in the country and anxious to defend it—men, in short, who do not need driving to fight, but can be relied upon to fight of themselves, and only require to have their energies led in the proper direction. In short, the democratic theory relies upon the hero which is in every man. The aristocratic theory, on the other hand, calls our attention to the coward in him. It asserts that he cannot be relied upon to advance of himself; that the compulsion of stern discipline, unbroken ranks, and the fear of the serre file's pike in his kidneys is necessary to get him to go on, and from this it follows that democratic methods have been usually adopted by peoples naturally warlike, such as the French, and aristocratic methods by peoples naturally peaceable like the Germans or the Russians. Democratic methods are also most desirable when the war is national and everybody understands what he is fighting for, as the wars in defence of the Revolution or the present war of the Christians against the Asiatics in the Balkans. In "cabinet wars"—wars of conquest or wars where the object is not close to the heart of the troops, the rigid discipline and obedience of the aristocratic system finds its place.

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A good example of the extreme type of democratic force is afforded by the Greeks. Captain Trapmann says of them: "The great drawback as regards the infantry is that they have practically no officers and no N.C.O.s. The vast majority of the officers are officers of the reserve, who have qualified to be officers because they have passed a certain standard of education, and because, perhaps, in the latest war, or at the beginning of this war, they served thirty or fifty days in the ranks. They were then entitled, if they had passed a certain degree of education, to put a star on their shoulders and to become officers. The N.C.O.s were selected in much the same way. . . . . Luckily the Greek is a man who does not need to be led. They have republican ideas over there, and provided the men know what to do, they do not want to be told how to do it. Generally there was nobody there who could tell them how to do it; they merely went and did it. The infantry advances, from a military point of view, were extraordinary; the men were told to advance, and they did; they went on advancing. Dozens and hundreds of them were shot, but the remainder went on. They did not do it smartly; they did not run, because the Greek is not a good hustler, but they went on stolidly and doggedly, and it did not have the least effect upon them what their losses were. . . . Individually the men are excellent shots, but as there is no attempt at musketry drill—I have never heard any musketry commands given during the fight—it is a case of every man shooting as best he can."

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Compare with this the passage in the famous "Sommernachts Traum," where General Meckels gives us by means of the picture of an imaginary battle what he conceived to be (and what doubtless is) the best method of advance for German infantry:

"All the leaders. . . . wore whistles, of which each company took a reserve supply into the field. The single rank sections marched and dressed by the centre. This man took his direction in all movements from the section leader, who marched in front of the line. The direction was given either by an order from the leader as to the point to march on, or by the leader himself being followed. The section leaders marched behind their respective sections, and were responsible for the maintenance of close order and discipline.

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The volleys were not always as crisp as one hears on parade. Many of them were absolute failures, which sometimes led to the fire getting out of hand. . . . . The most ruthless means were employed against this irregular fire. . . . . The section leaders were peremptorily ordered to go to their sections and use every means to put an end to it. . . . After the fight no forbearance would be shown to anyone who had neglected his duty in such matters. . . . . I saw a corporal of the "battle police" bring up four men from the rear of the firing line to the battalion reserve. "Ah, these are skulkers," I said to myself. Their names were taken by the "closing officer." They had to report themselves to their captains, and could now only by distinguished conduct escape being charged with cowardice in action and receiving degradation."

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There you have the difference between aristocratic and democratic methods in a nutshell. In my next article I propose to deal with those less obvious differences that exist in the commissioned ranks under the rival systems and to discuss which of the two will suit the British army best.

The Heart of the Argument.

IT is more than a year since we began to analyse the condition of society in a series of articles on the Wage System. The argument developed itself from week to week, fresh lights and new discoveries came to us (the inevitable sequelæ of a vital principle), groups and categories hitherto but vaguely realised took form under our pens, until we found ourselves evolving a constructive programme that is now recognised by thinkers as the reasonable alternative to State Socialism on the one hand and to Syndicalism on the other. Guild Socialism to-day holds the field as theoretically sound, and in practice the only way out from existing servitude into economic emancipation. Although we are naturally gratified that THE NEW AGE has become a medium through which Guild Socialism has expressed itself, yet we cannot too emphatically disavow any claims to its invention. Guild Socialism is not an invention; it is not an excursion into Utopia; it is not the literary product of our ingenuity; it is the logical outcome of existing social, political, and economic conditions. In text and comment our exposition has exceeded two hundred columns—an unusual allocation of space in a weekly journal. It is, of course, extremely difficult for even the most studious of our readers to grasp all this prolonged argument, so let us try to focus it.

It would be easy to advocate the formation of guilds on a profit-sharing basis—to constitute a guild as a gigantic joint-stock company. This is roughly the proposal of the members of the Rota Club, whose book, "The Real Democracy," was recently reviewed in our columns. They accept the idea of the guild; but they visualise a body of *shareholders* rather than a body of *members*. The shares are to be subject to valuation—the value to be determined by average value over a preceding period. Oddly enough, the writers of this book believe in the abolition of the wage-system, yet they fail to perceive that a rise or fall in the value of the guild-shares is hopelessly inconsistent with wage abolition. To apply joint-stock methods to guild organisation is surely to run with the socialist hare and hunt with the capitalist hounds. But we only refer to the point here to show how vitally important it is that the real meaning and implications of the wage-system should be thoroughly understood. When three university men tell us that they believe in the abolition of the wage-system and then gaily proceed to write about the rise and fall of guild shares, we almost begin to despair. Yet it is simple enough; wages is the price paid for labour as a commodity in the competitive wage market. It is bought and sold as in any other commodity, precisely the same principles being applied. This labour commodity is warehoused in brick boxes so that its quality may not deteriorate; it is boxed and warehoused and policed precisely as is cotton or silk or leather or any other article possessing exchange value. The first step, then, in the argument is to understand thoroughly the outward meaning and inner significance of the wage system. The outward meaning is what we have just written; the inner significance of wagery is that it deprives the wage-earner of his rights as a citizen because it strips him of the means whereby he can assert his rights. His citizenship is "passive"; "active" citizenship is inherent in the classes that can acquire the wealth produced by labour. Our problem, then, is to transform exploited passive citizens into dominant active citizens. The only way this can be achieved is by the wage-earner retaining his rights in the products of his labour. And this is only possible by rejecting the system of wages (whereby the wage-earner, ex hypothesi, has not the remotest interest in the product) and substituting in its place the guild organisation.

If then we appreciate the fact that wagery spells economic servitude and passive citizenship, our next task is to appreciate the still more important fact that its abolition means a complete transvaluation of all existing elements in the social and economic structure. With the passing of the wage system passes also rent, interest and profits. The terms cease to possess any meaning relevant to the new order; they enter into history; for the present and the future their significance is ended. That is where the Rota Club has taken the wrong turning. They postulate shares in the guild. Now of two things one: either members of the guild would possess an equal number of shares or an unequal number. If equal, why bother about shares? Simple membership would meet all human requirements. If an unequal number, then obviously the purpose of wage abolition would be defeated. The producing member of the guild with two shares would clearly be exploiting the producing member who only has one. The producing member with one share might produce at least as much wealth as the man with two or ten shares. Thus the basis of the Rota guild would continue to be individual property capable of exploitation. But this is not merely anathema to the conception of Guild Socialism, which makes labour and not property the basis of the guild, it is hopelessly inconsistent with the abolition of wages. For it is only by continuing wages that the relative values of the unequal holdings could be ascertained. The logical outcome of wage abolition is to transfer share value into labour value. The conclusion therefore is that the essence of the guild organisation is the monopoly of labour power. We have carefully excluded property considerations from Guild membership because we saw clearly that it was inconsistent with wage abolition. The industrial assets of the country can never become the property of the Guilds. These are properly the concern of the whole community acting through the State, and it is the ownership of these assets by the State which will enable the State to exact economic rent from the Guilds by means of a charter. Those who have followed our series of chapters on Guild Socialism and our apparently endless editorial notes know that always we have come back to the urgency of a true appreciation of the wage-system. One third of our chapters have specifically dealt with the wage-system in all its bearings. The necessity of this grows painfully evident when on reading "The Real Democracy" we find that Guild Socialism is set out as a scheme of life without any mention whatsoever of the vital part which the wage-system plays in the argument. We, therefore, offer no apology for again stressing this aspect of the problem.

The wage-earner, having willed to end wagery by no longer working for wages, has to consider his next step. We know that so long as the possessing classes can subject him to competitive wage-workers' conditions, just so long must he continue in wage servitude. He must, therefore, eliminate the competitive conditions inherent in the system. There is only one way to do this: by complete combination and fellowship with all other wage-earners. They are already organised to the extent of three in fifteen. The problem is to rope in the whole fifteen. It was the failure of the trade unions fifteen years ago to compass this object that led them into the Parliamentary adventure. They were at a blind end; Parliamentary politics seemed an easy way to unify the working class; industrial unification seemed impossible. Herein they blundered in three respects: the easiest way in dealing with human affairs is invariably the wrong way; nor can any kind of industrial unity be attained with the wage-system as a basis—for the wage-system ipso facto spells discord and the trade unionists had no conception beyond wagery. But the third blunder was vital: they all too lightly assumed that the conquest of political power

preceded economic emancipation. They believed that ten "passive" citizens were stronger than one "active" citizen. Little did they reck that so long as that one "active" citizen paid the ten "passive" citizens wages, he possessed them body, bones, and soul. Their's not to question why; their's but to work and die; the "active" citizen knew that possession was ten-tenths of the law; he held (and holds) the others in the palm of his capacious paw. He speedily realised that the diversion of labour politics was veritably a diversion—a fateful forgetting of the things that really count in life. Very bitter then must be the awakening of these "passive" wage-earners. They are just opening their eyes after the slumber induced by political opium. What do they see under their heavy eye-lids? That the grip of the capitalist paw is stronger than ever; that labour's capacity to prize it open is, in consequence, relatively weaker. In short, that economic power is a condition precedent to effective freedom; that political activity unbacked by economic power is as futile as hunting the snark.

The overpowering truth of this is palpable, turn where we will. We will undertake to provide it out of any paper, daily or weekly, whatever its politics. Here, for example, is one issue of the "Westminster Gazette." A retail trader writes to point out the increase in the cost of commodities. No new story, of course. But he also points out that the rise of the wholesale price is greater in general than the retail advance. The figures are so pertinent, and so startling, that we reproduce them :—

Increase (+) or decrease (—) since 1905.

	Wholesale. Per cent.	Retail. Per cent.
Tapioca	+ 89.3	+ 73.1
Rice	+ 32.9	+ 19.7
Cheese	+ 23.5	+ 25.5
Bread	+ 9.5	+ 4.4
Beef, first quality	+ 20	+ 14.5
,, second quality	+ 33.3	
,, inferior quality	+ 11.8	
Flour	+ 8.2	+ 9.2
Bacon	+ 35.2	+ 22.2
Butter	+ 16.8	+ 14.8
Mutton, first quality	+ 7.0	+ 0.4
,, second quality	— 1.6	
,, inferior quality	— 4.3	
Eggs	+ 21.5	+ 16.3
Raisins	+ 44.3	+ 50.1

We invite the political Socialists to take stock of these facts. Observe, firstly, that the rise dates from 1905. Now it was in January, 1906 that the Labour Party went into Parliament in numbers. Have wages advanced *pari passu* with these cruel increases in the cost of living? The economic movement has shown itself to be profoundly unconscious of Parliament and its theatrical claim to possess power. It would not have mattered had there been 670 Labour members of Parliament instead of 50. Observe further that just as the wholesale section of the trading world is economically stronger than the retail, so it has exacted a larger profit or rent from the unfortunate retailer. This means in plain terms that capital has successfully concentrated its power, whilst labour has squandered its power in political palaver. We invite any Labour apologist to explain it away.

We turn over to another page of the "Westminster Gazette." It announces the issue of the text of the "Prevention of Unemployment Bill." To avoid the possible charge that we are joking, we quote the paragraph *ipsissima verba* :—

"The measure aims at the appointment of a Minister for Labour to sit in the House of Commons; such Minister to have all the powers and duties relating to or connected with the prevention of destitution among, or the relief, of, the able-bodied poor, including workmen in distress from unemployment and vagrancy, which are now vested in or imposed upon parishes, townships, distress committees, central bodies, boards of guardians, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, justices of the peace, and the Local Government Board. The measure seeks to provide that it shall be his duty to use these powers for the purpose of preventing, as far as may be possible, the occurrence of unemployment. The Bill also desires to establish unemployment committees by local authorities to regulate the local demand for labour.

If some student of this period, a century hence, should alight upon this passage, we hasten to assure him that the "Westminster Gazette" is really a serious paper. We solemnly assure the student that the paper is not published in Bedlam. But what are we to make of the sponsors of this ridiculous mouse? They include every shade of thought in the party—Keir Hardie, G. N. Barnes, Arthur Henderson, J. O'Grady, G. Wardle, Tyson Wilson, W. Crooks, and W. Thorne.

Pills for earthquakes! We invite any unprejudiced person with a discerning eye to look upon the two pictures thus conjured up in one solitary issue of a paper that prides itself upon its sanity. One picture is of a stupendous economic movement representing the play and interplay of national and international forces, the resultant being the further enslavement of the wage-earners. The other picture shows us a little group of pestiferous duffers piddling ineffectual parchments in a mud-puddle remote from the main stream. We know that it is hopeless to appeal either to the common-sense or the sense of humour of the Labour Party; but we imagine there are many who bow not down before the Westminster Baal who will soon determine that if Labour would save itself, it can only do so in the industrial and not in the Parliamentary sphere. In the light of these facts who can doubt that it is either industrial action or Ichabod?

Now the increased cost of the finished articles quoted above is not in the least commensurate with the increased cost of the raw materials. *The plunder is obtained from the intermediate processes, and can only be secured by the profits arising out of the purchase of labour as a commodity.* Can Parliamentary action prevent it? The suggestion is laughable. What can prevent it? Literally nothing save and except the abolition of the wage system and the guild monopoly of Labour-power. Parliament prevent! Good God! It cannot even modify it. Parliament does not touch the movement at any point; it is impertinent, irrelevant. Why, then, this insane reliance upon Parliament? It can only be accounted for by either the stupidity, the charlatancy, or the chicanery of the Labour leaders. They are largely, but by no means wholly, responsible. We frankly admit that we find it extremely difficult to believe that the Labour members quoted above can really believe that this proposal of theirs is of the slightest consequence. However, they are backed by the Fabian intellectuals, who see in a measure of this sort another opportunity to feather the nest of those young Fabians who were left out of the Labour Exchange and Insurance shuffles.

The main argument, then, for the Guild is primarily based on the abolition of the wage-system. We follow this up by the re-discovery (it was common knowledge centuries ago) that economic power precedes and dominates political power. Not a single State Socialist, so far as we know, has ever seriously contested the essential truth of these two propositions. They remain the fundamental axioms of any sane and revolutionary Labour movement. The next step? So to organise that Labour becomes an organised monopoly. These organised monopolies become the nuclei of the Guilds. The element of labour monopoly is the foundation of the Guilds. But there must be no narrow interpretation of the word "Labour." It must veritably include all who work, all whose work is necessary to the healthful economy of the community. A combination of manual workers remains a trade union; a combination of all the workers, mental and manual, is an unconscious Guild. It becomes an actual Guild when it consciously realises its strength and induces or compels the community to deal with it as an unit and to entrust to it the production of all wealth that comes within its purview and the economic governance of its members in health, sickness and old age.

Modern Buccaneers in the West Pacific.

By a Correspondent.

THE buccaneer of the olden time relied on his prowess as a fighter. There was no nonsense about it, he was an avowed robber. The modern buccaneer is a very different type of individual, may be seen in public life in silk hat and frock coat, and often has never set eyes on the place he is looting. King Leopold II of Belgium was in his day a king of modern buccaneers, and great were the protests made by the British Government not only against the atrocities committed on the natives of the Congo, but also against the exploitation of that country's wealth by favoured concessionnaire companies. Through the pressure thus brought to bear on it, the Belgian Government, notwithstanding the outcry of the concessionnaires, has lately been cancelling these unjust concessions. Many millions sterling had King Leopold and these companies made, but nevertheless, the whole sum is far below that which a favoured influential company, registered in London, is on the high road to secure through unjust concessions in the Pacific. All the looting in that region by the old time buccaneers has been quite thrown into the shade by this modern loot.

On and near the Line in the Western Pacific are some little islands named the Gilbert Group. They are under the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, who also holds the office of Governor of Fiji and resides there. The Gilbert Islands are hundreds of miles from Fiji, and the High Commissioner has seldom visited them, British authority being locally represented by a Resident Commissioner, who is assisted by a small staff of European officials.

With the exception of one island, which has been proclaimed a Crown colony, the Gilbert Group is termed a Protectorate, though the native chiefs and headmen have in reality been deprived of their power and have in all things to obey the Resident Commissioner, who practically makes and unmakes them at will. From the beginning his authority was easily enforced, the natives on these narrow sandy coral islands being utterly at the mercy of a man-of-war.

In or about the early part of 1901 complaints began to reach England of misgovernment in the Gilbert Islands. The matter was mentioned several times in the Press, was concurrently made the subject of questions in Parliament, and was temporarily set at rest by the promise of an inquiry by the Colonial Office. All, however, the Colonial Office appears to have done was to request the incriminated officials to send in a confidential report on themselves and to accept this as a complete answer and refutation of the charges.

Complaints had been made by missionaries, other Europeans and natives, concerning Mr. Resident Commissioner W. Telfer Campbell's conduct of affairs legislative, administrative, and judicial; in particular of the great amount of forced labour exacted from the Gilbert Islanders, the cutting down of their food trees for timber, the unjust imprisonments, the numerous floggings, the unfair system of taxation, the taking away of land from natives, the seizure of foodstuffs for taxes even in time of famine, and the suffering, sickness, and death which this conduct brought about. The Aborigines Protection Society and others brought further pressure to bear till at length the Colonial Office instructed the High Commissioner, Sir E. im Thurn, to attend in person and hold an inquiry in this part of his jurisdiction. Before doing so, however, his Excellency invited Mr. Campbell to stay with him as his guest at Government House, Fiji, whence, after a stay of some days, Mr. Campbell returned to the Gilberts and made preparations for his Excellency's inspection. His Excellency, after judiciously putting off his visit for a few months, at length arrived in the Gilberts in August, 1905. He was back in Fiji in the beginning of September, but his report did not reach home until about June, 1906, and was only then dispatched because pressing representations at the Colonial Office caused it to be cabled for.

Soon after the report had been received in this country those interested were informed by the Colonial Office that Sir E. im Thurn stated "there is no ground for the charges of cruelty to natives and other maladministration brought against Mr. Campbell." The Colonial Office, however, though again and again challenged to publish his Excellency's report and show what grounds he gave for making such an erroneous statement, have steadily refused to publish it. They have not published it to this day! What is the inference? That no true and proper investigation into the charges had ever been held! News from the Islands, indeed, shows that his Excellency's visit of inquiry was farcical, that he had shielded Mr. Campbell and his officials, and had really refused to hold investigation into their conduct.

Thus was the truth suppressed in this country; much in the same way as the truth concerning the Congo was suppressed in Belgium by Belgian officials.

The wealth of the Gilberts consists in the immense guano phosphate deposits on Ocean Island. Otherwise the Group is poor, the sandy soil producing little but cocoanuts and pandanus, and, even these crops fail at times by reason of drought. Cocoanuts, fish, and the fruit of the pandanus formed almost the entire dietary of the natives. It stands to reason, therefore, that the whole of the revenue of the Gilberts should have been derived from the phosphates. The whole sum would have been the merest fraction of the immense profits made from exporting them. Unfortunately these phosphates, many tens of millions sterling in value, were, with the exception of a trifling royalty to the Imperial Exchequer, presented by the Colonial Office as a free gift to an influential private company, some of whose members had held high positions in the Colonial Office Service! The Gilbert Islands Treasury itself received not one penny piece from the phosphates, the whole of the revenue being practically raised directly or indirectly from the cocoanuts, the principal food of the natives!

By this policy, however, the company was assisted in the recruiting of natives as indentured labourers. It was also assisted by Mr. Campbell's system of forced labour. Natives not recruited and sent away as indentured labourers were continually being called out by the Government officials and forced to labour on "Public works." They received no pay whatever for this, and as it took them away from their fishing and other occupations, it lessened their food supply and caused not only suffering, but in many instances starvation. On an island named Beru the people revolted against forced labour, and it is reported that Mr. Campbell feared to visit the island without the backing of a man-of-war.

