

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK | 249 |
| CURRENT CANT | 253 |
| FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad | 254 |
| MILITARY NOTES. By Romney | 255 |
| THE "NEW AGE" AND THE "REAL DEMOCRACY." By the Authors of the "Real Democracy" | 256 |
| A REJOINDER... | 257 |
| THE PRICE OF GOLD. By Alfred E. Randall | 257 |
| THE IRISH IN ENGLAND. By Peter Fanning | 259 |
| ABOUT HEROES AND THE HEROIC. By Standish O'Grady | 261 |
| PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM | 263 |
| READERS AND WRITERS. By P. Selver | 265 |
| LETTERS FROM ITALY—XXI. By Richard Aldington | 266 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R. | 267 |
| REVIEWS | 268 |
| PASTICHE. By Albert Allen, P. Selver, Ikbal Shah Jehan, Ernest A. Parsons, Ida Wild, J. B. Wallace | 270 |
| DRAMA. By John Francis Hope | 272 |
| ART. By Anthony M. Ludovici | 273 |
| MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By John Playford | 274 |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from V. L., H. W. Nickson, F. G. Noble, Howard Ince, Jas. C. Smith, Peter Fanning, S. H. J., Christopher Gay, S. Waskey, Dr. Ethel Smyth, Katherine Vulliamy, A. Deane, T. C. T. Potts, Oscar Levy, Arthur Hood, J. Murray, Richard Aldington, Leighton J. Warnock | 275 |

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A RECENT decision of the United States Supreme Court threw, we are told, the American Stock Market into a panic. Among a class of people peculiarly susceptible to nervous attacks and scarcely able to read for apprehension, the document, no doubt, at first sight appeared terrifying; for it laid down the principle that the State was in all matters paramount over even the railway corporations, and could, if it chose, exercise absolute power. The distinction between absolute and arbitrary power, of course, had never been appreciated by the class that leaves politics, as the French poet left living, to the servants. In their confusion they imagined that the affirmation of absolute power meant that the State could do just what it pleased. A later paragraph, however, of the same judgment might have assured them, and did, in fact, assure them several days later, when they had found time to spell its pleasing syllables out, that though claiming, as every State must claim, absolute power, the American State, like the meanest of its members, must nevertheless exercise that power on common, uniform and consistent principles in peril of being convicted of arbitrary conduct and so of endangering justly its very existence. The reassuring paragraph of the judgment ran as follows:—"The property of the Railway Corporation has been devoted to public use. But the State has not seen fit to undertake the service itself, and the private property embarked in it is not placed at the mercy of legislative caprice. It rests secure under the Constitutional protection, which extends not merely to the title, but to the right to receive compensation for the services given to the public." We do not think our English profiteers need to be reassured in this matter; but the above-quoted sentences should certainly be read by those social reformers who imagine that the State can do no wrong. On the contrary, the State can not only do wrong, if its Ministers be so madly minded, but in England at this moment the State is being urged to do wrong by the very persons who are crying most loudly for justice.

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It is the plain fact, as we have very often stated, that the wage-system upon which profiteering depends is as much an institution of this country as the slave system was of America in former times. It is true that profiteering (by which we mean production for private

profit by means of wage-labour) was never formally established by Act of Parliament. But neither was black-slavery ever formally inaugurated by statute in America. The system of wage-slavery, however, was here established with the connivance of the State, by the instrumentality of the State, and has at every stage of its development been accepted, approved, and maintained by the State, with the consequence that though it has never formally been declared legal for one man to employ another for subsistence only, the system which depends upon this fact is for all practical purposes the creation of Parliament. In contending that the wage-system is legal and rests on an implied contract between the State and the owners of property we shall not be accused of merely wishing that the fact were so. We wish, in fact, that it were not so and that our history had never been disfigured by so vile and inhumane an institution as the wage-system. But it is obvious on every hand that we who think so are not only few in number but for the moment run counter to the generally accepted opinion of the nation, both its wage-slaves and its profiteers. In short, the wage-system, inhuman as it is, unnatural as it is, shortly to be abolished as we hope it is, stands nevertheless to-day as the accepted system of industry and consequently as an institution which Parliament is bound to maintain unless State reasons can be advanced to justify its abolition. But what, in effect, are our social reformers asking Parliament to do? Without the courage, or the intelligence perhaps, to ask Parliament to abolish profiteering outright, they are perpetually nagging the State to put such restrictions upon profiteers as, in the end, might conceivably annul the implied charter of contract and make profiteering worthless. We do not say, of course, that this "in the end" is not a very long way off. We do not even say that any of the restrictions so far placed by the State upon profiteering have proved for profiteering in general, if not in particular, anything but disguised benefits. But some limit to the State's right to impose arbitrary restrictions upon the institution of profiteering at the bidding of social reformers there must surely be; and we invite the vicariously philanthropic gentlemen to reflect upon it. Where, for example, will they draw the line between inducing the State to impose a Minimum Wage of 30s. a week and an Eight Hours' Day upon profiteers and imposing a Minimum Wage of sixty shillings a week and a Six Hours' Day? Is the line to be drawn by what their statisticians lay down as a bare, a comfortable or a luxurious standard of living, and their eugenists as a eugenic number of working hours per day; or by con-

sidering what the trade will bear in the way of increased labour charges? What, in short, is their criterion of justice? How do they determine that a Minimum Wage of 30s. and a working day of eight hours is just and proper to be enacted by Parliament while a Minimum Wage of 60s. with a six hours' day would appear to them unjust and improper to be statutorily enforced? For ourselves we escape the difficulty by denying the real validity of the whole contract. Though custom has consented to it and the contract as between the two parties, the State and the Profiteers, is binding, while it remains, on both, the contract is nevertheless one which in our opinion is immoral in itself (because it never sought and has not now the explicit consent of its victims, the proletariat) and, in consequence, is a contract which should be openly repudiated by the major partner to it, namely, the State itself. Short of a denunciation of the whole contract, as contrary to the interests of the State, the State, in our humble opinion, has no right to restrict profiteering beyond the limits accepted by the other contracting party, the profiteers themselves. Both parties may, if they choose, accept mutual restrictions in response to the suggestions of spectatorial social reformers; but neither party has any duty or obligation to accept them unless, as we say, by common consent. The conclusions of the whole matter, so far as we are concerned, are these: that as the State and the Profiteers are the contracting parties in the institution known as Capitalism every fresh restriction by the former must in justice be first consented to by the latter; secondly, that no person or persons have the right, while taking for granted the validity of the contract, to urge the State to place restrictions on its partner that would ruin it; thirdly, that profiteering, if it is to be disestablished, can only be justly disestablished by the State repudiating its whole contract and setting about the provision of an alternative system of national industry. And the application of these conclusions to the social reformers lies here: that, unless they are prepared, in the words of the American judgment, to see fit to make the State alone responsible for industry, their business is to mind their own affairs and to let the two contracting parties to the present system mind theirs.

* * *

The matter, it may be thought, is fanciful rather than practical. On the contrary, it goes to the bottom of every practical question of the day. Ask any business man what he thinks of the proposals to compel him to pay high minimum wages, to restrict the hours of his employees' labour, and generally to dictate to him how he shall run his business, his first emotion is one of speechless injustice. It is not that he would be unwilling to see his workmen well off and enjoying ample leisure; it is not even, in many instances, that he could not contemplate with some satisfaction the removal of the necessity he imagines himself to be under to conduct his business on a competitive wage-basis (every great firm does, in fact, largely abolish the wage-system within its own administration and substitutes for it the system of pay)—what angers him is that while the wage-system remains and good workmen can be had at a low wage, he, the employer, may not employ them save on terms dictated by busybodies, and never before mentioned by the State. If, he argues, you mean to deprive me of my present licence to employ such men as I can find on such terms as they are prepared to accept, do so openly, and possibly I shall concur; but it is unjust that, without avowing your intention of annulling my licence, and without providing either for me or for the workmen you forbid me to employ, you should so hamper me with restrictions that my profiteering licence is valueless. We are convinced that this attitude—a perfectly reasonable attitude, we think—is at the root of all the opposition to the so-called socialistic proposals of the day. They constitute an attempt, not openly and honestly to transform the whole system of industry by the real revolution that would result from abolishing the wage-system with its

implied contract between the State and the capitalists and substituting for it the guild-system with its explicit contract between the State and the Guilds—but to nibble at the present contract and to worry the capitalists into excesses of resentment in the hope that they and not the State, will be the first to break the tacit agreement. As we say, there are no signs yet that the social reformers have got anything like so far in practice as the breaking point of the patience of the capitalists. On the whole, of course, the capitalists are still getting the best of it. But it matters nothing to us what is the practical outcome for the moment of the nagging demands of the social reformers. It is enough for us that they are oblique in their methods to the point of femininity, unjust in the strict sense, and, worst of all, profoundly damaging to the prospects of a real and at the same time a peaceable revolution. For we deliberately proceed upon the assumption that the wage-system is immoral and therefore cannot last. The social reformers, however, by seeking to gild its chains, both affirm by implication that the system is moral, and, to the best of their ability, perpetuate it. The quarrel, in short, of the revolutionary economist is not so much with the capitalist whose system he proposes to supersede to the advantage of the State as with the social reformer who, more than the capitalist, delays and resists its supersession. We hope we have said enough to justify our hatred of the social reformers, and to explain our singling out of these amiable devils for attack in the midst of a rotten civilisation.

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The proposals known as Guild-Socialism, which, however, we prefer to designate the National Guild System, are, we should have thought, simple enough, in outline at any rate, to be grasped even by people calling themselves Socialists. They amount to this, that the State as the supreme proprietor of the instruments of production (Land and Capital) should enter into partnership with the producers organised in the form of Guilds. Yet though we have defined the system in these terms, if once a thousand times; and though we have reason to believe that Mr. Lansbury has read *THE NEW AGE* for some time—long enough, that is, to meet the definition a score of times—we find him in the "*Daily Herald*" of last Wednesday writing as follows: "I have great sympathy with the proposals known as Trade Union or Guild-Socialism, but the question of land and minerals is one which will not be settled by the group that happens to have secured, say, the best mine or the best land." We should think not, indeed, but who, out of Bedlam, can so confuse the National Guild System with the hare-brained theory of Syndicalism? The absurdity of Mr. Lansbury's reference to Guild Socialism may more plainly be seen if we parallel it by a few examples. For instance: "I have great sympathy with the proposal known as Votes for Women, but the exclusion of widows from the franchise will not be settled by this means." Or: "Socialism appears to me an excellent proposal, but I do not see how it is compatible with Mr. Carnegie's private ownership." Or: "Syndicalism is an interesting creed, but the terms of its contract with the State offer a difficulty." The feebleness of intellectual grasp revealed in this kind of mixed reasoning accounts, we should say, for a good deal in Mr. Lansbury's career. We understand now why he can support the economic movement of cheap female labour into industry at the same time that he denounces the competitive wage-system. We understand now why he could resign his seat in Parliament on the advice of his wife and afterwards throw it in the teeth of the suffragists that they had lost him his re-election. We understand now how he can denounce political action in the "*Daily Herald*" and support it at Leicester; resign from Parliament because he had had enough of it and allow himself to be again adopted as the candidate for Bow and Bromley at the coming Election; endorse the appeals of the "*Daily Herald*" to rebel, rebel, rebel, and give an undertaking himself not to "rebel" for the next two years. What, however, we do not understand is why Mr. G. K. Chesterton, usually, even at his most

slovenly, accurate, should bracket Mr. Lansbury as a "good Socialist" with Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Blatchford and THE NEW AGE. Would Mr. Chesterton, we ask, like to be bracketed as a "good Catholic" with Guy Fawkes, Father Vaughan and the Nun of Ealing—or is it Tooting? The sooner Mr. Lansbury retires to his study for a little reflection on the subjects he professes to propagate the better for the movement. Jumping into publicity and splashing about is not a method that commands respect or conduces to progress.

* * *

Lord Lansdowne's speech on the Unionist Land Reform programme shows how close the two parties (together with their poodle, the Labour Party) have come on the subject. Save in two comparatively small respects, all the parties now in the House agree as completely on the methods of Land Reform as two years ago they agreed on the principles of the Insurance Act. It will be difficult indeed for Mr. Lloyd George, with all his speculative ingenuity, to think of anything novel to contribute to the discussion when he opens his campaign in October. If only it were true that when Parliament is practically unanimous Parliament is right, we should have nothing to do but to congratulate ourselves on the end of controversy and the beginning of material rural reform. But from long experience we may safely conclude that Parliament is never more certainly wrong than when all her parties are agreed. And that this will prove to be the case with Land Reform as, within the most careless memory, it has proved to be the case with the Insurance Act, the White Slave Act, and many another Act, is what we venture now with all confidence to prophesy. The case of agriculture, it is admitted, stands by itself; but the distinction between agriculture and other industries has not been clearly seen, so far as we have gathered, by a single one of the party leaders. They could not otherwise with common accord put forward proposals, some of which apply to agriculture as if it were an ordinary industry, and others of which assume agriculture to be *sui generis*. What is the real distinction between agriculture and industry in general? It is that agriculture is one of the last of the occupations in which use exceeds profit. From the standpoint of use, to the nation, to those engaged in it, and in itself, agriculture is plainly the most valuable industry we possess. All our other industries might decline almost to zero, but provided agriculture were still a flourishing art, the nation would always have the means of recovery. But as an industry of profit, as production for dividends, agriculture is at the same time one of the least profitable of our trades. We are not reckoning, be it noted, its yield in wages. Wages on the whole tend to subsistence level in every form of industry; and the sixteen shillings of the agricultural labourer procure for him much about the same fare as the thirty shillings of the city artisan. It is in the surplus in exchange values over and above the cost in money of production that agriculture compared with other industries is poor; and while this is the case and profiteering remains established, nothing will induce capitalists to invest in agriculture for a beggarly two per cent. return when, by investing in other industries, they can ensure themselves ten, twenty, and often a hundred per cent.

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It will be observed that this view of agriculture as, relatively, a profitless industry, colours a large part of the Parliamentary programme of rural reform. For it is obvious that the proposals to establish wage-boards, to provide cheap houses, to subsidise farmers and to adjudicate upon rents, proceed, knowingly or otherwise, on the supposition that agriculture is a languishing industry unable to support itself in open competition with other industries and driven therefore to sweating. On the other hand, nobody would maintain that because in open competition agriculture is declining, therefore it should be allowed, like any other obsolescent industry, to die in peace. Quite the contrary. The more the industry of agriculture is driven to sweating to make any profit whatever, the more convinced every-

body is that we cannot and ought not to do without the industry. If it were the tinsplate or the pearl-button trade that showed signs of languishing on account of their inability both to pay good wages and to yield good profits, nobody, save some costermongering mind, would exert himself much either to protect them or to safeguard them specially from so-called social reform. A statutory minimum wage, we mean, would not be suspended in the case of such trades for fear of ruining them entirely. In agriculture, however, we are in this position: that while as a means of producing profit and employing labour it is a relatively decaying industry, as an industry producing use it retains all its old value and must therefore be carefully preserved. The question is, therefore, how we are going to preserve it. How can an industry producing for use be propped up and sustained amidst industries producing for profit? How can an industry requiring capital which yet does not relatively pay, be maintained in the midst of a system which offers high payment to capital in every other industry?

* * *

The means suggested by the various groups in Parliament differ a little in detail, it is true, but their common assumption is practically a flat denial of a common fact. By implication, all three groups deny that agriculture is relatively an unprofitable industry; or, in the alternative, they maintain that agriculture is not relatively unprofitable of necessity. But about the first fact there can, we think, be no dispute among those who are capable of judging. Capital, like Nature, abhors a vacuum, particularly one in which it sees any chance of profit; and capital most emphatically does not flow at present into English agriculture. Rather than flow by the hydraulics of finance into English agriculture, capital prefers to appear to run uphill against public sentiment and to look for profit in any other industry or in any other part of the world. Are we to suppose that Capital is a fool, that Capital does not know its own business, that Capital cannot smell out profits in England though its scent is keen enough to detect potential profits in Putumayo, Bogota, and Bagdad? That Capital is shy of entering English agriculture is proof that English agriculture pays relatively less in profits than other industries. But can agriculture in this country be made to pay as well in profits as other home industries? The common assumption of the three groups of reformers is that it can; and again their common assumption is wrong. We do not say that here and there agriculture in England may not be made to pay an average profit; but, while the world-market remains what it is, we deny that agriculture in general can be made to yield in profits on exchange anything like the average of the other industries. And this will hold good whether the system of agriculture remains as at present or is transformed by all the various proposals of the combined Parliamentary groups. Large or small farming, peasant proprietary, small holding or great farming, scientific farming, co-operative farming, farming by means of an educated proletariat, every one of these forms or all together will yield on the average less profit in proportion to capital and exertion than any other great industry in this country. The reasons for it, in detail, we need not at this moment specify. Between now and the next General Election we shall have a weekly opportunity to discuss them one by one; and we have no fear that merely because a little forethought would prove each of these nostrums to be valueless they will not be hawked about and probably passed off on the country. For the present we will confine ourselves to three observations: First, that agriculture, as an industry of high use but low profit, should and must be supported on national grounds exactly like the Navy, the Army, and the other unprofitable but necessary national means of life. Secondly, that in the absence of any sign of public authorities realising this fact and acting upon it, the Trade Unions and the Labour movement have the duty of calling attention to it. Thirdly, that this duty will shortly become a necessity, for it is certain that the first

effect of any of the so-called reforms will be to depress the position of the agricultural proletariat and to force him to a new exodus to the towns, there again to bear down wages. Instead of squandering thousands of pounds upon providing forty Labour leaders with a London club or upon employing at vast salaries on a Labour daily as many tenth-rate journalists, the Trade Union movement had better devote its funds and men to forming and organising an Agricultural Labourers' Union with the purpose of one day making a Guild of it. That, in our opinion, is the shortest way to a rural revival.

* * *

Though in a pompous style which at the same time is not strictly grammatical, the letter which we print elsewhere from the progressive women-writers on the subject of women's suffrage calls attention to the only argument of any weight in the whole pro-suffrage propaganda. It is that since 5½ million women are already in wage-industry, the tradition of women's economic dependence upon men has already been broken down, and justice can no longer deny them the political privileges which go along with economic independence. The argument is plausible, and we confess that if the fact on which it is based is likely to prove a permanent fact, the argument is practically unanswerable. But is this the case? It is true that almost before we realised what was happening 5½ million women have been captured and imprisoned in the white slavery known as the wage-system; but is it also true that they desire to remain in it, must remain in it, can remain in it and should be allowed to remain in it? If all these questions can be answered in the affirmative the case against women's suffrage is gone: women wage-slaves, like men wage-slaves, are entitled to the same shadow of political power as they have assumed of economic power (for the right to live by wages, if these can be had, is not, we need not say, the substance of economic power any more than the right to choose between one or other of the capitalist parties is the substance of political power). If, on the other hand, the fact is not irrevocable, if it should prove on reflection to be a deplorable fact that may yet be but a shameful episode, and no more, in our history, then it surely follows that we should refuse to seal with the seal of political enfranchisement the entrance of women into a system of industry in which nobody save criminal lunatics would wish to keep them.

* * *

We will leave the question to women themselves, whether they wish to stay in wage-industry all their lives. For our part, it will take much more than their bare word to convince us of it. Deeds we shall consider, not words. And in deeds the conclusion to be drawn with the least effort is the conclusion that women are as unhappy as they are unnatural in industry. All this, however, we have considered at length before. Whether women must remain in industry, willy-nilly, against their own nature and inclination and against the nature and inclination of the men of their class is, we suggest, a question for both sexes, but primarily of men wage-slaves. Women can, it is true, rebel as violently and effectively (and, let us say with much better reason) against entering industry or against remaining in industry as for the right to vote. Their militancy, in fact, would be almost holy in our eyes if it were directed against the factory-system that degrades themselves, their men and their children. On the other hand, the reconstruction of the industrial system, if they with men should succeed in destroying it, is not work for women. The business of men wage-slaves is to assist in destroying the wage-system, but to construct the Guild-system by themselves. If, however, neither to free their women nor to free themselves, will the men wage-slaves put an end once and for all to profiteering, we are afraid there is no escape for women from industry, and an escape for men only by way of death. But can women remain in industry? We have yet to see (and, please Heaven, we may never see it) what is the industrial staying power of women over not merely a few years, but over a few generations.

Industry, when all is said, is man's invention. Bad as it is, the system grew up to fit him as the harness was fitted to the horse. For how long can women with their different natures accommodate themselves without breaking down to conditions first contrived for men? We await the psychologist's report and the physiologist's report on the value, progressive or retrogressive, of women in industry. Our own suggestion is that in another generation they will not be worth their keep. Lastly, the question of whether women should, if it is not imperative, remain in wage industry scarcely deserves discussion. Nobody should be in wage-industry, let alone remain in it. For women even more than for men, it is degrading, dehumanising, and destructive. A woman in industry almost ceases to be a woman. Without making a man of her or even—which would be preferable to the fact—a beast or a lunatic, industry transforms her into a creature, neither male nor female, neither beast nor man, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. As for the effect of this upon the race, again, please Heaven, we may never know it! A generation born of an industrial generation of woman wage-slaves is a creation to dread. Then indeed should we see with our mortal eyes what only the mind's eye can see to-day, the inhuman folly of the wage-system incarnated in its inhuman scapegoats. But in conceding the vote to women while the wage-system is at work we are ensuring just this; for the Vote is indeed a symbol, not of women's enfranchisement from subjection to men, but of women's enslavement under the subjection of profiteering. From the whips of their husbands and brothers they will fly to the scorpions of capitalists and factory inspectors. And once the seal of political freedom is placed on their so-called economic freedom, their fate is inevitable. Once enfranchised and ranked publicly and unashamedly as eligible for wage-slavery, capitalism will never let go of them until it has squeezed the last drop of profit out of them. It may be said, however, that the warning comes too late; five and a half million women are already in industry; we should have locked the stable door before the horse was stolen. But if we have neglected to lock the door before it was too late, we need not lock the door while it may still be too soon. What if the horse should return? What if women and men wage-slaves together should destroy the wage-system and thereafter create Guilds in which women as well as men, as of old, might find an honourable and not a dishonourable place in industry? Until that hope is entirely vanished, we shall oppose the political enfranchisement of women.

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Mr. Lloyd George has not waited long to prove that his recent experiences and the nation's generous rehabilitation of his public character have had no beneficial effect either upon his sense of political expediency or upon his sense of truth. On Tuesday he introduced into the House of Commons a Bill to Amend the Insurance Act of which he said that "it contained no proposal which would touch the main structure" of that measure. At the same time he assured the House that the Act was "working well and smoothly." If Mr. Lloyd George is unaware—and being a fool who has not yet learned the Rule of Three of politics he may be unaware—that a Bill which does not "touch the main structure" of the Insurance Act is not only not an amending Bill but a Bill to add insult to the injury caused by that Act, he knows at least that in saying that the Act works "well and smoothly," he is saying what is not true even as official lying goes. Of both these facts, however, he will become more aware, if he is capable of learning anything, as time goes on; for we are convinced that not only is the Act not now working "well and smoothly" (everybody knows it), but its working to-day is calm to its state when the Friendly Societies begin to go bankrupt and to totter to their foreseen fall. Similarly, if the by-elections, with their concentration of popular hatred on the Insurance Act have failed to convince Mr. Lloyd George

that his Act is the most detested measure since Chinese Slavery, the coming General Election must prove it even to him. There is no escape, we are now certain, from a General Election fought on the Insurance Act, and on the Insurance Act alone. In vain will the party leaders endeavour to make Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment or Land Reform the main issue of the next election. Every insured person—and they number, we are told, over thirteen millions, of whom perhaps four millions are voters—will vote at the next election for ending or mending “in its main structure” the Insurance Act which was passed two years ago. But for deliberate misrepresentation the remarks by Mr. Harold Spender on the Insurance Amendment Bill would be hard to parallel in the purlieus of the kingdom of God. “Altogether,” says this tout of Mr. Lloyd George, “the Bill goes far to meet every criticism raised by the opponents of the Bill in the by-elections.” How far a single one of the new proposals goes towards abolishing the compulsory clauses of the Act Mr. Lloyd George, we presume, is at least as good a judge as Mr. Spender. And Mr. Lloyd George assures us that the main structure of the Act, of which Compulsion is certainly one of the pillars, remains untouched by the new Bill. If the continued glossing over of the real defects of the Act were likely to stave off its amendment for ever; or if the pretence that only partisan criticism of the Act exists might conceivably crush out every other criticism; Mr. Spender’s lies would have the justification of the doctor’s reassurances to a nervous, but not hopeless, patient. But the defects of the Act are none of our invention, and its unpopularity no longer needs the stimulus of party feeling if ever it did. By surrounding its death-bed with such persons as Mr. Spender the Act is assured of expiring amidst a shower of reassuring bulletins.

