THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE we are plunged into the highly passionate discussion of the rights and wrongs of the miners' recent struggle in South Africa, it is as well to examine the official case. On the face of it that case appears almost sufficient to justify the extraordinary proceedings that took place, resulting in the killing of twenty persons and the wounding of over two hundred others. The area of the mines on the Rand is extensive, the industry is of supreme financial importance to the Union Government (which receives ten per cent. of the profits), the machinery engaged is worth millions, and in addition both the mines themselves and the presence of nearly a quarter of a million natives were serious factors that had to be taken into account. The flooding of the mines would certainly have meant the destruction of untold capital; and the difficulties connected with the natives might easily have been ended only by a general massacre. No more than three days' supply of food was available except by railway, and the spread of the strike to the railway service would have left Johannesburg in a state of starving siege. The forces of capitalist order, on the other hand, were in a weaker condition than has ever been known on the Rand. The police service was very defective, the old volunteers had recently been disbanded, the new force had not been formed, and, altogether, the strikers would have outnumbered the protective strength by something like two to one. Many of the strikers, too, were well acquainted with the use of weapons, and had unknown stores of ammunition. They were reputed to be desperate men, and their temper was incalculable. The conclusion to which the Union Government and Lord Gladstone came was that immediate action was imperative if the strikers were not to make a temporary revolution. Lord Gladstone thereupon took the risks of his responsible position and consented to the employment against the strikers of the Imperial army. Apart from the results in bloodshed, it may be claimed, and will be claimed, that the immediate results justified the strong action taken. In less than two days the men were back at work, the streets were clear of strikers, property was once more safe, and the strike on the railways was postponed for at least a breathing space.

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To discover what is wrong in this presentation of the case, it is not enough to appeal to the vague rights of humanity. For capitalists and capitalist states there are no rights of man, but only expediencies. The less talk, therefore, the proletariat of the world indulge in of an abstract and sentimental character the better. Here in England, to a slightly less extent in Europe, to a still less extent in America, convention has established a more or less polite usage in industrial war. The "Daily News," for example, proudly refers to the fact that a little while ago a million men were on strike for a month in England without so much as a blank cartridge being fired or a single head broken. In France a not dissimilar strike on the railways was concluded with only two casualties; and even in America, where men in the concrete are as much despised as Man in the abstract is worshipped, several large and dangerous strikes have taken place at less that half the cost in blood of the affair of the Rand. But this pride in our superiority of humanity over the humanity of the South African magnates and Government is without any real foundation in facts. Economic laws work just as scientifically—with less friction indeed—in England as in Africa. All that distinguishes England from South Africa industrially is that here from long practice and complete confidence in themselves, capitalists rarely need to take the velvet glove off the iron hand, whereas in Africa the glove is thrown off at the first trial of strength. We warn, however, those of our readers who imagine that the iron hand is never likely to be shown in England that they are harbouring a cruel error. The glove will certainly continue to be worn while no more dangerous enemy than the Labour movement appears on the field; but let the latter really become formidable, not politically but economically, and there is no extreme of repression to which some at any rate of the capitalist classes are not prepared to go. The son of Mr. Gladstone, you would have thought, would hesitate twice before ordering English soldiers to shoot down English workers on behalf of a semi-foreign Government, and an almost completely foreign set of profiteers. Lord Gladstone, however, appears not to have hesitated on those grounds at all. But if so mild a name conceals so resolute a nature, what may we not expect from his less favoured colleagues, present and future? We repeat that given the occasion in the form of a vital attack upon profiteering, our native aristocracy of property would stagger not only humanity but South African magnates.

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Not to sentiment of the kind relied upon by Mr. Keir Hardie, therefore, shall we make any appeal, but to the common sense of justice that prevails, even when pity is