Piteous accounts came home from the Gilberts. Europeans who had complained were persecuted; some chiefs who had done so were deposed—one committed suicide. It had become obvious that it was of little avail making representations to the Colonial Office, which Department of State was evidently hand in glove with the main cause of the evil, the favoured phosphate company. At length it was determined to make an appeal to the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and to beg him to present and support a petition to his gracious Majesty the late King Edward VII, praying his Majesty to order a fair and impartial investiga-

tion to be held into the Gilbert administration. Mr. Asquith, however, placed the Ministerial duty of advising the Sovereign once more in the hands of the head of the Colonial Office, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and a letter was received from his Department, dated July 14, 1908, stating that his Lordship had laid the petition before his Majesty, but was unable to advise his Majesty to order the investigation to be held.

By this time more members of Parliament had had their attention drawn to the wrongs in the Gilberts, and by certain signs of interest it appeared that an adjournment of the House might be moved to raise the matter.

The Colonial Office did not altogether ignore the agitation; for, before the year 1908 had closed Mr. Campbell and some of his officials were removed from the Gilberts. Not only so, but a secret edict against the flogging and ill-treatment of natives was evidently sent out, and a further direct tax which Mr. Campbell, in order to increase the Revenue, had proposed to place on the already overtaxed cocoanuts of the natives, was cancelled. The private company, however, was not required to contribute out of its immense profits on the phosphates; the money was taken from the Imperial Exchequer. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury were approached and they agreed that the small royalty on the phosphates paid to the Imperial Exchequer should, after April 1, 1909, be credited to the Gilbert Protectorate Funds.

Declining an independent investigation and retaining all the Inquiry in its own hands, the Colonial Office in the beginning of 1909 sent down the Assistant High Commissioner, Mr. Mahaffy, to the Gilberts. The principal complaints had been made against the Resident Commissioner, Mr. W. Telfer Campbell, the Assistant Resident Commissioner, Mr. Cogswell, and an official not on the regular staff, a Mr. Murdoch. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Cogswell had just been removed from the group, but Mr. Murdoch was still there and was taken round by Mr. Mahaffy to assist him in his inspection. Strangely enough Mr. Mahaffy himself had also personal reasons for wishing the truth suppressed; for he had commenced his career in the Colonial Service as a junior official under Mr. W. Telfer Campbell in the Gilberts; and before being on duty a year had involved himself in an affair about a reprieved native, who was shot. It is this Mr. Mahaffy, however, whose general report on the Gilberts has been published in a White Paper by the Colonial Office as an official refutation of specific charges which the Colonial Office has never yet been able to show any attempt properly to investigate. Mr. Mahaffy did admit that the population had been reduced, and that the natives would have to be treated in a sympathetic manner if they were to be prevented from dying out. But on the question of the phosphate licence, the main cause of the evils in the Gilberts, his White Paper was blank.

In regard to this phosphate monopoly the Colonial Office at first tried to wash its hands of all responsibility by making it appear that the company's agreement was made long before the Government had anything to do with the island. This is untrue, nor was it even probable that the natives would have been merely interested in obtaining a royalty for the Imperial exchequer. Questions in Parliament at length elicited the fact that the company did obtain this lease or licence from the Colonial Office.

This exploitation of the Gilberts which a Member of Parliament publicly denounced as a "swindle," is one of the most disgraceful and sordid chapters in the history of the Colonial Office. It was in 1892 that Great Britain, hoisting her flag in the two groups, proclaimed a Protectorate over the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. On a small outlying Gilbert island, under fourteen hundred acres in extent, named Paanopa (Ocean Island) which lay somewhat near to a German possession, the ceremony of hoisting the flag was, however, not then gone through. Ocean Island, like all the other Gilbert Islands, was tacitly acknowledged, however, to belong to Great Britain, and when, later on, this country and Germany definitely divided the whole of this part of the Pacific between them, it caused some surprise that the formality of hoisting the British flag on Ocean Island was still delayed; nor was this ceremony performed until the latter part of 1900.

It was in or about the year 1897 that the Pacific Islands Company (which afterwards became the Pacific Phosphate Company) was formed, and took over a number of little trading stations in the Gilberts and other islands, also a guano business on lonely Baker's Island. It was said the company did not make a success of its trading business, nor did it make much by the guano, Baker's Island being nearly worked out when taken over by the company. The company's hope of success evidently lay in obtaining concessions; and for this purpose it was well equipped in having for its chairman the late Lord Stanmore, formerly High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, and through his family connections by far the most influential man who had ever held that post. Among other influential shareholders was Sir George Wyndham Herbert, who had been Head Permanent Official at the Colonial Office.

When Lord Stanmore was Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, he was noted for his philanthropic utterances in favour of the rights of natives, and for the severe measures he took to protect them from any ill-treatment or sharp practice on the part of Europeans. Most strongly did he condemn the unscrupulousness of those who would exploit natives and acquire their property at a low and inadequate price. In Fiji he inaugurated a Lands Court which investigated all land claims and deprived Europeans of property which they had acquired from the natives while the Fiji Islands were under native rule, and long before the British Government claimed or thought of claiming any jurisdiction there.

Shortly after the annexation of Fiji, however, the British Government, possibly through representations made by Lord Stanmore, did, by the "Pacific Islanders Protection Act, 1875," proclaim that "It shall be lawful for her Majesty to exercise power and jurisdiction over her subjects within any islands or places in the Pacific Ocean not being within the jurisdiction of any civilised power in the same and as ample a manner as if such power or jurisdiction had been acquired by the cession or conquest of territory." In 1888 by a notice issued from the High Commissioner's office, British subjects were invited to register there the claims they might hold to land. But at the same time they were warned that this registration would not be regarded as necessarily establishing their claims. Under these and other Proclamations the High Commission became endowed with legal authority to protect Pacific Islanders even though they were still under native rule.

But over and above all this, Ocean Island was under our country, and had been acknowledged to be so in a Treaty with Germany. The German Governor in those parts, indeed, recognising fully that the island belonged to Great Britain, expressed extreme surprise that her flag had not been hoisted there as in the other islands. It was while the Colonial Office so strangely delayed the performance of this ceremony on Ocean Island that the company's agents, discovering the immense value of its guano phosphate rocks, cajoled the ignorant natives into giving the company permission to occupy and ship away the phosphate from a large part of the island for an annual payment of fifty pounds sterling (£50). Drawing up a lease or licence on these lines the company, it appears, got the chief's son to put his mark to it on May 3, 1900. This done the company at once installed itself and then later on in the same year (1900) a man-of-war was sent down to hoist the British flag.

Lord Stanmore had always maintained that if natives were left to make agreements for themselves and not protected as minors it would be most easy to rob them of their property, and he had now assisted in giving

practical proof of this. The above-mentioned agreement to which his Lordship's agents had induced the Ocean Island chief's son to append his name or mark was a document by which for the annual payment of fifty pounds (£50) the company was given permission to export most valuable phosphate rock, on the sale of which it could easily reap a net profit of hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling per annum.

Here was a case which demanded that the authorities should perform their duty of seeing that justice was done to natives and the public interests safeguarded. The Colonial Office did indeed make a pretence of doing this. A new lease or licence was drawn up and signed at the Colonial Office on August 13, 1901. By this fresh agreement the company were bound to pay £50 per annum rent to the end of 1905 and afterwards in lieu of rent 6d. per ton royalty on all the phosphate shipped.

To require so small a payment for such a high-grade phosphate was utterly absurd, and by questions asked in the House of Commons it was learned that the Colonial Office had practically left the adjusting of matters in the hands of the company itself. On the latter representing the phosphate to be worth about 10s. per ton at the island, the royalty was fixed at 6d. per ton.

Even had it been true that the phosphate was of a low grade and worth but 10s. per ton at the island the royalty of 6d. per ton was small. The average value of British coal at the pit's mouth is about 9s. per ton; the average royalty about 6d., and coal is generally at a great depth below ground with seams variable and at times exceedingly thin. The Ocean Island phosphate, on the contrary, is in a very different position. The island from its surface to some fathoms below is practically one huge mass of phosphate, and as this little island, less than 1,400 acres in extent, rises to a height of some 260 feet, the transport to the shore can, by means of tram lines and aerial railways, be easily accomplished through the force of gravitation. Moreover, Ocean Island phosphate is of a very high not a low grade, and is worth a great deal more than 10s. per ton at the island. Of this the company, evidently, was very well aware.

In answer to further questions in Parliament as to why the Colonial Office had not itself taken steps to ascertain the value of the phosphate, the reply was, "The Department had no means of ascertaining the value of the phosphate." The reply was preposterously untrue. Had the phosphate been their own the Colonial Office officials would have found but little difficulty in ascertaining its value. Among the leading permanent officials at the Colonial Office at the time of this disgraceful transaction were Sir Montagu F. Ommaney, Sir Charles Lucas, Mr. H. Bertram Cox, Sir W. A. Baillie Hamilton, and the present permanent Under Secretary for the Colonies, Sir John Anderson. Secretaries of State are said to be greatly in the hands of permanent officials, and one thing is very certain. The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who has been noted for the shrewd management of his company in Birmingham, would never have been inveigled into signing such a lease or licence had Ocean Island been his own property or the property of his firm. The veriest tyro would have known what to do in such a matter, namely, look up trade statistics and see the market prices for the different grades of rock phosphates, send experts to Ocean Island to survey, analyse and report, have trial cargoes shipped away and test what place the phosphate took on the market. Moreover, all this had been done by the company for its own benefit, and the Colonial Office had only to demand to see the reports and statistics in order to learn the truth.

Not only from its own chemists had the company ascertained that the phosphate was of a most valuable high grade, but the company also sent down the well-known Sydney expert, Mr. F. Danvers Power, F.G.S., and his report dated Sydney, July 20, 1901, showed the phosphate to be of the highest grade found in the world! Further, the company had from the beginning of 1901 been sending away trial cargoes, and from official statistical returns of Victoria, Australia, for that year, it is learned that Ocean Island phosphate, topping the market, realised the exceptionally high price of £3 17s. per ton (3,200 tons value £12,320) which made its value not about ten shillings (10s.) but between two pounds (£2) and three pounds (£3) per ton at the island.

At the more normal price of £2 15s. per ton which the phosphate during subsequent years fetched on the average in the market, there would be, after allowing 25s., which is probably a liberal sum to cover freight and all expenses, including the 6d. per ton royalty, a net profit to the company of 30s. per ton. After the year 1905, by the terms of the licence granted by the Colonial Office, the payment of royalty in lieu of rent commenced, and this royalty went to the Imperial exchequer, the Gilbert natives and Gilbert Treasury or Funds receiving nothing at all. This makes the division of the profits work out about thus :—

98.36 per cent. to the Concessionnaire Company (Pacific Phosphate Company).
1.64 per cent. to the British Imperial Treasury (i.e., the 6d. per ton royalty).
0.00 per cent. for the Gilbert Treasury or Gilbert natives (the real owners of the phosphate).

This lease or licence given by the Colonial Office is even far more advantageous to the company than the one which the company obtained from the natives. No land in the Gilberts, it may here be mentioned, could be bought by Europeans; they could only become leaseholders; and when the ordinary trader was leasing a piece of land for his store, or missionary for his church, great zeal would be shown by the Colonial authorities in seeing that the native received a substantial rent, and was not outwitted. No lease or licence to hold land could be obtained for a longer period than twenty-one years. Following this rule, in so far as length of time, the lease or licence which the company obtained from the natives in 1900 was for twenty-one years. The expert who examined Ocean Island for the company came to the conclusion that there was probably between twenty-five and thirty million tons of the phosphate on the island. It was practically impossible to get all this out in twenty-one years. In all likelihood not a fourth or fifth of this amount will have been exported when that time is up. This would have meant the bulk of the phosphate going back to its proper owners. To prevent this, and to give the company time to take the whole of the phosphate from Ocean Island, the Colonial Office officials were induced to betray their wards, and give the company a 99 years lease. It is stated that there were buccaneers in the old days, who were assisted by Colonial Governors. Buccaneers of the present day have been assisted by the highest officials of the Colonial Office.

Last Session as an answer to his critics in the matter of the West African concession to Sir William Lever's firm, Mr. Harcourt called attention to what had taken place in the Pacific, where whole islands had been given away. Concessions in the Pacific have been euphemistic terms for robberies. Ocean Island phosphate was not the only concession which the Pacific Islands Company obtained in the Pacific from the Colonial Office; it was merely the biggest and most outrageous robbery of them all. The Colonial Office has published the whole of the correspondence and papers in regard to the above-mentioned West African concession; it has never dared to do this in regard to the Ocean Island concession, though again and again challenged to do so.

By this concession the Gilberts were robbed of their wealth, and the Pacific Islands Company, a small trading concern with an actual cash capital of under seventeen thousand pounds (£17,000), was transformed into an immensely wealthy company. By a stroke of

the pen a present was made to it of a hill of phosphate from which it probably stands to reap a net profit of about forty millions sterling (£40,000,000). Moreover, phosphates of the Pacific being among the finest in the world, to possess Ocean Island means to command the market. All this has placed the company in a strong position to acquire other phosphate islands, also interests in other phosphate firms, and this it has been doing. The evident intention is to form a powerful Trust in the Pacific which will in the aggregate reap hundreds of millions sterling in net profits. There is a great and increasing demand for phosphates—these fertilisers are largely used for renovating wheat lands.

On receiving this immense gift of the phosphate on Ocean Island from the Colonial Office, the Pacific Islands Company was at once placed in a position to enter into negotiations for Pleasant Island (Nauru) 160 miles away. The rocks of this island also are composed of guano phosphate. Pleasant Island is in the German sphere and, like the other German islands in this part of the Pacific, is under a German chartered company, the Jaluit Gesellschaft. In marked contrast to our Colonial Office officials working in the "interests" of the Empire and natives these Germans, working in their own interests, took very good care that the Pacific Islands Company did not acquire the monopoly of exporting Pleasant Island phosphates by merely paying 6d. per ton royalty. The royalty was a very small part of the terms, for it was also stipulated that the Germans should share in the whole of the Pacific Islands Company's profits. In fact the Germans became shareholders and were represented on the board of directors. So the Pacific Phosphate Company was formed with a nominal capital of £250,000 equally divided into preference and ordinary shares, but the actual number paid for was 50,000. The cash capital of the company was £50,000; but 250,000 £1 shares were issued. This was the state of affairs until 1909, when there was a further watering of the capital. Also, it appears that up to this same year Ocean Island was practically the only place from which the company exported phosphates.

In 1908, the year in which appeal was made to the Prime Minister to present the petition to his Majesty King Edward VII, somewhat over 200,000 tons were exported, and the balance sheet shows that the company that year made a net profit of over three hundred thousand pounds sterling, i.e., over six hundred per cent. on its real cash capital of £50,000.

Had our Colonial Office officials done their duty instead of playing into the hands of the company, a very large proportion of these profits would have been secured for the natives and the Imperial Exchequer. Neither patriotism nor the great sympathy for natives which Sir Charles Lucas, of the Colonial Office, has described as being such a characteristic of that Department's officials, is a feature of this phosphate licence. This fact gives a little additional interest to the following extract from a London newspaper of 1910: "Berlin, January 13. Speaking to-day before the Royal Commission of the Reichstag, Herr Dernberg energetically defended the Colonial Office against the attack made on its diamond concession policy. Under the control of the Colonial Administration he pointed out the price of diamonds from South Africa had risen from 22 to 23 marks per carat. The Diamond Lease Company paid 75 per cent. of its net profits to the Treasury. Of the rest the greater part remained in the Colony and only 2½ per cent. reached the Berlin shareholders. 'We do not,' said Herr Dernberg, 'conduct our policy for the benefit of 250 people in Leideritzbucht, but for the benefit of the German Empire.'" This German Colonial policy therefore shows about the following division of profits:

2.50 per cent. to concessionnaire company.
75.00 per cent. to German Imperial Treasury.
22.50 per cent. mostly for the good of the protectorate or colony.

Some exception has been taken to British Crown Dependencies being allowed to contribute towards Imperial expenses. There have been objections raised, for example, to accepting a man-of-war from the Malay Federated States. It is contended that such contributions bear heavily on the natives of the Dependencies, who are in need of the money themselves. Were, however, the jobbery and dishonesty which at present go on in regard to land and other concessions, put a stop to, and the vast resources of the Crown Dependencies looked after on upright business principles, many of the Crown Dependencies would doubtless be in a position to make substantial contributions, and at the same time be infinitely better off locally than they are to-day. The little Gilbert Group, for instance, is having its great wealth, the phosphates, taken from it, not for Imperial Defence, but to enrich a favoured influential company, some of whose members have held the highest posts in the Colonial Office service. Moreover, instead of the Revenue of the Gilberts being derived from the phosphates, the natives have had their food-stuff taxed, been kept poor, and some have died of starvation.

This dishonest phosphate licence, which was obtained under false pretences, should in all justice be quashed, equitable terms given both to the Gilbert people and to the company, and all surplus profits paid into the Imperial Exchequer. For the profits are so great that after giving most generous terms to the firm working the phosphate, and making every provision for the welfare of the natives of these little islands, there would still be a large surplus, in the aggregate probably some tens of millions sterling, and such money should go, not into the private pockets of paid servants of the State and their friends, but into the Imperial Treasury.

Gold mining licences are granted to companies in our South African Colonies on condition that the Government participates in the profits; all losses are borne by the companies, and there is in this industry an element of risk. For the gold reefs are often at a great depth below the surface of the ground, and the sinking of shafts and other preliminary expenses may come to a heavy figure, all of which is a dead loss to the company if no paying reef of gold is struck. There was no such risk in the Gilbert case.

Out of its immense profits the company could easily have made substantial reparation for the wrong committed in the Gilberts, and probably fearing that measures might even yet be taken to cancel this dishonest licence and secure justice for those who had been robbed, the company began complicating matters in the usual way; it increased its nominal capital by creating new shares and unloaded a number of these on the public. Two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) fresh ordinary shares were issued in 1909. More followed, and the nominal capital now stands at £975,000 divided into 225,000 preference and 750,000 ordinary shares, and as these latter have been quoted as high as £7 or £8 on the market, original shareholders who wished to realise any of their watered stock have been able to do so at a high premium. Sir William Lever's firm was the largest original shareholder, owning one-fifth of the original ordinary shares, and if this gentleman had wished to be just before being generous, he might, deducting any cash that may have been paid for them, have returned the whole of this holding with all profits made, to the Government; the value would be worth many Stafford Houses. Among the shareholders also appear the names of Lord Stanmore, who was the first chairman, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who is the present chairman, Sir G. Windham Herbert, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, the Houlder family, and other influential people.

In all likelihood the contention will now be that the innocent public who have bought shares at a high premium, and especially any widows and orphans there may be among them, will suffer great injury if any reparation be made for the robbery of the Gilberts. As before-mentioned, however, the company has been using Ocean Island as a lever to obtain other phosphate

islands and interests in the Pacific, and to such good purpose that even were Ocean Island taken from it, the remaining properties would, if systematically worked, undoubtedly be able to make splendid returns to all the shareholders. In Pleasant Island alone there is, it appears, double the amount of phosphate that there is on Ocean Island, and of an equal or nearly equal grade, and though it may not be possible to ship these Pleasant Island phosphates at quite so cheap a rate, the profits are so large that the increased cost would make but a slight difference.

King Leopold complicated matters in much the same way as the Pacific Phosphates Company has now done, for a number of people both in Europe and America acquired shares in the Congo companies. Nevertheless our Government brought pressure to bear and the Belgian Government has, notwithstanding that the companies have protested that it was illegal to do so, been cancelling the licences. Drawing attention to the cancelling of these Congo concessions, petition was last year made to his Majesty King George V for a thoroughly independent and impartial commission to hold a searching and truly fair public investigation into the charges of misrule in the Gilberts, and for the removal of the main cause of the evil by the cancelling of the unjust concession held by the Pacific Phosphate Company.

In the appeal which was made to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, to present and support this petition, it was mentioned that "the truth concerning the Congo was not established by trusting to the investigations made by that State's officials, nor is there any likelihood of the truth regarding the Gilberts being established by leaving investigation in the hands of the Colonial Office. Officials and concessionnaires have been too closely connected. Colonial Office officials of the highest rank have been implicated in the wrongdoing." Nevertheless, Mr. Asquith again left the duty of advising his Majesty in the hands of the head of the Colonial Office, and again was this department able to prevent an impartial investigation; the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, advising his Majesty not to order such investigation to be held.

Questions, however, were asked in Parliament, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, though forced to admit that the licence was wrongfully obtained, would not cancel it—pleaded he could not do so. All that he did was to negotiate with the company and have the royalty doubled. The company in future will, instead of 6d., pay 1s. on every ton of phosphate exported from Ocean Island, which is a mere trifling payment out of the immense profits made on the sale of these phosphates.

This Gilbert matter should be truly and thoroughly and publicly investigated. The company obtained this phosphate licence through the collusion of Colonial Office officials. These officials were the trustees and guardians of the interests of the natives and the Empire, and they betrayed their trust. Had trustees in private life acted thus, not only would the contract have been declared void, there would also have been severe punishment meted out to the trustees for their dishonesty. When Mr. Percy Alden, however, in the House of Commons, proposed that these officials of the Colonial Office should be held responsible for their conduct in the same manner as ordinary trustees are, an evasive answer was given by the then Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Colonel Seely.