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The squabbles of the Labour and Socialist groups over the Leicester election have little interest for us and none whatever that we can see for the general public. If the British Socialist Party that ran Mr. Hartley against the advice of the Labour Executive were different in principle or in method from the latter group, there would be perhaps some reason to welcome its intervention. But in every essential respect save opinion the two groups are identical. The B.S.P. has no new economic analysis to offer and in consequence has no new synthesis to suggest. Its personnel is of much the same character as the personnel of the official Labour Party, the only difference being the difference between desperate candidates for Parliament and candidates and members of an assured position. Its belief in the efficacy of political action is no less complete than the belief of the Labour Party proper; and for all its talk of the futility of politics and the necessity of economic action, all its activity is devoted to the object of returning one or two of its leaders to Parliament. But if the Labour movement has not yet exhausted its momentum towards politics—and apparently it has not—the official Labour Party with all its matchless incompetence is still the only instrument needed for the purpose. For one thing, it holds the field, the funds, the Caucus and the organisation. For another, it has a policy which though based on an economic fallacy which ten minutes’ thought would dissipate, is yet consistent. The Labour Party does not one day denounce political action and the same day adopt it. It does not to-day profess to think that economic emancipation must be accomplished by economic means and to-morrow declare that political means are a waste of time. Its view is that economic emancipation can be won by political means alone; and in pursuit of this mistaken and disastrous aim, its methods are what logically can be expected. The best policy we can suggest for those who are certain the Labour Party is wrong is to propagate a profounder view of the economics of our national as well as proletariat situation. Economic analysis precedes political synthesis exactly as economic power precedes political power.

[The present issue contains 32 pp.]

Current Cant.

“The interests of Labour coincide with the interests of Capital.”—“Western Mail.”

“In fair weather and foul . . . the Labour Party has steadily championed a policy which has done more to rouse the workers politically than anything attempted . . .”—“Daily Citizen.”

“The stately frock-coat is already in great demand, and it is obvious that the visit of the King and Queen to Lancashire is the chief reason.”—“Daily Sketch.”

“Our sense of the beautiful is always striving to dominate our demands for the useful.”—“News and Leader.”

“Morality is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”—WILLIAM ARCHER.

“From France we buy a thousand ingenious creations of fashion. . . . In exchange, when our more practical genius has commercialised all these creations, we send them back to France, rendered more useful, and within reach of everyone.”—“Daily Mirror.”

“Alexandra Day in East London was a veritable triumph.”—“East End News.”

“I have a dog-like aptitude for putting my nose on my paws. . . .”—HAMILTON FYFE.

“There comes to hand further evidence from doctors concerning the beneficent effects of the Insurance Act.”—“Westminster Gazette.”

“With his Drury Lane company Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is playing “Hamlet” for the purposes of the cinematograph.”—“Daily Chronicle.”

“We are beginning to have a drama worth preserving.”—H. B. IRVING.

“To save the Throne we must back Bonar Law.”—ARNOLD WHITE.

“The honour of public men is the treasure of both parties.”—“Daily Mail.”

“If you want to know what the great wide public is going to say about a book, try it on a woman. I do. I always have done.”—HALL CAINE.

“If you back a horse at 10 to 1, and you put £1 on, you get £10. . . .”—THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

“We have always had at heart the real interests of the genuine working man. . . .”—“Daily Express.”

“Free speech and a free Press are amongst the most cherished possessions of the British people.”—GEORGE R. SIMS.

“The seven years of Liberal administration have been years of plenty.”—“Daily Chronicle.”

“I admire England because she has a pride in her children. . . .”—ARTHUR MEYER (Editor, “Le Gaulois”).

“Great wealth is generally possessed by men of force and character.”—LORD SELBORNE.

“The most remarkable thing one can say about Mr. Yeats is that he is, at the same time, a man of action and the most purely poetical of poets. . . .”—J. M. HONN, in “Everyman.”

“The Church has a deep hold upon the affections of the people of this country.”—AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

CURRENT CHRISTIANITY.

“For stealing threepence, a Sheffield man has been sentenced to four months’ hard labour.”—“Evening News.”

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE is nothing to add to what I said in these columns a few weeks ago about the Egyptian Capitulations. It is admitted everywhere that they are cumbersome and tedious. No serious objection is being made to their abolition; but it is not yet known what is to take their place. When the Foreign Office recently communicated with Paris on the matter the proposal was made, without details being gone into, that there should be a system of "English Courts." The phrase is the phrase of Downing Street, and I have myself declared that it is vague enough. The statements prepared for official use carry us no further; and M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, is still waiting for a reply to many of his questions.

* * *

The "Near East" objected to the phrase "English Courts" which I used in my first article, and declared that the peculiar condition of things in Egypt rendered such a legal régime impossible. The peculiar conditions of Egypt were not altogether unknown to me; and I used the expression because it was the expression of the Foreign Office, and the meaning to be attached to it, however vague, was the official meaning, i.e., the Courts should be English in the sense that the laws administered in them would be subject to English advice and control. But the principle that foreign judges, i.e., the legal representatives of other European Powers, should sit, when necessary, with the English judges, was not excluded.

* * *

I can say nothing more definite about the scheme just at present, nor can anybody else. Our Foreign Office made a blunder by sending a Note to the Powers regarding the Capitulations without having adequately considered the whole question, and without, consequently, being able to make a reasonable and detailed suggestion when inquiries were naturally made by the other Foreign Offices.

* * *

Those of us who knew China and the Chinese thought it best to hold our tongues when the Manchu dynasty was declared at an end and a "Western" form of Government established. The English people had a fit of sentimentality at the time, and nothing could have induced them to believe that the Chinaman had forgotten how to bluff—to bluff calmly, quietly, coolly, and with a steady eye; but still to bluff. The most egregious impertinence of the English people was their assumption that Christianity would now be established in China, and that the teachings of Confucius would go the way of the queue. A few people who knew something about Confucianism waited, and we knew we should not have to wait long. I personally contented myself with forecasting the present condition of affairs six months ago. The appeal for the prayers of England a couple of months ago was a sign that the bluff was coming to an end.

* * *

And now the end has come. Yuan-Shi-Kai, the President of the new Republic, and perhaps the founder of a new Chinese dynasty, if the assassin misses him, Yuan the Wily, has shown that he no longer wishes for European sympathy or support. He has just issued several edicts, a selection from which appears in the "Daily Telegraph" of June 24; and they are of a remarkable character. Far from mentioning European institutions, Yuan-Shi-Kai deftly appeals to the prejudices and tastes of the old régime. Above all he says: "Confucius, born in the time of the tyranny of the nobility, in his works declared that after war comes peace, and with peace real tranquillity and happiness. This, therefore, is the fountain of republicanism. After studying the history of China, and consulting the opinions of scholars, I find that Confucius must remain the teacher for thousands of generations."

This is followed by the announcement that all the public bodies have been ordered to revive "the sacrificial ceremony of Confucius, which shall be carefully and minutely ordained."

* * *

The result of all this is, of course, that Confucianism is re-established as the national religion of China, which means that there is no room for Christianity. This is a fact which will certainly relieve the minds of all the friends of China. It does not matter for the moment whether Christianity is ethically true or Confucianism ethically false. The point is that no extraneous faith can be superimposed at a month's notice upon a people who have become accustomed to another faith without either a very serious change in the national character or a very serious condition of anarchy in the national mind. The Chinese evolved Confucius; he represents their soul, which Christianity does not come within a thousand miles of doing. Christian missionaries in China, it seems to me, might very well take to heart the words of Confucius in Section VIII of the Shu-King; and so also might those numerous English societies who are so anxious to spread Christianity in China: "It is not necessary to virtuous living that one should pretend to the correction of others. It is enough that a man should simply be himself, adding his quota to the sum of human service, and striving after self-perfection. The responsibilities of government are such that failure and misery among the people mean imperfection in the method of government, and hence in the ruler himself."

* * *

I must conclude that the English as a nation are professionally gullible. If they could be stirred out of their gullibility for a moment perhaps they would understand the humorous termination of the "Daily Telegraph's" message, of which I quote the concluding paragraph:

It is already foreshadowed that Yuan-Shi-Kai will worship as Patriarch at the Temple of Heaven. The fact that the Pekin Government asked for special Christian prayers for the Republic throughout England and America only two months ago, now assumes a particularly ugly aspect. Indeed, regarding the present position with impartial eyes, it can truthfully be said that the history of official China since 1911 appears to be expressed in the one pregnant word—bluff. Macaulay's historic New Zealander is in danger of being hopelessly outclassed. In the distant to-morrow it will certainly be some bespectacled Chinese cynic who, with the Six Classics under one arm and Nietzsche's philosophy under the other, quizzically surveys the ruins of St. Paul's, exclaiming: "Nothing really matters, excepting illness."

* * *

Last week-end the Balkan situation appeared to be very gloomy, and in fact as I write I hear that preparations for war are being hurried forward very rapidly by all the States in or bordering upon the Peninsula. Bulgaria is satisfied that Austria will support her to the very end; but this disquieting news may be balanced by the remarkable compact which has been reached between St. Petersburg and Bucharest. As all the treaties bearing upon the Balkan question have been virtually torn up, Roumania, with the connivance of M. Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, has definitely announced to Vienna that if war breaks out again Roumania will certainly cross the Danube and secure compensation for her neutrality in the earlier stages of the war; a neutrality which was of enormous advantage to Bulgaria and was not sufficiently rewarded by the cession of part of Silistria.

* * *

Although these engagements have been entered into, however, and are definite in so far as we can use the word definite in regard to anything connected with Balkan affairs at the present time, it is agreed in all the Chancelleries that another outbreak of war would be a calamity, and Russia in particular is making every possible effort to induce the four Balkan Premiers to confer at St. Petersburg. The responsibility for the

present trouble rests on Bulgaria. I pointed out some time ago that the return of Dr. Daneff to power was not likely to lead to peace. The new Bulgarian Premier exhibits all the worst Slavo-Turk qualities: he is pig-headed, stubborn, and deceitful, and is disliked by all who have the misfortune to be his colleagues. But his influence in the world of Austro-Balkan finance is so great that he cannot be got rid of.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

IN this and the succeeding articles I intend to explain the system upon which the organisation of the Army should be planned. A comprehension of it is indispensable to the solution not only of the military problem, but of all other problems which deal with the ordering and marshalling of men—in other words, with organisation.

* * *

Briefly, organisation may be defined as the adaptation of our purposes to the nature of man, and to the nature of the universe in the manner best fitted to ensure their fulfilment. It is quite obvious that any measures which do not consider these two great factors are doomed to failure. In organisation we have, therefore, to keep clearly before us our purpose: the nature of man, and the nature of the rest of the universe. It is useless to discuss purposes. They may vary to infinity, and generally do. We need only emphasise (for the benefit of the modern world in particular) the advisability of deciding where you are going before you set out to get there. Otherwise you are likely to end up in heaven knows what unexpected quarter.

* * *

As regards the remainder—the nature of man and the nature of the universe—it might seem at first as though codification were impossible: but as a matter of fact, it is possible to arrive at their outline or skeleton. Certain great facts work in and out through both like melodies in fugue, forming both us and the world we live in by the infinite variety of their combinations. These facts (which are as obvious when pointed out to you as the large names which run across the maps, and the other great facts which nobody perceives), have been apprehended unconsciously by every great organiser since the world began, and consciously, in part, by not a few philosophers. But until the nineteenth century neither the accumulations of positive knowledge nor the sizes of human organisations (such as States, armies, etc.) had outgrown the limits of what could be administered by a single able man working upon rule of thumb and a subconscious perception of the nature of things. In such a state of affairs the principles upon which the machine was worked would not be systematised and committed to paper because the few great organisers who knew them instinctively did not for that very reason experience any need of writing them down for themselves, any more than I, for example, feel myself called upon to make memoranda for distinguishing my right hand from my left. But with the growth of knowledge and of organisations the material to be organised has outstripped the capacities of the born organiser. It has accordingly become necessary to entrust a large proportion of the work to men who are not born organisers, and who do not perceive by instinct how to adapt their purposes to the natures of men and things. Thus in the military world, where three hundred years ago a Wallenstein could, by his own unaided genius, organise a sufficient army for the times, his subordinates doing little more than execute his commands, it has now become impossible for any general to dispense with a staff: a body which cannot be composed entirely of born organisers, and which must therefore have some practical code of rules to work on. In consequence, things have become lopsided and confused, for whilst the average of organisers has deteriorated enormously for the above reasons, the

need for organising ability has increased, since the larger the mass of material the more imperative the need to separate the essential from the unessential, to hold the balance, and to keep the road. At a moment when the duties of those in power most demand that they should be in touch with reality, at that moment has that touch been furthest lost.

* * *

Now our modern life is complicated, and is likely to remain complicated. In consequence, we cannot hope that, *unaided*, the mass of men will regain that instinctive knowledge of the nature of men and things, that touch with reality which is essential to organisation. It has therefore become imperative to systematise and codify the knowledge which the greater organisers have acquired on these points, and to aid the mass of men by rendering it available for the guidance. This has been done by Mr. Bruce Williams in his "Science of Organisation." A knowledge of this science will not make an organiser, any more than a knowledge of perspective will make a painter; but it will keep the non-genius on the rails, and enable him to understand and intelligently execute the ideas of others who are better qualified. Half the friction in large organisations like armies arises from the fact that the subordinate ranks do not understand the meaning of their superiors' actions, and that no one can or will enlighten them.

* * *

The principles of the new science can best be expressed by saying that certain facts run through the natures of men and things like the interweaving melodies in a fugue. It is claimed by Mr. Williams that he has ascertained and tabulated these facts, and that they are as follows:—

(a) The fact that man possesses certain needs and desires which must be satisfied, and without the satisfaction of which in due proportion he remains defective and lopsided. These needs may be, for convenience, classified under the following seven heads: The desire for truth; the desire for justice; the desire for beauty; the desire for pleasure; the need for bodily health; the need for physical action; and the need for reproduction. That this classification is not merely arbitrary is shown by several facts. Firstly, the same conclusion has been reached independently in the philosophies of a number of civilisations, from the Greeks to the West African negroes. (See Mr. Dennett's recent article in *THE NEW AGE*.) Secondly, it works. The activities of organisations and of individuals do classify themselves in this manner with extraordinary ease.

(b) The fact of degree: that things differ in value and quantity, and that, by inference, their value alters according to their quantity. This fact may seem too obvious to be worth placing on paper; yet as a fact nothing is more distressingly frequent than the ancient sophistry which denies the importance of the limit. Nothing is commoner than to be asked: Do you admit the value of discipline? or, Do you believe in State control? whereas the questions should be: How much discipline do you believe in? and How far would you carry the principle of State control?

(c) The fact of duality: that the universe is governed by the balance of conflicting needs. It is neglect of this principle which leads men to excess in any one direction, and which is responsible for a large proportion of our military muddles.

(d) The fact of growth: that all things start with a certain heredity, work in a certain environment, and have a certain result or exfoliation. Up to the present I have not noticed any organised attempt to deny this fact, but have no doubt that the modern world will "evolve" one before very long.

* * *

In my next article I shall return to the question and show how the neglect of one or other of these four great facts, upon which the science of organisation rests, has been responsible for the great military failures of history.

"The New Age" and "The Real Democracy."

THE NEW AGE stands for fellowship but not for ownership, and is sure that the future is not with those who stand for both. It is not our business to predict, but we are sure that neither of these two things can thrive without the other, and that therefore the Associative State, wherein each corroborates the other, would prove more normal than would Guild-Socialism to the permanent part of Man's nature.

We have a real sense of the honour which THE NEW AGE has done us by criticising "The Real Democracy" on its central ground, and although we had intended to answer all our critics together in some future book or pamphlet, we are glad of this opportunity for a brief attempt to clarify the issue.

(By "you" we shall mean "the Guild-Socialists"; and our present reply is to a recent article ("The Heart of the Argument," THE NEW AGE, June 5) which summarised the issue between yourselves and the Rota Club).

Your main points are:—

(1) "Guild-shares must be either equal or unequal. If equal, membership without shares would be enough; if unequal, exploitation would be inevitable."

(2) "The industrial assets of the country ought to be owned by the State and not by the Guilds."

(3) "'The Real Democracy' does not mention the vital part which the wage system plays in our argument."

Before examining these three points we should like to have it quite clear at the outset that we advocate the Owing Guild not as the sole type of industrial government, but as the chief and determining type. We do not say that one type (not the chief) might not rightly be the Non-owning Guild.

Now for your three points.

I.—Guild-shares must be either equal or unequal. If equal, membership without shares would be enough: if unequal, exploitation would be inevitable.

This implies ultimately that there can be no inequality in external goods which does not necessarily involve injustice.

Such a contention we think false; that it is at least debatable you would yourselves admit.

Now, if men in the future, having debated that contention in the light of experience, refused to accept it, their refusal would necessarily involve their rejection of your proposal; if they accepted it, their acceptance would not necessarily involve their rejection of our proposal.

The reason is this:

Our proposal is that part of the Owing Guild's capital should be owned by the Guild itself as a corporation, and the rest of it by the members distributively. Suppose some member of a Rota Guild to receive from it ten units of income in the year. Now, that income might include (1) Remuneration for Services, and (2) returns to capital; and it might be made up in various ways, e.g., in the proportion of seven units as remuneration for services, to three units as returns to capital; or in the proportion of 3 to 7, or of 0 to 10, or of 10 to 0, or in whatever other proportion his Guild (subject to the State-enforcible provisions of its State-granted charter) might think best.

There might be in an Owing Guild some very small proportion of members whose receipts consisted only of Remuneration for Services: there might also be a very small proportion whose receipts consisted only of Returns to Capital. To make the presence of the first sort impossible would be to deny a man the right of surrendering a right on his own terms. (See "The Real Democracy," p. 41.) To make the presence of the second sort impossible would be to deny a man any economic resource which would not cease when he ceased to produce in some particular body. (See "The Real Democracy," p. 169.) So long as such mem-

bers were few, the presence of both sorts of them should be possible in any real democracy.

Now you predetermine rigidly for your Non-owning Guild how the receipts of its members shall be composed. We leave that open for our Owing Guild itself to determine, so long as it does not infringe the provisions of its charter. If men should come to think you right in your implied contention that no inequality in external goods is possible without injustice, they can act on that belief without rejecting our Guild; if they should think you wrong (as we do and as we think they always would), they could not act on that belief without rejecting your Guild. Meanwhile you, having presumably dismissed the Shavian Money-Equality at your front door, would appear to be covertly re-introducing it through the sky-light.

II.—The industrial assets of the country ought to be owned by the State and not by the Guilds.

We are not sure what you mean by "industrial assets," but assume that they include the means of production—land and capital. Then your proposition would seem to be that no Guild shall own; that the State shall be sole paymaster; and that the receipts of the Guildsmen shall be precisely equal. Are we right in inferring that you do really propose that, when it is put plainly before you?

If you do, have you any reply to the objections on p. 125 of "The Real Democracy"? This is typical of them: "It means that the Guild will have to entreat a State official every time it wants money, that the general will of the Guild, so far from acting as directly as possible, will find its expression conditioned at every point by the wills of State officials elected or appointed, even at the best, by people most of whom are not members of that Guild."

III.—"The Real Democracy" does not mention the vital part which the wage-system plays in our argument.

We gave a comparatively small space to Guild-Socialism, not because we thought it more remote from the truth than Fabianism, but because we agree with so much of it. We did not discuss the wage-system in Chapter III, because we had already done that in Chapter II, and knew that our analysis of existing conditions had much in common with your own, and even owed much to it. If you would refer to Chapter II (p. 40 et seq.) you should recognise not only that we were aware of the importance of the wage-system, but also that we discriminate in our analysis where you do not.

For instance, you assume that because the wage-system is evil, any single instance of the receipt of wages must necessarily be evil in any circumstances. It is the essence of our own analysis that we distinguish between system and instance. To say that a State is based on the wage-system is surely to imply that *most* of the members of that State get wages *only*. Wages (or whatever other name you may prefer to give to remuneration for services) are not necessarily evil where a few men get them; they are necessarily evil where most men get them, and where most men do not also get returns to capital.

To sum up: We suggest that our analysis of the wage-system discriminates where yours does not; that the Owing and not the Non-owning Guild should predominate; and that inequality of property does not necessarily involve injustice. But we shall never deny that we owe much to THE NEW AGE, and hope that it may soon put us further in its debt by a rejoinder to this brief reply.

And finally, please answer this:—How can you hold that "Property is power," and yet suppose that the Unions can be strong without property? If you do not suppose that (and your mainly sound advice to the Unions makes us reluctant to accuse you of supposing it), how do you square that advice with your Guild-Socialism? In practice you commend property to the Union; in theory you deny it to the Guild.

THE AUTHORS OF "THE REAL DEMOCRACY."

A Rejoinder.

WE recognise that the writers of "The Real Democracy" are genuine controversialists. They argue with evident sincerity and to reach some permanent basis. It is, therefore, a pleasure to discuss the subject with them. In our opinion it is hardly worth time and ink to particularise as to the scientific meaning of the word "property." Its meaning really depends upon its context. Thus, when we talk of the "propertied" classes, we really do not mean, nor can we be taken to mean, the working class, although most workmen possess property in the shape of furniture or other personal effects. In the last paragraph we are accordingly supposed to be placed in a pretty dilemma. There is, however, no contradiction in our advice to the unions to get property and our objection to the Guilds owning the plant and industrial assets to which they apply their labour. The writers too readily assume that a non-owning Guild implies a non-propertied membership. This misconception runs through their whole argument, and indeed through their book. Because we object to unequal shareholders in the Guilds, we are told that "this implies ultimately that there can be no inequality in external good which does not necessarily involve injustice." Apart from the fact that we have repeatedly advocated graduations in Guild "pay," what warrant is there for assuming that all Guild members receiving equal pay will be equally provident or improvident in their spending habits? We are told that our contention that there should be no such inequality is false. Of course it is; but it is not our contention. Does it not occur to our critics that if we advocated anything so foolish, the case for National Guilds would be dead before it was born? What we do assert is that capital can only exploit labour by maintaining the wage-system. The way, therefore, to prevent the exploitation of labour by capital is to destroy the wage-system. Our critics agree that the wage-system ought to be abolished, but shrink from the conclusion. How can the members of their Owning Guilds derive a proportion of their income from personal capital invested in the Guilds unless the wage-system is retained? And if the wage-system be retained, then their Owning Guilds are mere variations of our existing joint-stock system. To call such an organisation "a guild" is surely a perversion of its meaning—certainly of the modern meaning given to it by THE NEW AGE. Will the writers of "The Real Democracy" elect upon which leg their argument stands? If, whilst condemning it, they persist in retaining the wage-system (the only conceivable method whereby the private capitalist can obtain a return for his investment), then we know precisely where they stand. If they sincerely wish the wage-system abolished, then their whole case for an owning guild falls to the ground.