universally despised. We say that strong as on the surface the official case for the action of Lord Gladstone and his Government appears to be, it is not only a weak case, but it depends for its little strength upon suppressions of the truth and upon downright lies. To begin with, the supposition we are expected to make is that the strike and particularly its threatening character took the South African Government by surprise. But it is a supposition that nobody who knows the facts can possibly allow. At least a month before the strike occurred the mining magnates—or many of them—carefully insured their mines for the ensuing six months against "riots and civil commotions" of the very kind that have now taken place. We may therefore safely assume that the "surprise" now postulated was long ago discounted; is, in fact, a part of the explanation long ago prepared. A second misunderstanding manufactured for the occasion is that the old Volunteer force was disbanded merely in accordance with law. But this is not the fact. The growing dissatisfaction of the people of South Africa with their magnate-paid rulers had communicated itself to the Volunteer corps, with the result that, in civil disturbances most of all, the latter would have proved completely unreliable. Against a native uprising, such as may break out in South Africa at any moment, both the old and the new Volunteers could be trusted to fight almost without orders. To defend white Africa against black Africa is their self-assumed mission. But to defend the foreign anti-patriotic mining magnates against their own class was never the intention of the Volunteers, and, new or old, they would never have undertaken it. The Government knew this perfectly well, and so did Lord Gladstone. The latter, indeed, incautiously gave away the fact by admitting that many of the old Volunteers were actually among the miners. It followed that if the miners were to be taught a lesson, the occasion most suitable to the officials was precisely the occasion when no organised Volunteers were in existence to disobey orders. Their absence was, in fact, a necessity of the plot, for it both kept them officially out of mischief and appeared to justify as an imperative demand the use of the Imperial troops.

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But if the absence of the Volunteers was calculated upon, equally calculated upon was the presence of the Imperial troops. Since the Union was formed it has been the practice of the South African Government to retain in South Africa quite a considerable number of British soldiers. For what purpose? The reasons given in reply to repeated questions in Parliament have invariably been more diffuse than clear. Difficulties with resurgent Boer republicanism have been hinted at, as if the smallest danger existed in that direction. Difficulties with natives were alleged, as if South Africa could not rely upon its own population to meet these. The real reason, however, from the outset has been the fear of the magnates—the well grounded fear as it turns out—that their white employees in the mines would revolt with the sympathy of the mass of the white populations—Boer as well as British. It was, in short, against the people in the mass and the white proletariat in particular that at the request of the South African Government, and with the intelligent collusive consent of our own Government, the Imperial troops have been maintained in South Africa long after every other reason for their presence there has disappeared. The coup d'état, moreover, that took place last week was not only calculated in its circumstances, but has all the signs of having been provoked, as it were by a time-fuse. The discontent in the mines had recently been gathering to a head and was leading to the formation of as strong a trade union as exists in any part of the world. Most unpalatable demands were in process of formation amongst the men, and had all the appearance of being about to be supported by a strike of a complete character. The strategy of the mine-owners was, therefore, brought into play to precipitate the strike while it was still in the liquid condition, and at a moment when circumstances were most favourable to themselves. The Kleinfontein incident was thus the match that was intended to set alight the whole of the combustible material. As certainly as the Jameson Raid was planned to provoke a war, if war could be provoked, the Kleinfontein order was given for the purpose of "calling the bluff" of the discontent. It was followed, as we know, by a blaze of disturbance, which by all accounts contained few elements of serious mischief. The meeting called at Benoni for two on the famous Saturday appeared about to arrive at the usual tame result of a meeting held under modern trade union leaders. That is to say, a few "strong" speeches would be delivered and a vote of confidence would be passed in the leaders who would then proceed to sell their men as cheaply as possible. Such, we say, was the only probable effect of the Benoni meeting had it been allowed to pass in peace. But the South African Government, as everybody knows, did not allow it to pass in peace; and for the reason that the magnates did not desire it to pass in peace. An hour before the meeting was assembled, without notice to a single union official, without sufficient notice to the public to remain away, the Government, relying ironically on the very Law VI of the old Kruger régime which had once been pleaded as an excuse for the English conquest of Dutch Africa, proclaimed the meeting as illegal and proceeded to treat the participants as rebels against the State. This, we say, is the reply to the official case.