Members of both the great parties of State have profited by this gigantic swindle in the Gilberts, and the authorities have feared, and done their utmost to prevent, an exposé. They have suppressed documents, have refused an impartial investigation, have denied justice to those who have been wronged. Surely it is time that a demand was made and insisted upon that an impartial investigation should be held at once and that power should be taken to right the wrong.

The Price of Gold.

By Alfred E. Randall.

I DO not propose to concern myself in this article with the question that has attracted the attention of so many economists during the last two years. Whether gold has maintained its value, or depreciated, or appreciated, does not concern me at the moment. But there is a passage in Mr. Arthur Kitson's pamphlet, "Industrial Depression: Its Cause and Cure," that is so apt to my purpose that I quote it as the text that I intend to illustrate. "The main uses for which gold may be said to be necessary," says Mr. Kitson, "are for jewellery, dentistry, and a cure for inebriates. Outside of the arts—for all public purposes—it might as well be at the bottom of the sea. And yet hundreds of thousands of human beings spend their lives in its pursuit, and often after the sacrifice of thousands of lives, it is taken from one part of the earth and brought to another part, where it is again buried—operations which, if witnessed by the inhabitant of some other planet, would surely lead him to pronounce the human race hopelessly insane." The price of gold is "the sacrifice of thousands of lives," perhaps of such a number as may stagger even Mr. Kitson.

In his recent book, "Gold, Prices and Wages," Professor Hobson said: "More or less coincident with the general rise of prices, several other important changes, affecting the general course of commerce or finance, are observable. The most conspicuous of these has been the rapid enlargement of the world output of gold since the early 'nineties, due in large measure to the discovery of deep levels in the Transvaal and to the successful application of the cyanide process." Some idea of the magnitude of the production may be gathered from the facts that in eleven years, 1901-1911, the value of the gold produced throughout the world, but principally in the Transvaal, was about £877,000,000; and that "the production of the period 1906-11 is described as 'not far from being as large as the total stock of gold in various forms in Europe and America at the close of 1848.'" The magnitude of the product is apparent; and the magnitude of its price may be seen from a statement in a leading article in "The Worker," of Johannesburg. "It has been computed that the industry since the war has killed or 'scrapped' over 100,000 men." The price of gold is the sacrifice of thousands of human lives.

I am indebted for my information on this subject to a correspondent, Mr. E. J. Moynihan, of Johannesburg, who has kindly furnished me with a copy of the report of the Miners' Phthisis Board and a number of Press comments on that report. I understand that Mr. Moynihan was one of the people who made this matter a public question and succeeded in compelling the passing of the Phthisis Compensation Act. The state of things, as revealed by the report, is certainly worse than Mr. Moynihan had stated; the Press comments are unanimous on the fact that the state of things is worse than anybody expected. The "Rand Daily Mail," for example, refers to the report as a "by no means reassuring document." It says that "the Commission of 1912 estimated that the total number of claims might be expected to be from 1,000 to 1,200 annually"; which, when we understand that there is a total of only 10,000 or 12,000 white men underground, would have been a terribly high percentage. But the actual number of claims received during the first six months of the existence of the Miners' Phthisis Board is 2,413, or over 4,000 a year. Let it be remembered that no man is eligible for compensation unless he has worked underground for at least two years, and that the number of men who have left the country seriously impaired for life cannot be computed, as, until recently, no claims could be received unless certified by a Rand doctor, and it is not difficult to believe that the case is even worse than it seems from the reports of the Miners' Phthisis Board.

The total number of white men working underground is 10,000 or 12,000: the number of claims received in

six months is 2,413. During January of this year, more than eleven claims were made each day (including Sundays), during February and March the number varied from eight to eleven per day. It is argued on behalf of the mine-owners that "it is well to remember that the cases with which the Board has dealt, and is dealing, represent an accumulation of years"; unfortunately for this defence, there is evidence against it, and none for it. The "Rand Daily Mail" says: "What is the only evidence at our disposal? The report of the Medical Commission on Miners' Phthisis is dated February 2, 1912—more than twelve months ago. When that report was written the old Phthisis Board had been sitting for seven months. And it told the Medical Commission that, during the last four months of the seven, applications had been coming in at the rate of three per diem, and that very few of them may be described as 'accumulative cases,' that is, cases which would have been dealt with if the Board were of older standing!" Twelve months ago, the claims were three a day, and those were not accumulative cases; now they are about eleven a day, and it is obvious, to anyone who knows anything of phthisis, that these cannot be accumulative cases. But more conclusive evidence is furnished by two tables provided by the Miners' Phthisis Board, and I reproduce them here to show how utterly preposterous is the official optimism that would pretend that the Board is dealing with an accumulation of years.

Report of the Miners' Phthisis Board for the six months ended 31st January, 1913.

The following figures have been taken at random from 200 cases.

BENEFICIARY MINERS.

Actual Services Underground Classified.	Average Actual Service Underground.	Average Age of the Miners in each Class.	Normal Expectation of Life. (Carlisle's Table.)	Medical Advisers' Certificate of Expectation of Life. (Average.)
8 years or over	9 6/12 years	42 8/12 years	26 years	1 6/12 years
7 to 8 years ...	7 2/12 ,,	35 6/12 ,,	31 ,,	2 2/12 ,,
6 to 7 ,, ...	6 2/12 ,,	38 9/12 ,,	28 ,,	2 8/12 ,,
5 to 6 ,, ...	5 3/12 ,,	36 ,,	30 ,,	3 ,,
4 to 5 ,, ...	4 ,,	40 9/12 ,,	27 ,,	3 4/12 ,,
2 to 4 ,, ...	3 ,,	34 ,,	31 ,,	3 6/12 ,,

The medical expectation of life might seem to leave these cases still in the category of "accumulative cases," if it were not checked by the quotation already made from the report of the Medical Commission, and by the fact that the claims are coming in, at least, thrice as quickly as they were only about twelve months ago. But the experience of the Miners' Phthisis Board itself shows that the medical expectation of life is too optimistic. The number of miners who made application for compensation under the Act, who have since died, but were examined by the Medical Advisers to the Board before death, is 39; and the Board reports that the Medical Advisers' average expectation of the applicants' life was 7 3-5 months: their actual average life was 1 4-5, or only about one quarter of the expectation. If this is the actual experience, and remains so, no person at present eligible for compensation can live much longer than twelve months.

There are reasons, of course, for the increase during the last twelve months, the most obvious being the fact that there are hardly any skilled miners from overseas entering South Africa. The white labour in the mines is largely Africander labour, and these native South Africans prove more susceptible to the disease than "salted" workers from the old countries. Dr. Aymard writes to the "Rand Daily Mail" that "the appalling fact which I tried to instil into the public mind that only a few months underground was sufficient to contract the disease is now being proved"; and, certainly, if the mines are now being worked by people who previously lived an out-door life, there can be no doubt whatever that Dr. Aymard is right. But, whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the white miners on the Rand are succumbing to phthisis at the rate of about one-third of their number every year, and that this appalling waste of life is made for the sake of a metal that is practically useless to the world, and is, indeed, responsible for much evil. I shall return to the subject again, when further information has arrived. At present, I need say no more than that the facts and figures given in this article would justify the most extreme measure, advocated by "The Worker" of Johannesburg, of closing the mines. It is certain that a man who enters the mines as a worker goes to his death within a period of about three years, and the only persons who profit by the sacrifice are a handful of people of whom one cannot speak temperately. Of all the scandals of industry, the state of the workers in the mines in South Africa is the most shameful; and if this exposure of the wholesale murder now going on in the Transvaal can do anything to abolish the infamy, I shall be satisfied.

Irish and English.

By Peter Fanning.

"Weary men what reap ye?—Golden corn for the stranger.
What sow ye?—Human corses that wait for the avenger.
Fainting forms, hunger-stricken, what see you in the offing?
Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the strangers' scoffing.
There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your door?
They guard our masters' granaries from the thin hands of the poor.
Pale mothers, wherefore weeping?—Would to God that we were dead—
Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them bread.

II.

One by one they're falling round us, their pale faces to the sky;
We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let them lie.
The wild bird if he's stricken, is mourned for by the others,
But we—we die in a Christian land—we die amid our brothers,
In a land which God has given us, like a wild beast in cave,
Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin, or a grave.
Ha! but think ye the contortions on each livid face ye see,
Will not be read on judgment-day by eyes of Deity?"

"The Famine Year."—LADY WILDE.

Ha! ha! ha! "The Celt is going, going with a vengeance."

Such was the exultant whoop of the London "Times" when in 1846 three hundred thousand Irish, men, women, and children, died of hunger in a land of plenty.

At last, so it appeared, what England had failed to accomplish by the ruthless application of fire, sword, pitch-cap, gibbet, and coffin-ship over a period of six centuries was going to be effected by the rotting of a common tuber. God was evidently again on the side of the Sassenach, and in His divine wisdom had specially designed this crowning mercy to suit the views of his chosen English people. The "Times" therefore, thanked God, accordingly. But the end is not yet.

Even the above rate of destruction was too slow to satisfy the blood gluttony of the "Times." It therefore suggested in its issue of February 22, 1847, that: "Irishmen should be transported to the banks of the Ganges, or the Indus—to Benares, to Delhi or Trincomali, and they would be far more in their element there than in a country to which an inexorable fate had confined them." The English nobility thought very highly of this idea of transporting the Irish people en mass. They only differed from the "Times" as to the destination of the expatriated people. Did not Cromwell sell ten thousand Irish boys and ten thousand Irish girls to the West Indian sugar planters? Certainly.

With most profitable results to England. Let us then, concluded their lordships, transport the Irish to one of the waste spaces of the Empire where we have large holdings ourselves, and they will create a new country for our benefit.

With this noble object in view their lordships proposed that "a million and a half of the Irish people should be transported to Canada at a cost of nine millions of money, the cost to be a charge on Irish property."

But "Government," under the direction of Lord John Russell, had their own ideas as to how to solve the Irish problem and dispose once for all of the troublesome Celt. A more favourable opportunity than the present was never likely to occur, and the simpler the means adopted for the extermination of the Irish, concluded Lord Russell, the more efficacious they were likely to prove. It would certainly be impossible to imagine anything more simple than the actual plan determined upon: "Extract all the food from the country and close the ports to the poor." With these two facts accomplished the end of the Celt in Ireland was assured!

To effect their purpose, Lord Russell and his Government during the year 1847 carried away to England Irish produce valued at £45,000,000 and left 500,000 people to die of hunger. Thereupon with that unctuous snuffle which is characteristic of the English ruling caste when discovered in some act of devilry—so soon as the story of this inhuman tragedy, the deliberate destruction of the most ancient and cultured race in Europe, reached the outside world, Lord Russell and his fellow murderers made a hypocritical appeal for aid on behalf of the suffering Irish. They solicited and obtained money from Americans, Turks, Indians, and even negro slaves, under the pretence of relieving Irish distress, and then, having received the charity of the world, they appointed ten thousand officials to absorb the subscriptions amongst themselves.

In addition to money, the generous people of America sent ships laden with grain; but, as the historian of the period relates: "A ship sailing into any harbour with Indian corn was sure to meet half a dozen sailing out with Irish wheat and cattle."

It is now known that Lord Russell and his colleagues were working according to a nicely calculated plan, by which they anticipated that by September, 1847, the population of Ireland would be reduced by two millions.

But much to the disgust and disappointment of his lordship, and greatly to his displeasure, he discovered that many of the poor Irish were dodging the fate which he had designed for them, by embarking for England as deck passengers at the same price as pigs. At this awful discovery Lord Russell, feeling highly indignant that even one of his intended victims should escape destruction, sent a note to the English shipping companies, ordering them to raise their fares to such a figure as would make it impossible for the poor Irish to pay and so leave them no alternative but death by starvation.

Before the issue of this inhuman edict, many of the Irish had reached these inhospitable shores. And many succeeded in coming after it. But exactly how many came in will never be known, for large numbers came only to find a grave. It is with the fate of those who survived and their descendents, that I propose to deal; with, in fact, what an Irish M.P. recently called "the awful tragedy of the Irish in England." There being no records to refer to I must unfortunately fall back for my material upon my own personal recollections, upon the stories related by others, and upon my participation in Irish affairs. But before I plunge into my story a few general remarks on the past history of the two peoples may be admissible. One of the saddest pages in human history is the story of the relations between the peoples of England and Ireland during the past seven centuries. Separated only by a narrow strip of sea, even to-day the great mass of the people of England know less about Ireland and the Irish than they know about Tibet and the Dalai-Lama.

How many Englishmen are there to-day—is there one in a hundred thousand?—aware that the bitter animosity of the Anglo-Normans to the Irish has its origin in the fact that the Irish sent over a military expedition to save the Saxon-English from passing under the Norman yoke? A century after the subjugation of England, when the Anglo-Normans invaded Ireland under Strongbow, they took with them a holy Roman Catholic priest, one of their own breed, by name Gerald Barry. This man is worth more than a passing reference because he is the first of the tribe of professional liars whose occupation it is to defame the Irish and fool the English. From Gerald Barry, the Catholic priest, to Mr. J. L. Garvin, the Catholic layman, the blatant blatherskite who to-day spews his epileptic venom into the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette," many centuries have intervened. But at no period was there ever lacking a brood of scoundrels with a gift of the pen, who in exchange for the gold of the wealthy or the smiles of the powerful, were ever ready to prostitute their gifts, invent and circulate unlimited falsehood, with the sole object of creating bad blood between the two peoples, to their mutual injury, and the profit of their common enemies.

To me, one of the most sadly humorous functions to be seen in this country is a Conservative political meeting; to see one of the nobility, swelling with conscious superiority over his audience, declaring with resonant voice: "My ancestors came over with the Conqueror," and then to observe how the descendants of the deposed and despised English cheer such a sentiment, and, more than likely, wind up the proceedings by singing "Britons Never Shall be Slaves."

Contrast this attitude with that of an Irish peasant towards the same Norman brood, and we shall see in a flash the world of difference there is in the outlooks of the two peoples.

One day in the County Mayo I accosted an Irish peasant who was engaged in cutting turf. After some conversation he offered to show me what was considered the best view in those parts, the famous hill of pilgrimage, Croagh Patrick. For this purpose my friend conducted me towards the hill, but unfortunately when we arrived there we discovered that the famous hill itself was blotted out by a thick mist. On looking round the country in another direction I observed a large and beautiful residence standing in well wooded grounds. It boasts, I learned afterwards, as many windows as there are days in the year.

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"There?" replied the turf cutter. "Oh, that's one of the Burkes, the Bodagh" (in English, "Oh, that's one of the Burkes, the Upstart.") Could we imagine an English "Hodge" referring to, say, Lord Willoughby de Broke as an upstart? We might, even in England, imagine a Scrope referring to a De Broke as a newcomer. But here was a poor man, whose mud cabin I afterwards discovered did not contain a window of any description, following the poorest of occupations and yet speaking of a noble family who had resided in that particular neighbourhood for six centuries, as an upstart and interloper, whom he still hoped some day to clear out from the lands from which his forefathers had been driven. Strange as it may sound, between that day and this the peasant has succeeded.

Being one of themselves, and therefore able to penetrate to their innermost minds (a thing they take good care an Englishman never succeeds in doing), I found that this attitude was common to all the Celts in those parts. The Anglo-Normans have never been admitted as conquerors or accepted as Irish by the Celts of Connacht—and they never will be. It took the Irish three hundred years to rid Ireland of the Danes. They will eventually dispose of the detested Norman brood if it takes them a thousand.

One of the oldest and most successful weapons used by the English ruling caste to keep the English and Irish people at enmity while they plundered both, is the infamous lie that the Irish hate the English people.

We never have done so. Our feelings towards the English people, when we have any, are those of contemptuous pity, that they can be used and abused so easily, not only to their own hurt, but to the injury of others also.

Mr. Gladstone once remarked that the Irish were two hundred years, politically, in advance of their social condition. Many good people who had been taught to look upon us as a sort of semi-savages were quite shocked at this assertion; yet it is perfectly true. It could hardly be otherwise with a people who had been at war for a thousand years and yet had a thousand years of the highest culture beyond that to look back upon.

We are under no misapprehension as to who is responsible for our social degradation and the manner in which we are looked upon by our neighbours; neither are we likely to forget it. As I have said, we do not hate the English people, but the ruling caste in England! Our hatred of them will cease only when Irishmen have forgotten how to think.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

SUCH, then, are my three measures. First, the plan for bringing the faculties for the preservation of the history of letters and the arts into immediate contact with the few men who are seriously working at keeping the arts alive, and who take thought that the art shall be reborn in each age, vital, with the qualities of the age inherent.

Second, that the cloister and the Press lay aside the more stupid parts of their warfare, for the newspaper special article would be no less interesting if it had the force of exact knowledge behind it, and a man is no less a scholar for being able to express himself clearly and without a welter of undefined technicalities.

Thirdly, as a balance both against the Press and the cloister I would set the pick of the young artists free of both of them. The arts have at least the dignity of the processes of science; anyone who does not understand this is confusing art with the sham; he is confusing it with the fancy work of faintly emotional ladies and with the amusements of dilletantes.

If the results of an artist's experiment are to have any value whatsoever they must be attained as impartially as are the results of the experiments in a chemical laboratory. The schools dye a man so deep, not usually in the tradition which is a noble thing, but in some sort of woodenish acquiescence with a prevailing mode. Something is interposed between the artist and the thing he should see directly.

The Press drives, and in far more pernicious degree the periodicals drive, the writer to attend so much to the thing of the moment that this transient element overbalances his work; the notes of the durable things are lost to him. I say the periodicals are worse than the daily Press, for they are at heart journalistic, and they lie about it and cover it over with a sham.

Good art does not mean flattery, and no good work of art was ever wrought out of flattery either of a man's looks or of his stupidities.

Not only must the artist be able "to look any damn man in the face and tell him to go to hell," but he must be able to do this quietly, seriously, without needless bravura or bombast. His work must not resemble the powerless curses and futile shots from a sinking vessel. "A clear mirrour reflecting all things" was Leonardo's phrase. The element of hysteria is only too apt to weaken the work of a man who sees his predilection for speaking out driving him daily further and further from food and lodging.

Villon is the stock example of those who advocate the starvation of artists, but the crux is here, to wit, that Villon had nothing whatsoever to gain by producing a bastard art. No harpies besought him for smooth optimism, for patriotic sentiment, and for poems "to suit the taste of our readers." If he had nothing to lose by one sort of writing he had equally little to gain by any other.

As for the relation of these things to the present the American "Nation" last month suggests that America takes the arts too seriously. Why? The brilliant editorial is evoked by this fact. Some triple-X idiot of an editor has boomed a bad poem and called it worthy of Shelley. As if Shelley the revolutionist, Republican, propagandist, writer of canzoni, would, were he alive in 1913, be content with the same mannerisms of expression that suited him in the year of grace 1813.

Criticism being a far more civilised form of conscious activity than is artistic creation, it is natural that American criticism should be in a more deplorable state than American creative art. Indiscriminating energy may produce a work, but it has never yet brought forth a critique.

There is "flair," a natural sort of sense, a faculty for sniffing the scent of the artist's energies. But beyond this there is the critical faculty that knows *why* a thing is good or bad. This faculty is the result of flair plus training. The decent critic must know enough masterwork wrought in enough different and apparently contradictory processes to be undeceived by surface appearance or by the banging of drums. Technique is machinery for the transmission of power. You do not judge an engine merely by the polish on the outside of the boiler nor by the shriek of its whistle. One might be supposed to consider the precision of its driving machinery. This sort of mechanical sense has not yet descended upon the American editor or critic. (As for the state of things on this island, I leave that to be treated by THE NEW AGE.)

As for my compatriots they strain at the gnat and swallow the camel. If the choosers of the national reading matter were set to buying machinery, they, female graduates of high-schools for the greater part, and for the lesser part old gentlemen with minds like the minds of such female graduates, would object to the hair-spring of a watch on the ground that it lacked strength, and to a machine for driving piles on the ground that it was wanting in finish.

In Italy you may see many little stone balconies carved, with little stone lions looking over the edges or with heads carved upon their corners. An American architect from the school in Rome was complaining to me that for all the glory of our new buildings we could not get fine detail. "Ainsi le bon temps regretons," time was when the artist grew out of the master craftsman. Before art was arty, before the artist was recruited from the ranks of the vegetarian and the simple-lifer, before the per-damnable habit of modelling in clay, in place of cutting stone direct, had come to curse us with sculpture that resembles piles of spaghetti, before these abominations the artist had first to have the commonsense requisite for a decent carpenter's job or for something of that sort. Out of such times came Dürer.