Our critics next proceed to assume that because we advocate a non-owning guild, it therefore follows that "the State shall be sole paymaster and that the receipts of the guildsmen shall be precisely equal." This is a *non sequitur*. If John Smith takes over for rent the factory of William Robinson, how under Heaven does William Robinson become the sole paymaster of John Smith and his colleagues? And by what parity of reasoning does it follow that John Smith and his colleagues shall have equal receipts? So long as John Smith pays his rent what possible locus standi has William Robinson in the fixing of remuneration? If we were John Smith, and William Robinson tried any tricks of this sort in the factory leased by us, we should forcibly object. To the question: "Are we right in inferring that you do really propose that, when it is put plainly before you?" we can only reply that the inference thus drawn has no kind of relevance to our argument. We refer the writers to our chapter on "Bureaucracy and the Guilds." John Smith, having faithfully paid his rent, will naturally make his own arrangements both with his customers and his employees. In like manner, the Guilds

having paid "economic rent" (the price of their charter) to the State, will be entirely self-governing. The way the Rota writers deal with this aspect of the question leads us to think that they have not thoroughly grasped the implications of the "economic pull" involved in an effective labour monopoly.

In our editorial, "The Heart of the Argument," we did not complain that the Rota writers had not dealt with the wage-system. Our complaint was that in their criticisms of Guild-Socialism and in their resumé of it in their appendix, they failed to connect Guild-Socialism with its foundation, which is the abolition of the wage-system. They now contend that their analysis of the wage-system is more discriminating than ours. So far as we can understand it, their contention seems to be that in the Rota Guild, shareholders shall be wage-earners and yet not wage-earners. We venture to think that our discrimination in our chapter "Industries Susceptible of Guild Organisation" is more discriminating and scientifically more accurate. We certainly fearlessly assert that a monopoly of labour by labourers is hopelessly incompatible with the continuance of the wage-system. We do not doubt that wages will persist long after the system is dead—but not in the Guilds.

Perhaps the Rota writers are not after all very far from us. But they seem to have entered the problem obliquely, as do all Mr. Belloc's young disciples, whereas the way of approach is from the broad aspect of economic emancipation over the dead body of wavery.

The Price of Gold.

By Alfred E. Randall.

IN my last article on this subject, I lapsed into a state of juvenile credulity. I said: "From the point of view of the future of the natives, the question is now an academic one. The Government has prohibited further recruiting north of latitude 22 south." I do not think that any excuse for this lapse is possible. I can only explain it by saying that I accepted, in all good faith, the assurances of the South African Press that the Government prohibition would be effective. But the man on the spot who knows most of this matter, Mr. E. J. Moynihan, has no illusions concerning the Government prohibition. Interviewed by the "Rand Daily Mail," on May 17, 1913, he said with regard to the action of the South African Government: "They have taken no action at all. Mr. Sauer has announced that the Government will prohibit recruiting in tropical areas. I have yet to learn that the King's writ runs in Portuguese territory. How can the Government prevent the natives of Quilimane or Angola, or any other place under the Portuguese flag, being brought to Lourenco Marques, there to be recruited 'south of latitude 22'?"

The Government is powerless in the matter, says Mr. Moynihan, and the mining houses know it. The only effective action it can take is to prohibit the entry of foreign natives altogether, or to sanction it only on condition that the general native mortality is kept down to some reasonable figure. We are dealing with people who are worse than rogues; they are fools; and the probability of either of these ideal actions being performed is very slight. The public outcry will probably compel the Government to do what it has declared it will do; and Mr. Moynihan shows that its action will probably make matters worse. "If the Government do take action, it will probably increase the general mortality. The tropical natives will be brought into Portuguese territory south of 22 by unauthorised agents; they will be recruited at all seasons of the year; there will be no precautionary detention of three weeks in the W.R.L.A. compounds; and the heavy tropical mortality will be concealed in the general native death-rate."

That this is not an unjustifiable estimate of the probable results may be seen by a reference to previous actions of the mine owners. Commenting on Mr. Sauer's speech, the "Rand Daily Mail," in its issue of

May 9, 1913, said: "The disclosures will not enhance the reputation of the leaders of the mining industry. They must have known the true facts, and yet they seem to have taken advantage of a wretched quibble in order to soothe the public conscience with assurances of improvement based upon figures which were false. Quoting these disgracefully inaccurate statistics, they again and again told the world that all was well, when their own clerks could have told them they were hoodwinking the public. And this circulation of a scandalous and dangerous half-truth was not all. Whilst making these speeches, whilst concealing the truth, whilst well aware of the miserable end of a large proportion of the tropical natives, they obtained the insertion of a clause in the latest Mozambique agreement giving them power to recruit such labourers over a still wider area." With arrangements already made for more extensive recruiting, and so simple an evasion of the Government prohibition possible to them, it is easy to see that Mr. Moynihan's estimate of the results of the Government's action, if it is taken, is most probably accurate. There is, then, no immediate possibility of a reduction in the rate of mortality among tropical natives; although the recorded figures may, by some jugglery, be made to indicate a decrease. Warning does not avail with these people; for, as far back as 1906, Sir Lionel Phillips told the Chamber of Mines that "of all the inhuman things they could do, the worst would be to bring men to their death here from Central Africa." But that did not stop them from boasting when, in 1908, the death rate fell from 70 to 68 per thousand. When, by 1910, the death-rate had risen to 90 per thousand, not so much was said, although pious references to the "act of God" were made when it was necessary to mention the figures. When, by 1912, the death-rate had fallen again to 70, the mine-owners were vociferous to their own glory; but the "act of God" again stopped all rejoicing, and the death-rate for March this year rose to 118. The strange thing is that the mine-owners seem to regard a death-rate of 70 per thousand as quite a normal one, or, rather, as being so extraordinarily low as to entitle them to boast of it. What it really means may be understood from another quotation of the interview with Mr. Moynihan.

"Here is Chaplin repeating the old twaddle about 'not knowing the death-rate of the tropics in their homes' as an excuse for a rate of 70 per thousand. Such a figure is greater, by far, than any known birth-rate. No tribe or nation could survive it for three generations. And remember that this rate of 70 per thousand is for men in the prime of life, from whom those absolutely unfit for work are being constantly sorted out for repatriation. It corresponds to a death-rate of at least 300 per thousand for a mixed population. The death-rate for the long-service men of the British Navy is about three. That for natives in the Johannesburg Municipal Service—half of them being employed in the most unhealthy 'sanitary' service—is under seven. I reckon the general death-rate of all underground boys on the mines must be about 35, and on the deeps about 45 per thousand. That is from four to six times more than it should be."

What is even more surprising is the fact, first noticed by Mr. Moynihan, that "the white death-rate underground is very much higher than the tropical rate." This is so astonishing an assertion, in view of the recorded rate of 16 or 17 per thousand among white men in the mines, that I quote Mr. Moynihan's explanation of it in full. "The total underground white working force is about 12,000 men. If the tropical death-rate of 70 per thousand existed among the underground whites it would produce about 840 deaths per annum. Now all those who have studied the question know that the Miners' Phthisis Board, appointed to examine into the phthisis question and the state of the health of the men underground, reported that there would probably be 1,000 to 1,200 cases of miners' phthisis annually. Everybody who has followed the matter also knows that their estimate has been enormously exceeded. It is common knowledge that, in the last three months, nearly 1,000 applications have

been made to the present Phthisis Board. It is highly improbable that any great percentage of these are 'cumulative' cases. It must be practically 'current business,' since we know that the old Phthisis Board reported that very few of their later applications represented cumulative claims. Nearly a year has elapsed since that report. There can be little doubt that the present 'current business' is at least 2,000 cases a year. One has only to consult the table, given in the Phthisis Board's report, of the expectation of life of the compensated miners to see that these nearly all mean phthisis deaths sooner or later. Therefore, the deaths of whites 'in the compound' from miners' phthisis alone represent a much greater mortality than that among the tropical natives, even if they are spread over the whole of the underground force. They correspond to a rate, on the men at work, of about 160 per thousand. It is necessary to point out, however, that the mortality among the underground men is not equal for all classes of workers. It would probably be under the mark to put down half the mortality among the underground force as occurring among machine men. They only number about 3,000 altogether, in employment at one time. Their death-rate on this basis—'compound' rate added—must be something like 300 per thousand."

A word of explanation must be added to this quotation. There is, of course, no "compound" for white men in the same sense of the word as it applies to the natives. "The white man's 'compound' to which they are transferred when sick," says Mr. Moynihan, "is not on the Rand—it is all over the world. A very small portion of it is in the Transvaal. A very large proportion of the bad cases receive compensation, and are shipped out of the country altogether. Another very large proportion go down to the coast, or to the country districts, or to the diamond diggings." There can be, obviously, no figures relating to the mortality among such cases; indeed, the Phthisis Board, in its report, could only say: "There are good grounds for believing that more deaths have occurred which have not yet been notified, because the usual form of notification is an application for benefits by the dependents of the deceased. With regard to single or lump sum beneficiaries or beneficiaries repatriated, the Board has, obviously, no knowledge of the number of deaths among them." But that the mortality for the current year will be terribly high, even if no figures of it are available, may be seen from a glance at the compensation awards already made. The total number of awards made up to January 31, 1913 (the date of the report of the Miners' Phthisis Board) was 1,468; of this number 922 were annuity awards, that is, monthly payments of £8 per month to miners, and 546 were single sum payments. Of the annuities, 119 did not exceed £96, or one year's compensation; of the single sum payments, 222 did not exceed £96. The reasons for these low awards are given by the Board. "With regard to lump sum payments to repatriated miners and dependents, 98 were awarded less than the maximum. In the cases of beneficiary miners they were unmarried and had no dependents, while the estimate of the expectation of life of each beneficiary did not warrant a higher award than was made. In the remaining cases a smaller sum than the maximum was awarded for the same reason or owing to the fact that the deceased left no children and his widow had remarried. The lowest amount awarded in a lump sum to a repatriated miner was £175. He had no dependents, and his life was in immediate danger from superimposed tuberculosis." Therefore, the Board, by its awards, reveals its expectation of 341 deaths within a year out of 1,468 cases; a figure that approximates to Mr. Moynihan's estimate of 300 per thousand.

Whether it is possible so to ameliorate the conditions of working in the mines as to prevent the development of tuberculosis among the miners is a difficult question to answer. Dr. Aymard has suggested the wearing of an efficient respirator by all workers underground; but his claim is a little too exaggerated to be admitted.

"We know beyond all question," he says, "that provided dust does not enter the air passages, phthisis will not supervene." Frankly, we don't know anything of the sort. We know that the contributing causes of phthisis are many and various; that depressing emotions, the constant breathing of bad air, the performance of work that cramps the chest, all play a part in the production of phthisis. There is no reason to doubt that the laceration of the air passages by dust does enormously increase the liability to phthisis, and that an efficient respirator would prevent this prime damage. But if the air in the mines is not already pure, breathing it through a respirator will not purify it except of the gross particles. Another suggestion that has been made is accepted by Mr. Moynihan with much approval. "The 'Mail,'" he said, "recently put forward a suggestion which would, I think, practically eliminate 90 per cent of the phthisis on these mines. [What would cause the remaining 10 per cent?] It was that electric blasting should be adopted, and operated in such a way that all the men should be out of the mines when the blasting dust was produced. The charges were to be fired from the surface, or in such a way that the men would not have to be in the mine to light up. No man was to be allowed to return to the face until the mine had been thoroughly cleared of the dust." It has been announced that a new mine, the City Deep Shaft, will adopt this system; and it certainly promises well. But it will undoubtedly be expensive, and the mine-owners are not generous; nor do they seem, from the statement of Mr. Tom Mathews (General Secretary of the Miners' Federation), to be capable of sufficiently good management to operate such a system profitably to themselves. The mines of South Africa are worked on a hand-to-mouth system, he says: "It is the custom on mines all over the world to get a few thousand tons of rock ahead, and this facilitates all the mining work. . . . Here, on the other hand, owing to this miserable system of changing managers every other month, the manager is all the time scraping down dirt over his footwall, even brooming it down, and there is a great deal of labour lost and dust raised by the mine captain and others continually taking stuff out of the stopes. . . . The single shift system can be introduced, providing the mine is properly worked, and there are plenty of working places. If the mining capitalists will see the advisability of opening out a sufficient quantity of ground two or three years ahead, and not be slaves to the present rule about working costs, then the problem of phthisis will be reasonably grappled with." With regard to the respirator, Mr. Mathews says: "The use of a respirator does some good, but once a miner gets used to a respirator he is inclined to think that will stave off the disease, and he gets careless. Therefore, although a respirator may be helpful, the only reasonable solution is to bring the air containing the fine dust out of the mine in its entirety by means of scientific ventilation."

All these suggestions, except Dr. Aymard's, mean money, and a transformation of the present system of working the mines. There is nothing in the history of the mine-owners to justify the assumption that they will voluntarily make these changes; indeed, the fact that the Government contributed £100,000 towards the Compensation Fund proves that the mine-owners are quite willing to tax the community for charges on their industry. But a suggestion has been made by Mr. Moynihan (although he doubts whether the Government has sufficient "backbone" to adopt it), which might meet the case. "It is the plain duty of the Government to say to the mines, in effect: 'It is possible to carry out the work underground in some such way as the "Mail" has suggested. We are not concerned at all as to whether the adoption of such a plan would require considerable work and re-organisation, or whether it would add or subtract 6d. a ton to or from the working costs. The death-rate among underground whites is such that economic considerations cut no figure in the matter at all. It is up to you to find out the exact details and work out the necessary re-organisation. On and after

a certain day no mine will be allowed to run at all which blasts when men are in the mine, or allows them to return before the dust is withdrawn or settled.'" Before a Government could venture so heroically, it would have to be reinforced by a vigorous and enlightened public opinion; and if the publication of these facts and figures can do anything to prepare that public opinion, my purpose will be served.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

THE industrial revolt at present proceeding in the Black Country has revealed to the general public for the first time the existence of the greatest blotch on the face of England. London Pressmen who have visited the district have stood aghast, almost speechless with horror, at the things they have discovered. Finding the English language quite inadequate to do justice to the case they have tried to make the public realise the position by publishing pictures of women brick-makers working with bare feet.

Now what struck me most about those pictures, was not that these women were not wearing boots, but that they were wearing petticoats. *It was not always so.* Thirty-five years ago I spent part of a summer rambling through the Black Country, and visited every place where the people are now on strike. In every community I found what I may call an Irish patch—some particular spot or neighbourhood where the Irish who had fled from Ireland during the famine had taken refuge, married and raised their families. Anything more abominable than the conditions under which these people lived and laboured it is difficult to imagine. I certainly am not equal to describing it. I saw women making bricks, women wheeling barrow-loads of bricks from the kilns to the canal sides, women loading the canal-boats with bricks; and all dressed in trousers and sleeve-waistcoats like the men. It was the same, too, in the case of women employed about the pit-brows. But the most infamous thing of all was that no separate provision was made for these women. They were obliged to use the same open conveniences as the men. Result: men brutalised, women unsexed. The social and moral atmosphere produced by these conditions is best left to the imagination of the reader.

A noticeable feature throughout the Black Country is the number of Ranter Chapels. These are generally built, and always patronised, by the masters and their officials, so that the latter may claim the countenance of Christ for their treatment of their fellows. Since that visit to the Black Country, I have seen Indian compounds in the sugar fields of Natal, and many native villages in Zululand, where there was neither church nor chapel, and the name of the god of the Christians was unknown. Yet the condition of these brown and black men, compared with that of the white slaves of Gornal, "where they give two donkeys for one," was Arcadian.

To return to Birmingham and my narrative proper. Shortly after I was eight years old I obtained my first employment. It was as errand-boy in a brass polishing shop at three shillings a week. As one year hardly differed from another, it is not necessary that I should recount my ten years' experience at this business. A general description will suffice. Our working hours, were, in the winter, from 8 to 7; in the summer, from 7 to 6, with dinner and tea time in winter, and breakfast and dinner time in summer. The conditions under which we worked were in themselves peculiar. Imagine

a large factory, three storeys high, built in hollow square, the centre occupied by the boilers and engine house. The factory was then let off in small shops, the tenants of which paid a weekly rent for the space and shafting. At that time factories of this description were common in Birmingham. And at one and the same time such different trades as file cutting, glass cutting, wood turning, french polishing, brass polishing, tin-tack, and wood sawing, were carried on independently of each other.

In the brass polishing trade all work was done by contract from the manufacturers. A master polisher would find the materials of labour, such as spindles, belts, sand, lime and oil, and then bid for work against other masters. Having secured work, generally at cut-throat prices, he would give it out to his workers on "piece." Being recognised as the most dangerous, hardest and worst-paid trade, even in Birmingham, this occupation had fallen almost entirely into the hands of the Irish poor. As a rule there were about three females to every male employed. There were no old men or women, nor hardly one who could be called even middle-aged. The workers began young and died young. The expectation of life at this work was for women 22 years, and for men 27. The wages for a full week would vary from six to ten shillings for women and from sixteen to twenty-four for men. And such was the keenness in cutting prices that often at a week-end, after paying his people, a master would find himself no better off than his workmen. The shop in which I was employed looked on the canal and contained six windows, composed of bull's-eyes or diamond panes. It was easy to follow the seasons of the year by the condition of the windows. About the beginning of May the women would begin to cry out for more air, and then the top row of panes would be knocked out. Week after week the cry would be repeated, until about the end of June all the glass would be gone, and still the shop was like a furnace. The air laden with brass, sand and lime; "bobs" revolving at 2,000 revolutions a minute; the heat engendered by the bearings of shafting and spindles kept the place like an inferno. All the men and boys chewed tobacco, and most of the women sucked pebbles to keep the mouth moist. On Monday mornings during July and August the men and women would club round a halfpenny each for the purchase of oatmeal which it was my duty to mix in a bucket of water. To this they made frequent application. But there were days when even this was not sufficient to enable them to hold out against the heat. First one and then another would collapse, till at last they would all be forced to cease work for the day.

On such occasions, I am sorry to say, the people did not go home. Custom had decreed that the master should take his people—men, women, and children—to a public-house opposite the factory, where, taking a room, the remainder of the day would be spent in drinking, dancing and singing. They called this drowning their sorrows. They certainly consumed enough fourpenny-ale to drown that and a great deal more for the time being. Their habits of drinking would scarcely be tolerated to-day. Half a dozen seating themselves at a table would be supplied with beer in a half-gallon can, with one glass for use amongst the lot. This meant that even the children were expected to drink their glass when the drink was going round. I often saw after one of these bouts little boys and girls helplessly drunk.

These, however, were exceptional occasions. As a rule the workers killed themselves with hard labour to live their brief span in pain and poverty. For some reason which I could never understand the women usually married early. After their marriage they would return to their work and work right up to the day of their confinement. It was no unusual thing to see a woman taken with the pains of maternity whilst standing working at her lathe. Then she would be rushed off home in a cab, but in a few days she would be back again, grinding away as hard as ever—the

child being put out to nurse with its grandparents or some other relative.

To suppose these people did not realise and resent their poverty would be a great mistake. It was pitiful to see the shifts some of them adopted to hide their want. I remember one case in particular of a very handsome and good-living girl who had invented a method of her own for concealing her poverty. Every Monday morning at breakfast time she would open her little parcel, displaying her two slices of bread and a pennyworth of cheese. When she felt assured that every one had noticed the cheese she would secretly pack it away. Then it would reappear on Tuesday, and so on till Saturday, when she would eat it, having eaten nothing but dry bread all the week. Of course, every one was aware of this device, but no one was brutal enough to mention it or even to appear to have observed it. There is as much delicacy among the poor in some things as amongst more fortunate people.

Some readers of these notes may be asking whether there were any more children employed under these conditions and, if so, what the public authorities were doing. There were other children. As a matter of fact there were children in every shop. Some of the trades could hardly have been carried on had there been no children to exploit. This was particularly the case in the tin tacks shop, where a whole crowd of infants were engaged putting the tacks into boxes. The "School Board Man" did make his appearance occasionally, but on such occasions it was arranged that the engine driver should sound a peculiar toot-toot of warning on the factory hooter whereupon we were all stowed away in prepared hiding places. My own hiding place was a large sand-box. The sand used in the shop came from the bed of the Trent and was purchased whilst still wet. It was then placed on the factory boiler to dry. It was part of my work to carry this sand in a box on my head to our shop and put it in the sand-box. Whenever the School Board man was announced I was flung into this box on the top of the hot sand, where I had to remain until the public official had departed. Sometimes when taken out I was more dead than alive.

Looking back after forty years I can see that all this visiting of the school attendance officer was nothing but a gross fraud. In front of the factory of which I am speaking there stood on one side the church and on the other side of the street the school of the Rev. George Dawson, who, with the Rev. R. J. Dale and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were the principal members of the "Education League," who were responsible for the Act of 1870. Had these Ranters been zealous for the education of all children, and not merely those of Nonconformists, it would have been impossible to have employed us in the place I am speaking of. The Rev. George Dawson certainly saw us every day in the week playing about the factory gate during dinner time. But then, we were only Irish; and business is business; and the School Board was a purely Nonconformist trading concern. A few years ago when these Ranters were howling dismally about "Rome on the Rates" and playing the passive resistance dodge, I took the trouble to go through the National Accounts to see what they had made out of the School Board. I found that from 1870 to 1902 they had drawn from the public treasury 208 millions, fastened a debt on the necks of urban ratepayers for buildings of 32 millions, and drawn from local rates a sum nearly equal to what they had obtained from the Treasury. There's business for you! Between 400 and 500 millions in 32 years! No wonder they wanted to keep this source of supply for the propagation of Cowper-Templeism. That the Irish out of their poverty were forced through their rates and taxes to contribute made the receipts all the sweeter to the Ranter when he saw them applied to the benefit of his own children. The poor Gaels were left to build and maintain schools for themselves as best they could.

Sun and Wind.

From an Address to "Young Ireland."

By Standish O'Grady.

About Heroes and the Heroic.

CONVENTIONALLY we speak of the Heroic Period as that which witnessed the emergence and mighty exploits of the Red Branch of Ulster and their gigantic contemporaries in the other provinces; but really the Heroic Age never ends. There are always heroes and the heroic; otherwise mankind would die out and leave the earth empty. Wherever that which is good and right and brave and true is loved and followed, and that which is base despised in spite of its apparent profitability, there the heroic is present. The heroic is not something to talk about, make books about, write poetry about, but something to be put into act and lived out bravely. And I write so because of late years I notice a growing tendency on the part of our young people to talk grandiloquently about the Heroes of Ireland while they themselves, and quite deliberately, lead most un-heroic lives.

The Heroic has been here always ever since the Celt first set foot in Ireland, mostly indeed unremembered and uncelebrated, but from time to time shining out resplendently and memorably in certain great classes and orders of Irish mankind. Consider these various famous orders which have exhibited the heroic temper and observe their most notable characteristics.

First came the super-human and semi-divine Heroes of "The Heroic Period," conventionally so called. They were really the children of the gods of our Pagan forefathers, and their story, which has been very much rationalised by the historians, belongs rather to the world of literature and imagination than to that of actual fact.