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Now whether the foregoing is true in fact, as we believe it to be, or an exercise in imagination, the practical conclusions to be drawn from it are the same. In the first place, what, we ask, can the Labour movement either here or in South Africa *do*, even on the supposition that the plot existed as we have described it and was the joint work of the South African and English Governments and the magnates and financiers of both countries? It is plain that, with their present resources, they can protest and nothing more. In South Africa in particular, the powerlessness of the propertiless has been demonstrated at the end of rifles. There not even a Mr. MacDonald can any longer maintain that political power is the parent of economic power. As the "Times" quite openly stated, the grievances of the men, accumulated since 1900, have been deliberately ignored by the mineowners on the double ground that the Imperial troops were present and plenty of non-union labour was available. This last fact was undoubtedly the strength of the mineowners' case as it was the weakness of the men's case. The Union, though growing, was still surrounded and impeded by non-Unionists, with the result that even if the meeting at Benoni had not been proclaimed, the "protection" of the blacklegs would have led to the same sanguinary conclusion. The lesson for South African labour is thus the lesson our own trade unions are slowly learning, namely, that no union is safe that does not possess a complete monopoly of its labour. And it is to be noted that this lesson was learned by the men at once. Thursday's cables from South Africa informed us that everywhere unionists were refusing to work with non-unionists. Alas, they also informed us that the men's leaders were "discountenancing the coercion implied in this as contrary to the terms of the agreement." At home no less, though in a less obvious form, the moral of the incident will prove to be plain. Will the Government recall Lord Gladstone at the petition of Mr. Keir Hardie? Why, when Lord Gladstone has done no more than any member of the Cabinet would have done in his place? And there exists in the whole of the Labour movement, nay, in the whole of the proletariat class (numbering six million men), no force powerful enough at this moment to compel the recall of Lord Gladstone or even to censure the present Cabinet. This powerlessness, we say, of the Labour movement is its disgrace. Instead of commanding obedience, or if not obedience, respect, the Labour Party can do no better than crawl upon its knees, whine out something

about inhumanity, and implore the Government to punish Lord Gladstone for carrying out the business he was sent to carry out. The attitude is unmanly, effeminate, and invites what it receives, contempt only modified by discretion. But there exists a plan and a means whereby, if Labour so desires, its partnership at any rate in political power shall be assured. It is by securing partnership first in economic power. And the means consist in consolidating within each union a monopoly of the labour of that union. Let us suppose that our Trades Congress Committee, the permanent executive, as we defined it last week, of the federated unions, had the power to threaten the dislocation of industry not partially but completely, its opinion in the councils of Parliament would count for as much as the opinions of the monopolists of gold. In this direction, and only in this direction, we are certain, lies the way to power of the wage-earners. All other routes are haunted by wild geese and abound in mare's-nests. Since there is no possibility of political action of any kind between now and the autumn of 1914, it will be wilful idleness, as well as treachery to their class, on the part of the Labour leaders if the spring of 1915 does not find Labour economically united and the Congress Committee established as a permanent Council of War.

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Lord Lansdowne has given formal notice that the House of Lords will for the second time reject the Home Rule Bill. Beyond those who are personally affected by the measure, nobody would mind if the Bill were passed. Everybody is tired of the discussion and would gladly see Ireland out of the way. There is no apparent religious sentiment in Great Britain against it. We doubt if even the leaders of the Tory Party care a brass farthing one way or the other. Their political professions naturally set them against any constitutional change, and they have, rather foolishly, given hostages to the Ulster Unionists. Their speeches, however, betray listlessness. There remains then only to consider the probable action of the Orange faction in Ulster. The Covenant, with its legally-phrased threat of carefully contingent rebellion, is now become a topic for jokes; nobody takes it seriously. Nor is Sir Edward Carson really trusted. He is too palpably a lawyer—and, besides, he comes from Dublin. The Ulster men are not fools, and have a shrewd understanding of men. They know that Sir Edward Carson is not a statesman. Col. Sanderson was one of themselves; they trusted him and would have followed him to considerable lengths; but the present leader is the best of a bad lot. The Ulster Unionist group in the House of Commons is the least distinguished of all. They are commonplace to a man. Sir Edward Carson is the only one of them who has achieved any kind of distinction and he was accordingly chosen leader. An Ulster Unionist summed him up: "Carson will die in the last ditch, but only when the rest of us have died in the first ditch." In short, such leadership is purely political; it does not come within measurable distance of the sentiment which inspired Kossuth or Mazzini. At the critical moment, the Carson breed will always discover a perfectly good political reason for climbing down. We fancy that an economic reason will play a determining part in the final decision. Belfast has three or four industries that will always remain independent of locality—shipbuilding, linen, whisky and ropemaking. But Belfast is also the commercial capital of Ireland. Its merchants trade throughout the whole island. Isolated they would lose much of this trade. There are scores of Dublin merchants who would welcome the opportunity. It is too readily assumed that Ireland depends financially upon Belfast; it is not so readily assumed that Belfast largely depends upon the goodwill of Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and the Catholic parts of Ulster. Indeed, Ulster looms too large in the public eye; its claims are set too high. How many people in England, for example, have the least idea that the rateable value of Leinster exceeds that of Ulster? Yet such is the case. Again, how many people in England grasp the fact that the linen industry of Ulster shows a proportionately equal loss by emigration compared with any other industry in Ireland? Mr. S. G. Hobson, in his economic study, "Irish Home Rule," on this point remarks:—