When we get some sense of values, when we come to take a common-sense view of the arts, as something normal, refreshing, sustaining, we may again find artists. When the young sculptor is willing to work at columns not for a fancy price, but for, say, double the stone cutter's wages, when the house becomes again individual and ceases to be a thing made by the dozen and hundred to a mould, when the caste which now takes to connoisseurship out of hope of gain, the sort who know good pictures because there is chance of acquiring property thereby, shall also know the fine points of a poem or a musical composition from which there is no profit to be made, when all these impossibilities shall have become possible, and above all when the arts shall cease to be regarded as a dope, a drug, a narcotic, as something akin to disease, and when they shall be regarded as sustenance—as clear channels for the transmission of intelligence, then may America and then even England may be a place wherein it is fitting that man made in the image of the invisible should draw breath into his nostrils.

[THE END.]

Letters from Italy.

XVII.—ANACAPRI.

A MILE and a half from Capri and a thousand feet above the sea is Anacapri, built on a large tongue of land immediately at the base of Monte Solaro—a great rock of limestone which stands up nearly another thousand feet above the village. A long winding road in the rock leads up from Capri through olive-groves and the "living stone," where the yellow broom and coronella grow. The nearer one gets to Anacapri on this road the more beautiful is the outlook across the Golfo di Napoli, whether the water is still at the time when "medio Titan nunc ardentissimus axe est," or whether the gulf is white with foam breaking from the wavering wind. Quite close to the village is a shrine cut in the solid cliff, wherein Madonna, garbed in dirty white with a blue sash, eternally contemplates with a sentimental simper the bad workmanship of a Brummagem-bronze pendant lamp. I am thus irate with the poor, dear lady because "forestieri" and Italians alike are wont to sentimentalise over her in loathsome fashion.

The village of Anacapri is mostly congregated about the small main road which takes a sharp turn by the church and another about a hundred yards farther on, whence it departs to Caprile. The church and the church clock are very queer things. The building itself is not exactly a monument of architectural art, for the whole front is plastered with a yellow imitation of a very post-Renaissance façade. At Easter it is the centre of attraction. All day long the bell clatters from the belfry, and no one else is permitted to amuse himself in a campanular fashion. One evening just before Easter Sunday there were great doings, with a procession. First went fifty or sixty "figlie di Maria," bearing guttering candles and chanting "Ave Marias"; after them a dozen old men, bareheaded, clothed in white nightgowns and blue robes. (These old fellows had their feet washed by the priest in church, the day before.) Then came divers portly and bored clerics, supported by acolytes, who sang discordantly, and finally, as a "bonne bouche," a badly-carved effigy of a wounded Christ borne upon a litter. As this unpleasant emblem went by everyone knelt down and crossed himself, and I was left standing in a spiritual isolation. Directly the thing had passed everyone got up, chattering unconcernedly; girls giggled; little boys scuffled and clattered, and most of the mob trundled after the procession in a spirit of more than secular mirth. But there, they do these things better in—Italy.

I defy any man to tell the time by the church clock without an arduous course of mathematics and a great deal of luck. It (the clock) only goes up to six o'clock and is always three-quarters of an hour slow! Par example when it is 10.15 a.m. (C.E. time) the clock marks 3.30; i.e., 6 hrs. + $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. + $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. = $10\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. = 10.15 a.m.! Now find what it strikes at 7.45 p.m. A lady of a mathematical mind, who was staying at the Hôtel here, was trying to establish some relation between the vagaries of the church clock and the diurnal movement of the sun. "See here," quoth she in a final effort to get some lucid information, "suppose the sun set at twelve o'clock ——." "O, Signorina, the sun *never* sets at twelve o'clock!" That's South Italy.

The houses at Anacapri remind me curiously of those at Pompeii. The streets are narrow, twisted lanes, and so many of the houses show only a blank wall, with perhaps one window, to the road. Inside they are built about a kind of open court, with a garden, very like the Roman atrium; and when, as one often sees, there are two or three white columns set up, for a vine or wisteria or a lemon to climb over, the resemblance is extraordinary. I suppose it is quite possible that the tradition of Roman building should continue through the centuries in so isolated a place. Of course, I am speaking of the native Italian houses, not of the villas built for foreigners.

There is, also, a strange half-Oriental appearance to the place; see it at midday, when the brilliant light is reflected from the whitewashed walls, which stand against a blue sky, and one has complete one's notion of a tropical village. It is a meeting-place of north and south, for in the gardens now are the white blossoms of the pear and cherry, and pink quince blooms, while among them grow the olives and the vines, the Sicilian stone-pine, and Southern fig-trees, cactuses and palms. I have only to take half a dozen steps to my balcony to see every one of these in the gardens below, and roses, orange trees, wistaria in full flower and carnations as well.

The most obvious walk from Anacapri—if one scorns Roman remains and blue grottos as I do—is that to Monte Solaro. Little boys, with the usual effrontery of the Italian, noisily offer to guide one up, for ten soldi. But now we are wise in their ways; we grow neither choleric nor disgusted; we merely purse up our lips, murmur "Niente" in a negligent way, and idly waggle our right forefinger at them—in Italian parlance saying, "Go to hell, my dear little boy, and beseech the devil to keep you there."

A very rocky and steep path leads up from a lane at the back of the village. The ascent is monstrously steep and giveth one hugely to puffing; nathless, it is well to go up the mountain for the sake of what one sees. Every moment, as one gets higher, something more comes into sight; the village lies flatter and flatter at one's feet, and the olive-groves fall away to the cliff-edge and the sea. Across the bay, to the right, are Vesuvius and Pompeii; then Naples of accursed memory; and, following the coast-line to the left, Posillipo, Pozzuoli, Baia, and the islands of Procida and Ischia, clear blue-purple in the sun. Behind them, if the day is fine and cloudless, rises a long ridge of tumultuously piled peaks, some of them glittering with snow; and far beyond the end of Ischia lies a low island, faint in the extreme distance, almost far enough to be Ortygia, where springs M. de Régnier's "fontaine d'Arétheuse," whither the Sirens come to drink, when the pipe of the shepherd is silent.

Very beautiful flowers grow on the hillside: yellow broom and coronella, and a spiky yellow thorn; blue crocuses (late ones), thyme, and a shrub with a leaf like rosemary and blue flowers, narcissus, and a kind of white heather in tall clumps; bee-orchids, blue-red anemones, and a kind of red orchid. One sees queer birds like quails and hawks, and (I think) ortolans. And around the flowers fly the honey-bees, and the yellow butterflies and the fritillaries; and sometimes a swallow-tail dashes by one.

The extreme top of the hill has been bought by an Italian wine-shop keeper, whom God will assuredly punish. However, one can get some of the beauty by standing just outside his infernal walls. Ma foi, did you speak of Tusculum? A dead dog, a flea. All the Bay of Naples, with both arms, lies beneath one; all the Gulf of Salerno, and the open Tyrrhenian sea. Over the mountains of the Sorrento peninsula the white clouds hang all day, but one sees Prajano far off by the sea, and the headland that cuts Amalfi from the sight. Very far off run the hills along the opposite coast of the Gulf of Salerno, and one tries vainly to guess which lies behind Pæstum. Immediately to the left is Capri and the other end of the island, but so much lower that they cut off very little. And there, in front, is the great barren sea, without a ship often, and sometimes with a couple of white sails or a lounging tramp-steamer coming up to Naples. The rock falls sheer, nearly two thousand feet. When there is wind the clear waves burst into foam against the harsh, sharp coast, and the swallows are whirled by the wind to and fro across the cliff-edge. And when it is calm one sees the blue rocks and the few green breaks in them, and gives thanks for much beauty and a hot sun.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Readers and Writers.

M. HENRY DAVRAY, the correspondent of the "Mercure de France" on English literature, has already been tried and dismissed with a caution in these columns. For some time now I have had my eye upon his German counterpart, Professor Schüddekopf (of Leeds University), whose letters on contemporary English literature appear in the Berlin "Das Literarische Echo." It is a responsibility these unofficial ambassadors undertake nowadays when prestige is almighty! Professor Schüddekopf on the whole conducts himself with truly German caution. That is, he catalogues the books which appear, with as little a venture at selection as possible, and for his judgments depends upon the safe sagacities of the "Saturday Review," the "Spectator" and the "Nation." In consequence our German neighbours may be trusted to err in their ways, when they do, in a direction not far removed from their own worst conventions. Re-translated back into English, however, I wonder what the Professor's authorities will make of this remark on Mr. Walter de la Mare: "It is true that he is not a thinker like Abercrombie, not a reformer like Masefield, not a folk-singer like Davies." That is the sort of stuff we are exporting. Of "Everyman," whose appearance Professor Schüddekopf dutifully chronicles, he says: "The paper appears every Friday and costs a penny [It does indeed!]; but it would be wrong to conclude that the new magazine possesses as slight a literary value. Quite the contrary; many of the best representatives of English intellectual life are among its contributors, and some of the articles which it has recently published are of real importance." The Kaiser must really subscribe! But the following is richer still: "Like Coleridge and Matthew Arnold the poet Lascelles Abercrombie possesses a pronounced critical gift in addition to his distinguished poetical talent; this he clearly displays in his recently-issued work, 'Thomas Hardy: a Critical Study' (Martin Secker) . . . ." Then follows an analysis of the precious work, with this conclusion: "'The Athenæum' does not hesitate to designate this splendid book as the best that has been written about Hardy" (January 15, 1913). I could not improve upon this in a lampoon.

* * *

I doubt whether the recent "Anthologie des Poètes Nouveaux" (E. Figuiere, 3.50) is representative of the latest French poetry. M. Gustave Lanson, whose opinion counts for something, expresses himself a trifle distantly in the prefatory note: "Au Lecteur." "Un historien de notre littérature," he says, "ne peut regarder leur tentative qu'avec curiosité et sympathie." To which I should add, with more of the former emotion than the latter. M. Lanson estimates rather highly the principle of symbolism which is supposed to animate the bulk of the poems in this volume. It is, he thinks, an important factor in the re-awakening of interest in poetry; and the poets represented in this collection have undertaken to prove that symbolism is not played out. "Jusqu'à quel point ont-ils réussi?" asks M. Lanson. He realises that the question is a delicate one, for he continues: "Je ne veux point dicter au lecteur son impression sur ce volume." Better not perhaps. For most of the work in this anthology is certainly of passing interest, and the rest has not even that distinction. Representing the work of twenty-two poets, the dates of whose birth range from 1871 to 1885, the book contains a goodly share of callow crudities:

> Les noires Birminghams et les Londres fumeuses,
> Les Liverpools volcans, les Creusots, nébuleuses;
> Cités aux cents faubourgs;
> Les immenses New-Yorks, les San-Franciscos sombres,
> Les Chicagos, enfers où des nations sombrent,
> Les Havres, les Hambourgs.

This is one-thirteenth of a fragment entitled "Le Retour des Siècles" taken from a volume, "Le crépuscule du Monde," by M. Jean Thogorma. "Le crépuscule de la Poésie" would have been a more suitable title. It is of this poet that Mr. F. S. Flint once informed us, that "he has had the giddiness of the gulf and the sensation of hell." That I readily believe. One-sixteenth of another "Fragment," entitled, "Apothéose des Forces" from M. H. M. Barzon's "Hymne des Forces," runs thus:

> Ho! Je suis chargé de fluides magnétiques
> Aimantant les fluides alentour.
>
> Ho! le vif essaim de mes splendides forces
> Trépide en moi et jallit en éclairs.
>
> Ho! leur rhythme me soulève et me projette
> Au tourbillon des fols vertiges. . . .

M. Barzon may be a walking electric battery for all I care, but these details of his galvanic symptoms do not seem to have much in common with poetry. F. T. Marinetti, mouthing incoherent nothings through a defective megaphone, is also here. Most of these scribblers seem to have evolved quaint and elaborate theories about poetry, and then written quaint and elaborate texts to illustrate their theories.

* * *

Among the crowds of reprints recently published in Germany is the "Insel-Bücherei." These handy volumes are issued at 50 pf. (6d.) and the selection is very wide. One of the most unexpected of these books contains a selection from the aphorisms of Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, who died in 1799. Lichtenberg, who was highly approved by a person of some taste, Nietzsche, to wit, passed his whole life as a professor at Göttingen. There he taught mathematics and natural science with docility and success. In 1770 and again in 1774 he visited England, and he seems to have been considerably impressed and influenced by English writers. (It was the eighteenth, not the twentieth century!) But I mention him here because of his aphorisms, many of which might well be, and probably have been, credited to Nietzsche himself. "The fact that preaching goes on in churches does not make a lightning conductor any the less necessary." "It is not so important that the sun does not set on a monarch's dominions, as Spain used to boast, but what it sees during its progress through them." "The book that should first of all be prohibited in the world is a catalogue of prohibited books." "God created man in his image; that probably means, man created God in his." (Nietzsche copied this.) "This man had so much understanding that he was scarcely of any further use in the world." "There are certainly more authors in Germany than the world needs for its well-being." "Although I am aware that very many reviewers do not read the books they criticise, I cannot see what harm it would be if they did." "There can hardly be more curious things than books in the world; printed by people who do not understand them; sold by people who do not understand them; bound, reviewed, and read by people who do not understand them; and now even written by people who do not understand them." "There are people who are so chary of making assertions that they will not venture to say the wind is blowing cold, however much they may feel it, unless they have previously heard other people say so." "A somewhat over-pert philosopher—I believe it was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark — said: 'There are things in heaven and on earth of which nothing is written in our Encyclopædias,'" If the simple fellow, who, as we know, was not all there, was having a hit at our Encyclopædia of physics, we can very well answer him thus: "Quite right, but when on the other hand there are quite a number of things in our Encyclopædia of which neither heaven nor earth is aware." "An author who needs a monument to immortalise him is not worth even that." Really, Lichtenberg deserves to be better known. He shall be.

* *

The translations of two poems by Strindberg which appeared in THE NEW AGE for May 15 were made, believe me, with a noble purpose. The works with which the name of Strindberg has been associated in

England are unedifying. It indicates shocking taste on somebody's part that such books as "The Confession of a Fool," "Inferno and Legends," have been made to stand for Sweden's Strindberg in England. Sweden should make a casus belli of it. For after all, Strindberg must be counted well among the second rank of European thinkers of the 19th century. He was much more than a novelist or even than a playwright. It should not be forgotten that he was a learned man in the best sense. His two "Blue Books," with their jottings on all manner of subjects are authoritative in Sweden. He wrote a monumental treatise on the Chinese language and compiled a manual of the flora and fauna of Sweden. If I had time I would translate some of his spirited sea stories, or a few historical sketches from "Swedish Destinies and Vicissitudes." For my own amusement, at any rate, I intend putting the less unsuccessful of his verses into English. Strindberg himself, by the way, had no great notion of poetry. In the preface to his volume of verse, he says: "I consider that the verse-form invests thought with unnecessary shackles, which a more modern epoch ought to lay aside." The grapes are sour, but then some of the sloes are sweet when they are ripe.

* * *

Of the Austrian dramatist Grillparzer, Byron, who had read his "Sappho" in an Italian translation, made a remark to the effect that "he had the devil of a name, but, all the same, the world would have to learn to pronounce it." Dr. Max Meyerfeld, a German critic who ought to know better (he has said quite sensible things about Mr. Shaw) now applies this remark to—Galsworthy, if you please! Then up comes Professor Leon Kellner with a stodgy philosophical essay on the same worthy. On April 11 last, "Strife" was produced at the "Volksbühne" in Vienna, and it is satisfactory to note that one critic, Walter von Molo, at any rate, refuses to join in the chorus. He remarks: " . . . . a piece of clock-work that has been wound up. You can hear it buzzing unceasingly, even in the scenes where the wife of the fanatical labour-leader dies. You know quite well she dies only in order that the news of her death may interrupt her husband in the middle of his inflammatory speech. . . . . these are not men, but bloodless think-pots. Their hearts are parcelled out among the springs of the dramatic clock-work, which has just enough tension to keep ticking during the four tableaux of which the piece consists. However essential dramatic artifice is, it can produce nothing of any real value as long as it is devoid of artistic feeling."

* * *

I wish that Walter von Molo would talk seriously to Dr. Meyerfeld and Professor Kellner. A little chat with Professor Schüddekopf would do no harm either. They all write for the same paper, so it might be managed!

P. SELVER.

Adrift.

LOOK down. These glassy gulfs have hollows deep.
No time it is to pause!
Make way—the wind's not dead yet. Do not creep!

Are you not startled? What was that went by?
Oh, if you would not pause!
There is enough for wonder in the sky.

Ah, look! The ink's aturn! It fills the scroll!
Yes, but it is so still.
I will look down until the thunder roll.

Then we are lost! Mirage it is you scan
(If it were not so still!)
You will forget that you were got of Man.

That is not Man down there . . . one can't believe—
Believe! Oh, why look down?
Over this strange glaught world one cannot grieve.

These gulfs are strange to you, but not to me!
Why should I not look down?
Fool! Fool! You may be palsied when you see.

ROEN.

The Soul of Germany.

By Leighton Warnock.

THOUGH the feverish world rush headlong into eternity, though the arrow of life seem never to have faltered in its swift course since leaving the bow of the creator, yet there are giddy instants, lightning pauses that almost dazzle, when even the most ignoble unit of the human race feels conscious of some divine emotion, some sense of quiet and orderliness, that remains with him for a bewildering trice and then abruptly dissolves. There is a sense of loss; for the transient prakriti has come into contact with the eternal purusha; man has become one with the world, and the world has become one with God. Still, there are not three Incomprehensibles or two Incomprehensibles—nay, we cannot even say that there is one Incomprehensible, for it is man, working in harmony with the eternal, who can decide whether the one Incomprehensible shall remain so or become known.

"To work in harmony with the eternal, with nature"—how easy to say, how easy to set down in writing!—and how easy and difficult at once to do! Mark the nervous swimmer: how he walks up and down the sands, looks doubtfully at the water, trembles and mutters, and at length either plunges in with convulsive agitation or takes his sinking heart back to his dwelling in despair. The sudden confrontation of God and man and nature is more intense than that by far, and yet the effort to overcome the strain is analogous to that which must be made by the swimmer in nearly the same circumstances. What man, whose body is in unison with his soul, whose entire being is at one, but can raise his arms in the orthodox fashion, and dive? And what is the difference between the man who cannot and the man who can? Do some say nerve or will; and if so, what do they mean by these words but a difference in the outlook, a difference in the mind, of the man? A difference of opinion, then—what a trifle!—makes one a fool or a hero? Surely. Repent ye, John the Baptist is made to say in both our standard translations; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; μετανοεῖτε, says the Greek writer, meaning thereby nothing more than Change your mind. And if our learned scholars misunderstand so simple an expression, can we wonder that they are still quarrelling over the meaning of βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν and βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ—only saving themselves at last by declaring that each of the synonymous phrases has two meanings: (1) the abode of eternal felicity in heaven and the state of things there; (2) the spiritual reign of Christ on earth; with an allusion to the Old Testament prophecies—as if all these things were not identical, as if the Kingdom of Heaven did not lie within ourselves, as if we could not reach it by following the original Gospel precept and just changing our minds: far from "repenting" in the spiritually corybantic sense given to the word in modern Christendom!

To achieve this unity, this complete harmony, between man and nature, whereby man is made to realise that his impulses should be, and indeed are, in unison with those of the world, has always been the sub-conscious task of humanity, and the methods recommended and adopted are as numerous as the races of men. The Hindu ascetic, inflexibly resolved on extinguishing his desires; the Catholic priest with a hair-shirt next his skin, the Calvinist with his rigid doctrines: they are all seeking "the way." Nations, too, under the guidance of the great men whom they help to rear, seek

"the way," but at some point or other an error has misled them, and they stumble—a sign that they are only human and not divine. Unity is not necessarily secured by consolidating separated countries into an unwieldy empire; though, in so far as the strength of a race, or of a branch of a race, is essential to the preservation of a race, or its branch, consolidation on an efficient scale may be not merely legitimate, but an urgent duty. Now, guidance on "the way" is best sought from the spiritual leaders of the nation—from its poets above all; from its artists, its philosophers; from those who create. Any attempted or successfully completed political consolidation that renders the conditions of life more difficult for the artist must, in consequence, be held to have failed in its spiritual purpose. If conquests abroad have made it easier for England, or the English colonies, to produce more artists, then the British Empire is justified. If foreign conquests have absorbed and continue to absorb too much talent, too many gifts, which might otherwise be spared for culture, then the British Empire is a failure—and it is. Man does not live by material conquest alone: if such conquest occupy a portion of his thought, the desire for spiritual conquest pervades his whole sub-conscious being and influences, without his knowledge, all his actions.