The young Red Branch Heroes were educated in the open air and the light. There they learned to shoot javelins straight at a mark, the care of horses, their training, the management of the war-chariot and chariot steeds, the art of the charioteer, the use of the sling; practised running, practised swimming in lake, river, or the sea, and grew up and lived men of the light, of the air, and of the field.

War and the preparation for war are distinctly and always open-air occupations; and that is one of the reasons—it is the physical reason—why warlike nations and warlike aristocracies have been, on the whole, so successful and enduring. True, war is murder, and murder is always murder, always a breach of one of Nature's great laws. But there is a greater law than this merely negative one, "Thou shalt not kill." There is its positive counterpart, "Thou shalt live and be a living cause of Life," and this command cannot be obeyed by nations that spend the bright day within doors. Life and light and air are inseparable.

So, Peace is eternally good: "Blessed are the peace makers." But the peaceful must be men who are alive and well, not men who are corrupting. Therefore, when a nation cries "Pax! Pax! war is horrible," and goes indoors, it is not long for this world.

What nation will be the first to preach and proclaim universal peace, declare the devilishness of murder? Not the nation that flees from the sun and wind, and goes indoor and sits at a desk crying, Pax! Pax!

Those "beautiful feet upon the mountains" will never be seen by the warrior nation, much less by the nation

that goes indoors and sits at a desk and makes money—for a while.

The Red Branch were warriors, and, as such, men of the open air and the light, their lives spent in grand physical activities out of doors.

Finn and the Fianna Eireen come next in the grand roll of our heroic orders. They were essentially not so much warriors as hunters, and, as such, familiar with field and forest, rivers and lakes, mountains and the sea. They lived in the open air and the light, lived close to Nature and loved Nature well.

Said Finn:—

"I love to hear the cry of the hounds let loose from Glen Rah with their faces out from the Suir, the noise of wild swine in the woods of Mullaghmast, the song of the blackbird of Letter Lee, the thunder of billows against the cliffs of Eyrsus, the screaming of seagulls, the wash of water against the sides of my ship, the shouting of Oscar and the baying of Bran early in the morning," etc., etc.

They lived in the open air, and loved well all the sights and sounds of nature.

Let them pass; men of the light and the air, diffusing from their memory after two thousand years, from their very names a gracious odour, "the smell of the field which the Lord hath blessed."

The next grand order of heroic Irishmen, though not hitherto thought of in that light, were the founders of the great monastic communities conventionally known as "the Saints." These men are quite historical and just as real and actual as ourselves. Also they were Heroes, and the greatest in that kind probably that ever appeared anywhere on the earth's surface to that date. They were born aristocrats, warriors, lords of land and owners of slaves, into whose souls there flashed miraculously the great eternal truth that man ought not to live upon the labours and sufferings and degradation of other people, but that, and especially while young and strong, he ought to sustain himself and others, too, by the labour of his own divine hands. Consider that. And so the Hero-Saints of Ireland, kings, and sons of kings, great chieftains and great chieftain's sons and their kinsmen, lords of land and exactors of tribute and masters of working slaves went forth and ploughed the earth and sowed it and reaped it, and dug drains through marshes and reclaimed wildernesses, and made good roads, and planted orchards and gardens, and tended flocks and herds and bees, and built houses and mills and ships, and became weavers and carpenters and shoemakers, and converted waste places into paradises of peace and plenty. For presently their magazines were overflowing with wealth, wealth which was of their own creation, not bought or acquired by violence, wealth which they scattered freely to all that were in need and to all travellers and visitors, extending to all a limitless and glad hospitality.

Why did those great men and women and secular princes and princesses, scions of a proud and powerful and martial aristocracy, undertake this slaves' work, and with such pride and joy? Mainly because they were already proud and brave men, noble and beautiful-souled women, and filled already with a certain heroic ardour. Then as Christians, too, they remembered who it was whom they worshipped and what was His life. So the eternal truth flashed in upon their souls with a blinding glory, blinding them to everything but itself. Has universal History anything to show us like the lives of those early Irish Christians? And so they passed, and our foolish mankind began to make gods and goddesses of them, and to tell silly stories about them, and Ireland's punishment to-day for all that folly is that men are more inclined to laugh at the Saints than to imitate them, and anti-Irish historians like Froude are able to tell us that we Irish have had no historical celebrities at all, only "a few grotesque saints!"

As they pass, those Hero-saints' Irish imitators of their divine Lord, we see again the re-emergence of the

old Pagan-Heroic Ideal in our mediæval chieftainry and their martial clansmen, an Ideal whose realisation involved necessarily violence, rapine in many forms, the war cult, the worship of the sword. Let them pass, too, however great and brave. They had at least a Pagan-Heroic Ideal which they bravely followed, and in which they honestly believed. Have you any Heroic Ideal, Pagan or Christian, which you believe in as honestly and follow as bravely? The Irish chieftainry and their martial clansmen were essentially warriors, and as such men of the open air and the light.

Next emerge the Protestant Irish landed gentry of Ireland of the eighteenth century. Children of the English Conquest, the gentlemen of Ireland, successors of the defeated chieftains, men whose right to be included in our heroic types and orders will be disputed by no one who remembers the distinctly heroic spirit exhibited by those settlers and colonists, when, in 1782, in the face of an angry Empire, they put forth their famous and unforgettable "Declaration of Irish Independence," standing in arms, determined and defiant behind their Declaration. Their faults and follies which have been punished by the extreme penalty of extermination will be forgiven or ignored by History, which will remember only that one grand historic act of theirs and the noble spirit from which it sprang. They were not townsmen—indoor men. They were not city gentlemen, but country gentlemen; essentially men of the open air and the light.

You all know the story of the Irish Volunteers, the Convention in the Church of Dungannon—in the Church, observe—the great resolutions then passed, including that which demanded an extension of the civil and political privileges of "our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen," generosity and magnanimity being an inseparable accompaniment of the heroic temper.

You are not, I think, aware of the strange spiritual force which was driving them and which emanated from Francis Dobbs and his group, a man who, with the heroic temper then so general united the ardour and sincerity of the prophet and the seer. It was he and his friend Col. Irwin who forced the pace and confused the worldly wisdom of the politicians. Dobbs poring over the Book which all nominally accepted as the living word of the living God, found there, or believed he found, veiled under type and figure and mystic numbers, the sure prediction that our Lord's second Coming would be in Ireland, and here the beginning of His kingdom, and that from hence he would go forth, leading the armies of Ireland for the conquest of the world, so that there might be one fold and one shepherd. All this he explained carefully to the Irish House of Commons by whom—and this is a memorable fact—he was listened to with respect, silence and attention.

Historians snigger a little when they come to Dobbs; the men who heard him, who knew his abilities, civil and military, his integrity and sincerity, did not snigger. Dobbs, the noble visionary, was surely nearer the truth of things than we who pray for that Coming, and rising from our knees make a mock of that which has just passed our lips. Remember, there was more than mere mundane patriotic passion in that lightning flash of Irish heroism, gone almost as soon as come, but which, for one moment, seemed to reveal something beyond the power of human thought to express or even of the human mind, at that time, adequately to conceive.

The truth underlying the thought which held Dobbs appears to be this: Wherever there is a vital, intense and active faith in the realisation of that vision of so many prophets, poets, seers, reaching down from remotest times, their line never ending, there the divine idea will begin to assume actuality; and that may be in any country. May be, I trust will be, in this country, in Ireland. Before faith all difficulties disappear, in its fire the very mountains, as we have been told, will melt like wax.

Finally, and for the first time, emerged into visible influence and power a great class and order of Irishmen here always, though concealed, from the beginning, the Irish Peasantry, the men of the plough and spade, tillers of the earth and tenders of cattle, a great order always as the strong foundation of all other classes and interests, whose grand peasant virtues and strength derived from the Earth, the Sunlight, and the Air, need no celebration by me. This great Irish Order is failing to-day, and even failing fast.

Now, all these heroic types and orders of Irish manhood from the Red Branch to the Peasant of to-day have been open-air men, men who drew into themselves the strength of the earth and the life-giving force of the sunlight and the pure air, and who lived in close and vital touch with Nature, familiar with field and forest and stream, with the plains and hill sides of Ireland. They all led their lives mainly in the open air, which were also lives of strong physical activity in the open air. Such were the Red Branch, and the Fianna of Finn and the Hero-Saints of the sixth and seventh centuries and the chieftainry and the gentlemen of the eighteenth century and the Peasantry of Ireland, strong and virtuous and renowned, though they are failing to-day, following the landlords.

The History of Ireland is the History of its heroic types and orders, and the heroic, as our History teaches us, whatever else it may be, is something which is begotten in the open air and cherished there by the great elemental forces of Nature, and fed and sustained mainly by physical activity in the open air.

You who live contentedly within doors and found your lives, such as they are, upon unmanly effeminate occupations, nursed within doors, ought not, save as an honest preparation for action, presume to talk or write at all about Heroes and the Heroic or about Irish History which, in essence, is nothing else than the history of our heroic types and orders.

Now, the Saints, according as their primal fire burned low, began to sneak into their cloisters and libraries out of the light, and to live on the labours of serfs; and the Gentlemen of Ireland, our landlord order, according as they, too, failed and their natural force abated, retreated into cities, town houses, villa residences and clubs.

To-day our Peasantry aim their best thither also—that is, citywards—and, as they can't get there, send thither their scions, their boys and girls; held and governed as they are by the huge superstition of our time that it is a grand thing to have money and live without labour on the labour of others. And it is not a grand thing at all, but a very mean and vile, and as an ideal, nothing else than "a blasphemous fable and a damnable deceit."

Now, all these Heroic types fall short of the ideal, the ideal which this century and our time present to us. The Red Branch and the Fianna were men of blood. They are not for us, save with great reservations.

The brave chieftainry and their clansmen were, too, men of blood. They, too, are not for us, save with reservations.

The landed gentry lived without labour on the labour of others. They are not for us.

The Hero-Saints, save and except that we cannot be all celibates, are for ever and for us all a grand pattern exemplar and realised ideal. They lived mainly in the open air and the light, working there with their hands at noble and useful and beautiful occupations. Otherwise, they worked indoors in their workshops, and on such manly labour, outdoor and indoor, they erected their great spiritual, intellectual, scholarly, and artistic life. None of the other heroic types are for our imitation, save with great reservations. The Hero-Saints are.

They saw that war was wrong, infernal, contrary to Christ's law; they gave their swords to the smiths to be beaten into spades and hatchets. They saw that slavery was wrong, infernal, contrary to Christ's law.

They flung away their whips and freed their slaves, and did their own work. So they became great, famous and powerful. Theirs was the greatest effort made in all time to overthrow the dominion of the evil Power which holds mankind in thrall.

They could not conquer, annex and absorb the world, nor did they ever intend to, or even hope to. Their vows of celibacy kept them always a distinct order, and even a small order. I am looking to you, boys and girls of Ireland, to do this, to do what the Hero-Saints were not able to do, to conquer Ireland first and then the planet.

The peasant labours as the saints laboured; but he labours under compulsion, not freely and joyfully; and he works selfishly, with an eye to the main chance. He does not believe in his own great life.

The peasant does not believe in his own great life, and never did. This fact was noticed by the great poet, Virgil, when he wrote that immortal line addressed to the Italian peasantry of his time: *O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint*, which I may perhaps translate: "O fortunate, fortunate beyond words to express, if you could only understand the happiness which is yours."

But they could not; the mere peasant never does.

The Heroic ideal of our century, of man to-day, involves (1) life in the open air and the light; therefore in the country; (2) a life founded upon the useful physical activities—that is to say, labour. Observe I do not say consisting of such activities but founded upon them, as the spirituality and intellectuality, the art and the scholarship of the saints had their base and foundation in such activities. (3) Labour not devoted to money-making, but to the creation and promotion of life and all that makes life worth living.

If you have this ideal in your souls, if you hold it and believe in it as firmly and absolutely as you hold and are convinced that money is a good thing, you will discover, without any prompting from me or another, the ways and means of reducing the ideal into practice. Believe in anything with your whole heart, and the difficulties in the way of its realisation melt away like mists before the sun.

Think of that life and compare it with the life to which the world, and for its own purposes, is inviting you to-day. It draws you into its many well-baited and alluring traps and kills you there after a while and after it has squeezed out of you all it wants.

The Heroic ideal of our century, of a time when no young man of understanding can believe any more in stealing, robbing, and killing, can be no other than that of our Irish Hero-Saints. Only, leading some such manly open-air life, you must fall in love, and marry, and multiply and replenish the earth.

The practical outcome of our historical review is this: If you desire to lead a brave and manly life, you will in one way or another, probably by purchase, secure possession of a sufficient area of your native land, and there create a self-maintained society, founded upon those manly, physical, creative activities which are exerted mainly in the open air and the light. If you determine to do that, everything that lives will be on your side. God and Nature and man will help you; sun and wind, and earth and water will co-operate with you and be your friends and allies. Such a society will be a nation, and such a nation the whole world will not be able to put down, and will not want to put down.

I know well the strength of the net in which you are enmeshed. I know that it is stronger, far stronger, than even you think it is; but I know, too, that if you are determined to break through it you can. Here for your encouragement I give you a snatch of song which I read once casually in some newspaper and have never forgotten. It may be a help to you when ways seem intricate, prospects gloomy, and high spirits sink and flag:—

"They ringed him round with a fence of steel,
And they thought that at last he was under their heel,
But the lion is up and hath rended his net,
And he's out in the Open—De Wet, De Wet."

Present-Day Criticism.

"HAPPY are those Kshatriyas, O Partha, who obtain a battle, arrived of itself, and like unto an open gate of Heaven."

The present writer, having lately so cheerfully abandoned the pen, is summoned back to the happy field by the sound of renewed raspings and creakings, the which issue from those ill beings the phoneticians.

The newest exponent of phonetic English has not challenged directly in our quarter. Mr. Robert Bridges, who has just published his notions of pronunciation, notions that cry of feeble vanity and bad breeding, has not sent us his book for review, and the Clarendon Press proves just as timid. But this morning has come into our hands a long review of Mr. Bridges' contribution to letters by a writer in the "Times" literary supplement, and the contents of this review are more than sufficient to warn us that the sooner we get back to the field the better for English. The "Times" critic accepts without any apparent irritation let alone a desire to avoid Mr. Bridges' company, the following "charges": That we—that is to say, all of us English—blur and run together our *a* and *e* and *o* and *u* into one indeterminate sound—the sound of the last syllable in *danger*. He tells us, says the critic uninsured, that we say *inter* for *into*, *pernounce* for *pronounce*, *ter be* or not *ter be*. Alas, that an upraised eyebrow cannot be made to serve for written criticism! But listen to what follows. "The change of *t* to *ch* before the sound of *u* . . . Nature has already become *Neycher* and can hardly be saved; but don't you is changing to *dontshew*, Tuesday to *Cheusdy*, and tune is well on the way to be pronounced *chiune*." The "Times" says that Mr. Bridges' competence in matters of linguistic usage cannot be questioned, that there is no one who speaks with more weight on these matters, and that his attacks on our present ways of speech must not be lightly disregarded. Putting aside the thoughtless stereotypes, we reply to this reviewer that Mr. Bridges' competence will in a moment be challenged, that there must be innumerable thousands of English people who can only regard these impertinent charges as the unwitting confessions of an ill-spoken person, and that Mr. Bridges may not be disregarded only because even a contemptible enemy should be destroyed.

Let us quote a paragraph from which we shall show that Mr. Bridges has not only no claim to pose as a teacher of pronunciation, but has actually more to learn about the right way of speaking English than the average minor actor. We quote lengthily in order that our readers may observe the vain and coquettish temperament of the man who, while assuming the direction of English pronunciation, proves that he himself cannot pronounce two of the commonest vowel sounds. Observe also that there is no intentional irony in the comments of the "Times" reviewer, whose own style, in fact, proves a similar mincing, but obstinate, unsoundness. But like many a dull man, he unwarily devastates his own case.

"Popular education spreads widely the ideal of 'correct' pronunciation; and that ideal with the growing influence of the *litera scripta*, is more and more affected by the feeling that the printed letter should be pronounced. [This feeling, let it be said, is the noble ally of literary genius: we owe it to this feeling that we can still read the great English classics without the aid of translators.] And here we come to the dreadful dilemma facing those who wish to preserve our language from

decay. There is a bitter dose for us to swallow, and Mr. Bridges holds up to us with grim face the execrable cup. There is a remedy, he tells us, but only one: and now the secret must out and the joyless words 'phonetic spelling,' which have haunted us from the beginning of our task, must at last be spoken. For educational purposes, at least, if for no other, he says, we must spell as we wish to pronounce; for thus, and thus only, can correct pronunciation be taught in schools, and by this means alone can we preserve the inherited sounds of our language. With the dismal choice squarely before us, either to preserve the sounds of English or its obsolete and fantastic spelling, it is our duty, he is convinced, to choose the sound and let the spelling go. This is a hard saying, and those of us whose eyes have been outraged by the various systems devised by scientific students, from the days of the 'fonetic nuz' to the latest scandals will feel inclined to part company with Mr. Bridges at this point. But let us be reassured; he feels as much as anyone the objection to these dreadful alphabets. 'Phonetic spelling,' he confesses, 'is full of horrors, and if it could not be made more agreeable than has hitherto appeared, I would not advocate it, at least I do not think that I could.'

Did anyone outside a school for young misses ever write in such a style of a coy wiseacre?

"He has therefore taken upon himself the task of devising some method of representing sounds which satisfies the needs both of science and æsthetics—that is not only truthful but beautiful to the eye. About the beauty and legibility of his script, of which he gives specimen pages, there can be no question: it is beautiful owing to the care he has given to the formation of each letter, and it is legible, largely because, in opposition to the phonetic rigorists, he allows more than one symbol for the same sound, where no confusion is caused by their use. Thus *they* and *day* can remain unchanged, for *ey* and *ay* are both pronounced alike; and by this means he is enabled to retain a large number of the customary and historical spellings which are so dear to us, but which are destroyed by other systems."

There is the bedside manner of modern criticism. Have you not the feeling as of being persuaded into suffering some quack's operation? The persuader is interested in getting the operation performed, he is a friend of the doctor, he is about to set up in the same line, he wants to snatch you from a rival over the way, or he is simply a born busybody. Hark how he assures you of his aversion for those horrid quacks, the others; he shares with his friend your own objections to these dreadful operations; if they could not be performed in some very agreeable manner his friend could not, at least, he does not think he could, advocate them; but only place yourself in his hands and you will want nothing more than to remain there. Still some little hesitation? Why, come now, whatever can this prejudice of yours amount to?

Our challenge of Mr. Robert Bridges' competence to represent English-speaking people will certainly have been made by the majority of our readers. *They* and *day* are of course, not pronounced with the same vowel sound! Wherever can the man have lived that no one has ever corrected him in this shocking, low and pitiful damn dull error? And to think that a man who speaks as Mr. Bridges confesses to speak can find a hearing! One wonders which of the two sounds he affects, whether he Cockneyfies the *they* or negrifies the *day*? The present writer, however, is willing to stake a New AGE to a "Times" that Mr. Bridges will delicately produce a nasal sound when he means to say *day*, after the fashion of coloured valets and of some affected Englishwomen. If any teacher of the young finds difficulty in showing an ill-trained child the difference between the vowel sounds in *they* and *day*, let him sing Nature's *A* and then force the tone through the nose; the child will laugh to hear the *a* change into *e*, this vowel which is the rightful lord of the nostrils.

The most insulting Mr. Bridges is further quoted: "A Londoner will say that a Scotchman talks strangely and ill: the truth is that he himself is in the typical attitude of vulgar ignorance in these matters ('vulgar ignorance'—from a man self-convicted of it!) . . . I should send foreigners *ter* Scotland *fer* their *ixpeeerierns*." Mr. Bridges thus leaves his foreigners to conclude that we Londoners habitually murder our English and talk stupidly of the dialects of our neighbours. But we have very nearly overlooked one of the most rabid of the "charges," namely that *om board*, *im fact*, *im vain* are becoming common mispronunciations. Where, where are these expressions to be heard? They sound like the talk of gibbering idiots. And just as a man who has been through a lunatic asylum may momentarily question his own sanity, one may after repeating the above gibbers several times incredulously wonder horribly whether one has ever oneself gibbered *om board*, *im fact*, *im vain*. No: we do not say *im fact*, we do not say *pawing* with rain, *faa away*, *faw ever*, *fee fo fum* or any other imbecile babble. We are not acquainted with one single person who offends our ears with such silliness, neither kin nor friend nor servant; and there is no reason to suppose ourselves particularly lucky in this respect. We certainly know persons who pronounce *they* with a broad accent, and we take this occasion to tell them that this mispronunciation sets them worlds away from us every time they use it, that it must stamp them wherever they may be in good company. The coarse tone in a friend's speech is less easy frankly to object to than a mincing one, because coarseness of accent is almost certain to have been inherited; one may grate unwittingly on legitimate susceptibilities. On the other hand, if a man came our way who should talk of a fine dey in the nasal tone of a Tooting milliner we should chaff it out of him, or himself out of our neighbourhood. In passing, let us warn young students of speaking on no account to practise words in a whisper, but moderately aloud; whispering is a very great accomplishment, as soft singing is the achievement only of the finished artist. The best way of arriving at true pronunciation is to look at the written word, listen to it silently, and then speak it aloud with the ear as critic. Remember that the genius of your language is your heritage, however wasted by early association. There is nothing more frequently proved than that a man can correct early bad habits in speech. An even better way than the best is to experiment in groups. At least one person in a group will be found whose heritage of ear and tongue is practically perfect. Finally, reflect that this battle against corrupt speaking is of the first importance to literary artists and can never be abandoned by them.

A last word on the egregious systematisers: they can systematise nothing; they might not, even though united—and they are most absurdly disunited—influence the pronunciation of a single word in the language.

They cannot utter upon the subject without showing their ignorance to correct speakers. But we shall not bate a single syllable to their feeble tongues. Men have attempted in our time every kind of dictatorship, the introduction of all sorts of degrading novelties. But as in poetry, painting, music, drama, they have in vain tried to seduce us away from the real to the sham, so in the matter of our beautiful language, their efforts only assure us of their egotistical quackery. Changes in the arts, the art of speech included, are only made under the sanction of artists—and all artists are conservative.

Some of these men with systems make a great case for themselves out of words certain consonants of which have been dropped, such words as *know*, *knee*, *light*, *neighbour*, *island*, *gnome*, as though these letters might not be pronounced! We have heard them spoken very delightfully with full—that is not to say exaggerated—value. Most of these words are very beautiful to the eye, and will remain in the language of the poets who will give them their true weight in a song, even as an orator will suggest this true weight in speech.

Readers and Writers.

A FEW days ago I was turning over the leaves of a German literary paper when the name of our old friend Tagore caught my eye. On closer inspection of the phenomenon I discovered that fragments of him had been served up in German with unctuous dressing. I cannot say that I was surprised or shocked, for the ways of the German interpreter are not unfamiliar to me. Did not the "The Land of Heart's Desire" appear, a year or so back, disguised as "Das Land der Sehnsucht," and labelled as a translation from the Irish? Does not the firm of Fischer, in Berlin, publish the works of Galsworthy and Shaw? (I may have something more to say about this another time.) It would not surprise me to see the presses of Leipzig turning out "Die Witwe in der Nebengasse," or "Die unsterbliche Gnade" of the renowned Johannes Masefield. (Indeed, I only wonder that the event has been so long delayed.) But there is an element of tragic-comedy in the fact that the name of the gentleman who has ushered the seer from Bengal into Germany is—Lessing (O. E. not G. E.). Strange, is it not, that he should bear the honoured name of one, who, perhaps more than any German, was the arbiter of good taste in literature.