It is true that the two chief manufacturing industries are statistically prosperous; but the employees are far from prosperous, their wages being low and their standard of subsistence not nearly equal to textile Lancashire, or to the English north-east coast, where there is so much shipbuilding. Belfast grows in population, due in no small measure to the long leases granted by the chief ground-landlord, the Marquess of Donegal; but, for the rest, Protestant Ulster shows very much the same shrinkage of human wealth as in other parts of Ireland. From May, 1851, to December, 1906, no less than 28 per cent. of the total emigration from Ireland to foreign countries was from Ulster, the percentages from the other provinces being 16 per cent. from Connaught, 17 from Leinster, and 35 from Munster. Even down to 1910 the same movement persists, for, in that year, 12,271 emigrated from Ulster, 8,330 from Munster, 7,598 from Connaught, and 4,258 from Leinster. The significant fact is that it is the Protestant portion of Ulster that is most affected, the highest emigration being from Antrim and Down. The Census Commissioners for Ireland in 1901 reported that the number of persons engaged in Ireland in the production and distribution of textile fabrics had fallen away very considerably in the past thirty years. Looking at the principal textile manufactures, we find that by far the most important industry in the country, viz., the flax and linen industry, has lost over 17,000, nearly one-fifth, of its workers, whilst those employed in the manufacture of woollen goods have suffered a corresponding reduction. Improved methods of production may possibly account for part of this diminution of Ulster's industrial population; but, after making all allowances, it seems clear that it would be a serious error to accept the prevailing version of Ulster's abounding prosperity under the Union. It certainly appears to be a part of Ireland from which its inhabitants are glad to flee in search of better conditions. It is quite possible for millionaires to blossom out of the noisome groundwork of underpaid, or even sweated wages. But this does not spell prosperity. If we have regard to the diffusion rather than the concentration of wealth, Leinster is, undoubtedly, the most prosperous province of Ireland.

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Facts such as these have obviously a vital bearing upon the problem whether Ulster will fight when Home Rule becomes a legislative fact. There is neither peace nor contentment in Protestant Ulster, and we now know that the landed interest can no longer lead industrial Ulster by the nose into any madcap adventure. The industrialists are otherwise preoccupied. Add to this the fact already stated that the Belfast merchants are not minded to lose their commercial connection and we are in a fair way to realise the improbability of the counties Down and Antrim resorting to any kind of physical resistance. An even more significant fact is that Ulster's young men are not the bigots their parents were before them. There is now more social intercourse between Protestant and Catholic than has hitherto been the case in Ireland. Ulster society is, in this sense, more integrated, and accordingly is far more tolerant than it was a generation ago. Altogether, then, it is evident that the necessary concomitants to a rebellion are lacking in the situation. When the Irish Parliament comes to be organised, we may be sure that the Ulstermen will capture more than their share of whatever plunder may be going, and that will prove a very effectual deterrent. Nevertheless, we do not suppose that there will be no tumult or riot. Ulster owes it to herself to do something melodramatic in this direction. Probably the Orange demonstrations on July 12, 1914 and 1915 will be very vivid affairs. After that the Orange lodges will shrink, and the wage-slaves of Ulster will discover (if they have not already done so) that the wage-slaves of Leinster and Munster are in a like case to themselves. We prophesy, then, that Ulster will not seriously rebel; but we expect some excitement, not so bloodthirsty as the Johannesburg affair, but a trifle more vigorous than a suffragette meeting. With the Home Rule Bill finally passed into law, we may expect important political changes on both sides of the Irish sea. In Ireland, the preoccupation of a national