In seeking its political development, however—and this very political development may be merely the attempt of a class to find its "way"—a nation may affect its neighbours as well as itself. Each nation has its characteristics; woe to it if it miscalculate and alter its traditional harmony! The decline of one nation in a continent may drag another down to the same level. A certain type of power may be gained by an expanding nation, and it may, in the words of the Cambridge Neoplatonist, change its figure. But this power, again in the words of the mystic, should be made use of "not only for service, but ornament and pulchritude."

Bearing this in mind, a lover of the Germany of a century ago must feel sad in his heart when he considers the Germany of to-day. The expression "Germany" has always been loose enough, I grant; but it has also always included certain States associated with the lives of great creators and artists. Such creative writers as Germany possessed, however, flourished only before the period of expansion. We remember how Prussia opposed Napoleon in 1813, and how ruthlessly she annexed countries, or portions of countries—Saxony, for example—who showed indifference or took the part of the enemy; and we remember, too, how Hanover was annexed with equal determination because she supported Austria in 1866. Yet this expansive movement on the part of Prussia in 1813-16 and in 1864-71 did more than check the development of the creative spirit in the provinces annexed; it checked the creative spirit of Prussia herself.

I have chosen what is, I think, a short representative list of great German writers, men whose reputation is likely to last; and the mere statement of their birthplaces may provide some interesting data concerning the right and the wrong way of seeking unity. Heinrich von Kleist, Herder, Humboldt, Ernst Arndt, Varnhagen von Ense, Heine, Schleiermacher, von Sybel, Tieck, and Schopenhauer, are all Prussians—they were born in Prussia or in Prussianised provinces before the expanding movement began. Goethe, Börne, and the Brothers Grimm belong to Hesse-Nassau; Zschokke, Körner, von Ranke, Lessing, Gerhardt, Gellert, and Nietzsche to Saxony, and the Schlegels to Hanover—three provinces which have since been annexed by Prussia. Jean Paul came from the independent kingdom of Bavaria; and Wieland, Schiller, Hauff, Hegel, and Uhland from the independent kingdom of Württemberg. But since they lived and wrote both Württemberg and Bavaria have come under the influence of Prussia, and now we look in vain to those kingdoms for creative artists.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century little German States like Hesse-Nassau, or more important States like Saxony (what remained of it) and Hanover led an existence which was virtually independent. Each State had its traditions, its rulers, its soul; sleepily developed its own little literature; kept its homely inhabitants on their own soil. True, people spoke of a "common bond of blood," and there were inter-State ties, no doubt. But Bismarck, after a battle in the Franco-German war, commented upon the good work done by the "black-haired little Saxons," and had words of praise, too, for his fellow-Prussians, the fair-haired and blue-eyed soldiers. A common bond of blood, then, if you like; but not too much stress upon it.

A virile figure, this Bismarck; a man of the most profound religious conviction and with one great determination: "It is my aim, with God's help, to weld my country into one." "Under God, the unity of the German Empire lies nearer to my heart than anything else"—do we not find phrases like these scattered thickly through his earlier speeches? And then his unrivalled patience in difficult situations; his fears lest Bavaria might join France in 1870, or remain neutral, instead of joining Prussia and working for the unity of the empire; his tact in dealing with Bavarian susceptibilities; his calmness at court in the midst of perplexities and petticoat intrigues ("It was always a characteristic of the Hohenzollerns that their women-folk had great influence over them!"); his anxious pleading with the Emperor in 1866 when Bismarck urged him, and persuaded him, to refrain from demanding territorial compensation from Austria—an interview at which both men came to the verge of tears; his anxious handling of diplomatic problems in 1870 and 1871. And who would have thought that the question whether the King of Prussia should be proclaimed Emperor of Germany or German Emperor would have aroused a feeling of the most intense exasperation in Bismarck towards the King, and in the King towards Bismarck?

It would be wrong, but not very wrong, to treat the fate of the great Chancellor as an example of the fate of Germany herself. He was one of the last of the creative Prussians; and even he had been born before Prussia began to consider herself as the leader of the new empire. He was creative in his ideas, in his humour, in his homely wisdom. His speeches are enlivened by epigrams that sum up questions in a phrase or two: "Prussia is more in want of Germanising than Germany of Prussianising," "Wherever there are three Germans there are always four opinions," "Great cities are in general more unpractical than rural districts, where people are in closer contact with nature and thus get into a more natural and practical way of thinking." And yet even Bismarck failed in the end. Prussia need not have multiplied her territories by five in the course of the nineteenth century; for, although that was "unity" of a kind, it was not the real spiritual unity which can alone strengthen a nation: it was the material unity that prepared the way for the exploiter. The result of Prussia's "lead" was that a sense of business seized the Germans, a nation not adapted for business at all. The efforts they have since made to improve their commerce, and the success they have attained, are factors in the national life of the German Empire that call for admiration of the qualities of perseverance displayed by the people; but, from a spiritual point of view, there is nothing that appeals to us.

Frequently—alas, only too frequently nowadays!—a pleasant village is startled by the hooting of a motor-horn; the children skurry indoors; growling dogs and cackling hens make for gaps in the hedges; and in a minute the noisome vehicle has swept past, raising clouds of dust that chokes the unfortunate inhabitants and ruins the gardens, and leaving on the road, mayhap, the corpse of some unfortunate animal unacquainted with the ways of man. The wave of commerce that has swept over Germany during the last twenty years has had precisely the same effect. The national life has been altered, and the process is still going on; the peasant is leaving the country for the town, young men are encouraged to prefer the business schools to the classical colleges, craftesmen are treated coldly, and

"Made in Germany" has long since become a byword. Each little State has been caught in the Prussian whirlpool and revolves round Berlin—Berlin, no longer the staid capital of Frederick the Great, frugal down to his potatoes, but a new Berlin, a Berlin of coarse pleasures and night-life, and the glare of electric lamps; a Berlin that no longer reminds us of the fact that Tieck was born there and that Mommsen died there. The Prussians, and the Berliners in particular, are slavishly copying English and French customs, clothing, sports, and manners, despite the fact that Bismarck himself said that it was useless and dangerous for nations to imitate one another.

Still, these be the fruits of expansion, as the great Chancellor realised. He saw the rush to the towns, and grumbled: "Without peasants, no State, no army." He saw the old national life—frugal, simple, unostentatious—superseded, the growing agitation among the working-classes, and other gloomy signs. For a long time he buoyed himself up by his trust in the old German traditions of loyalty to the monarch; but towards the close of his long life he was forced to say: "On the whole, I am convinced that what we have built up since 1866 has no stability."

Irony, tragic irony, the hand of God, the avenging of the frustrated poets! With an energy and vitality that seem to us, when we read the history of the times, almost superhuman, Bismarck had devoted sixty years to achieving his conception of German "unity," and he spent the remainder of his long life in anxiously watching the results of what he had done. No obstacle had been too much for him, no sacrifice of time, money, or health, too great; no labour too severe. And then the gall: "No stability; no stability!"

And if we ask why there was no stability, no real unity, it is not sufficient to answer that the end had been miscalculated, misunderstood. It was undoubtedly a gigantic work to unite the scattered States which we call Germany into a solid fabric, to provide those States with one army, one flag, one ruler; but why had it been assumed that nothing more than this was necessary to secure the unity of the German Empire? I think a close study of the history of Prussia from 1813 onwards will show us why. The truth is, force had so far as Germany was concerned become the predominant influence, and spirituality was neglected in spite of the teachings of the poets. It was in vain that Goethe, for example, tried to show his countrymen the spiritual effect of Napoleon's campaign; in vain that he tried to justify Napoleon's own saying to the effect that he had given the monarchical principle in Europe a new lease of life. It was thought everywhere that nothing but force could possibly ward off the French attacks; and the dissoluteness of several of the German Courts, which formed such a contrast to the Court of the Great Frederick, never appears to have been taken into account. Only a few seemed to realise the great truth that only the poets of a country, its "creators" in every sense of the word, could confer prestige upon it, and, through that prestige, spiritual in its nature, unite the country on the foundation of what may seem to be a contradiction in terms, a spiritual phenomenon; that each little German State was of importance in so far as it had contributed a personality to art. The minute domain of Saxe-Weimar is so small that it can hardly be seen on the map; but Weimar is associated for all time with the Goethe-Schiller group, and later on with Nietzsche. Berlin, important in a worldly sense though it is, has still to wait for fame like this—adequate punishment for initiating material instead of spiritual advancement!

Württemberg has a soul, and Bavaria, and Hanover, and even Prussia. But United Germany has none; nothing but an amorphous body. No country founded on materialism possesses a soul, and modern Germany is founded on materialism. If, then, a new preacher were to appear, what could he say but what was said before: Μετανοεῖτε, μετανοεῖτε —change your minds, change your minds: for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!

Futurism in Food.

By Lionel de Fonseka.

THE need for abstraction and for symbols is a characteristic sign of that intensity and rapidity with which life is lived to-day.

Our modern complexity prevents us from being satisfied with a pictural and anecdotal expression. . . The time has gone by when the painter painted as the bird sings. . . . Art is now, before everything else, perception and expression.

There is, to my mind, but one artistic tradition among the painters of the West—that of Italy. It is to the Italian tradition that the most advanced painters of our day are attached.

A picture should be a world in itself. . . So long as education and habit allow the public to look at a picture without thought of exterior realities, it will make no further endeavour to see what the picture possesses in common with those realities; it will not trouble itself as to what the picture represents, but it will be influenced by the purely pictural charm of its form and colour. . .

We asserted in our technical manifesto that "*We shall no longer give a fixed moment in universal dynamism, but the dynamic movement itself.*" Our idea has not met with comprehension. . . .

In the realm of Art everything . . . is a matter of synthesis.

If musical rhythms or a metaphysical or literary idea, are evolved from our pictural expression, so much the better, for this establishes the complexity of our Art. . .

I believe that every sensation may be rendered in the plastic manner. . . .

The Impressionists, in painting the atmosphere surrounding a body, have set the problem; we are working out the solution. . . .

Since the forms which we perceive in space, and which our sensibility apprehends, undergo incessant change and renewal, how are we to determine beforehand the manner in which these forms should be plastically expressed?—(From the manifesto of GINO SEVERINI, Futurist Painter.)

The Post-Impressionist Restaurant had proved a failure, at least so far as I was concerned. Rathbone, who in his leisure hours inhabits a studio in Glebe Place, had invited me to dine there with him one day last summer. The Petit Gascon, as the restaurant was called, was just coming into vogue with that section of London æsthetes which fills the gallery at Covent Garden night after night during the Russian Ballet season.

"Of course," said Rathbone, "it is a truism nowadays to say that Nature imitates Art. It were curious none the less to observe the influence of Art in the very exercise of our natural functions—in our eating and drinking for instance. I daresay you will find everything rather strange just at first at the Petit Gascon, but in time as life keeps pace with art, you will find that even the 'good, plain cooking' of our lodging-houses will take the principles of Post-Impressionism into account."

I was frankly interested in our experiment of the Petit Gascon. As we entered the restaurant I saw a red-faced baby lying on the middle of the floor, floating Moses-like in a basket on a linoleum sea. "This," said Rathbone, as he stooped and tickled the baby's chin, "is the proprietor's son—a little Gascon. He is a symbol. Of course," he went on, "we try to make our symbols as simple and as comprehensible as possible. Our movement, in a way, is a revolt from the intricate and far-fetched symbolism of some previous schools."

The decoration of the restaurant roused my curiosity. The walls had been painted by some of the younger artists of the Post-Impressionist school. One painting represented the Garden of Eden and our first parents in purple, but without linen. There was an apple tree in full bloom, and I noticed some detached apples which, instead of falling to the ground, flew upwards into the air. I was puzzled by the phenomenon and questioned Rathbone. "Rhythm of a sweeping and salient character," he told me, "is one of the first principles of our school—and in this instance the apples

are rendered saliently. We endeavour as far as possible to regard the world with the naïve, direct vision of primitive man. The apples dart upwards in this painting because the artist had retrojected himself into a time before the Law of Gravitation had been discovered. You will note also, by the way, the salient sweep of Eve's glance. In fact, that glance is used invariably in Post-Impressionist productions whenever the human eye is represented. That is really the explanation of the recrudescence of the Glad Eye in real life recently."

These details of our surroundings, however, were but incidental matters which I regarded with comparative indifference. The dinner itself was sufficiently arresting. I found that the chef had, indeed, carried out the principles of the Post-Impressionist School with rigorous logic. He had calculated the digestive powers of primitive man to a nicety, and the sauces were prepared on the basis of a shrewd guess at the predilections of the primitive palate, innocent of the culinary sophistications of centuries. I admitted to Rathbone that the dinner was a rational conclusion from Post-Impressionist premises, but as food it was a failure, as both my palate and my digestion refused to make the rather strenuous imaginative effort required of them.

It is not to be wondered at then that I was sceptical and unenthusiastic when Rathbone proposed the other day that we should dine at the newly-opened Futurist restaurant. But Rathbone was persistent and assured me that this was altogether a new departure on entirely different principles from those of the Post-Impressionists. "The basis of the new system," he said, "is perception and expression. Hitherto we have been at the mercy of our food. That was all very well in the primæval simplicity of human intelligence and consciousness. What do the uninitiated do even now? They go into a restaurant perhaps and order any dish which attracts their palate without reference either to the properties of the food or their own emotional state at the time. They take no account of the subtle correspondences between certain dishes and certain states of our consciousness, of what there is in common between dishes and inward realities. As things are a dish induces a mood; but rightly considered, a dish should not induce but express a mood. We believe that every emotion may be rendered gastronomically—and there are immense possibilities in food as a medium of expression. What is Art, after all, but conscious expression? The new grace before meals will be an examination of consciousness—a few minutes' introspection before dinner and you become aware of your dominant mood and order your food accordingly. The objective table d'hôte dinner is a thing of the past. Of course the public cannot be expected just at first to choose the correct dishes in the new subjective manner, so at the Moderno you inform the chef of your emotion of the moment, and he sends up the corresponding dish."

I consented eventually to try the Moderno a few days ago. The evening was wet and dreary, and I longed to be in some sunnier clime. I informed the waiter that my dominant feeling was one of "nostalgie des pays inconnus." He brought me some mock turtle soup. Rathbone told the waiter he felt insignificant and was given some whitebait. The cause of Rathbone's feeling of insignificance, it appeared, was some misunderstanding between himself and his wife. I thought it strange as I had always found his wife sympathetic. I next confessed to a feeling of "amitié amoureuse" and was given a vol-au-vent Héloise. Curiously enough Rathbone and I shared the next feeling—cynicism. I expected caviare; Rathbone thought we should get Welsh rarebit. Instead the chef sent us crême caramel. "Surely," I said, "there has been some mistake." Perhaps the waiter had misunderstood us; but no, he had duly reported our feeling of cynicism. The manager then intervened. "The chef is always pleased," he told us, "to explain his methods to the public in puzzling cases of this sort. Of course he is the artist, and you, as the public, must submit to his ruling and accept his symbols without question, but if you care to see him, he will doubtless explain to your satisfaction that crême caramel does really express cynicism. And, by the way, before you go down, let me draw your attention to Rule 15 of the establishment:—"In all interviews and communications the chef must be addressed as Signor Antonio."

We went down and interviewed the chef, who proved to be a red-haired Irishman. "Signor Antonio," I said, "I fear there has been a mistake somewhere. We confessed to cynicism, and you have sent us crême caramel, but surely there is no correspondence between them."

"Ah," said Signor Antonio, "I fear you have not studied our technical manifesto very carefully. Consider this: *We shall no longer give a fixed moment in universal dynamism, but the dynamic movement itself.* Now, I grant you that caviare would in the ordinary way express cynicism. But by the time you are conscious enough of your cynicism to confess the feeling, you are no longer cynical, but fighting against your sentimentality, and I express sentimentality by crême caramel. The slight flavouring of pepper indicates your subconscious protest against the feeling of sentimentality. I hope I have made it clear."

"I am at a loss, Signor Antonio," I answered, "as to what I should say. If I admitted that it was quite clear, that would dismiss the complexity of your Art, and you, Signor Antonio, would become, with painful plainness, simple Tony."

PARADISE LOST.

Your chiding is not just! I am no knave,
No ribald japer at celestial things.
Have I not felt my spirit rise to greet
The Psalmist with his rich arpeggios,
The Prophets with their clarion ponderings,
Koheleth with his fount of bitterness,
Yea, and your Jesus—rebel, poet, dupe,
Fanatic talker in delirium,
Reviler of the rabble, that now bear
His watchwords on their lips? For this alone
You say that I blaspheme. I do not rail
On liars, lechers, panders, fools, and rogues,
And on the wayword power that fosters them.
I might have found your damned salvation. Hear
The manner of its forfeiture:
I passed
An emptying church. Young summer lustily
Compassed creation with his stalwart limbs.
I heard him singing anthems not designed
For Sabbath chanting. Lingering, I watched
The congregation fresh from worship. Some
Pompous with tilted noses, some blear-eyed,
Some gawkily demure, some garrulous,
All with consignments of the Holy Writ.
So one by one I marked them. What I sought
I could not find:
A brow that had communed
With things beyond the earth, a gaze still rapt
Upon some rare revealment, pensive lips
Fervidly shaping mute antiphonies
To wordless choruses. I only saw
A shabby phalanx blinking at the sun
Stolidly, eager for their Sabbath fare,
Surfeit of joints and dough.
I turned away
And mused: "If these men are devout, then I
Shall be an infidel. For earth abounds
In psalms, communions, litanies, and creeds,
And temples to rehearse them. Let me frame
Henceforth my own strong liturgy."
And so
I shall not spend eternity with you,
Bedizened twanger of a golden harp,
Basking before a throne, and croaking out
Husky hosannas in some minor key.
But my hereafter shall be passed on earth,
In guise more glorious and glad and pure.

P. SELVER.

Views and Reviews.

IT is always well to be wary when a man talks of "the larger aspects of Socialism." The phrase is itself indicative of loose thinking, for an aspect is not usually determined by size. There may be, and are, implications of Socialism, determined only by the speculative power of the individual; but that the implications, when stated, are necessary, that they have any value except as individual aspirations, is not immediately apparent. Usually a man talks of "the larger aspects" because he does not want to talk of the thing itself; because he prefers to be, like Ephraim, "a wild ass alone by himself," to dealing with the things that are existent, and probably permanent. This reproach is not entirely applicable to Mr. Walling; his book, "Socialism As It Is," served the useful purpose of showing us that Socialism was a social movement towards a new civilisation. But why he should, in this complementary volume, become paradoxical, and argue that Socialism is a new civilisation that is becoming embodied in a social movement, is a mystery. For it is patent that a thing cannot be or act before it exists; and if Socialism is a new civilisation, instead of a movement towards it, it is strange that Mr. Walling produces no evidence of the fact.

As I have said, a man usually wants to talk of something else when he speaks of "larger aspects"; and this is the case with Mr. Walling. For he identifies Socialism with pragmatism in this volume; and, strictly considered, the larger aspects of pragmatism are not necessarily the larger aspects of Socialism. Socialism may be a condition necessary to the successful practice of pragmatism, but it does not follow that the results of pragmatism will be Socialistic. Indeed, so far as we can gather anything from this volume, the results are more likely to be Anarchistic. For the pragmatism with which Mr. Walling identifies himself and Socialism is the pragmatism of Professor Dewey; it is the experimental method applied to life, presumably by individuals, for if applied by communities, the results would not be distinguishable from those of the State Socialism that Mr. Walling abhors. Exactly what it means in practice, it is difficult to conjecture; but it is evident that it does not imply any consensus of opinion, any unanimity of action, among individuals. On the contrary, it implies the sheer egotism of childhood; as Professor Dewey says: "The attitude of childhood is naïve, wondering, experimental; the world of man and nature is new. Right methods of education preserve and perfect this attitude, and thereby short-circuit for the individual the slow progress of the race, eliminating the waste that comes from inert routine." In other words, pragmatism is the Peterpantheism of which Holbrook Jackson wrote, in contrast to the pot-and-pantheism which Carlyle denounced.

This is all very well in theory and on paper, but these "naïve, wondering, experimental" individuals are not social beings. The practical question: "On what or on whom are they to experiment?" brings us back to the social conditions that we cannot eliminate. If they experiment on me, my re-action may be of such a nature that they will never experiment again; and "the slow progress of the race" may be effectively short-circuited. It seems that, at first, the experimenting will be done with philosophy; indeed, the first half of this book is an experiment in the abolition of past philosophies. But what has this to do with Socialism? Socialism is nothing at present but a suggested transformation of the economic basis of society; it may imply, to its advocates, more individual freedom, more experimentalism, more creative power, than are now to be discovered; but it is none of these things. In its most precise formulation, it is simply a suggestion for getting a better living than is at present possible; beyond that, all is prophecy. But it is not necessary to prophecy that a man should make a tabula rasa of his mind; indeed, it is safe to prophesy that no man can do so, and it is not necessary to Socialism that he should.