* * *

This Lessing hails from Urbana, Illinois, and he has many strange things to tell the Germans about Tagore. It seems that Tagore visited Urbana, Illinois, and here O. E. Lessing saw him, "a handsome, well set-up man . . . in a curious costume, walking through the streets mostly alone. Generally his hands were folded in front of his breast, and he gazed thoughtfully before him." Later we learn: "He ate no meat, his only beverages were milk and water (who will deny, after this, that diet has no effect on literature?) and he . . . was no 'saint.' He was surely familiar with life in its heights and depths. He experienced passions, if ever a man did." ("Christian Commonwealth," please note.)

* * *

The great fault with these German builders of a Weltliteratur in Goethe's sense is, as I hinted last month, that they exercise no discretion. Everything is translated, higgledy-piggledy. Hall Caine and Meredith, Longfellow and Shelley, Shakespeare and Galsworthy. But if they garner an appalling amount of tares, they miss little of the wheat, and this is all to their credit. The result is that the average well-read German has a knowledge of general literature that in England is a rarity. This struck me last week when I was reading "Jugend" and came upon a poem written in the form of an Arabic "makame." If "Punch" printed anything of the kind it would lead to a puzzled wagging of heads at many an English breakfast table. Yet in Germany it arouses no special comment. Can it be that? But to press the matter further would perhaps be indiscreet!

* * *

I find the same lack of discrimination in "Die lyrische Bewegung im gegenwertigen Frankreich," by Otto and Erna Grautoff (E. Diederichs M4.50). Here are two people with an obviously deep knowledge of modern French poetry, with a fair amount of skill in interpreting it, with undoubted enthusiasm for their subject. Yet what do they do? They let such poets as Jean Moréas, Stuart Merrill, and Henri de Régnier rub shoulders with Théo Varlet, Jules Romains, René Arcos, and, in fact, a whole string of the precious two and twenty, who received their due here last month. I felt it almost as a personal slight when I discovered that such a writer as Philéas Lebesgue was in the same galley. For he is one of those unpretentious scholars who can have nothing in common with the pseudo-lyrical wind-bags of Paris.

* * *

I mention him here, because he is the type of patient student, of unaffected poet, which in these days of sky-

blue periodicals and general noisy pretentiousness, is becoming rarer and rarer. I admire a man who under present conditions will study Portuguese and modern Greek. Lebesgue writes on these two literatures in the "Mercure de France." He has also written "Le Portugal Littéraire d'Aujourd'hui," and "La Grèce Littéraire d'Aujourd'hui," together with a few semi-philological books which are sufficient to establish a reputation for scholarship. With all this he lives the life of a farmer, aloof from the metrical tea-parties of the capital. A dozen verses such as:—

Va, je sais ta détresse et quel mal on endure
D'avoir de quoi voler, quand on est en prison:
Comme toi j'ai les yeux tendus sur l'horizon;
La moindre lueur d'aube est comme une morsure.
A la maison c'est toujours toi qui fais le pain,
O ma mère et je te vois, blanche de farine
Remuer la pâte souple, qu' un levain
Doit féconder.

are worth a cycle of Barzuns and Marinettis.

* * *

But the Germans have some bards who can beat the Parisian crowd at their own game. Not long ago appeared a sickly green volume entitled "Der Kondor," with a foolish paper slip attached, on which was printed "Eine Dichter-Sezession, Eine rigorose Sammlung radikaler Strophen." (This is an unduly favourable specimen of their German style.) I spent some time trying to decide whether the bad taste of the fourteen striplings represented was greater than their impudence, or whether their stupidity was not the greatest of all. It was a nice point, but I reflected finally that it was not worth settling, and that this stuff is fit only to be cast into the outer darkness where there are poetry societies and movements and awards for verse. Still, before dismissing the matter once and for all, I really must quote some examples of German as it is written to-day in the highest circles of poetry society. Arthur Kronfeld writes:—

Die Bäume glimmern unentwegt wie neu.

Da flammt Emilie—doch bei ihr ein Boy,
while Kurt Hiller, not to be outdone as a writer of English, caps this with—

Du fahler Maler, küsst mich sehr; Bohème-Girl,
Dein Shawl glänzt ganz zitronen; du, System-Earl.

* * *

In these pages the curious may peruse the verses of Georg Heym, who recently died, a kind of German Richard Middleton ("he was a wonderful, rattling good fellow," says Kurt Hiller in the preface); Max Brod, who appears to be very much alive, is a sort of Rupert Brooke. As for Herbert Grossberger, he seems a very nasty person indeed. The police ought to be looking after him. It is rather astonishing, by the way, to find René Schickele and Else Lasker-Schüler in this crew. The lady must surely be old enough to know better.

* * *

With literature of this kind going the rounds, the writing of parodies becomes superfluous, and, indeed, perilous. When parody gets taken seriously (and THE NEW AGE writers can tell of such happenings) the fault does not always lie entirely with the reader. Paul Reboux and Charles Muller, the authors of "A la Manière de" (Bernard Grasset, two vols., 3.50) are evidently running no risks in the matter, for they attach to their book a leaflet making its object quite clear. A very wise precaution, I should say, to judge by the efforts of the two and twenty "Poètes Nouveaux." These two volumes contain parodies on nearly forty authors, from Racine to Tolstoi, from Gyp to Shakespeare. (The Shakespeare parody should be removed in the next edition.) Most of them are excellent fun. Here is the beginning of a poem in Baudelaire's manner:—

Dans le palais de jade où tu tisses tes rêves,
O mon spleen, je contemple, en fumant le houka,
L'étrange accouplement qui rapproche deux Eves;
La géante Chum-Chum, la naine Sélika.

Chum-Chum vient de la Chine et Séluka d'Afrique.
L'une, jaune, est pareille à quelque énorme coing,
L'autre est couleur de nuit, Sapho microscopique.
Et leur disparité s'oppose et se conjoint.

The obscurities of Mallarmé are well caught in a "Sonnet":—

Quand le vaticinant erratique, au larynx
Dédaléen, divague en sa tant dédiée
Et de l'Absent manie avant tout radiée
Pour de l'insaisissable animer la syrinx,

O n'être qu'aboli le mystère du sphinx
Par qui du clair-obscur l'âme est congédiée.
O chevaucher, vers la victoire irradiée,
Aveugle, et de ses yeux exorbité, le lynx!

Hypogéenne telle énigme la Pythie,
Ambage non pas un d'où l'inconnu dévie,
J'ai de l'impénétrable approfondi l'azur,

Et, ténébral sitôt hiéroglyphique cygne
Qu'obstructif en son vide ombre un délétur,
J'offusque, triomphal, le néant qui m'assigne.

"Un groupe d'érudits," we are told, "prépare une traduction française des œuvres de Stéphane Mallarmé. Cette entreprise, en raison des recherches qu'elle nécessite, n'aboutira pas, sans doute, avant de longues années." Then follows a plausible rendering of the above "Sonnet." Altogether a good take-off of the man who wrote:—

Je suis hauté! L'azur, l'azur, l'azur!

The story goes that this particular line was chalked on the blackboard by one of Mallarmé's more audacious pupils, when the poem was first published. If it is true, it speaks well for the interest that French school-boys take in literature. An English schoolmaster might produce a new "Iliad," a second "Inferno," and none of his pupils, or even his colleagues, would be a penny the wiser.

* * *

Otto Hauser is a German critic to whom my previous strictures do not apply. I cannot say exactly how many languages he knows, but it certainly runs well into two figures. He has issued translations from the lyric poetry of most European nations, and some of the Asiatic ones. Yet he instinctively fixes on the right things to translate—and he translates them admirably. His versions of Rossetti's "House of Life," of Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and of many of Swinburne's most exacting pieces, show what good translation can accomplish. His "Weltgeschichte der Literatur" contains a record of all literature. If I speak of this book as unique, I am using the epithet after deliberate choice. His latest work, "Der Roman des Auslands seit 1800," deals with the history of non-German fiction during the nineteenth century and beyond. I have read the book carefully, and I am left with the impression that Otto Hauser has almost the same wide knowledge of prose literature as of lyric poetry. What English critic could write with equal assurance on Italian, Norwegian, and Hungarian novels, for instance? Yet he discusses these things with the ease which marks his critical studies in the lyric poetry of Denmark, Servia, China, and Japan. I rarely found myself demurring at his judgment on English writers. Of Wilde he justly remarks: "In Germany" (and, he might have added, in England also) "his manner dazzled readers, because they were not acquainted with his predecessors." Of Lafcadio Hearn: "Among the traits of his chosen nation he carefully selected only those that seemed to him 'beautiful,' and thus, with the appearance of reality (since his essays were based on facts) he merely presented his own subjective dream." And his observations on Gissing, on Stevenson, and on the usual features of the average English novel are equally to the point.

* * *

But I must confess that I cannot follow Otto Hauser when he associates literature so closely with ethnology

and physiognomy. In speaking of such writers as Flaubert, Dumas, Turgenev, and Tolstoi, for example, he discusses their descent and general appearance in connection with their literary characteristics. And I am even less disposed to share his theory with him, when he attempts to find German blood in the most obviously non-German Slavs and Magyars—to say nothing of Frenchmen and Italians. It is clear that this fad is the outcome of motives which have very little to do with literature.

P. SELVER.

Letters from Italy.

XXI.—FIRENZE.

To come almost direct from the hard outlines and pure-coloured skies of South Italy to Florence is a change abrupt enough. But when one leaves—as I did—wild open country and a few white gleaming cottages for the brown brick churches and coloured marble tower of Florence, the contrast stimulates one to intoxication by its very suddenness. It is so new a beauty; for me so alien and strange, that the first hours of a visit to the city are a sort of Corybantic dance from S. Maria Novella to the Duomo and Campanile, thence to the Piazza della Signora, the Palazzo Vecchio, Loggia dei Lanzi, down the arcades outside the Uffizi to the Arno. I gaze upon the Ponte Vecchio, with its blue and white houses and three brown arches hung above the turbid yellow water, and regret the loss of old London Bridge exceedingly. I say to myself: "I will go to the Pitti and look at Giorgione's 'Concerto' and del Sarto's 'Portrait'—but no, I must see the Botticelli in the Uffizi—and there's the Accademia—and the Brancacci chapel—and—O, Lord, which shall I see first?" In the end I probably do none of these things, but gaze fixedly upon the cypresses about San Miniato on the hills, and wander about the streets. It is true that I detest the trams and clatter, but when the sun shines one must look and look again at the white lily of Giotto's tower—and an early lunch is good for one's digestion.

The censures of the over-nice on Florence do not touch me at all. She may be tourist-damned and over-repaired, but there she is, unique and wonderful, not with the beauty of my Paestum temples, but most alluring in her fashion. Not all the rash adulation and distressing appreciation of every fool from Ruskin to the last American culture-seeker can hurt her. I reflect with calm joy on the amount of knowledge and patience one must have before one takes the beauty of Florence as one's own. I confess gladly that I have seen only the least fragment of Florence, and that I would have willingly found my knowledge ten times more efficient than it was. Yet one does not love a city from afar for years, read of her, and know her art, without learning a little of her. I knew at least what I had come to Florence to find.

There are certain painters—Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandaio, Orcagna, and Botticelli—who can only be understood at Florence, just as Greek bronzes can only be known properly from the Musio Nazionale at Napoli. And then the civic and ecclesiastical architectures of the city have their own splendour and delight for the voyaging student who is "crowded with culture." As I sit here writing above the crowd and noisy chatter in a Venetian "calle," with the swifts swirling across a deep blue sky cut abruptly by a roof cornice of stone fretted with mouldering dog's-tooth ornament, my mind goes back to some of the churches of Florence. I remember San Trinita, Michelangelo's "dama," with its colours and marble arches, black and greyish brown in the twilight of the interior, the delicate early Florentine and Sienese altar-pieces in its side chapels and the Ghirlandaio frescoes in the Sassetti chapel. I remember the long stretching aisles of Santa Maria Novella and Santo Spirito, so much more lovely than the weighty piers of San Pietro at Rome, and from their proportions appearing much longer and nobler. I remember Santa Croce with the

evening light upon Giotto's frescoes, the cells of Saint Mark's, each with Angelico's painting, the Brancacci chapel—so strangely different from the modern church about it—the Spanish chapel with its immense brilliant frescoes, the silence of the great Duomo, and the stiff, beautifully conventionalised figures on the gold mosaics of the baptistry. For a moment I fancy myself on the Piazza Michelangelo, looking far across the city. There are the mass and fragile bell-tower of Santa Croce, there the curve of the dome of Or Michele, there Santa Maria Novella, the tower of the Bargello, and the lily-tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. A lily among cities, where the delicate towers are like nothing but lilies, and the colours of the paintings that decorate her like flowers in the pale dawn than anything else one imagines!

And there are those who think they may have the good of the arts without labour! If I have learnt nothing else from these months in Italy, I have at least learnt how to prepare myself for my next visit. The attitude of some people is like that of the little American boy I saw in the courtyard of the Bargello. I had been sitting on one of the comfortable seats thoughtfully provided by the Florentines, looking at the coloured coats-of-arms beside the great stairway and lazily noticing light and shade sharply marked by arch and pillar. Then I saw an earnest American lady endeavouring to impress a fidgety little boy with the "noble wonders of Florence." He listened in a pained way; then got up—oh, so languidly—saying: "May's well see wat they goat—pra'ps we'll find supmn raare." O, great soul of the American people seeking "supmn raare" through the cities of Europe; be educated, I beseech you, and then indeed you may find it!

Apropos, there is the Bargello which I have hardly mentioned—and it is difficult to speak briefly of these things without running danger of doing no more than give a few guide-book facts. Still, one should mention the well-known fresco head of Dante which is there. It is far more interesting and beautiful than the bronze head of the poet at Napoli, but then Giotto's acquaintance with Alighieri probably gave him an advantage. In the same museo there are numbers of those blue and white figures produced by the della Robbia family. I was tired when I saw them, but they jerked me back to enthusiasm. It is amazing to notice how Luca succeeded in his art by breaking every canon of it. No one else ever invented a device so effective and unexpected as that of the garlands of coloured flowers and fruits about the plaques. Those who have been annoyed by the fantasies of Urbino ware and majolica plates can find no objection to these pleasing fancies. Its poetry is a little like that of the curious "human touches" introduced into some of the miracle plays—one's criticism is disarmed by the very naïveté of the conception.

Thinking of the Bargello I come instinctively to Arnolfo di Cambio's "Palazzo Vecchio" and the Loggia dei Lanzi. The courtyard immediately inside the palazzo is a pleasant place to loiter and examine the Donatello fountain, the curious ruined frescoes, and strangely carved pillars. The coats-of-arms of Florence at different periods of its history are painted beneath the battlements and provide some amusement for the amateur herald. The Loggia dei Lanzi is reputed to have been designed by Andrea Orcagna. Its grace is such that one wishes indeed that the Florentines had agreed to Michelangelo's plan of running it all round the Piazza. We should be spared that horrible "Assicurazione di Venezia" building opposite the Palazzo Vecchio.

Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus" stands in the Loggia, the strong youth with the swinging sword and the bleeding head of Medusa. See it in the morning sun or in the evening dusk it is still the same tall beautiful thing. If one wished to be fanciful and a little silly one might imagine it as a symbol of the Italian Renaissance, that proud young "Magnifico" who smote the gorgon of mediæval stupidity, and came to a bad end in the eighteenth century. RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Views and Reviews.*

MR. GERALD STANLEY LEE has shot his bolt. All that has passed in the two years since "Inspired Millionaires" was published has left him more enthusiastic and more incoherent than he was before. "Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat," said Bishop Blougram, "only, we can't command it." I have nothing to say against Mr. Lee's enthusiasm. That men should master the machines they make, that they should utilise everything to do good to everybody, is a fine ideal; but if I may be allowed to use the word "command" in a different sense from that which Bishop Blougram gave to it, I must say that Mr. Lee does not command his enthusiasm for his ideal. He is the slave of his own creation: this man who preaches the mastery of the world is unable to control himself. It is of no avail for us to be told by a man who cannot see the essential facts of a situation, that the world is to him who can see them. Moreover, this unrelenting enthusiasm for machines, and for the men who will master them, this ideal of continual production, continual increase, everlasting work, produces at last a feeling of revulsion. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has no repose; he says a thing again and again, not like Nietzsche's Wagner, until we believe it, but until the lines from one of Mr. Jack C. Squire's parodies come ringing into our memory.

Brushing wide heaven with the stridence of her rustling wings,
Enacting once again the old, old tragedy with her pitiless wings, . . .
Proclaiming, exultant, triumphant, with steely clarion,
The victory of her titanic wings,
The whole air is filled with the clamour of innumerable wings.

At last, the impression produced by these 594 pages of shouting exultation is not the impression of a man; but, if I may vary one of Mr. Squire's best mixed metaphors, "it is engines, engines, all the way, but not a drop to drink."

Let us come down to earth. An enthusiast should never deal with facts: they are very obstinate, and take no notice of what may be said about them. One fact with which Mr. Lee attempts to deal is the rise in prices; and his attempt to shout it away is really ridiculous. Such argument as he makes seems to be that things are dear because the workers do not work hard enough. "The American workman," he says, "as things are organised now, finds himself confronted by two main problems. One is himself. How can he set himself to work hard enough to make his food and clothes cheap? The other is his employer. What will the American workman do to express his American temperament through his labour union to his employer? The American workmen will go to their employers and say: 'Instead of doing six hours' work in nine hours, we will do nine hours' work in nine hours.' The millers, for instance, will say to the flour-mill owners: 'We will do a third more work for you, make you a third more profit on our labour, if you will divide your third more profit like this:

First, by bringing down the price of flour to everybody.

Second, by bringing up our wages.

Third, by taking more money yourselves.'"

Lord Morley once said that the only way to answer a prophet was to prophesy the opposite with equal vigour. I say that the American workmen will do nothing of the kind. The assumption underlying Mr. Lee's argument is that the condition of the working classes can only be improved by products in excess of those now produced. The assumption is so fatuous that I hardly like to refute it; it ought to be left on record as the only economic joke. For Mr. Chiozza Money has written a big book, and an accurate book, on the error of distribution now. In "Riches and

* "Crowds." By Gerald Stanley Lee. (Methuen. 6s.)

Poverty," he shows, for example, that the railways pay less in wages than they do in dividends. Mr. Lee's remedy would be that all the railwaymen should work more, increase the profits of the railway, and take only a small portion of that increase to themselves. The suggestion is so patently absurd that I suppose Mr. Lee's enthusiasm is only an excuse for being silly. The rise in prices is due to many causes. In "The Struggle for Bread," "A Rifleman" showed that the rise in prices was practically confined to foodstuffs, and was due to the depreciated exchange value of manufactured goods; or, to make the matter plain to Mr. Lee, to a relative over-production by the men who mind the machines. The millionaires, inspired and otherwise, who now run this planet, had so managed matters in 25 years that population had increased by 48 per cent., the production of food-grains by 60 per cent., and general commerce by 115 per cent. These percentages are calculated for ten of the great countries of the world. Mr. Lee should be able to see from these figures that a relative increase in the production of manufactured goods will only increase the price of food. It is possible that the profitable production of manufactured goods is reaching its limit; it is certain that new markets are difficult to find, and that the cost of selling the goods increases year by year. If we suppose that the men do work more, and produce an increase of one third, it is by no means certain that there will be an increase of profits to the same extent. It is conceivable that, just as some taxes do not pay the cost of collection, the excess of production might only pay for its own sale. Master and men would not, in that case, be any the better for all their extra work; and the workman's increase of wages would be nil.

That is all that we get from Mr. Lee. He talks of many things, but of nothing so essential as this. That he should commit himself to co-partnership at the end of his book is not surprising; his reliance on the economics of Christ, as revealed in the Gospels, could result in nothing else. For Christ, like Mr. Lee, postulated the wage-system: "the labourer is worthy of his hire," said He, and left it to be assumed that the employer was worthy of the profit he made from the labourer's product. It is demonstrably certain that there can be no change in the psychology of men unless there is a change in their circumstances and their relations with each other. So long as the wage-relation continues, so long will there be wage-slaves (a detestable type to Mr. Lee) and profiteers (an equally detestable type to Mr. Lee). All this blather about co-partnership means nothing, spiritually or economically. A donkey remains a donkey, even if he has a sackful of carrots suspended in front of his nose. When we remember that, according to Mr. Lee's idea, he will have to carry the weight of the carrots in addition to his load, we see that, if he adopts Mr. Lee's suggestion, he will remain unmistakably a donkey.

Let us take a concrete case from "Riches and Poverty." "Company A owns a well-known proprietary article. The balance-sheet examined is dated 1904. Its issued capital is £1,000,000, and there are no debentures. A profit and loss account shows that the sales amounted to £411,000. The total expenditure incurred in manufacturing the year's production was only £218,000. There was, therefore, a balance of profit amounting to £193,000. That is to say, after paying all out-goings, including wages, salaries, rent, advertising, and so forth, produce which cost £218,000 to manufacture was sold for nearly twice as much. A dividend of 20 per cent. was paid for the year, and £30,000 carried to the reserve. What, then, did those get who worked to produce the goods which were sold for £411,000? Obviously, a part only of the £218,000, probably not more than £100,000. If it be taken as £100,000, we see that those who worked to make the products of the company (including the brain work of managers, foremen, etc.) obtained only £100,000, while the shareholders of the company took £193,000.

A great slice of the increment went into the pockets of individuals who certainly had not earned it."

Mr. Lee's solution of the problem would be that the employees should increase the profits by about £63,000, and take only £21,000 of that increase. As he proposes a system of co-partnership, not of profit-sharing, the employees would take out their third in shares, probably new shares, thus increasing the capital to £1,020,000. They would still draw their £100,000 in wages; but before they could benefit by their increased production, they would have to increase their production still further to pay the dividend on their own shares. A wonderful scheme; real carrots for the donkey, if only he can get to them. Perhaps it will be better for him to roll in the ditch, and shift some of his load.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Germany and the German Emperor. By G. H. Perris. (Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)

This book rambles along chattily and provides plenty of information which, if uninspiring, will no doubt be found useful by leader-writers, journalists, and people of that sort. When Mr. Perris seeks to furnish judgments in addition to facts he is often unsound, but harmless—as when he says, for example, on p. 324, apropos of the German Social Democracy: "The advance of England towards a democratic suffrage has been slow and haphazard, and is still unfinished. But the process, logically not very admirable, has had this practical and moral advantage over German experience: it has proceeded as and when the people demanded it, and on no other grounds higher or lower." A mild expression, "still unfinished," when every experienced political scientist knows perfectly well that England has been steadily driven from democracy to plutocracy for the last two hundred years, and was nearer democracy at the time of Cromwell than she is to-day. Mr. Perris, then, follows Liberal traditions in associating "freedom" with Acts of Parliament and meaningless phrases which would have a meaning only if they were translated into action. Still, he traces the development of modern Germany carefully enough, and his chapter on the economic revolution of to-day, in which he refers to the evil effects of compulsory military service, is thoroughly justified. In saying (p. 37), when briefly tracing German development in the fourteenth century, that "Government always tends to be an expression of the dominant economic force of the time," he is obviously writing for readers of this paper. His little sketch of the Kaiser, too (pp. 394-5), is not at all badly done:

The Emperor is a true Teuton in his idealism, his sentimentality, his strenuous devotion to duty as he sees it, and his kindly anxiety to model the nation on the old-time patriarchal household. But he is only too evidently out of harmony with much of his surroundings, and in himself there is plainly visible a conflict between old and new elements, between an obstinate blood-inheritance and a quick sensitiveness to certain aspects of modern life. The main body of the people does not wish to be patriarchalised; it wants more liberty, not less. He himself wishes to provide schools and universities, factories, farms, and fleets with the latest scientific equipment; but whoever looks with scientific eye upon absentee landlords, the Prussian electoral system, or divine-right monarchy is in his eyes a dangerous enemy of an inspired order. He makes friends of the Krupps and Ballins, the captains of competitive industrialism, and yet imagines that the pre-industrial organisation of society can be maintained. In the very speech in which he eulogises Queen Luise as the "angel" of the national resurrection, he tells the educated women of a century later that their service should be restricted to the privacy of the home. He wishes his people and every other people to enjoy the blessings of peace; but it is the precarious and expensive peace of the feudal retainer whose armour became heavier year by year until at length the whole mediæval structure broke down. He is desperately in earnest in his religion; but if the Kaiser's singular combination of Protestant and Catholic orthodoxies be right, how can the opposition of the two Churches be maintained, and why should one of them be by law established? The army is the "nation in arms";

yet the nation has one law, the army another—the officer class, in particular, is to obey a code of honour and courts all its own.

This is a considerable improvement on the journalese of some recent books about modern Germany, the Kaiser, and the German Court.

Pax Britannica. By H. S. Perris, M.A. (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd. 5s. net.)

When we read in the chapter on "The Feudal Phase" (p. 94) that "Stephen's reign saw feudal anarchy and the unbridled savagery and rapacity of militarism at their height, and left a memory of suffering and injustice in the minds of Englishmen which will never fade," we are set wondering whether we are reading the work of a historian or a rhetorician. How many Englishmen can remember off-hand even who Stephen was, or when he reigned, and over whom, much less the "suffering and injustice" of his reign, which could not have been worse than the suffering and injustice inflicted by our industrial system during the last hundred years? It is all very well for Mr. Perris to rant about the disabilities of feudalism and the tortures inflicted on people under that system; but we can parallel the disabilities by the disabilities arising out of the present economic system of this country, not to mention the United States, and the tortures by accounts of life in the mining districts of England only a couple of generations ago and in the United States at the present day. We seem to remember something about Carnegie and his strikers, about Pinkerton's detectives, San Thomé, Putumayo, and the Congo.

For the rest, Mr. Perris has summarised "the more important facts and tendencies of British history, from the point of view of the pacific development of our civilisation." Phew! It was said in *THE NEW AGE* some time ago that pacifism might be tolerable if it were not for the pacifists. We repeat the phrase. Mr. Perris believes that "the time is ripe" for his book; and he tells us on the same page (p. v of the preface) that "it is a far cry" from something to something, though the theme (still the same page) "is not lacking in the elements of picturesqueness and romance," from which we may conclude that, whatever else pacifism may be, it is not an antidote to clichés. It may be the clichés that prevent Mr. Perris from holding original views. The reader suspects in consequence that this book is merely the outcome of the unconscious conspiracy of capitalism to predetermine that everything shall be the best—for itself—in the best of all possible worlds. We can plausibly argue whether war is right or wrong from a moral point of view, the followers of Christ and Buddha naturally taking one side, and the followers of, say, Nietzsche and some of the Greeks and Romans, taking the other. But, since this is a moral question in the form set forth, and since Mr. Perris appeals to us on moral grounds, it is irrelevant and weakening to his case to appeal to us on materialistic grounds also, and in the end to lay more stress upon the materialistic disadvantages of war than on the moral advantages of peace. Even in his preface he asks:

Do modern wars ever really *pay*, even if success be achieved? Does conquest bring gain to the conqueror, in these days of a sensitive credit economy, and of reacting bourses? Can the invader ever hope to recoup himself for his expenses, far less to carry off for his own enrichment the spoil of his rival's wealth? Has not the interdependence of modern life and commerce so revolutionised the conditions, that the doctrines upon which military expansionism and competition were formerly based have now become a "great illusion"? In short, we are living in an age when the organisation of the world's life upon rational principles has at length become a possibility of thought and even of experiment.

Expansionism!

We think that all the pacifists make a stupid mistake when they suggest, as Mr. Perris does (e.g., chapter V, on the peace of the United Kingdom), that, because the English barons were often at war with one another, or because England often quarrelled with Scotland, all nations should recognise the immense benefits and possibilities of arbitration. The fact that England made no

objection to a Scottish king immediately after Elizabeth is sufficient to show that there never was any great racial disparity between the two countries; an Englishman could tolerate a Scotchman as well as a man from Surrey could tolerate a man from York. We have a very different state of things to deal with on the Continent of Europe, where nationalities differ widely from one another, and where the influences of climate and soil almost necessarily and inevitably lead to continued divergence. To suggest that individuals are not allowed to have their own way, and that nations should not be permitted to exercise a licence denied to individuals, is simply to ignore the lessons of history and economic evolutions and to take refuge in sentiment.

What does it matter what we call the desire for expansion, strong individually, and stronger still when individuals are combined in nations? We may call it the struggle for existence, with Darwin, or the will to live, with Schopenhauer, or the will to power, with Nietzsche; though perhaps it would be better to use Spinoza's term and call it simply "cupiditas." This is much less flattering to our self-esteem, perhaps, but very true. These elementary matters being omitted, Mr. Perris's book, like the books of so many of his brethren in the cause, amounts to little more than a sentimental paean on the blessings of peace; and as peace at the moment "pays" most of the capitalists, Mr. Perris will find himself justified, though not on his own grounds. These matters apart, the volume may possibly be useful to students of this branch of history, since the author has accumulated a number of out-of-the-way facts bearing on his thesis.

The Fruit of Indiscretion. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Author of six novels, etc., and the present writer has never read him before. What an obscure life one does lead to be sure. However, Sir William's clichés reassure us that we must certainly have read his novels scores of times under other men's signatures. "Miss Stella Heyworth is going to follow her sister's example, 'and get married.' 'Am I to congratulate you?' 'You are, indeed.'"

Goslings. By J. D. Beresford. (Heinemann. 6s.)

When England lies in the grip of a plague which defeats the doctors Woman is seen to be immune and triumphant, let alone self-sacrificing, while Man dies like the proverbial fly, after robbing the dead. The plague past, all silly sex distinctions are done away with—"And social conditions will be so different now that there won't be any more marriage. . . . Oh, it will be splendid now," she broke out in a great burst of enthusiasm."

The Dragon. By M. P. Shiel. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"It is the eye that begets and conceives: suddenly by the hap and fecundity of glances which meet a child is summoned from the place of dumbness. . . ." And before long he was waltzing with her, that superior being, "his eyes tied to her eyes." One hears that fifty per cent. of the population is on the way to imbecility—they are surely the novel reading half of us! The "Her" above-mentioned, is Minna Simmons, a doctor's daughter, who becomes Queen of England and Empress, etc., etc. She is a grand woman, and the king is only a poor creature of a consort. Hurry up with that book, Sir Almoth!

Martha By the Day. By Julie Lippmann. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

The tale of a charwoman who befriends a "well-born but friendless girl" and gets her suitably married.

A Box of Chocolates. By Anne Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

An anti-militant suffragist tract, showing that you may hit the wrong person if you throw a bomb.

"The Human Boy," by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels); "Felix Holt," by George Eliot (The World's Classics, 1s. net); "Selected Poems," by Lord Byron (Oxford Pocket Press, 1s. net); "Selected Poems," by Shelley (Oxford Pocket Press, 1s. net).

Pastiche.

CONCERNING (REMOTELY) MARCONI.

I'm happy again to be with you,
 But why, friend, so tristful
 This limpid Spring even?
 On what lone lagoon of dire, shadowy omens
 Yet broodest thou, verily like a bemoaning Calypso?
 Athena, in mood so transporting,
 Might seemly dispel the wry wraiths with her garments
 pellucid
 Sweeping buoyantly over from westward,
 Trailing Zephyrs to skip with their timorous sandals
 O'er thy broodings and charm them to rippings.
 What, mundane intrusions?
 You sicken at nauseous waftings
 From the nidorous halls of the venal omnipotent?
 Ah, friend, if the hyena-nostrils but caught the pure
 fragrance
 That youth unsophisticate gleans from the ancients of
 story
 To glamour their eminence—haply, how blatant their
 laughter,
 What confidant zest would inspirit their predal excursions.
 They came with a flourish
 Empire-reverberant, flaunting their adulant pennons
 Emblazoned with bold panaceas, reforms meretricious;
 And you, in your bye-way,
 Rose clamorous, hailing the dawning,
 Bade minions that blinked in the murkiness sally to
 eastward
 Where shone a Goliath in panoply lustrous of Justice,
 Incensing a toil-sodden concourse with rhetoric mordant,
 Provoking retributive combat
 With the octopus sleek of entrenched exploitation
 That stifled with opulent tendrils the soul of a nation
 That stifled, polluted, and plundered the soul of a nation.
 So, youth, a wild dream you upbuilt;
 Envisaged a modern Aurelius, stern with compassion,
 Strung with inveterate rectitude, striving for freedom;
 Imaged him, tense in the silence
 Of vigils nocturnal, invoking with eyes of the seer—
 Eyes lit with ineffable ardour—
 A vision of beauteous equity graced by eternity;
 While a radiance chastened his forehead
 As, haply, the flame of dear Shelley infused a transcendence,
 And a power relentless his fingers
 White, rigid, inlenced in a passion.
 You pictured him
 Weaving his disciplined way through the mazes of
 sophists,
 Each shibboleth razing with censure, denuding
 pretenders
 Of attributes specious, scorning the wiles of seducers—
 Remorseless, persistent,
 Unloosing those tentacles stifling the soul of a nation.

Yes, thus you divined them,
 But, dreamer, what found you?
 Arch-nepotists doling out dregs of emoluments foaming
 To beaurocrat-mountebanks shackling the toilers benighted
 With slick, gilded fetters faked out in their cabalist
 forges?
 Arch-sophists dispensing emaciate Labour
 Emollients quack, puff-and-powder for snivelling pulings,
 With covinous croonings to lap them in soft adulation,
 And sickening slobberings over their indigent status,
 Self-laudation with counterfeit blessings of subterfuge-
 nurture—
 Baby-farming, in sooth, with its cognate invidious
 stipends
 From parents illicit ensconced in a sheltering Caucasus?
 Nay (Hail! O devout consummation!)
 Arch-intriguers discovered
 Immured in the meshes
 Of dividend-mongers nefarious:
 Paraded like suspect marauders,
 Enjoined in the eyes of the world to uncover their
 pockets,
 Explain whither THIS bloated asset,
 Whither THAT most prolific accretion,
 Entered they bold through the portal
 Or slunk in by means of a lattice,
 Whither and wherefore and . . .

Ah, friend, 'tis scant wonder
 Thou'rt doleful this limpid Spring even.
 The Dream of thy building
 Hath tottered about thee
 And razed its invertebrate idols;
 But e'en though the carrion rooks, lofty branches infest-
 ing,
 Defile the clear, temperate eve with their Sybarite
 croakings,
 Bend thine ear to yon low dappled hedgerow
 Where pipeth demurely the thrush or the linnet
 Adorning with melodies tinselled the garment of evening;
 Uplift thy young ardour to soar with the lark, there,
 Stringing opals of song round the luminous brow of the
 evening.
 When the carrion rooks are immersed in their comatose
 slumbers
 And still are the croakings that pester thine hearing,
 In this very woodland
 The nightingale, haply, the stillness
 Will flood with rich, hydromel passion,
 Warm nectar of gods spilled from chalices golden and
 chiming.
 'Twas ever so, friend.
 Sweet Keats and dear Shelley will smile o'er these
 charlatans' cerements.

ALBERT ALLEN.

CUNIFORM: A FROLIC IN THE MODERN MANNER.

["I, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the builder of
 pyramids and turrets, thus I declare:—I have erected
 the palace, the seat of my sovereignty, the heart of Baby-
 lon in the land of Babylon, I have had its foundations
 set deep beneath the bed of the river, I have chronicled
 its erection on the slabs of brick and asphalt. With thy
 help, O Merodach, thou sublime god, have I raised up
 this indestructible palace, that the god may rule in
 Babylon which he has chosen for his shrine, where he
 has raised the tally of births sevenfold; therefore shall
 Babylon prevail through me until the last days."]
 From a cuniform inscription.

I, Selver, in the twentieth century,
 A would-be necromancer of my moods,
 Conner of tongues outlandish, with a foible
 To usher in strange bards, whose names you find
 Of riddling utterance; sceptic, crank, buffoon,
 —The devil knows what else—I muse upon
 This scrap of truant cuniform. A sudden
 Fit of humility assails me. Now
 I topple from my upreared battlements
 Where erstwhile I would stalk with swashing gait,
 And find myself a worm, a crawling blot
 Soiling good paper with a scree of trash.
 God damn it all, man! Think of it; this stray
 Memento with its carven criss-cross badge
 Was hewn by some deft hand in Babylon,
 Wielding perchance a jewelled chisel. See
 The shapely disposition of this marks
 Their graceful pattern. You and I, good friend,
 Are much nonplussed thereby. We do but find
 A certain rioting of wedges, grouped
 Haphazard seemingly. Yet comes anon
 Some pundit with a bulgy brow, who scans
 This battered relic with sagacious glance,
 And has its meaning trite, as you may read
 "Tit-Bits" or "Everyman" or "Winning Post." . . .
 Hell's curse on you for standing unimpressed!
 This rapt marauder of the secret past
 Has bent God knows how many hours upon
 Drab palimpsest and crabbéd Orient scrawl.
 Collating, fumbling, burrowing amid
 His lexicons; the while your puny mind
 Battered upon the offal Carmelite
 In wallowing glee. You haply gibe at him
 For frittering his span of years among
 Rank mustiness.—Triumphant he defies
 Time and its ravening changes—you wax bloated
 With too much loitering round Leicester Square
 And in the haunts thereto adjacent. He,
 Sifter and winnower of puzzledom,
 Has sorted out his symbols, scrutinised
 Bilingual tablets, ranged these flourishes
 In verbs and nouns and mystic particles,
 That now it is vouchsafed us to peruse
 The message of some archivist—some dog
 Who had his giddy day—who footed it
 Right nimbly in Assyrian saloons,
 Flirted in Nineveh's plesauces. . . .

O Christ!

You doltish lout, the same old stolid pose.
O get to Hades; go and loll in bars
And bandy chaff with frowsy demireps.
I'll to my books, and with this cuniform
To test my temper, shall be kept aware
That I am but a floating speck which bobs
Upon a frothy waste of waves, alert
To snatch me to their havoc. This reflection
Shall sober me, and counteract, no doubt
Such cerebral hypertrophy, as may
Disturb the balance of my cranium.

P. SELVER.

BACK TO INDIA!

Of all the vulgarities of this vulgar age, there is nothing so vulgar as the aggrandisement of self. He who is noble needs no advertisement; he who is virtuous is known of all men. The blaring of trumpets, and the beating of tom-toms will gather a crowd, but bring no devotees. For God is a Spirit, and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

He who has lived in India should know these simple facts. He who would testify unto the Spirit of India should remember the olden tradition. Lost in her forests far from the huts of men, prophet and poet and sage have found themselves. Heaven's light alone was their guide, and prayer and mediation their path to immortality. What had they to do with the bipeds of Hindustan? Who would dare to tempt them with the gold of Delhi?

Alas! the glory of India is dead, and her wondrous faith forgotten. Tamasha is king. The Car of Juggernaut is on its way; our ugly gods would eat the air what time the streets run blood. . . .

But the new age calls: To India! Let those who hasten to obey beware, lest naught but a pot of ashes and the fakir's mat befall them!

IKBAL, SHAH JEHAN.

RURALISM.

His wife, who had been putting the three children to bed, came down into the kitchen, and, after trimming and lighting the lamp, went out into the yard, returning with an armful of twigs, which she placed on the over top to dry, ready for fire-lighting in the morning. Then, taking a dirty apron off, she sat down on the couch beside her husband, who was talking to a visitor, a young farmer of the neighbourhood.

As she sat down the farmer got up from his chair, and put on his cap.

"Ah sall hev ti be fittilin' for off," he said, in a loud voice, awkwardly drawing a watch from his hip-pocket, and glancing at it.

"Whya, you've scarcelins bin here five minutes," exclaimed the woman, "it isn't oftens we sees yer now you've gotten ti live at Norton—sit yer down agin."

"Thank yer all sahm, but Ah hev'n't mich time. Ah were just passin', so Ah thowt Ah'd just look yer up, like."

"Ah's seear were allus glad ti see yer onny time," said the labourer's wife, rising and opening the door, and walking out into the street. She was a woman nearing thirty, of small build, dowdy in appearance, and with an unhealthy, pasty-coloured complexion.

"It's a grand neet," remarked the visitor, striking a match and lighting his cycle lamp. "Might hev a sup o' wet though afore marnin'—wind's in rainy quarther. Are yer comin' to Wheatsheaf for yer 'llowance, Bill?"

"Thank yer," replied the labourer, "bud Ah hev ti see a fella at Wickwell."

"Well, good neet," cried the farmer, riding away.

"Good neet," answered the man and his wife.

The cyclist dismounted when a little way past the village, and after turning out his lamp, lifted the machine over a gate, and then crouched among the long grass at the hedge side. A few minutes later he saw the bulky form of the labourer ride by, and for a short time longer he waited, then cycled quickly back to the labourer's cottage. The door was unlocked, and he stepped into the kitchen, pushing his cycle before him. The table lamp was out, and the darkness of the room was broken by the flames of a log on the fire. On the hearth-rug sat the labourer's wife.

"Ah'm glad you've coomd back," she said, looking up, "shove bolt to. He's only nicely gotten off."

"Aye, Ah seed him," asseverated the farmer, bolting the door.

A few minutes later someone turned the door-handle gently, and finding it locked, knocked incessantly until the woman opened it.

"Thoo's soon gotten back," she exclaimed, as her husband brushed past her. The farmer was leaning over the table carefully cleaning the cycle lamp. "Alloa, Bill," he exclaimed, "Ah've hed ti borrow sum o' your oil—dam lamp went oot afore Ah'd gotten monny yards."

"Well, Ah hopes yer've left eneeaf for me, for Ah've tonned back for salum reason," said the labourer, a smile homing at the corners of his big, easy mouth.

"We sall hev ti see ti yon bolt," murmured his wife, as they came indoors after seeing the farmer ride away. "Yan o' these daays we'll be fin-ding oorsehns locked oot, an' then there'll be a nice how-de-ye-do."

Upstairs a young child was crying fitfully, and the woman listening awhile, crossed to the stairs, and shouted, "Hod yer noise, or Ah'll come oop an' warm yer; yer noisy Bowdy-kite." ERNEST A. PARSONS.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

By DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it would not harm the unmarried to read. No book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. *Some may think too much is told, such can scarcely be the case*, for knowledge is power, and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in envelope from Dr. ALLINSON, 2 Room, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

A Triolet

of

Information

(evoked by an advertisement on the back of "Justice.")

Some may think too much is told,

Such can scarcely be the case.

Knowledge is worth more than gold.

Some may think too much is told.

Other facts may leave us cold;

These bring blushes to our face.

Some may think too much is told,

Such can scarcely be the case. IDA WILD.

NEMESIS.

"The decrease in church attendance is becoming a serious matter."—Daily Paper.

When we wonder why men are forsaking the church, And are leaving her ministers all in the lurch,

It seems we may justly advance as a thesis:

They themselves are to blame and this is *Nemesis*.

For has not their attitude towards education

Resulted in lack of discrimination

By badly-trained readers who fall easy prey

To purveyors of husks at a ha'penny a day?

Divorces and murders and flatulent chatter

Are there, with much other like profitless matter,

The readers of which little care, one supposes,

For literature proper, its stars and its roses.

Thus, lacking ideals it were worthy to cherish,

For want of a vision the people must perish,

Misled by a vapid, unscrupulous Press,

To whom "Bible" spells "bank-book" and "worth" means "success."

And the Church, let us whisper, is not wholly free

From a sneaking regard for the god Elesse,

As is shown by the suavity which she assumes

When conducting his priests to her uppermost rooms.

She by sacrifice only again can secure

Her erstwhile position as friend of the poor;

No more can the taunt at her forehead be hurled

That the Church is too worldly to capture the world.

J. B. WALLIS.

HOW IT IS DONE.

REVIEWING AGAINST SPACE.

This is *not* a parody. It is a collection of sentences taken straight from the columns in the "New Statesman" and signed "Solomon Eagle."

"The publication by Mr. John Lane of the English translation of Anatole France's 'Les Dieux ont Soif,' adds another volume to a long series. . . . But in bulk these books are a little terrifying. Unless one has a huge library they take up a disproportionate amount of shelf room, and their red covers en masse rather overpower the backs of the books on the surrounding shelves. This, after all, is a consideration. For books are furniture for an infinitely greater proportion of their lives than they are reading matter. Possibly the future may see a smaller edition emanating from the Bodley Head."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

By the time that this article appears, Mr. Martin Harvey will be playing in "The Only Way"; but Mr. Edward Knoblauch's play, "The Faun," should not be allowed to pass into oblivion without a final curse. If I were a sociologist (which, thank God, I am not), I should talk of Art as a symptom of Society, and relate modern drama to the decline in the marriage rate. In one way or another, but not with too much variety, the question of the Eternal Female: "What must I do to get married?" is being answered on our stage. Musical comedy is much more frank about this matter than any of its more legitimate competitors; there is actually being performed, at the present time, "a musical play, in three acts," entitled, "The Marriage Market." Even in that production, I suppose, it is pretended that Love is the only bond between purchaser and purchased; but, in common justice to mankind, "Caveat emptor" ought to be printed on every programme. "Love rules the camp, the court, the grave, for Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love," is still the illusion created by everyone who would become rich by royalties. The fact, of course, is otherwise; as Byron declared:

But if Love don't, Cash does, and Cash alone;
Cash rules the grove, and fells it, too, besides;
Without Cash, camps were thin, and courts were none;
Without Cash, Malthus tells you, "take no brides."
So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
High ground, as Virgin Cynthia sways the tides:
And as for "Heaven being Love," why not say honey
Is wax? Heaven is not Love: 'tis Matrimony.
The theme, at least, is old; but, also like Byron, Mr. Knoblauch has got "new mythological machinery, and very handsome supernatural scenery."

The play, of course, is an offence against one of the chief canons of art. "Neither should a god intervene," said Horace, "unless a knot befalls worthy of his interference." It will be plain, I hope, that the situation does not call for the intervention even of the demi-Deus ex machina that Mr. Knoblauch introduces. We have in this play a number of people, of gentle or noble birth, all of whom are living the single life. True, one is the widow of a man who made a fortune by placarding the world with an advertisement of her composition: "While there's life there's hope, and while there's hope there's hair": but not even the great god, Pan, could regard with enthusiasm the relict of a professional hair-restorer. But here are these young people, Lord Stonbury, Lady Alexandra Vancey, Vivian Hope-Clarke, Cyril Overton, not merely unmarried, but priding themselves on their insusceptibility to emotion, or on their determination to suppress its expression. To make the assumption, at this time of day, would be equivalent to an act of faith; for we remember the existence of the young Tory bloods, the "Die-Hards," and the shrieking sisterhood, and know that this insusceptibility to emotion is derived, probably, from Captain Hawtreay in "Caste." I am reminded once again of Byron.

'Tis said—indeed, a general complaint—

That no one has succeeded in describing

The *monde* exactly as they ought to paint:

Some say that authors only snatch, by bribing

The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,

To furnish matter for their moral gibing;

And that their books have but one style in common,

My lady's prattle, filtered through her woman.