Having blundered into pragmatism, it is surprising that Mr. Walling should not see that he has written a wholly unnecessary book. He declares in his introduction that "on its cultural side Socialism is more than constructive, it is creative." But how can it be creative before it exists? The economic basis of Socialism has not yet been established, and the "cultural side" of Socialism is, at best, only a re-action against the prevailing ideas of capitalism. We have no evidence that there is any validity in any of the forecasts that are made; and in the absence of creative energy, there is no prospect of these forecasts ever being verified. H. G. Wells may write just whatever he likes about the future, but what he writes is not evidence of any social movement towards the future that he predicts; and it is a preposterous assumption to suppose that the social movement will embody his ideas of a new civilisation. All these people, Olive Schreiner, Ellen Key, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, are not writing of what may be, or will be; they are writing of what they want to be. The literature that they produce is not the literature of creation: it is the literature of desire; and the creative power of these writers may be determined by their handling of actual affairs. The man who could suggest proportional representation as a remedy for the labour unrest, is obviously out of touch with the reality of the social movement. The woman who could say: "We (women) take all labour for our province:" is simply a phrase-maker, not a creator. Ellen Key may be perfectly right when she exclaims: "Every developed modern woman wishes to be loved not en mâle, but en artiste. Only a man whom she feels to possess an artist's joy in her, and who shows this joy in discreet and delicate contact with her soul as with her body, can retain the love of the modern woman. She will belong only to a man who longs for her always, even when he holds her in his arms. And when such a woman exclaims: 'You desire me, but you cannot caress, you cannot listen. . . . . ' then that man is doomed." But what evidence have we that this type is a permanent type, that it will have any influence whatever on the future? And what has Ellen Key to do with Socialism?

The fact is (and Mr. Walling as a pragmatist should know it), that until Socialism is an economic fact, instead of a theory, there can be no Socialist culture, no Socialist literature, nothing at all but aspiration; and the aspiration may not be Socialistic. Under the present system, books are appeals to buyers; and present-day literature is more symptomatic of the existing society than prophetic of a future one. Certainly, throughout this book there is very little Socialism; it is individualism, naked and unashamed, that Mr. Walling is contemplating. Writers like Nietzsche and Stirner, two of the most fanatical individualists that ever put pen to paper, are quoted at great length with apparent approval. It seems that Mr. Walling, in his opposition to State Socialism has thought of the possibility of Individualist Socialism, which is, of course, a contradiction in terms. Certainly, he contemplates a state in which individuals will be ceaselessly assertive of themselves, ceaselessly sceptical of all generalised ideas, ceaselessly experimenting, ceaselessly creative. Habit has no place in his scheme except as something to be opposed; indeed, we may say that he proposes a state where everything may be done with a maximum of difficulty and the greatest expenditure of human energy. Forget all, and try again, is the principle proposed; and it is a practical impossibility. A. E. R.

* "The Larger Aspects of Socialism." By William English Walling. (Macmillan. $1.50 net.)

REVIEWS.

Men Around the Kaiser: Makers of Modern Germany. By Frederick W. Wile. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Mr. Wile dedicates his book to Lord Northcliffe, and intimates that he has had the "privilege" of acting as "Daily Mail" correspondent at Berlin for the last seven years. The first impression is consequently bad; but the reader need not be too shocked. It is true that there are several bad faults of style ("He helped the Kaiser christen the new German Navy," p. 33), but the author saves himself—just scrapes through—by the interest of the subject; and in the case of many of the "forces" here dealt with the sketchy descriptiveness of the newspaper man is more suitable than a reasoned character by an artist. No artist, indeed, could be expected to go into raptures over such men as Emil Rathenau, the electricity magnate and owner of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, Max Reinhardt, Bernhard Dernburg, Gerhardt Hauptmann (whose plays we are beginning to see in English), August Scherl, and August Thyssen. The utmost that need be said of these people is that they are remarkably successful men of business, even the playwright and the play-producer. They found Germany an undeveloped country (we are influenced by the atmosphere of the book and speak commercially) in very much the same condition as Western America was in up to ten or fifteen years ago, and, by making every possible use of their opportunities, they "got on" and acquired large fortunes. Economic power in Germany, as much as in any other country, means political power; so it is not surprising that we find these parvenus of commerce gradually forcing their way into Court circles and becoming the confidants of the Kaiser. This side of the story, if it were told in all its details, would be sordid enough; but Mr. Wile skilfully avoids hurting the feelings of his dedicatee by any such indiscretion. He stops short at surface impressions, emphasises the great results from small beginnings, and brushes aside anything that interferes with his sketch.

There is a certain amount of relief in turning from these business men to some of the other characters in the volume—for example, Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador in Washington, Richard Strauss, Max Liebermann, the painter, Prince Fürstenberg, and August Bebel. Even here, however, we cannot escape the commercial atmosphere in which Modern Germany stinks and swelters. Prince Fürstenberg, whose family goes back several bewildering centuries, is interested in a brewery trust and several other enterprises, and has a fortune of twenty millions sterling; Strauss is a successful and shallow philistine; Bebel is a German Ramsay MacDonald, and the diplomatic abilities of Count von Bernstorff are devoted to safeguarding the interests of large-scale tradesmen who think him slow and from time to time demand his recall. Similarly, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor; Admiral von Tirpitz, the Naval Minister, and Admiral von Koester, of the Navy League, are all giving their minds to measures for protecting and advancing German trade in various parts of the world. In spite of the brightness and glitter of Mr. Wile's book he cannot altogether conceal the fact that we are moving in a crowd of trusts, keen financiers, business men who are engaged in cutting one another's throats, and diplomatists who are disinterestedly serving them all in turn.

Many sociologists are in the habit of saying that modern Germany resembles to a great extent the England of the 1820's or 1830's. There is the same wide development of commerce; the same absorption of the nobility and landed gentry in trade; the same frenzied rush from the country to the towns, and the same exploitation of the workpeople, and particularly the unskilled labourer. The parallel, however, is not altogether exact. Agriculture is still the backbone of Germany, and, as Mr. Wile shows us in his chapter on Ernst von Heydebrand, the agricultural element is still socially and politically the strongest force in the country; wielding an influence which, despite the encroachments of business men on the sacred domains of the Agrarians and Junkers, it looks like retaining for many generations to come.

We think, however, that the parallel between modern Germany and the England of one hundred years ago is spoilt by the rapid and wide development of the Trust system; and this is a factor in commercial life which makes modern Germany greatly resemble the United States. In England, of course, Trusts were unknown up to ten or fifteen years ago, and even now they are practically confined to soap, cocoa, and potash; but in Germany the "Cartels" control electricity, coal, iron, steel, shipping and innumerable commercial branches of minor financial importance.

As we have said, it is difficult to get away from the commercial atmosphere of Mr. Wile's book, but there are four men dealt with in it who have more than a common claim to be called human. One is Prince Bülow, the ex-Chancellor; another is Alfred Ballin of the Hamburg-Amerika Line; a third is Maximilian Harden, the editor of a paper which is almost THE NEW AGE of Germany, and the fourth is Dr. Paul Ehrlich. One feels that one would like to know more of these four than Mr. Wile's rather sketchy chapters tell; for the literary defect of this highly meritorious journalist is that all men are alike to him, and each of his subjects appears, remains for a moment, and then vanishes, in a glitter of praise and description without sound judgment.

August Strindberg. By L. Lind-af-Hageby. (Paul. 6s. net.)

If enthusiasm were the only quality necessary to a biographer, this book might rank as an ideal biography. But judgment is necessary, and of judgment Miss Lind-af-Hageby is incapable. When Strindberg's works are being translated into English, now more than ever we need the judgment of some one who knows his work in the original. That he was a man of many activities is true, but it is not, therefore, admirable; the value of his work has to be ascertained. That he discovered, for example, that sulphur is not an element, but a compound, is an interesting fact; but what is the value of Strindberg's researches in science to the scientist? That is the sort of question that Miss Lind-af-Hageby does not answer; nor does she decide what manner of man he was. She is content to call him "genius," which is literally true of everybody born of woman; and to sneer at those people who want to classify everyone and everything. But in the case of a man like Strindberg, who communicated no impulse, we cannot suppose that his incommunicability has any value for us; and Miss Lind-af-Hageby's attempt to revive the feminine adoration of "genius" is not successful.

Louis XI and Charles the Bold. By Lieut.-Col. Haggard. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

After the admission in chapter xiv, that Colonel Haggard is simply competing with the popular novelist in the provision of reading matter for the public, we take our leave of this "recognised authority on French history." Colonel Haggard writes no more than a précis of history, and, except for an occasional reference to a writer of memoirs, he quotes no authorities. The book abounds in opinions of historical characters that have no historical relevance, and are really no more than the ejaculations of pious horror that the ordinary reader might be trusted to make for himself. That Colonel Haggard writes history for the sake of its sensational horrors is shown by the fact that he devotes a chapter each to the destruction of Dinant and Liége; and the three inserted chapters on "Circassian Slaves and Social Life," "The Crime of a Noble Lady," and "Libertinage of Court and Church," are simply the defamatory touches that are intended to make history palatable. Of history, in any real sense of the word, we have none: Colonel Haggard is content to provide a record of war, treachery, and profligacy, and to trust

that the fervid imaginations of subscribers to circulating libraries will regard history as being more interesting than romance.

With the Fleet. By Filson Young. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 1s. net.)

Journalism masquerading as literature is a modern curse. These short sketches were well enough in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette," where they first appeared; but, collected in a book, they challenge more than mere newspaper comparison and suffer proportionately. Mr. Young is what is known somewhat vaguely as "a good descriptive writer," which means that he can tell a story in a newspaper and describe the superficial aspects of what he has seen—as, for instance:

And presently the light and the space increased, and I looked forward in dim perspective to what seemed like a forest grove hung with giant bananas; hammocks everywhere, hung within a few inches of each other; and in every hammock, lying in the easy attitude of unconsciousness, a sleeping man. As we walked under them, bent almost double, our backs would sometimes touch the round of the hammocks; but no one ever stirred or woke. These were spaces which I had seen more or less clear during the day, spaces where men had worked and washed and eaten and read and played. Now they were packed with sleeping men, so packed that it was hard to imagine how one in the middle of them could have got out of his hammock or unslung it.

Good journalistic workmanhip; but we are unmoved.

Art.

Pictures and Sculpture by Book-Post.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

IN no branch of art, perhaps, is a deep personal concern about the ideas to be depicted more absolutely essential to the artist than in caricature. If it be the caricaturist's object to show how much he despises something, every stroke of his pen or pencil should uncompromisingly convey the fact that his whole body is, for the moment, merely a mocking machine, an engine of contempt. If hate be his theme, then he must writhe, and so must his drawing, in a paroxysm of loathing. In these days of commercialism, however, it is hard to find such a person. Most men are content, for a material consideration, to manufacture cartoons as some manufacture newspaper articles for the Press—that is to say, with merely a semblance of deep feeling, with but a parody of passion.

The mild, artificially induced, and lady-like cartoons in "Punch," for instance, with their kindly and faithful delineation of the features of a Minister of the Crown, or of any other celebrity, look more like ordinary cabinet photographs than burlesques, when placed side by side with the sort of political caricatures which you find in papers like "Le Rire," or even "Simplicissimus." Why is this? Nobody complains, nor does anybody seem to be aware that there is anything amiss. But those who know what caricature should be must find these tame attempts somewhat of a puzzle. I suggest that there is a lack of deep feeling, a lack of spirited interest in the ideas depicted—in fact a lack of the first essential quality of caricature—in these "Punch" cartoons, which succeeds only in making them neither fish nor fowl, neither bathos nor pathos. For nothing but the artist's *personal* feeling, nothing but his individual hate, contempt, hostility or love can lend that malice to his mockery, that bitter sharpness to his pen-strokes, or that protective gentleness to his outlines, which reveals not only his subject's flesh and blood, but also its skeleton—including whenever possible the one in the cupboard.

Lying under my eyes at the present moment I have a book* containing some of the most passionate, skilful, and unmerciful cartoons it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. Every line they contain is a concentrated philippic, and every line they omit is a repressed invective, against the "fund-holder"—the vulgar, useless, incompetent, well-fed and fatuous fund-holder—who dares to imagine that the world and all it contains revolves round *him*, and has taken all these years to lead up to and to produce *him* and his kind, through a long process of evolution of which he ingenuously believes he is the crowning and exalted summit. From the drawing on the cover to the drawing at the end, every line, scratch, dot, spot and curve in this book reveals one passion, one deep feeling—a bottomless and determined contempt for "the creditor of the nation," for "the usurer of Empire," for "the inventor and abettor of the automatic-breeding-of-banknotes process."

In this book the unfortunate capitalist is not merely drawn—he is quartered! I have never seen such a set of cartoons in my life before.

In England this sort of caricature is more than rare, it is unheard of. Note the harsh metallic spruceness of Mr. Will Dyson's pen-strokes when he depicts the smugness of the smug middle and middling classes of England sitting in unfeeling security behind their brocade curtains!—the fatuous pomposity of the self-made trade magnate! — the sniffy, canting, non-conformity of *haut commerce*! Here is an artist who can make the line of a waistcoat reek with vulgarity, a mere watch-chain squint with the sort of myopic cruelty which sacrifices the greater to the less, quality to quantity, and sound tradition to successful trade; and the twist of a lip suggest the fangs of the beast of prey even behind the smooth and sleek features of the fund-holder's female.

But nothing would induce me to believe that Mr. Will Dyson is a detached and paid functionary who simply does his duty to his employer. If he is, if he cares nothing for the sentiments his caricatures reveal, then I promise and vow to give up art-criticism to-morrow. There is a Weltanschauung behind these drawings, as there should be behind everything a true artist does, and there is wit and irony in their conception. And it is for this reason that, whatever your political or social views may be, you cannot help recognising the spirited and profoundly stirring quality of Mr. Dyson's work. It is offensive, but the artist means it to be offensive. It is unrelenting, but it is directed against an unrelenting opponent.

* * *

Serving very much the same purpose as Mr. Dyson's cartoons, but proceeding along a different line and with different methods, are the beautiful examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting, and handicraft, selected and published by that tasteful and thoughtful Orientalist, Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy.†

To most of us students of Greek, Egyptian, and Assyrian culture, this wonderfully serene and graceful plastic art of the Indians is an unexploited field, an unexperienced joy, and we cannot but feel grateful to Dr. Coomaraswamy for calling our attention to these things. There are undoubtedly a quality and a passion here with which we of modern Europe, with our Greek, Egyptian, and Assyrian lore, are unacquainted. The taste in human type is different from that to which we are accustomed. Greece never gave us this extreme suppleness of limb and torso, this peculiar combination of grace and massiveness, neither did Assyria or Egypt. I wonder whether Dr. Coomaraswamy will support me when I suggest that there is the evidence of greater subtlety of impression and expression in this Indian work than appears in any other highly civilised art that the world has ever seen. Take plate No. 30, for instance, in Part II of the first series. What other culture has ever given us this grace of form, this suppleness of limb and body, and this extraordinarily subtle and enigmatic cheerfulness? The cheerfulness of the Apollo of Tenea is stolid compared with the terpsichorean gaiety of this Siva (Nataraja).

Unabashed too, and sprightly, is the figure of Siva

* "Cartoons by Will Dyson" ("Daily Herald"). 6d. net.

† In quarterly parts, each containing 12 plates, price 2s. 6d. a part.

(Gangadhara)—note the beautiful suaveness of the body's curves, the flowing lines of the limbs—as it trips towards you! I'll tell you what it is; there is the fluid and lithe beauty of the Gothic figure in this art, but without the Gothic artist's contempt of the body! And that is why I say, the peculiar quality of this art and its human type is strange to us here in Europe. We have had its virtues fragmentarily—its suppleness and subtlety, for instance, without its unquestionable health, in our Gothic sculpture. For the body of both the Sivas is a healthy body, a deep-chested, full-blooded, pagan body. There is no homo-negativeness here!

I must say I am deeply charmed by the look of these things. But I feel that I should like to talk to Dr. Coomaraswamy about them, or rather, to hear him talk about them; for there are many features about them which, to me, are just the slightest bit offensive. I can see the wonderful art, with which the voluptuous elasticity of human and animal flesh and muscles has been rendered in the stone (see particularly Plates 53, 54 and 77 in Part I First Series), I can see that power of super-transcriptism which I always admire so wholeheartedly wherever I find it, and I can thoroughly appreciate the healthiness of the type depicted, especially, for instance, in the Sivas already mentioned and in the perfectly beautiful Avalokitesvara (Plate No. 11, Part LLL, Series I), and the Prajnaparamita (Plate No. 5, Part III, Series I); but I have some difficulty in overcoming a vague feeling of hostility when I contemplate the monstrous multiplication of arms and hands frequently encountered in this strange art of India. I can well understand that this is a feature of it which ultimately time and familiarity would tend to render less disturbing; though at first, at least in my case, I confess that it is strong enough considerably to mar my enjoyment. Over pieces where this feature is absent, however, my pleasure is so great that since I cannot possess the divine Avalokitesvara, I can feel only the deepest gratitude to Dr. Coomaraswamy for having granted me the privilege of contemplating it even in the form of a collotype reproduction.

This publication of examples of Indian art ought to prove a great boon to the lover and student of art. I shall look forward to the completion of the series with as much pleasure as interest.

The collotype plates are good and, on the whole, very satisfactory, and the blemishes, when they occur, as in Plate No. 58 (Part II, Series I), seem to be the fault rather of the original photographs, than of the process of reproduction.

Most heartily do I wish Dr. Coomaraswamy good luck in his splendid enterprise!

PLURALISM.

This is the wind that blows about,
Up and down, in and out;
But is it the wind that makes this cry,
Or the forlorn stars above the sky?

I think I would like to be such a wind,
Or one of the trillion stars that spinned
Ere the earth or the sun had caught my eye . . .
But what will it matter by and by?

For the Universe is young and old,
And the earth is made of clay and gold,
And there's nothing to choose, be it palace or sty,
Where a song is as good and as bad as a sigh.

The wind goes round and round-about,
Up and down, in and out,
And it's just as far, and just as near,
Whether I live or die this year.

Up and down, in and out,
And it's just the same—belief or doubt:
I heard it said as the wind went by,
It is well to live, and good to die.

H. E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I SUPPOSE that Baron Henri de Rothschild is not to be blamed. The "advanced" drama is nothing but a series of personal opinions or personal confessions, with a few cheap epigrams or tedious arguments to impress the uninstructed; and some of the Baron's epigrams are as bad as those of the "sociological" dramatists. "Charity, like golf, is the rich man's game," is worthy of a place in "London Opinion," from whence it probably came. But there can be no doubt that Baron Henri de Rothschild is in the true line of development. Social writers are always telling us of the growth of the spirit of compassion; and the Baron's play, "Crœsus," is a proof that this growth must be greater than anybody imagined. Certainly, it represents a new object of public compassion. Twenty or thirty years ago, the cry was: "Pity the poor poor": and Whitechapel was haunted by the apparitions of real ladies determined to alleviate the sufferings of the lower classes. There was, of course, no political purpose behind the slumming business. Later, George R. Sims raised "The Bitter Cry of the Middle Classes," and talked of the pampered poor, of able-bodied men living luxuriously in workhouses at the expense of the middle classes. Now we are asked, in "Crœsus," to pity the poor millionaire. "Nobody loves me," is the complaint of Baron Henri de Rothschild. He does not threaten to go into the garden and eat worms, as did the poor child in the picture; but that he ought to do so, no sensible person can doubt.

It is impossible to regard "Crœsus" as anything but the apologia of the Rothschilds. Comte Sorbier, the Crœsus-financier, with his interest in art, is more a portrait than a type. It is evident that we are expected to regard "Crœsus," to some extent, if not entirely, as a picture of the life of the Rothschilds; and, indeed, we have no difficulty in supposing that they are surrounded by people who want money from them for nothing. But why should a moneylender expect disinterested friendship? He would not be the unfortunate possessor of so much money had he been disinterested in other people's affairs. He has become rich by the simple expedient of taking advantage of other people's difficulties to share in their successes without sharing their labours. "Cent for cent, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," is what Job ought to have said; for the Rothschilds have no use for a man's skin. It argues a defect in the psychology of Baron Henri that he pretends it to be a tragic consequence of the possession of money that the owner cannot command disinterested friendship or love.

There is, of course, a cynical interpretation. The statement by a Rothschild that the possession of money cuts a man off from human intercourse with his fellows may have an effect on the feather-headed people who attend theatres. They will suppose that gregarious poverty is preferable to the isolated grandeur of riches. "The poor fellow," they will exclaim, "is just like ourselves. He wants a man to be his friend, he wants a woman to love him for himself (as though any woman loved a man for himself). And it is not his fault that he is rich: he was born to it." So they will babble, and the Rothschilds will continue unwillingly to take tribute from a toiling world.

But it is certain that if a man cannot buy love, neither can he buy art. If there is no one to love

Baron Henri de Rothschild for himself, neither is there anybody to treat him as an artist; if there were "Crœsus" would never have been published to the world. The first act shows us the sort of people who gather round the Rothschilds, and they are so obviously of the type described by Horace that I quote his warning against them in full: "As the crier who gathers a crowd to his auction, so a poet can bid flatterers flock where gain is to be had, if he has wealth in land, wealth in moneys out at interest. But if there be one who can serve a dainty dinner as it should be served, and go bail for a poor friend of small credit, or snatch one from the dread meshes of the law, I shall wonder indeed if he prove to know the difference—happy fellow!—between a false flatterer and a true friend. For yourself, if you have given or are meaning to give a present to anyone, do not introduce him in the fulness of his joy to some verses of your own composition. For he will cry out, 'Beautiful! good! well done!' He will grow pale at this passage: he will even squeeze a dewy tear from his eyes for friendship's sake: he will dance, will beat time on the ground. As the hired mourners at a funeral say and do almost more than those who feel the grief in their hearts, so the man who is laughing in his sleeve shows more emotion than the true admirer. Kings, it is said, when they are anxious to know through and through whether a man is worthy of their friendship, ply him hard with their cups and put him on the rack of wine. If you compose poetry, you will never be taken in by the purpose that hides itself deep in the fox."

The infantile cynicism expressed in this play is obviously not characteristic of all the activities of Baron Henri de Rothschild. Certainly, whatever his knowledge of men may be, his knowledge of women is revealed in this play as a minus quantity. The type of mind that supposes, when a wealthy mistress proves unfaithful, that an apparently poor man can be sure of the fidelity of a poor mistress, is one that lacks insight. Incurably stupid in love, as this play shows Baron Henri de Rothschild to be, what can we expect him to be in art? Of the necessities of drama, obviously he knows nothing. The three acts are separated from each other by time and place; and the third act is entirely distinct from the other two even by personalities, for Sorbier pretends to be an insurance clerk. In the first act nothing happens until the end, when the unfaithfulness of the mistress, which has been hinted at earlier, becomes apparent, and is discovered by Sorbier. Baron Henri de Rothschild avoids the conventional dramatic situation by avoiding drama altogether; for the couple do not meet until months afterwards, when Sorbier has so far recovered from the shock of discovery as to be proof against his mistress's plea for reconciliation. That is the end of the second act. The third act shows him down in the area again. For weeks he has been carrying on a flirtation (how serious is not revealed) with a milliner; and he has the unspeakable joy of assisting at her birthday feast (which lasts about one minute, including the champagne), only to discover afterwards that the girl is contemplating becoming the mistress of one of the men to whom he gives money. With the revelation of his identity, a little preaching of the vanity of riches, a handsome present to the girl to save her from false de Fonsac, he retires to that solitary eminence from whence he rules the world. By every desire that a novice would employ he has avoided drama, and the three one-act sketches, with their Sunday-school morality and immorality, are so banal an apologia that we can only suspect that the Rothschilds are up to some mischief. What it may be time will prove; but it will probably do us no more good that the play has done.

Pastiche.

A MARRIAGE.

"If I will not make the effort
I shall die?"—What's that you say?
It's my Duty? But I've finished,
Done with Duty from to-day.
Done with Duty, as you call it,
Done with toiling early, late:
Done with all the city jargon,
Finished with the life I hate.

I am sorry it should pain you,
But these things you might have known,
Since our second year of marriage
You have urged one goal alone.
That accursèd goal of reaching
To the comfort bought by wealth,
Craving one thing, then another,
Cancering all my days by stealth.

With our children you've conspired—
"Ask your Father to do this,
He need only make the effort,
Give him (Judas-like) a kiss."
Yes, O woman! I have never
Till this hour let you see
How the deep corroding acid
Of the days ate into me.

All the days that like oiled engines,
Driving whirling to complete
Just that careful woven pattern,
You, and they, considered meet.
They, our sons, must go to college,
They must shoot, and boat, and ride:
For our daughter, O the money!
You have forced me to provide.

Through it all I've moved unnoticed,
Bound to stifle all I've craved,
Had my baser needs well cared for,
(Who finds the cash had best be saved).
As it is at last I'm resting
Just the bodily machine,
Therefore cease that useless urging
That I'll be what I have been.

"The successful man of business,"—
O my God! How I shall sleep
In my narrow, precious coffin,
An undreaming slumber deep.
There is Aggy looking frightened,
George with fitting solemn air,
You, my dear, are softly weeping,
Mere convention bids you care.

Tut! I know you will be sorry,
Miss, a while, an accustomed face,
But the Custom you have worshipped,
In a month will fill my place.
All the senseless run and chatter,
Fret of dress, and play, and toil,
Useless charities and 'isms,
Fashion's suffocating coil.

I have wanted——Does it matter
Now that I have come to die?
All the precious things I've longed for,
Joy of ear, and joy of eye?
Go—and take our children with you,
Let me pass with stillness round.
Open: let the air blow on me,
Silence, Space, my soul unbound.

O you women! in your girlhood,
How you trap us in your snare,
Guilelessly, and yet you net us,
Shear us, chain us, never spare.
Batten on our brain's best effort,
Cramp our souls to line your nests,
Use our infants as your weapons,
Break us with your least behest.

But I'm going—going—going—
Death shall cleave my fetters down,
Freedom! (Ah! Just in that pocket
Is the cheque for Fan's new gown.)

ARTHUR HOOD.

"FUNNY CONVERSATION AT A GUARDIANS' MEETING."

The Board of Guardians was in merry mood this morning. A young man with one lung was the central figure of an amusing comedy. . . . The young man in question claimed admittance to the workhouse as he was too ill and weak to work. He said he was 19 years of age, and had spent 18 years in the workhouse, where he was born.

MR. BLEARY: He ought to get a job at breaking, but I suppose he'd bust that other lung of his instead. (Loud laughter.)

APPLICANT: If I can't get help here I'd like to know what workhouses are for at all.

MR. BLEARY: He'd make a good workhouse reformer. (Laughter.)

APPLICANT: I'm not able to work unless I want to do away with myself. (Laughter.)

MR. BLEARY: I propose we buy him a spade. (Laughter.)

APPLICANT: To dig my grave with, you mean. (Loud laughter.)

THE CHAIRMAN: What about sending him out to help the Turks? (Laughter.)

MR. BLEARY: I'm afraid it wouldn't be good for the Turks. (Laughter).

The Medical Officer said that Hannerley had only one lung. (Laughter.)

MR. BLEARY: First blood for Hannerley. (Laughter.)

(An almost verbatim report from Mr. Learly's court.)

A. F. T.

CONCERNING A JUNIOR CLERK.

Yes, I know, friend,
'Tis not yet our station, but—yonder!
The seat, there, recessed at the quieter end of the platform.
'Tis a far flight from Athens primeval to Underground "Smoker":
One's eyes may not melt to a youth's in an Underground "Smoker";
You see, now, we had to alight here. . . .
You noticed him, too, and he wakened volcanic reflections?
Well, we were as he—were we not, friend—
How many Springs youthward?—
Austere, spruce attire: high, dispiriting collar:
Adeptly-groomed pencils protruding:
Immaculate handbag; trim gloves; and consummating bowler;
That air of precocious composure:
That glance unperturbed, supercilious,
Intent on the article page of the half-penny daily;—
Was't not a portent,
Ambitious embryo
Of some covert growth, parasitic, to compass with tendrils
Surreptitious some aught-and-what-not "in the City?"
Yet, friend, am I prone now to mourn him,
For hath he not aurulent curls? An I saw him
On some breathy promontory might I bare them
To frolic with lavishing sunlight, importunate breezes,
My fingers like sportive nereids in their billowy tangles.
Those eyes, too,
And might they not deign on so halcyon a morning
To search gleamy sails on propitious horizons
Where the skies of young dreamland—
Their dawn-sated clouds rolling drunkenly flushed to the zenith—
Descend to calm seas of reflection?
And hath he not shapely deportment
O'er the punitive shingle my feet in a stoical penance
Would haste, an I saw him—
This cherubic youth—prancing proud in the sun-imbued waters
Of cove unfrequented, or, haply, reclining
On couch of soft sand tossing jewels to shapes in the shallows;
While the warm light despoiled him
Of Naiad-pearls deftly enmeshed in ludibrious trespass,
Allured them with scintillant argent, fresh, lingering odour;
While the warm light regaled him
With tropic caresses, till, soon, the youth's indolent beauty
Blushed o'er with explicit enamour of fervent Apollo.
Or, prithee,
Envision him straying
In decorous raiment
Through woodland, awaking mute buds unto desultory piping.
'Tis Spring, now, beyond this inferno!
Canst picture him, friend, sweetly lingering
Where subtile Persephone lately hath strewn her beguilements
Profuse at the feet of her leaf-bereft loves long forsaken,
Endearments of happy requital, of branches new-budding?
Anemones lifting their angelic eyes of entreaty;
Lush bluebells that flush all the stillness with dreamings exotic;
Prim cowslips that startle staid lawns into soft, elfin laughter;
Frank primroses holding chaste converse in filial clusters;
Ragged-robbins that whisper of dulcet and orient passion?
Picture him, friend, or if, haply,
The eye hath intruded a mistiness,
List while how subtly he pipeth,
How mellow the notes, like the chortling and gurgling and cooing
Of gnomes with diminutive flutes among dolorous hollows;
Or, yet, while the goddess cajoleth
Her lachrymose lovers with tearful and smileful comminglings,
And flourisheth o'er them
A multi-hued nimbus that gleameth and gloweth and fadeth
Demurely as dreams from the faces of prescient children—
O hear the glad notes, how the gnomes dance all out of the hollows
Trip blithely from blossom to blade in mercurial riot,
Set delicate harps in the grass and the reeds fleetly trembling,
For sure, friend,
He pipeth a prelude to midsummer festals.

II.

And now am I wearied
Of weaving such garlands
Of fancy to dower upon him.
I see him—and you, friend—
Not many Springs deathward
When the fœtor of craven intriguers,
Licentious weaklings, sleek sycophants, tyrants,
Have poisoned the sun-draughts about him
And wrapped him in murky complacence;
When relatives' fell adulations have moulted,
Disclosing their lineaments ghastly, cadaverous.
Then, haply, the merciless dawning
(For have we not quailed to its boreal searchings?)
Will loom to his soul's chill awakening.
He'll hap on some bounteous valley, maybe, where the ploughman
Pursueth from headland to headland the deftly-traced furrow:
Robust the toiler's glad greeting,
But tott'ring the answer, o'er-weighted with poignant humility.
He'll wander, maybe, to some haven
On listless excursion:
Swift under the storm-god's extortionate torment
Fleet fisher-barque grandly will bound o'er the gulfs of the tempest—
Come, creaking and tautened, to harbour
Fast out of a flagellant waste of inveterate fury;
Will drift on the wind lusty voices,
Will clatter dishevelled, tanned Titans hard past him—
Our youth, with a manacling conscience, constrained to a shelter!

Anon, like a dove flaccid-pinioned,
Enthralled by a myriad eyes of the basilisk Labour,
Entranced by its vengeful contortions,
Will he haunt the wan shadow of multitudes shackled
By toil, deprivation, and pittance;—
Hear the clank of the fetters,
Through the mufflings of sophists,
Fever o'er with a righteous revulsion,
Engender precipitate broodings,—
Futile, formless.
They will scorn him,
Who delve and mould and build and fix and steer—
This sabled intruder
With craftless, effeminate fingers,
And shoulders all-conscious;
Gait sensitive, trepid, eyes furtive;
And thus will he pass on!
We know, friend;
For we were as he, friend,
But seven Springs youthward.

ALBERT ALLEN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OMNIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.

Sir,—I will confine my reply to Mr. Kerr to those points in his letter which he specially directed against me. It would have been easier to answer him had he set forth his objections in a systematic form; but as he mixed together his points, it is difficult to deal with them.

He mentions certain statisticians who have blown to atoms the contention that the working classes (I have not mentioned the middle classes in my articles) are receiving a diminishing proportion of the national income. Before dealing with this point, it is necessary to ascertain whether he and I mean the same thing by "diminishing proportion of the national income." Some people mean by that that the wages of the working classes (actual wages) are diminishing. That is not my contention. My contention is that the nominal and actual wages *are* increasing, *but not in proportion to the increase in the power of production.* To prove that it is not at all necessary to ask bookworms and statisticians, but to have some knowledge of the real work. The writer has been working in the clothing trade for sixteen years, and he knows that the productive capacity of a tailor to-day, as one of a set who work on the division of labour system, with the aid of the sewing machine, is ten times as much as that of the old-fashioned tailor. Are his actual wages also ten times as much? Let Mr. Kerr ask his statisticians for information. Compare the quantity of work turned out now in the boot trade, the textile trades, the metallic trades, and others, with the quantity turned out under the old system of hand work and non-division of labour; then compare the actual wages under the old system with the actual (not money wages) wages of to-day, and ask your statisticians whether those wages have increased in proportion to the increased power of production. If this is not enough for Mr. Kerr, and he must have statistics, then let him compare the ratios of the increase in wages for the last, say, twenty-five years with the increase in the total national income of the United Kingdom as shown by the income-tax returns. As the quantity of goods annually produced is increasing at a much higher rate than the increase in wages, it follows that the surplus of commodities which is left to the capitalists as their profits, for which they cannot find a market at home, is increasing. That is what I mean by saying that the workers receive a diminishing proportion of the national income. If Mr. Kerr also understands it in the same sense, and still denies it, then all I can say is that I must accept the above-mentioned facts in preference to the denials of the statisticians he mentioned.

"Unemployment has not increased for the last century." As there are no statistics to prove or disprove it, I must rely on the general fact that in 1913 the capitalists themselves, with their Government, have not only recognised unemployment as a *growing* evil, but as an incurable one under modern conditions, and that the only thing we can do about it is to *insure against it.* Surely, Mr. Kerr, that *is* an advance towards the "great unemployment problem"!

Mr. Kerr devotes a large part of his letter to showing what a great demand there is for the savings of the rich. (I wonder why he mentioned at all Karl Marx in his letter. His arguments and terminology are like one who never even read a socialistic pamphlet.) For which kind of capital is there such keen competition? Is it for the *commodities* which are left to the rich as their profits for which they cannot find a market at home, or is it for their *cash?* Anyone who even had a smell of Socialism knows the difference between the two. The world is clogged with commodities. If it were not so, there would not have been that keen competition to get rid of them—commercially speaking, to *sell* them. Almost half of the world's labour is spent in selling the products of the other half. This is one of the reasons which, according to the theory I espouse, and which is admitted by all *thinking* Socialists, must in time make old Capitalism bankrupt. The capital of which Mr. Kerr is speaking is *money,* and I do not dispute the truth of his contention. But that has really got nothing to do with the theory that, when capitalism will have expanded to such an extent that all hitherto primitive and agricultural countries will become capitalistic, then capitalism on the old lines will become paralysed. The climax is not yet near enough for all to perceive it (some will not understand it even when the ceiling will be on their heads).

Capitalism is still expanding, and that expansion absorbs the labour which the ordinary working of the system is throwing out of employment; hence people who cannot see farther than their noses think that there is nothing the matter. But railway systems, ships, canals, waterworks, electric plants, steam works, etc., are not so frequently renewed as bread and clothing. The greatest part of the world's machinery for the production of the necessities of life is very nearly accomplished; they only require repair. The keeping in repair of a railway system does not require as much labour as the building of one. Mr. Kerr's hopes for the durability of capitalism are based on China, India, and Africa. In the first place, he must deduct certain parts of the earth which, owing to climatic conditions, cannot adopt capitalism. As regards those which are adoptable, he will do well to remember these stupendous facts:—(1) That China and India do not need the *labour* of Europe and America, but the *money;* (2) that under a primitive system the seven hundred millions of human beings in these two countries manage to live, however bad the living, but under capitalism the great majority will become wage workers—i.e., producers of commodities of which they themselves will be able to consume a small part, whilst the greater will go as profits to their capitalists, for whom those commodities will only have an *exchange value.* Where will *they* find a market for their surplus? Perhaps, owing to the cheapness with which they will be able to produce, they will send their goods to Europe and America; it is quite likely; but what will the European and American wage workers do?

With every step that old Capitalism takes forward, it gets nearer its grave. It is very strange that the above truth, which is the very rock on which Socialism bases its criticism on Capitalism, has been so much forgotten by latter-day Socialists that, when an old fogey, as I am, happens to explain it in plain language, he is looked upon by Socialists as one who revives a century-old theory which has long since been exploded.

If all the aforesaid is not in accordance with Socialistic criticism, then I should like to know what did Marx and Engels mean when they said "that the proletariat is the gravedigger of Capitalism"? JOSEPH FINN.

* * *

THE FATE OF JANINA.

Sir,—I was glad to observe that the writer of the article on Foreign Affairs in your issue of May 15 has pointed out the serious difficulties which lie in the way of those who are going to undertake the establishment of the new Albanian kingdom, but I should like to know what evidence he has for saying that the rough draft of the Ambassadors' plan provides for the inclusion of Janina in Albania. These difficulties will not be made any lighter by the incorporation in the new kingdom of a large population, who, whether or not they be direct descendants of the ancient votaries of the shrine at Dodona, have at any rate, for at least two centuries, identified themselves whole-heartedly with the cause of Hellenism, in spite of the despotic and cruel repression of Ali Pasha. However, it does not appear that the people themselves are going to suffer so great an injustice to be done to them without a hard struggle. It may surprise some of your readers to learn that, after the capture of Janina, its Moslem inhabitants celebrated a thanksgiving service to commemorate their release from Albanian rule: I assure you, sir, that this is true, for I was present at the service myself.

I am not sure that the Greeks will not give the Powers considerable cause for concern, if the latter try to move the natural northern boundaries of Epirus further southward. They may not be as stubborn as the Montenegrins, but they have something which will carry them further than mere stubbornness, namely, a tremendous vitality. It was this quality which kept them hammering at Janina while their allies were refreshing themselves with an armistice.

I cannot conceive what the writer of the article means by saying that "a deal took place towards the end of the siege": I myself followed the close of the operations of the Greek army, and verified that the surrender did not take place until a battalion of Evzoni were at the gates of the city and had cut its communications with Bezane fort. The only "deal" which took place was one between Austria and Italy, and it seems likely that this will be considerably interfered with by Greece.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

[S. Verdad replies: My evidence for saying that the Powers propose to include Janina in the New Albania was the evidence of my senses; for I saw the draft proposal in the French Embassy a month ago. Apart from

this, it was clear for a long time that the Powers, especially Germany and Austria, wished the New Albania to be as large as possible, and one constantly saw in the semi-official newspapers references to the need of large towns in Albania; and this alleged need was given as the excuse for the incorporation of Scutari and Janina.

I remember the thanksgiving service to which "War Correspondent" refers: an account of it reached London in a Reuter or Central News message, but, so far as I know, the London papers did not make use of it. As for the "deal," it is now well known that several attempts, many of them successful, were made to bribe Turkish officers. The Greeks, as everyone willingly admits, fought gallantly; but, in common with many diplomatists, I have good grounds for believing that the last stage of the fighting at Janina was not—shall we say?—meant to be taken quite so seriously as the fighting in the earlier stages in the campaign.

While agreeing with "War Correspondent" as to the vitality of the Greeks, I must point out that, if the Powers decide to intervene, they will not allow themselves to be influenced by sentimental considerations. At one of the recent Ambassadors' Conferences in London, I may state, a plan for blockading the Greek coast was seriously discussed. Furthermore, Greece will have to devote so much attention to Bulgaria in the immediate future that she will have very little to spare for Austria and Italy. In any case, the Greek fleet would be powerless against the Italian fleet. I should say that if Janina should go to Greece, Greece will be compelled to yield something elsewhere.]

* * *

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—In your editorial of May 1 you say: "To this day no advocate of the suffrage has attempted to meet our case with reason." I am an advocate of the suffrage, and will attempt to meet your case with reason.

The argument for women suffrage is much the same as the argument for male suffrage. Nearly everybody believes that men derive some power and consideration from the fact that they have a vote. I will not argue this point, for I think that you yourself admit that male suffrage has some value, though not very much. Suffice it to say that, if men do derive some advantage from the vote, it is perfectly reasonable to assume that women will also derive some advantage from it.