Exactly how Mr. Knoblauch obtained his information I do not know; but he is so convinced that the upper classes really are as he thinks that, in his opinion, only a miracle could alter them. As he has the best of intentions towards Society, he provides the miracle; but I protest that the "Family Herald" can get its aristocrats safely married without outraging every canon of art, or causing Mr. Martin Harvey to appear half naked on the stage.

But if the situation is not one that really needs the

intervention of a demi-god, his intervention is not only unnecessary but reprehensible. "If I am to be critic," said Horace, "the Fauns whom you bring to us from the forest must beware of philandering in too tender verses; or again of rattling out obscene and vulgar jests, as though they had been born at the cross-ways or were well-nigh natives of the Forum." It is a vulgar jest for the Faun to catch a mouse, and terrify the women and enrage the men by bringing it in contact with them; even though his purpose is to prove that they really have feelings and can express them. The manner, if not the wording, of his questions concerning sexual experience is certainly obscene; for, natural as the sex instinct is, it seeks privacy, and is depraved by publicity. All this nonsense about the superiority of animals in these matters is beside the mark: it is obviously derived from Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly was not used by him to arrive at a sentimental conclusion.

There is nothing godlike about the Faun's intervention. When he wishes to arouse, on behalf of his friend, Lord Stonbury, the sexual passions of Lady Alexandra Vancey, he does as any profligate would do, he makes her drunk with wine. A passion that cannot break through a conscious restraint, but can only be exhibited when that conscious restraint is removed by other means, is not that exclusive preference for one person over all others that is usually regarded as love. A drunken woman is anybody's prey; and Lady Alexandra Vancey would not, in fact, have bothered about Stonbury while she was intoxicated, and when her hands and lips grew cold again, Stonbury might whistle for his love. She would be piping again for the vote.

I suppose that Mr. Knoblauch's association with Mr. Arnold Bennett is responsible for the opening of the first act. In "The Great Adventure," the comedy begins with a death-scene; for more than half of the first act of "The Faun," the audience is kept waiting for a suicide. That the suicide does not occur, the victim being reserved for matrimony, does not matter; it argues a want of the sense of artistic fitness that an author should begin a comedy with a gruesome idea like suicide. That he should devote all his gifts to making this scene the most incongruous, to make the most unskillful laugh more at this than at any other scene in the play betrays a perversion of taste and intelligence so extreme that I doubt whether it can be corrected. That the scene is intended to contrast with the "joy of life" of the Faun, does not excuse it; for the deliberation of suicide introduces a factor that destroys the effective contrast. If people deliberated about the "joy of life," if the Faun, for example, got the idea from books, as Mr. Knoblauch got it, the contrast between the suicide of Lord Stonbury and the salacious sagacity of the Faun might be permissible. But the "joy of life" is not deliberate; and, anyhow, suicide is not a subject for comedy.

But Mr. Knoblauch has done his duty. He has shown that Lord Stonbury can afford to get married, for the Faun makes his fortune by giving him tips for the races. He has shown that Lady Alexandra Vancey can forget the vote, and fall in love; if only she is primed with alcohol, and kissed by a demi-god, a large concession to feminist sentiment. He has shown that a Futurist painter can become dissatisfied with his work when he falls in love with an heiress, and that, with the aid of a little alcohol, he may forget his poverty and she forget her present dependence on her mother, and a defiance of the mother be followed by an elopement. He has shown the Faun disgusted with the lust for money betrayed by modern society; and carefully providing Lord Stonbury with the economic resources necessary for matrimony. He has shown us the "joy of life" leading straight to the altar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, or St. Margaret's, Westminster; and it is for such a trumpery conclusion as this that we are asked to tolerate every possible offence against the canons of art.

Art.

The Carfax, the Grosvenor, and the Goupil Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

IT was, I believe, a German sage who said "A man travels the wide world o'er and lives a lifetime, only in the end to find himself." If this be true, and not many of us doubt it, experience can constitute riches only to the rich man, only to him who possesses from the start a wealth of chords and strings in his own nature that can respond and can outpour their tense individual melody, to the touch of the world's many winds. A certain Scotch painter, who has just returned from Italy, said to me the other day: "It was no good, I was not inspired! Mine was evidently not the spirit to be sent down South in search of a beauty with which my nature could never come into touch." This was wonderfully honest. A shallower and less upright man would have scoffed whole-heartedly at Italy and the Italians, and would have preferred frivolously to condemn the length and breadth of the peninsula to destruction, rather than acknowledge for one instant that his was not the spirit for this country—that he was, in fact, unable to experience or understand its beauty.

Whenever we find versatility, therefore, we should suspect a certain richness of nature. I do not mean by versatility a superficial aptitude to meddle with many things at once. I mean a capacity for entering with understanding and depth into many moods, meanings, and mysteries. This is in fact the touchstone of a rich nature; it also represents, however, the tragedy of a rich nature. For how can peace, serenity, or mastery be attained unless, among this conflicting throng of passions and sympathies, a certain group obtain the whip-hand, and lead the rest on to purposeful and concentrated action?

All the beauty and also the tragedy of this richness of nature seemed to me apparent in Simon Bussy's exquisite pastels at the Carfax Gallery. If you have not seen them it would repay you to go and do so at the earliest moment. Here is a man who can weep big swollen tears with the pines and gorse bushes of Northern Scotland, and who can laugh and be fiercely exuberant in the scorching sunshine of Venice. I have rarely seen the moods of Italy rendered with such a masterly grasp and understanding, or with such simple and direct means. One forgets the absence of figures, as one should do in all really good landscape; because the spirit of the whole land, the mood of the whole nation is picked out and laid bare by the artist's comprehension of the very soil and water beneath his feet.

Look at "San Pietro, Venice" (No. 17), "San Nicoletto di Lido, Venice" (No. 19), "Temple de la Concorde, Sicile" (No. 21), "Lac de Lugano" (No. 23), and "San Pietro, Venice" (No. 7). To speak of technique here, where everything is so completely mastered as to leave the craftsman utterly amazed, would be ridiculous. But note the understanding, the depths which these subjects have stirred in the artist! And nothing shrieks. There is all the sobriety with the intensity of the South in these jewels of pictures. A northerner with slightly less understanding is tempted to make Italian sunshine yell. Here the proud restraint of the Italian prevails.

And now if you turn to the best of the Scotch things, look at "Lac Ecosais" (No. 26). There is nothing, not a single touch here, which is in common with the moods of Italy. And yet how perfectly one realises the Caledonian spirit and scheme of life in this landscape—the funereal gravity of a sunless rain-sodden moor, the dripping desolate pine, the palid anæmic azure of the northern sky peeping bashfully here and there between iron-grey clouds big with showers, and just lifting for a moment, only to fall more heavily in a moment or two! I did not know Simon Bussy possessed this amount of versatility. The proprietor of the Carfax is certainly to be congratulated on one of the best and most enjoyable shows of the season.

At the Grosvenor there is an exhibition of the process

by which a good, careful, and painstaking painter can gradually forsake an interesting and conscientious manner and matter, and become specious and superficial. Albert Besnard ought to know by this time what he does best and what he does worst, and yet, if you follow his work from the beautiful portrait of Madame Henri Larolle (No. 18) to his Eastern and Indian studies, you feel that it is the old story of modern progress—change, that is to say, simply change, and not change for the better. Pick out No. 13, No. 18, No. 101, No. 104, and No. 106—that is five pictures—and you denude the show of the only canvases which, in my opinion, make it worth a visit. What a pity this is! I remember going over the Hôpital Cazin, at Berck, and being very disappointed with the work there. It was soft, weak, and maudlin in the extreme. I confess I did not know Albert Besnard in the style of No. 18 (portrait of Madame Henri Lerolle) painted in 1879. I knew him in the style of No. 2, No. 13, and No. 101—that is to say, as a perfect master in the rendering of the texture and colouring of soft round women's limbs and bodies. Indeed, so complete did I think his ability in this particular subject that I wondered why he ever left it. When he left it, as he did in the Berck things, one was forced, in spite of oneself, to the conclusion that he was not at home with virile, straight, hard, and severe lines and subjects. But one forgave him, for what could be more perfectly delightful in its way than No. 13? Just contemplate the portrait of Madame Henri Lerolle, however, and ask yourself how it happens that a man who at the age of thirty was able to paint such a picture, could subsequently lay himself open to the just charge of being fit only for soft, feminine, and woolly things!

The South is inexhaustible, because the effects of sunlight and shade are infinite. It is the grey sky that gives no light and shade to life, but only a steady level of leaden mediocrity, which is poor and mean in moods and tempers. This only holds good, of course, if you have not the wish that some have to over-subtilise in greys, and to become a pictorial metaphysician à la Whistler. Mr. Henry Bishop loves the South, and he paints it with understanding. He knows the bliss of fresh, reposeful shadow, and all that this signifies in sunny climes. You hear the buzz of human voices rising from his Moorish towns, and you can imagine the hollow clatter of the donkeys' hoofs on the narrow streets, though nothing but acres of flat sun-baked roofs lie before you. He attains to almost dramatic beauty in Nos. 11, 20 (particularly fine), and 28, and with means as simple as they are forcible; while in "Moorish Women Mourning" (No. 23), a difficult effect of transition from shadow to light is tackled and mastered with quite exceptional skill. I think it is a pity that Mr. Bishop included "The Town Wall" (No. 5) in this exhibition, and probably he will agree with me. In a one-man show, a painter does himself more harm than good by hanging his failures. In a conglomerate show, chance may help him out of his difficulties—a poor specimen of another man's work easily becomes a foil. But in a one-man show a painter is measured against himself, and if we do not see very inferior work we naturally conclude that his general level is a high one. I should also like to say one word about Mr. Bishop's skies—particularly in Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 25. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Bishop—I feel sure it has—that unless a sky conveys some message, unless it reveals some interesting "état de l'âme," as the French say, it is trite to extend it indefinitely up the canvas? The four pictures I have mentioned would be improved by being cut down. Now this ought not to be so. If I might be allowed to import a literary slangism into pictorial phraseology, I should say that there is something akin to the nature of "padding" in a picture which contains even as little as twelve square inches of superfluous canvas. But this by the way. These are only slight blemishes in an exhibition which is full of absorbing and fascinating work. I recommend particularly Nos. 7, 8, 18, and 17, besides Nos. 11, 20 and 28 already mentioned.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Mozart in a Cabaret.

MR. GREIN was there, and Mr. Austin Harrison and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and Frank Harris and Cunningham Graham, and all sorts of celebrities, including Lord Dangan, the very latest John Tanner of the Gaiety (or is it Daly's or the Aldwych?) Shortly after closing time (outside) a number of nuts strolled in with their noisettes, and in the phrase of our great-grandmothers, dancing was continued until a late hour. Art had disappeared just before Vermouth and Supper, and thereafter (midnight or so) we knew what it was to live. The supper was excellent, and the pianist excruciating. During coffee, Mr. Frank Harris, who had previously emptied himself of a torrent of platitudes on art criticism, rose to his feet and said something to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the toast-master, and I ask you to drink to the Princess's red feather." (Loud laughter and applause at the nearest tables.) The point of the witticism consisted in the allusion to the Princess Red-Feather who had previously sung fragments of folk-songs belonging to her people—North American Indians. She is a handsome woman, she was picturesquely garbed, and she sang her songs very prettily, although she was not well advised to sing any of them in translation, and badly advised to use a pianoforte accompaniment. But her "turn" was decidedly interesting. Hence Mr. Harris's eloquent tribute.

* * *

The clou of the entertainment was, however, a performance of Mozart's "Bastien und Bastienne," a one-act Pastorale, written when he was twelve years of age. With superb indifference to the truth the committee announced the opera as being performed for the first time in England. It was, of course, very well done at Covent Garden six years ago, and previously, I believe, at the Savoy. The egotism of it! But the performance was certainly worthy of the occasion. The Intimate (Something) Society is nothing if it is not up to date, and we had a sort of Cubist blackcloth—just the right thing for shepherds and shepherdesses—and a lovely garden table with nice cast-iron legs and a marble top which Mr. Gamage himself could hardly improve upon. The performance being Intimate we were all en rapport with the stage properties, and as we protest a stern objection to anything illusory, all these little details were as balm to the soul. On some sort of grand pianoforte placed—to carry out the Intimate Idea quite thoroughly—in the auditorium, a Mr. Scott played the Vorspiel and the Interludes and all the accompanying music as only he could play them.

* * *

The singing was good, and the German diction more than good. But the whole thing was top-heavy and disproportionate. The "other person" of the opera was Herr Anton Dressler, who owns a strenuous bass voice of unusual resonance, and the effect of this voice singing through the proscenium was rather like that of a mischievous boy bawling into your ear through a paper trumpet. Uncomfortably intimate, indeed. The Bastienne was Miss Gertrude Rolffs (Frau Dressler), whose deportment as a shepherdess would have done credit to the most exclusive academy for young ladies at Richmond. She, like her swain, Bastien, was barefooted—I cannot say that either was barelegged—and attired in a costume that, as far as one could observe, had never been crumpled in a hayrick and was never going to be. Of course there is little of the hayrick in

Mozart's music—and what wonderful music it is!—and much that is sheer sophistication. My God, sophisticated at twelve! Did Mozart, I wonder, ever completely shed his priggishness? Perhaps priggishness is too strong a word. Let us call it fastidiousness. Did he ever shed his fastidiousness in "Figaro" or "Don Giovanni"? Even the lofty and beautiful "Requiem" suggests the perfect gentleman. The most ecstatic moments in "Figaro," with all its comedy of intrigue and scandalmongering are not more lively than the mannered gaiety of "Bastien und Bastienne," and some of the part-writing—notably in the lovely trio which ends the little opera—is as good as anything in his later and more "matured" works.

One need not, I suppose, hope to find in such a galère as the Cabaret Theatre Club, Ltd., a stage manager of first-class experience. I can only imagine a first-class manager giving the thing up within the first quarter of an hour. There is a hopeless atmosphere of self-consciousness in the business which must choke anybody possessed with the two (correlative) things necessary: a sense of the theatre and a sense of the cabaret. "Bastien und Bastienne" was, as I've suggested, the pièce de resistance of this anniversary supper. It was, as I've also suggested, worthy of an elegant school for young ladies in a place like Richmond. Anybody with half an ounce of sense would have recognised that Mr. Dressler with all his splendid bawling should never act in a Mozart opera, and with less than half an ounce of sense that no Mozart opera or opéra-bouffe should ever be played in a cabaret. No one who knows anything about cabarets would have permitted bright Miss Katherine Mansfield, or Masfield, to play the part of call-boy-master-of-ceremonies in the silly and affected way she did. And the spectacle of several hundreds of immaculately dressed people sitting solemnly all the evening at long rows of supper tables—performance at 8.30, supper at 11.30—was just a little ludicrous.

* * *

I know it is not pretended that this Heddon Street cabaret should imitate the continental cabaret. It certainly steers fairly clear of any such accusation. One young artist—I think her name was Lilian Shelley—sang and acted in something like the real cabaret spirit—free, spontaneous, unconventional, caring for nothing and nobody. Her songs were of the low music-hall type, although once with fine long-drawn-out emotion and an entire absence of phrasing, she sang the ballad of "Barbara Allen." She stepped on to the platform unannounced, and often interjected remarks to her audience between the lines, and—here the continental touch—threw flowers at whomsoever she willed. Her voice is poor enough, but there was an élan in her singing which was refreshing. Then there was the waiter who made his début somewhere about 3 a.m. He was a born Neapolitan, I'll swear; something they produce east or south of France, but not west. Someone had insisted that he should sing, and diffidently, to pianoforte accompaniment, he commenced a song in Italian, gradually warming to it and finishing with a fine flourish. After that he sang another—"O mari, mari!"—a thing one may hear any day in the streets of Naples. For sheer temperament there are few songs more vividly expressive than this, and only a Neapolitan can sing it. The "Preislied" is merely respectable by comparison. On a more "artistic" height was the singing by Miss Rolffs of Anton Dressler's songs. Despite what I have said of her part in the Mozart opera, Miss Rolffs is a fine actress, and the wild Lisztian songs composed by her husband (who also accompanied) were immensely effective. Every sort of mood seemed to have been expressed in her various "turns" that evening. I have seen or heard no singer since Yvette Guilbert first appeared who can put so much expression into her hands, and her voice seemed to be capable of anything. It was impossible to believe that she was the Bastienne of half an hour previously.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

IS WAGE-SLAVERY NATURAL?

Sir,—As "A. E. R." puts it: "... Guild-Socialism is only a means of achieving that end": the abolition of the wage-system, the whole policy of your valuable paper turns on the definition: "Wages is the price paid for the commodity called labour."

I fully agree. But immediately there arises a question in my mind: Is labour really different from any other commodity? Is there an essential difference between labour and the raw products, such as cotton, wool, coffee, rice, beef, mutton? Is man, the labourer, essentially different from machines, from animals? Animals are considered as things which may be used and owned; why should it not be the same for the labourers, the workers? In fact, our whole social organisation is, and always has been, based on that assumption. Is that assumption right or wrong? and why is it so?

That question of the nature of man, I have never seen treated in your paper, though everything turns on it.
Brussels. V. L.

[The Writers of the Articles on National Guilds reply: We have never regarded the question as open; but, all the same, it should perhaps be discussed. The parallel of our correspondent's doubt about the rights and wrongs of employing human beings as live-stock is to be found in Aristotle's discussion of the "naturalness" of slavery. He, it may be remembered, came to the conclusion that some human beings were born slaves, slaves by nature; while others were not naturally slaves. The distinction between the natural and the unnatural was made by Aristotle to rest on a comparison of their respective efficiency. "A man's natural condition," he said, "is that in which he does his best work, and is, therefore, happiest." Applying this to the modern form of slavery—wage-slavery—if men do their best work under it, and are at their happiest (the happiest possible, that is, for all men are not equally capable of happiness), there can be no objection to it. But it is manifest that under the wage-system men do not do their best work. In other words, it is economically inefficient. We have always urged the abolition of the wage-system on these grounds as promising the release of human powers now imprisoned within the non-natural walls of the wage-relation.]

* * *

THE GUILD SPIRIT.

Sir,—What a buzzing outside the hives of industry! Your correspondents seem to have discovered where the "honey" lies at last. They will extract its sweetness, I think, by a close study of the articles on Guild Socialism which have already appeared in your paper.

As with the men, so with the women. One does not want to be enveloped by a swarm of female locusts, intent on devouring the unwary that attempt to cross their path, who are wasting their valuable energy, for which they have no adequate return, in pursuit of a paltry vote.

What have the proletariat done with the vote? They have returned, times out of number, to the House of Commons, as their representatives, men who have done no other but protect the "wealth of the country." Of this wealth the workers of industry have very little. This clearly indicates, to any person with a grain of common sense, that it is not arguments that are wanted, but direct action, so as to remove the fungus growths that are in our midst to-day. And God knows how many there are!

Some are contented to wear the mask of foolishness in order to carry on their vicious schemes, and not a few are willing to shelter their folly behind the respectability of downright vice. It makes one long again for a life, free from all taint of materialism, of which we read in the "Mahabharata."

What is the first step? The organisation of the various trade unions, and the bringing into the ranks of each, as soon as possible, the workers throughout the country. Then we can advance—not by a peaceful policy, for such a policy cannot secure the adoption of our programme. What is needed is a militant policy—a readiness to fight when justice is refused.

We must, equally with other unions, be prepared to put an end to the payment of low wages by refusing to work for them—better still, to abolish them. It is the only way. We may as well realise it now, and save ourselves many delusions.

We have paid the penalty of our halting policy in the shape of reduced spending power. The cost of living rises continually, but the rates of wages remain fixed.

Poverty-line wages are the lot of thousands of our brothers to-day, and this in a Christian country!

Take the co-operative industries. A movement that could from its net profits (£13,000,000 in 1911) double the wages of every one of the 128,000 employees engaged in its service, and yet have left for payment of dividends something like 5½ million pounds sterling (yielding 15 per cent. on share capital), can scarcely plead with reason that the adoption of a higher wage scale would ruin them.

The forward movement has commenced, and we must not call a halt until we have accomplished the "abolition of the wage system." The writers of the articles on National Guilds mentioned the National Union of Railwaymen, who, together with other unions, are beginning to see daylight. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, in particular, have some interesting propositions to bring forward, when they assemble in Manchester during the next few weeks. The Northampton branch will be responsible for a recommendation to the effect that the question should be considered of the advisability of organising, in conjunction with co-operative societies, for a system of food supply in case of strikes.

They are preparing the war chest already throughout the union world. So let every Guild Socialist centre all his energy for the propagation of the Guild spirit, which is the spirit of freedom, and attack these evil systems which are sapping the very life of the workers, men and women, young and old, simply for the sole purpose of creating wealth for capitalistic trusts.

We cannot give more than we have, and the kingdom of heaven is within us. Why the workers of industry should saddle themselves with a party of Labour M.P.'s passes my comprehension, as they have been a drag enough upon the Labour movement already. Even the Co-operative Congress decided against them. If we must pay men to lead us—and this sounds very materialistic—let us have them amongst us, not at Westminster. For the moment we can control our industries we control all. Statesmanship is an art, but there are very few who grasp this important point. And all art proceeds from the soul, inasmuch as the soul is the creator of things beautiful. Only those who have experienced the vibrations of spirit can know what life really is. But time makes all things sure; so let us to our task—that is, serving humanity.
H. W. NICKSON.

* * *

NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—Mr. Codrington's letter and the footnote, with the latter of which I am in entire agreement, prompt the following. Last Friday I attended a local open-air meeting of the I.L.P. and succeeded in drawing the speaker into a discussion on Guild Socialism. The chairman finally intervened with an intimation that the subject had ceased to be of interest to the meeting; but, notwithstanding his eloquent pleading for questions from the remainder of the audience, he did not succeed in eliciting one. Thereupon he formally closed the meeting, and I was able to deal with a torrent of questions from all sections of the gathering, including the "speaker" of the official meeting. At about 10.40 p.m. I was obliged to advise the still interested auditors that I must depart, the reluctance with which many left testifying to their desire for further knowledge of the subject. I have not before spoken in public, and the above is only intended to show how good propaganda work may be done by anyone with a clear understanding of the principles of Guild Socialism and of their application.

F. G. NOBLE.

* * *

THE GUILDS AND IMMIGRATION.

Sir,—I am interested to read the reply, by the Authors of the Articles on Guild Socialism, to my letter in your last issue, and venture to challenge their assumption that "the only objection to immigration" is "the bearing down of wages." Surely the English race is of sufficiently pure Saxon stock to justify its resistance to the unrestricted import of aliens of a lower type and standard of living, even if it could be conclusively proved that some immediate money profit would accrue to somebody. Granted that "there would be no objection to the immigration of first-class workmen"; but what about the second-class and the unskilled? It seems to me quite certain that, under any system, whether of wage or of guild, their incoming must tend to lower the status of the native workers, more especially in agriculture.

The strongest argument for all the schemes now being discussed, whereby to better the living conditions of the

workers on the land, is that they preserve the vitality and stamina of the English race. How does a large admixture of Poles, Slavs, or Mongols fit in with this aim?

Again the reply ignores entirely the proposal to give to the alien immigrant an immediate share in the whole "industrial assets" of the country, the birthright of the native: undoubtedly this would prove a "powerful attraction to them," but somebody will have to pay, and it will not be the alien.

The brief argument of the reply seems to presume cosmopolitanism as the highest good, but Guild Socialism, as I read your exposition, aims at the security and betterment of the English race.

It is this divergence of view to which I hope further attention will be given. My contention is that the English workers can never organise these Guilds until the disturbance caused by alien immigration is stopped.

HOWARD INCE.

[The Writers of the Articles on the Guilds reply: Your correspondent had better re-read our note of last week. Industrial England under the Guild system can control immigration by the simple means of refusing membership to any but first-class foreign workmen.]

* * *

"PRESSING QUESTIONS."

Sir,—In the article, "Views and Reviews," which appears on pages 207-8 of your issue of the 19th inst., there is the suggestion that Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, in his book entitled "Pressing Questions," recently published by Mr. John Lane, is in some way under obligations to the series of articles about Guild Socialism which have appeared in THE NEW AGE after 1910.

The Guild organisation, according to economic function, is one of the distinguishing features alike of the caste and feudal systems of the East, and of the feudal and syndicalist or trade union systems of the West. It is the visible manifestation and embodiment of the organic separation of employments, the division of industrial function, and the co-operation of working men as the living members of the economic body of the nation.

The concept of utilising economic guilds as political constituencies, of basing national political representation upon economic function instead of upon geographic location, was set forth by "Candidus" in an essay entitled "Reform of the Electorate," published by Mr. Frank Palmer in the spring of 1910; and also by the undersigned in Table I, Appendix V, pages 283-5, of "Legal Tender," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd., in the autumn of 1910.

This Table I (copy enclosed herewith) was originally constructed, and twenty copies thereof printed in 1885. It formed part of the MS. of an unpublished work entitled "The Right of Borrowers to Participate in the Appreciation of Money, and the Right of Employees to Participate in the Profits of Industry," which was submitted to Messrs. Putnam and Sons, of New York, in 1886.

In 1885-6 we were in the midst of the 1874-96 price period of the appreciation in the exchange value of money; to-day, in 1913, we are in the midst of the 1897-1926 (perhaps) price period of the depreciation in the exchange value of money; therefore the title of the work now needs amendment accordingly. Parts of this work have been embodied in several economic essays published for me by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd., during the period from 1892-1910.

As soon as possible, in 1910, after I had read the essay by "Candidus," I forwarded to him, through his publisher, one of the 1885 printed copies of Table I, which formed part of the MS. then in the hands of the publishers of "Legal Tender." Subsequently, in 1910, I met "Candidus" in London. There is, therefore, no real ground for the suggestion that Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo is in any way under obligations to the writers of the series of articles about Guild Socialism which have appeared in the issues of THE NEW AGE at any time.

JAS. C. SMITH.

"A. E. R." replies: Whom "Candidus" may be, I do not know, unless the name is a nom-de-guerre of Mr. Mackmurdo. But if Mr. Smith, by his reference to his own work, "Legal Tender," is claiming co-authorship with Mr. Mackmurdo of the idea of Guilds as a basis of political representation, Mr. Mackmurdo does not acknowledge his claim. I can find only three specific references to Mr. Smith's work in Mr. Mackmurdo's book, and none of these has anything to do with the Guild idea. The works cited are "Money and Profit-Sharing" and "National Providence and Other Essays," and, unless

Mr. Smith is in the habit of saying the same things in all his works, Mr. Smith's claim to co-authorship is inadmissible. However, as I did not say that Mr. Mackmurdo was indebted to us, but simply asserted that some of the passages (I instanced those concerning the nature of representative Government) had a familiar sound, Mr. Smith's correction is really superfluous. Whoever invented the idea of the Guilds as political bodies only, we did not. The whole of our argument was a demonstration of the principle that "economic power precedes political power"; and we utilised the Guild idea (which is no one's invention, but a simple fact of history) to formulate a means whereby the proletariat could obtain economic power. Obviously, Mr. Mackmurdo could not be indebted to us for this argument; for he does not use it. It was my criticism of his work that he used the Guild idea only as a means of electoral reform; a misuse of the idea that is so utterly stupid that I am quite willing to believe that Mr. Smith and Mr. Mackmurdo invented it between them. For so long as passive citizenship continues, there can be no representative government; on that point Mr. Mackmurdo and THE NEW AGE agree. But we contemplate the transformation of passive into active citizenship by means of the development of bodies of workers who, by establishing a monopoly of their labour, can actually compete successfully with the monopoly of capital. It is within the Guild, by the exercise of economic power, that active citizenship will be developed; and our argument proving this has not been adopted by Mr. Mackmurdo. He, like Mr. Smith, contemplates the continued existence of Employers and Employed; the wage system, which we have shown to be the cause of passive citizenship, and which we look to the Guilds to destroy, is the very system that Mr. Mackmurdo postulates as the basis of his Guilds. Neither he nor Mr. Smith shows the slightest understanding of the fundamental nature of the problem; and, as I said in my article, I am not likely to insist too strongly on the obligations to THE NEW AGE. I would the fact were otherwise. Mr. Mackmurdo might have used everything that has appeared in THE NEW AGE on this subject, with or without acknowledgment; and I, for one, would have been pleased. THE NEW AGE exists to be used; and the more our ideas are stated, the more quickly they are likely to be realised. We claim no monopoly of the Guild idea; and the more people who set their minds to the work of developing the conception and elaborating its details, the better we shall be pleased. But to offer us, at this time of day, the conception of Guilds as electoral bodies, is to offer us such a parody of our own idea as to justify us in showing it in sharp contrast to our own more perfect ideal; we object only, as I said, to the idea being used as a salute to Capitalism, and shall exercise the right of criticism whenever such amateur attempts come to my notice.]

* * *

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—I send you a sketch of actuality.

PETER FANNING.

Time: A morning in June, 1913.

Scene: A barber's shop in Sunderland.

Workman: "Say, Dan, can I have a shave?"

Barber: "Certainly. Not at work this week?"

Workman: "No, not this week—or last, either."

Barber: "I thought they were busy at your yard."

Workman: "So they are, but the work isn't forward enough for me yet."

Barber: "But if you are laid off, you'll be on the unemployed fund?"

Workman: "That's just what I ain't. And that's just the bloody trouble!"

Barber: "How's that? Have you not reported yourself as unemployed?"

Workman: "No, because I can't get my book. This is the latest dodge. They lay us off now whenever they like, and won't give us our books. One fellow demanded his, and he got it; but he got the straight griffin with it—that he needn't expect to get a start there again. Before this rotten Insurance Act, at busy times like these, when laid off at one yard, we could go to another and get a spell till our own work was ready. But now they've got us fixed. One yard won't give us our books, and another yard won't start us without them, and we can't report ourselves as unemployed; so we get no wages, no benefits, and the arrears are running up against us."

Chorus of Customers: "Refreshing fruits!"

Workman: "Fruits! I'd stuff 'em down his bleeding gizzard if I had my way with him!"

Here is a case where Lloyd George might apply his grand nostrum with effect. If he is sincere, let him

embody his "compulsion" in a clause somewhat after this manner:—

Any employer, when discharging or laying idle for any period any workman insured under this Act, shall, when giving notice of such discharge or laying idle, hand to such insured workman, *without his demand or solicitation*, all insurance books belonging to such workman, under a penalty of £25.

* * *

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me a little space in which to point out to Mr. Simpson that I am not mistaken re the Planet circular? I do not "assume that the circular refers to benefits paid under the National Insurance Act." I am not concerned with the reduction of benefits, increased sickness, malingering, as such. My point is that these are due to the very existence of the National Insurance Act.

I would like to ask Mr. Simpson what he means by "the circular does not apply to all our members"? Does it mean that malingering depends on the county or town in which a person lives? And this arrangement "is not intended to be permanent." How can he guarantee that? "At the same time I believe that the experience," etc., etc. I quite agree with Mr. Simpson in his belief. "The sickness rate, especially among women"! What does this mean? Has malingering now become a question of sex?

If actuaries are capable of accepting the Insurance Act, they are capable of almost anything. S. H. J.

* * *

Sir,—As the Insurance Act has been discussed so much in this paper, I venture to think that the following personal statement of facts will interest your readers. The hundred and one grievances which are financial and physical cannot be removed except by making the Act voluntary. This, of course, will never come from the Liberal Party, and it is extremely doubtful whether the Unionist Party will now take this step.

My own experience up to the present has been amusing, depressing, and finally I have finished with a consuming hatred of anything connected with the Act. I can now curse fluently in three languages, and I attribute this ease to the eye-opening I have received since I started to chase the hireling rats through the clauses of the Bill.

I joined a small approved society as a State member only, as I had many reasons for not caring to be raked in by the Prudential. My society sent me a circular letter about three months ago, which contained two papers. One was a voting paper, and the other, headed "National Health Section Only," was a certificate of audit. Of course, when a person is bludgeoned to the extent of fourpence per week, he cannot be expected to be keenly interested in how it has been expended. The proxy voting paper announced a meeting at the Memorial Hall for the purpose of electing new directors. One of the paragraphs read as follows:—"The directors desire to point out that, as a full year has not yet elapsed since the commencement of National Insurance, no balance-sheet respecting the accounts of this section can be presented, consequently no business affecting the State Insurance Section proper will be brought forward."

I was honoured beyond bounds. I, a mere State worm, was invited to attend the meeting; but how could it interest me, as simply a compulsory member, if no State Insurance business was to be brought forward? I therefore took the two papers, sealed them up in the envelope, and wrote on the back, in red ink and large handwriting, words to this effect:—"I strongly resent your infernal impudence for sending the enclosed papers, which are not of the slightest interest to me. Furthermore, I object to my convict number being quoted on the outside, and shall do no further business with you until the Act is abolished. Wishing you joy and speedy insolvency in the working of an Act which it would be complimentary to call a drunken man's nightmare or money for nothing, I remain," etc. I congratulated myself upon having given some creature a blow on the jaw, and was further pleased to receive an acknowledgment of it:—

"Sir,—In view of the extraordinary language used by you on the back of an envelope containing your necessary papers as a State member, I presume that you are now exempt from the N.I.A. for which you made application, October, 1912. I am holding the matter over until Monday, to see if this is so, when I shall put the whole case before the Commissioners."

It was with fear and trembling that I read the above

threatening letter. The luminaries connected with the Act were to be informed that I refused to do any further business with a society, and the secretary could not see the point. I let the matter rest for two months, and, as I had heard nothing in the meantime, I returned the above, with the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—I return attached to save you the trouble of referring, and have to inform you that the Commissioners have not yet moved in the matter. Perhaps they are asleep, perhaps they are busy drawing their assured salaries, or perhaps they are engaged in choking off applicants for their doctor. If you send any more envelopes with my convict number on them, you will get them back again in the same way. In conclusion, I have to say that the English language is inadequate to describe the contemptuous loathing of any decent man for anyone who works the Act, from Commissioners downwards.

"P.S.—I can now sing the six methods of reducing benefits backwards. Are any of the funds invested in Marconis?"

And now I await developments. I pay 17s. 4d. per year for absolutely nothing. If I am ill, 10s. per week is deducted from my wages. The Commissioners have informed me that they cannot make any contribution towards doctors' expenses incurred through having a doctor not on the panel. They will not allow me to have my own doctor unless I pay the full amount myself, which is extremely generous of them. The maternity benefit is a subsidy to rabbits, and the sanatorium benefit is only what a religious fanatic imagines it to be. There are thousands situated like myself, but we cannot look towards Westminster for relief.

I write this simply with the desire to let unfortunate insured people know that there are people kicking vigorously against this tax, in spite of all the wretched stuff printed in Liberal newspapers.

I have agitated, demonstrated, written to M.P.'s, signed petitions, and I am now going to demand the return of 8s. 6d. which is my property, and I hope those who see this and are similarly situated will do the same. I see that the mongrels are now trying to settle whether the accumulated money, through persons not claiming a panel man, shall be paid to chemists or to those medical men who have lessons in loyalty to learn from dockers. Jonathan Swift evidently knew England when he made out his will; I am inclined to think that, if he were alive now, he would demand the execution of everyone who profits by the Act; this would mean many by-elections, many Nonconformist funerals, and much rejoicing by those who contribute more than income-tax payers, and with more indignity and humiliation heaped upon them. Finally, there is one question to ask, and I write as a constant reader of THE NEW AGE. Now that there are only two classes, the carders and non-carders, who is to represent the former politically? To be explicit, when will THE NEW AGE put forward some scheme that will satisfy the demands of those who are heartily sick of Unionists, Liberals, and the pudding-headed Labour Party?

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

* * *

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Sir,—Enclosed you will find a newspaper clipping that may possibly interest your readers, in view of the recent discussion in your columns of the modern tendency of Democracy in the United States. S. WASKEY.

Spokane, Wash., June 9.—Spokane county is ready for the lazy husbands as the "lazy husband" law went into effect to-day.

"I have the number of several and have them on my list," said E. S. Redding, who handles the county poor problem. "We also have a place for them to work right away. For some time we will have work at the county farm, where the old buildings are to be torn down and a new infirmary constructed. There will be good, hard work for some months, and the first of the lazy husbands that we get hold of will get work under surveillance. Their \$1.50 a day will go to the wife.

"There is another fine thing about this law. I can make the complaint.

"We don't have to wait for the wives to complain. Usually when the wives get the spunk to make the complaint they back out and want the spouses let off when it comes to punishing them."

When the county infirmary is completed the county commissioners will find other work.

WOMEN WRITERS AND SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—We, the undersigned women of the pen and of the Press, women who stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the art of literature, without let or hindrance, without favour or animosity, who share with men the pleasures and pains of our profession, its rights, its wrongs, its praise, and its blame, hereby individually and as vice-presidents of our League assert and maintain that the present attitude of rebellion, anarchy, and defiance which many otherwise loyal and law-abiding women have adopted towards the Government, is largely due to the lack of straight dealing and to the almost inconceivable blundering of that Government.

That Government has paltered with a problem of the deepest significance. It seems to have forgotten that 5½ million of women workers, forced by our social laws into the labour market, instead of being as heretofore dependent upon men for their livelihood, are being taxed unconstitutionally, many of them sweated unmercifully.

It has failed to see that the whole conditions of woman's life are different in this twentieth century from what they were in the tenth; it has failed to realise the elemental nature of the movement, and has treated it in a spirit of shuffling insincerity unworthy of serious statesmen.

By this appalling ignorance and negligence it has induced and encouraged a state of tyranny and resistance which is a disgrace both to England and to Englishmen.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL (President, Women Writers' Suffrage League); ELIZABETH ROBINS (Vice-President); ALICE MEYNELL (Vice-President); MARGARET WOODS (Vice-President); E. AYRTON ZANGWILL (Vice-President); BEATRICE HARRADEN (Vice-President); GERTRUDE BAILLIE REYNOLDS (Vice-President); MARGARET TODD, M.D. (Vice-President); EVELYN SHARP (Vice-President); MAY SINCLAIR (Vice-President).

* * *

CURRENT CANT.

Sir,—May I ask you a simple question? In your column, "Current Cant," I find a phrase of Miss Pankhurst's: "Why do women want the vote?" (people ask). What an extraordinary question! As well ask, "Why do men want the vote?" Women want the vote for the same reasons."

You might call this an obvious proposition, a platitude if you will; but why "cant"?

(DR.) ETHEL SMYTH.

[The cant is in the affectation of surprise that such a natural question should be asked and in the affectation of simplicity in the answer given.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

IN CAMERA.

Sir,—Mr. Gibbs allows himself to be too easily infuriated by what he reads in the newspapers, and, if he would inform himself more correctly, would not have so much cause for anger. I fancy that he is wrong in saying that the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912, enables any cases to be heard in camera, and, as I was present myself (although I have not been in prison) on the occasion to which he refers, I can reassure him by telling him that the proportion of men to women present was about ten to one. Also, he has got the name of my committee wrong.

KATHERINE VULLIAMY,
Member, Criminal Law Amendment Committee.

* * *

PUNISHMENT ON SUSPICION.

Sir,—How would you like to be—

James Brown, aged 32, tailor, who was charged at Tower Bridge Police Court with "an attempt to steal"? Prisoner had a long list of convictions, commencing with a sentence of three months as a suspected person in 1894. Young Brown was then only sixteen; he is now to do another three months as a suspected person.

Or—

George Wood, aged 45, shoemaker, charged at North London with "an attempt to steal"? Prisoner had been under police supervision. He is now to do a month as a suspect.

Or—

John Williams, aged 58, bricklayer, charged at the London Sessions with "an attempt to steal"? Prisoner was sentenced in 1869 to seven years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision, he being at the time seventeen years old. He is now to do twelve months as a suspect.

A. DEANE.

THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—I have the honour to forward to you a copy of the letter I have to-day sent to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, in regard to the Gilbert case.

T. C. T. PORTS.

The Right Honourable Herbert H. Asquith, K.C., P.C., M.P., Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.

Sir,—I have the honour again to draw your attention to the Gilbert Islands case. Facts in regard to the disgraceful misrule and exploitation there have been brought forward, but investigation into these charges has been left in the hands of those interested in suppressing the truth, and there are good reasons to complain of misleading statements, and of statements quite opposed to the facts, which have been made in reply to questions that have been asked in Parliament.

In the case of wrongs which were committed in countries which are under foreign Powers, our Government, of which you are the head, most strongly objected to leaving matters in the hands of the officials and demanded impartial investigation; I refer, for example, to despatches in regard to the Congo. Into wrongs, however, committed under the British flag, endeavours to obtain such investigation have been unavailing, and our Secretary of State for the Colonies and his officials have been both defendants and sole arbiters. Millions of pounds sterling are being robbed from the natives of the Gilberts and the Imperial Exchequer, but there are people implicated in this scandal, people profiting by it, who have immense influence. They belong to both the great parties of the State, and among them I believe you would be able to find even personal friends of your own. I appeal to you to support the petition that I last year so earnestly called on you to lay before his Majesty the King, which entreated his Majesty to order a searching impartial public investigation into the affairs of the Gilberts and to have the main cause of the evils there removed by cancelling the unjust concession held by the Pacific Phosphate Company.

As in the case of the petition to his late Majesty King Edward VII in 1908, you last year also left the presenting of the petition and the duty of advising the Sovereign in the hands of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the head official responsible for the wrongs in the Gilberts, the one who gave the unjust and dishonest licence which virtually made a present of this vast wealth of phosphate to the Pacific Islands Company (now Pacific Phosphate Company).

Twice now has the Secretary of State for the Colonies prevented an impartial inquiry by advising his Majesty not to order the investigation petitioned for to be held; and Colonel Seely's promotion to the post of Secretary of State for War can hardly act as a deterrent to anyone who wishes to stifle the truth, he being the late Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies who made, among other erroneous replies to members of Parliament, the astounding statement (on July 5, 1909) that "the Department had no means of ascertaining the value of this phosphate." When its officials play with the truth in this way, there can be little chance of obtaining justice from the Colonial Office.

For perverting the truth by stating, at an inquiry in the Gilberts, that a native, who had been drinking and causing trouble, was not drunk, a Kaubari (Headman or Councillor), a man born a savage, was degraded from his office and given six months' hard labour in gaol by the Resident Commissioner, Mr. W. Telfer Campbell; but here at home a Minister who has made a preposterously incorrect statement, with the object presumably of screening this thoroughly dishonest phosphate transaction (which has been publicly denounced as a swindle), has become a right honourable member of the Cabinet.

I enclose copies of a few of the more recent extracts from newspapers; the one from "Truth," of May 28, is a comment on the article which appeared in the financial section of the "Times" of May 22. The reprint from THE NEW AGE gives a short history of this Gilbert Islands case, and shows how modern concessionaires in collusion with public officials commit greater robberies than the old-time buccaneers.

However outspoken I may herein have been, were the facts established, they would be found amply to justify what I have stated, and I would once more most earnestly appeal to you to support last year's petition to his Majesty King George V in order that the Gilberts case can be thoroughly and impartially investigated.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,
T. C. T. PORTS.

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—Though half-ashamed to display any knowledge on a "ticklish" subject, I beg to say that the type of sexual infatuation described in your last number as "Current Masochism" does not fall under this head at all, but under that of Sadism. Complimenting the writer in question upon his ignorance in the matter.

OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—May I ask you to insert this letter, correcting a few printer's errors in my article of "The Comparative Humanity of the French Revolution"? On page 225, second column, Carrière has lost his accent and his final vowel, and his adjective should be "infamous"; on page 226, second column, it should be "grinding heel," though, no doubt, "hell" as fitly describes the state. On page 227, first column, it is the "fair hind head," not "kind"; it is Carlyle's description of that portion of the unfortunate Princess's anatomy. On page 227, second column, the word "sorrow" is correctly "horror." No doubt these alterations would suggest themselves to the intelligent reader, but I should not like it to be thought that I so little knew my Carlyle as to write "kind head."

ARTHUR HOOD.

* * *

"PHYSICIAN . . . !"

Sir,—As an observant reader of THE NEW AGE, may I remark that I never see a correspondent rating you for violence and rhetoric without expecting him to exhibit these things himself before he achieves his signature. For instance, Mr. William Hare implores you to leave "vituperative rhetoric" to poets, and yourself attain philosophic calm. But, next breath, he is talking excitedly of the "wholesale and organised" murder in industry. "Piecemeal and unorganised" would be philosophically calmer, and, besides, nearer the truth.

Berlin.

J. MURRAY.

* * *

"LETTERS FROM ITALY."

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. John Percy Fell, is a lord of raucous provincialisms. His letter in THE NEW AGE for June 12 is but a pallid shade of those flowers of courtesy he has privately deposited upon me as a token of his admiration for my talent. He has found that this private correspondence brought from me nothing but curt acknowledgments and exhortations to calm. Now with your aid he has given publicity to his wails for recognition. Pray tell him that his remarks will receive nothing from me but languid derision; and assure him that a guide is not of necessity fitted to act as a philosopher and friend.

Sirmione.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

* * *

"CHIMES FOR THE TIMES."

Sir,—No student who has carefully examined Bergson's philosophy and its effects on modern thought will be astonished at the highly significant reference to him in the "Church Times," which Mr. Harold Drummond quoted in your issue of June 19. Perhaps you will allow me to support the "Church Times" view that "Bergson is not a Christian, but Christianity profits by his philosophy," by a short quotation from one of the most eminent of modern French thinkers. I refer naturally to M. Remy de Gourmont: the passage will be found in his recently published "Epilogues: 1905-1912" (pp. 218 foll.) :—

"I have been thinking over philosophers these last few days in connection with the death of William James; and I have discovered that the influence of philosophers may be summed up in a few words. I think that every philosophy which is not purely scientific—that is to say,

negative of metaphysics—helps, in the end, to support Christianity in whatever form Christianity may prevail among different nations. Most people who think that they are taking an interest in what they call great problems are moved by an interested and entirely selfish impulse. They think of themselves, of their own lot; they hope they may find rationally a solution agreeable to their desires, which secretly accord with the first teachings they have ever received.

"Now, since all metaphysical reasonings are very obscure, or, at any rate, not readily grasped by most minds, when they are confronted with religious beliefs, we find that these beliefs are of the same order and more clear, since they were known already. This phenomenon was seen at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The deism of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which seemed to be so far removed from Catholicism, prepared the way for a revival of Catholicism. Chateaubriand, soaked with Rousseau, was the first of this species; when 'the altars were revealed,' millions of people who professed to be unbelievers, but who were imbued with sentimental deism, prayed before them quite naturally, without even realising that they did so. William James, with his religiosity indifferent to religious ceremonies, worked in like manner, without knowing it, for the religious sects. The spiral spiritualism of M. Bergson, with its treacherous scientific appearance, leads to the same result. The metaphysical clouds which he stirs with so much eloquence dissolve in religious rain; and this rain, as it dries, leaves a kind of manna which belief feeds upon. There are more priests than freethinkers at M. Bergson's lectures. His manner of postulating free-will assumes in France, a Catholic country, an apologetic aspect. Our most illustrious metaphysician would do well to know what he is about."

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

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