At this point I think the burden of proof falls on the other side. Two lines of argument are open to them. They may say that, although the vote has been of some use to men, yet the history of woman suffrage communities shows that it has been of no use to women. If they say this, they are mistaken. Women have gained quite as many tangible advantages from the vote as men have ever done. For instance, the vote has usually been followed by a law giving the mother an equal right with the father to the guardianship of the children. Everybody with the slightest knowledge of life knows that the ownership of the children is often used by husbands as a club to beat their wives into subjection. Again, woman suffrage is rapidly bringing about legislation to endow destitute mothers. Many of the American woman suffrage States are now passing widows' pension Bills of a very substantial character. Similar legislation has gone through in Australia and New Zealand. These results are quite as good as anything that male suffrage has to boast of.

The other possible reply to advocates of woman suffrage is that women have not the ability to use the franchise in a way that will be generally advantageous. The answer to this is that women have during many ages used political power quite as wisely as men, when they happened to have it. If women are incapable of voting, they are certainly incapable of reigning. Queens, however, have been quite as satisfactory as kings. Let us take the four English queens.

Bloody Mary is not a very happy example to begin with. She was, however, no worse than the other monarchs of her time, especially those who belonged to her own family. She was certainly not a greater persecutor than her uncle, Charles V, or her husband and cousin, Philip II. She was just what any daughter or any son of Catherine of Aragon was sure to be.

Elizabeth quite counterbalances the disgracefulness of Mary. She was conspicuously superior to the Continental monarchs of her time. Her one essential business was to keep England from being laid waste by the bloody wars of the Reformation. During her reign the whole of France, Germany, and Austria was one carnival of murder and rapine. I forget who called the sixteenth century "the most tragic in history." In England the forty-five years of Elizabeth's reign were among the most peaceful in history, and they might easily have been otherwise.

Anne was better than any male Stuart. She was an undoubted improvement on either James or either Charles. Like them, she had favourites, but John Churchill was a very different kind of favourite from Villiers or Laud.

Victoria was better on the whole than any Hanoverian, except Edward VII. George I was a highly successful sovereign, but that was because he did not know a word of English. Victoria could have done quite as well with the same advantage. George II had nearly the same merit, for he was over thirty when he came to England. George III was immeasurably less intelligent than Victoria. There is nothing to be said for George IV. William IV was, on the whole, a lovable person; but he had less volition than Victoria and not more common sense.

Most other countries have done sufficiently well with their queens. Isabella of Castille was unfortunately a persecutor like Bloody Mary, but in all other respects a very efficient monarch. The two Catherines of Russia were admirable. Maria Theresa was far above the average of male monarchs. Mary Queen of Scots was not worse than the other Stuarts. John Stuart Mill was deeply impressed by the ability of female regents in India, and in our time we have seen a very capable Empress of China.

It is therefore absolutely impossible for any rational person to maintain that women have been incapable or mischievous wielders of political power. If that contention is swept away, there is no logical reply to woman suffrage, unless you also propose to abolish male suffrage.

R. B. KERR.

[(1) Political consideration is undoubtedly one form of consideration, and patently follows the acquisition of the franchise. The negroes of America and the blacks of Cape Colony have it; so also have the English male proletariat; and in both instances the status of the enfranchised classes was raised from the lowest level of common humanity to a certain degree of political dignity. But women as a sex have already a status much above that of their common humanity. It may be roughly described as the status of privilege—the right to chivalrous treatment by men in general. (That they do not always obtain it in practice is true, but no status is absolutely secure.) The question is whether in acquiring the political status women would not forfeit their present chivalric status. In our view they would run the risk of exchanging a more for a less desirable status, the substance for the shadow.

(2) In demanding to be considered according to their numbers, women as a sex appear to us to be decadent; for the demand involves the admission that they are no longer confident in their power to command by the magic of charm, but must depend in future on the coercion of their numbers simply. In other words, the demand itself implies a fall in worth which is the only stable foundation of status.

(3) Except at election times and during the promissory periods of Governments, political consideration, even in the case of men, is not according to numbers but according to weight and property. It is true that during elections each party bids for—that is, "considers"—numbers of the electorate; but when the election is over, the voters of the constituency are considered by weight. At an election two labourers can outvote a millionaire; but after an election the word of the millionaire outweighs that of a million proletariat electors. Thus political consideration at its best is for the proletariat a temporary and electoral phenomenon; it is not permanent as both economic and chivalrous considerations are permanent. If, therefore, women obtain the vote, they must expect to forfeit their present permanent "consideration" for a "consideration," not only inferior in itself, but of a merely occasional character.

(4) We do not accept our correspondent's two lines of argument as either adequate or exhaustive. Our case was fully stated in our issues of last August.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

"THE SUFFRAGETTE."

Sir,—I beg to enter an emphatic protest against your reference in your issue of May 22 to the Women's Social and Political Union as an organisation bent on securing votes for wealthy women only ("the 'Suffragette,' a weekly paper devoted to the enfranchisement of propertied women," p. 79). If it were true, wealthy women would presumably have as much right to an organisation of their own as actresses, artists, teachers, Catholics, Welshwomen, and others; but it is not true. I challenge

you to prove—(1) that the policy of the W.S.P.U. has not from its inception been "Votes for women on the same terms as they are or may be granted to men"; (2) that it had anything to do with the drawing up of the Conciliation Bill, the only Bill or proposal which might have come under such condemnation; (3) that it is composed of wealthy women only; (4) that its members are not drawn from the same classes of women and as many different strata of society as those of the Women's Freedom League, the National Union, or any other Suffrage Society.

It may be that opposition to Women's Suffrage can only be advanced by means of mendacious insinuations, but one does not expect a paper of the record and standing of THE NEW AGE to descend to such tactics of the gutter.

J. BEANLAND.

[We care no more for the avowed objects, even when they are sincere, of any society than for the other pious wishes of people who row one way and look another. A society, like an individual, is responsible for its effects and cannot be acquitted, if these are likely to be bad, on the plea of good intentions. There is no doubt in any reasonable mind that the net political result of the propaganda of the W.S.P.U. will be (if anything—which we doubt) the enfranchisement of a section of women only, and naturally of women of property. Every caucus agent is quite aware of this, even if the W.S.P.U. are not. The composition in actual membership of the Union is similarly a matter of indifference to us. The question is: What class of women pay the piper? As for our "tactics of the gutter" (whatever the phrase may mean), we must point out that it is odd that neither Mr. Beanland nor any of his committee has ever attempted to reply to our argumentative case against Women's Suffrage. If they will bury their head in the sand when Reason is blowing, they must expect comments to be made on the ridiculous parts they leave exposed.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

FEMINISM.

Sir,—I fear that the readers of your brilliant paper may not care to hear of and from me very much longer, and with this in view, I will be as brief as possible. I declare that I shall go to my grave believing that Mr. Kennedy was unconsciously guilty of comparing his three uncommon ladies with three men of whom he thinks little. He did never mention Dr. Rouse in his original letter, but only Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. Rhys Davids, and Mr. Sydney Webb. What can I conclude but that he dragged in Dr. Rouse as a bolster against my attack? He professes to find something anarchical in a comparison of the whole of all men's work with the whole of all women's work, and would have the comparison made between the work only of the best types in the two sexes, or average types, as he comfortably gives me the choice. Choosing the best, I compare the work of the most learned women with that of the men who created the things learned, and I find the women nothing more than skilful apes. What there may be anarchical or "higgledy-piggledy" in comparing the best work of men with the best work of all women is a mystery to me. But, of course, it would not suit my opponent that I should do so. For we find a little catalogue of this sort: The Laws of Manu, of Solon, of Alfred, of Napoleon; the philosophies of Vyasa, of Plato, of Bacon, of Kant; the epics of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, of Milton; the plays of Sophocles, of Aristophanes, of Shakespeare, of Molière; the policies of Asoka, of Philip of Macedon, of Augustus, of Edward III., of Frederick the Great; these great men, with their tens of thousands of only less great co-operators: and where are the women of the very best type to complement this list? One must positively scratch up a few, and I offer Mr. Kennedy Cleopatra, Pulcheria, Aspasia, Sappho, Lady Jane Grey, Elizabeth, and Mrs. Siddons, throwing in Queen Victoria and Mrs. Pankhurst *de bon cœur*.

Much impressed by Mr. Kennedy's assumption of uncommon scholasticism, I humbly granted his petition that I should not re-peruse Miss Harrison's clever synopses; but I did look through a book written by himself. I found some curiosities. Amidst clichés enough to scare off a less determined reader than myself, I came upon Mr. Kennedy's view of the psychological and spiritual state of the ancient Brahmans: ". . . . weighed down under the load of a Nihilistic religion, they were able to display their creative faculty in spite of their pessimism." One is almost reduced to whistling for comment. The man who could pen such a blundering opinion ought not to be writing about Brahmans, and certainly cannot lay claim to a developed understanding. A little further on, he writes of "the soul being united with nature," a statement which exhibits a fairly raw acquaintance with the Vedic philosophy. On a question of culture, his comparison of the respective ends of Krishna and William Rufus is a light-minded reference which it would be hard to equal. Our friend professes to have "covered the ground" (!) of Miss Underhill's travels in Mysteria. Very likely indeed, if I may judge from the results of easy conceit and shallow style. I finish these remarks on Mr. Kennedy's mysticism with another quotation from his volume of fallacies, tags and misrepresentations of the "Religions and philisophies of the East." "Then, again, the magnificent fighting spirit of Mohammed is absent, and the glowing Arabic frenzy of the Prophet of Allah is ill-compensated by transmigration, Nirvana, and finally extinction." This will read as his epitaph in the minds of philosophical students; and I lie back with all my bewilderment at Mr. Kennedy's revealed feminist proclivities wafted away by a vision of him sabring a century of infidels previous to enjoying the recreation of the warrior in a perpetual paradise of houris.

My opponent matches my cutting from a journal which is supported by the women who brought about the White Slave Act, a cutting from an article written by a member of the infamous "Pass the Bill" Committee, with his mere "recollection" that "Votes for Women" utterly opposed the clause. I will not accept his recollection as evidence, and, therefore, need not say that the last-named journal did utterly no such thing, but if one or two lines can be discovered somewhere to protest against flogging men, so much is all that will be found to the credit of a paper that spits brimstone at any magistrate who gives a female criminal the rigour of the law.

In reply to Miss Douglas's letter, I must politely decline her challenge to enter her organisation. My conviction is that one man in a town or district is of more influence as a resister than a whole horde led by a woman. Miss Douglas wrote a letter to THE NEW AGE which would have deterred me from joining her association even if I might ever have dreamed of wasting my time and money over a thousand-mile long petition to our Sovereign, God bless him! She made a remark that no one in her position had any right to make, namely, that neither she nor Lady Desart would stoop to ask the association to pay *their* fines in the event of either of them being convicted. There was a pretty affront to the rest of the members whose subscriptions were invited for the express purpose of sharing the danger of summonses and fine. No man in Miss Douglas's position would have dared to commit a similar offence of arrogance, nor might his sense of policy have allowed him to blunder on a point so clearly the main and sensible purpose of the majority of his following.

S. R. WEST.

* * *

Sir,—I fear that Mr. Kennedy has not done me the justice of applying his mind to my comments on Miss Underhill's "work" on Mysticism. Otherwise his charge against me (who am not to be identified with THE NEW AGE, by the way—let me bear my own burden) could never have been brought. The parallel I quoted should have been familiar to Mr. Kennedy, since it was taken from Nietzsche. Nietzsche remarked that the classical scholars of his day were not themselves classics on that account. Knowing *about* a subject is not true knowledge. If another parallel would help Mr. Kennedy, I will revive one of his own. Writing some time ago in THE NEW AGE, he dismissed Professor Saintsbury (if I remember) as "no literary man," or words to that effect. But Professor Saintsbury has written the best History we possess of Prosody and the only History we possess of Prose Rhythm. Yet Professor Saintsbury cannot, in Mr. Kennedy's judgment, write a line of poetry himself, or construct a good prose sentence. By analogy Mr. Kennedy may now see why I dismiss Miss Underhill as "no mystic." She reveals none of the genuine stigmata.

R. H. C.

* * *

Sir,—A correspondent delares that "Votes for Women" opposed the flogging clause in the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912. It is possible that Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence may have had some qualms and mildly condemned it, though I was unaware of the fact. If so, they stood alone among Suffragists. In "The Vote" (Mrs. Despard's organ) the egregious Boyle, of "Any questions, Boyle?" fame, wrote somewhat in this fashion —"For once in a way, we are glad to be able to speak in praise of our legislators, for not only has the House of Commons passed the flogging clause in the White Slave Bill, but has actually made it apply to a first offence." This was before the House of Commons had reversed its judgment.

ARCH. GIBBS.

FEMINISM IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Your footnote distresses me. It appears I have made a mistake "in my excitement." Not the failure to observe that the immediate objects of my outburst were "also correspondents" (I actually referred to their contributions as "letters"), but the failure to make clear that they were the (by you) "misguided maniacs"—in other words, that I attributed their mania to recent articles of your own, and, I might add, the collective influence of such responsible contributors as Mrs. Hastings, Mr. A. E. Randall, Mr. R. H. Congreve, the writer of "Present-Day Criticism," and various book reviewers, all of whom have given vent to the sort of nonsense of which the sickening display of hysterics complained of, is only a logical consequence. That is what I meant. Evidently you construed the "misguided maniacs" (and the phrasing is certainly ambiguous) in connection with my subsequent exhortation to you to "leave the women alone." As this reading removes every vestige of point from my letter, I should be greatly obliged if you would publish this explanation. I need hardly say I am sorry I should have made it necessary to trouble you with it.

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

[Our correspondent's explanation that it is not we whom he meant by his phrase "misguided maniacs," but correspondents who agree with us, is no improvement on his original obscurity.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

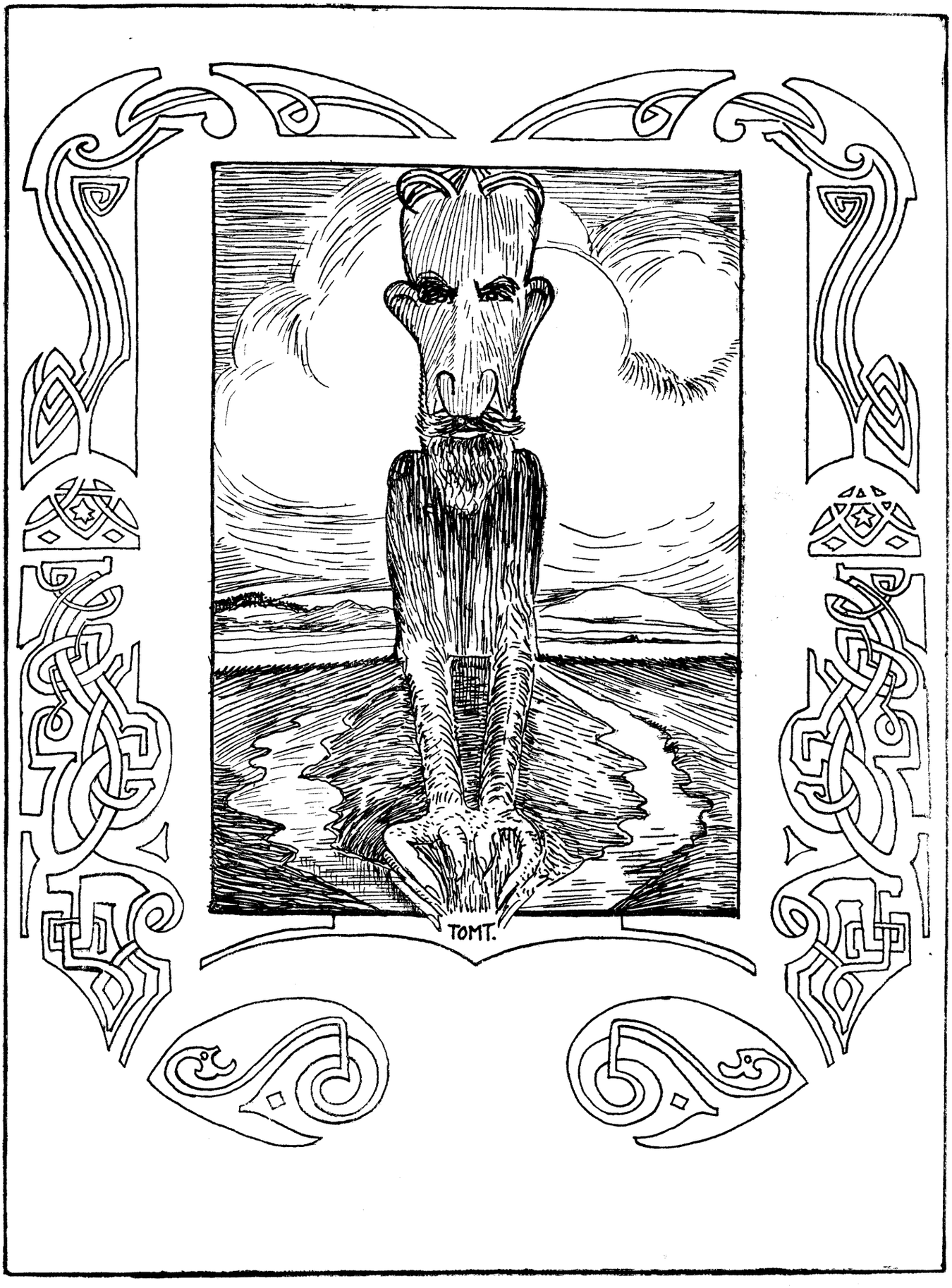
"MODERN GRUB STREET."

Sir,—I am naturally sorry to see your reviewer pour such unqualified contempt on that book of mine. It is as natural, perhaps, that I should consider his notice somewhat crudely unjust. Had he quoted anything from the book in support of his assertions, so that your readers could have judged between us, or had he signed his statement, so that they might have formed their own notion of its value, I would have said nothing. In this I am asking no more than I am careful to give to the books of others. For my part, I have never written an unfavourable review that I have not signed; and in my editorial capacity have never published one half so bad as this without putting the writer's name to it. I am not a raw fool and readily admit that certain of the essays may be dull, foolish, what not—but to sneer at them all so sweepingly as the dullest of rubbish is manifestly unfair. If they were all such hopeless stuff as that I could not possibly have sold them to the papers and magazines in which they originally appeared. I might have had such luck with one or two, but assuredly not with all. As for my personal experiences being "Gissing and water"—I suppose it is no use saying my Grub Street is not Gissing's, and my experiences have been very unlike his; if your reviewer has read both, one must accept his opinion—it is his own, and there's an end of it. All I want to protest against, as I hope one journalist may to another, is the conclusion of the notice. The last lines are in no sense criticism; they are merely a personal gibe and seem a little spiteful and are in doubtful taste. If your critic honestly believes I am still in Grub Street, he must believe I am writing for my living, and if he is a person of the smallest imagination he could not, in that belief, sneer at my misfortune or treat me unjustly. If he does not believe I am still in Grub Street and was only straining to say something quite gratuitously unpleasant—well, you know as well as I do what every decent fellow must think of such a man.

But for the mean sneer in those concluding lines, I would not have troubled you at all. It may gratify you or your reviewer to suspect that you have hurt me, in which case this letter may at least serve to give you that gratification.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

[Our reviewer writes: As an old journalist, Mr. Adcock must know that editorial reviews are never signed. I can only understand that his complaint implies his fear that the review may have been written by an old friend of his. Let me assure him. I have never met Mr. Adcock: I am not likely to meet him: I do not want to meet him. I know nothing of him but what he revealed in his book, and I have expressed my opinion of that. To some extent, it seems that Mr. Adcock agrees with my judgment of his work; but as he does not specify which of his essays and sketches are, in his opinion, exempt from my judgment, I can only conclude that he is not averse from making unqualified statements. To mention that these sketches and essays had previously been published in various periodicals is not to refute a literary judgment. Look at the things that are published, and tremble at the thought of their being resurrected into books! That I ought to have quoted from his book, is such an absurd contention that I can only ask Mr. Adcock: "Who is to write the review, the author or the reviewer?" If your readers want to judge between Mr. Adcock and myself, they will read his book: they certainly do not expect it to be reprinted in THE NEW AGE. That would be to make THE NEW AGE as dull as the periodicals from which Mr. Adcock reprints. When I said that Mr. Adcock was still in Grub Street, I was certainly not troubled by the thought that he might be writing for a living. I meant to imply that his work was of the nature of the stuff that is supposed to emanate from Grub Street, the merest of hack-work. If this is an insult to Mr. Adcock, I suggest that he should remove to more salubrious quarters than those whereof he wrote in this volume. The fact is, I suppose, that Mr. Adcock is hurt all over: certainly, he gives two specific and distinct reasons as the only reason why he troubled to reply. He says nothing that could lead me to reconsider my decision; indeed, his letter rather confirms my opinion of his literary demerits. I can only say that so far as he agrees with me, I agree with him; and that as he does not specify wherein I am wrong, or to what degree I am unjust, I can only conclude, that, like many other authors, Mr. Adcock prefers favourable reviews].



MR. G. BERNARD SHAW.

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