political movement will be succeeded by a fresh alignment of political forces more in harmony with the agricultural and industrial facts. The discovery cannot, after that, be long delayed of the impotence of the Irish Parliament to effect any great economic change that runs contrary to the interests of the possessing classes. We shall hope to see the agricultural and industrial proletarians drawing together and asserting their economic power against the profiteers in the towns and the owning farmers in the country. Meantime, the Irish Parliament will probably do good work in such practical matters as draining the rivers, re-organising their transit arrangements both by rail and river, reforming the banking system and adapting it to the agricultural necesssities of the country. The real case against the Union is not that the British Parliament has failed to revive economic Ireland—an impossibility—but that it has effectually prevented the Irish people from working out their own economic destiny. In England, we may hope to witness a million or more quick-witted Irish proletarians join in the industrial struggle—a welcome accession of strength not only in numbers but brains. Whether they will "go political" or concentrate upon their industrial condition depends mainly upon their capacity to remain intellectually detached from current political doctrines and partly upon their priests. In any event Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are now dead issues, and glad we are of it. From now on the politicians will unconsciously proceed to prove that they can do nothing effective unless backed by economic power. We are rapidly moving into a new era.

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The echoes of the Leicester by-election can still be heard through the various Socialist and Labour branches and clubs. Nobody, so far as we have seen, has as yet pointed the true moral. The facts are clear enough. Mr. G. H. Roberts, one of the Whips of the Labour Party, told Sir Maurice Levy that the official elements regarded the action of the Leicester Labour Party "as such a grave violation of national party discipline, and such a graceless disregard of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's position, as will eventually lead to a considerable disruption of the Labour Party forces, and must compel Mr. MacDonald to sever his connection with Leicester. . . . Every Labour voter, who is concerned to preserve party discipline and understanding, and who agrees with the desirability of retaining Mr. MacDonald in Leicester, should give no encouragement to the candidature of Mr. Hartley, which is not recognised by the official Labour Party." Mr. Roberts now asserts that he told all this to Sir Maurice Levy in confidence—the confidence of Parliamentary good-fellowship. It is, of course, odd that Sir Maurice wrote it all down in the presence of Mr. Roberts and proceeded to telephone it to Leicester, possibly with suitable trimmings. This announcement, it is asserted, lost Mr. Hartley at least 2,000 votes. The Socialist Party complain that Sir Maurice Levy's message was not promptly contradicted by Mr. MacDonald. But why should it be? Mr. MacDonald is a politician who finds enthusiastic duffers like Mr. Hartley and his "comrades" a regular nuisance. So he let the message do the damage and then contradicted it to save his face with his equally enthusiastic comrades in the I.L.P. When a man is busy carving out a career for himself in Parliament, it is surely gratuitously embarrassing to be harassed by a crowd of sincere followers calling upon him to risk his seat for the principle of "independence." The result is distinctly amusing. Various I.L.P. leaders and writers are now loudly asserting that they never had the faintest idea that there was ever any "understanding" or "arrangement" in regard to Leicester. Their simplicity is only equalled by their stupidity. Everybody knows that Mr. MacDonald could not be elected for Leicester except by Liberal votes. The Leicester "comrades" know perfectly well that somewhere about 1904, Mr. MacDonald spent a week in Leicester just before the Liberal Association decided to run only one candidate. The Leicester "comrades" (God bless their innocent young hearts) know that pourparlers passed. For anybody at this time to get up and protest that they are shocked is surely too thin. The truth is that hypocrisy rules all round. If Mr. MacDonald had the moral courage he would frankly admit that political co-operation with the Liberals suits not only his own book but also that of his party. He would tell his followers that politically there is no political hope except through the Liberal Party, and that to support the Liberals in their present programme is vital to his own and his party's political existence. He would tell his turbulent followers that if they go into politics, they must play the political game, and that this game has nothing whatever to do with Socialism. But neither Mr. MacDonald nor any of his associates has moral courage, and accordingly all round they lie with astonishing solemnity. The followers lie when they express surprise at any knowledge of their leader's "arrangement" in Leicester. Mr. MacDonald lies when he solemnly avers that his sacred independence is untouched and unsullied; he lies when he assures his rank and file that they are, by their political activities, ushering in Socialism. The mendacity of Labourism is the measure of its inefficiency.

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The real moral to be derived from this episode is that politics divides whilst industrial action unites. Mr. MacDonald must know by bitter experience that he practically never takes any political steps without dividing the wage-earners. He certainly knows that he can never convert the mass of the workers to his particular political creed. He knows it and admits it. Mr. Keir Hardie also knows that political unanimity, or anything approaching unanimity, is a chimera. So he has ceased to make any pretence about it. He concerns himself with militarism, with female suffrage, with anything and everything that keeps him in the public eye. In fact, he plays the ordinary political game. He trusts to luck that when the General Election comes he may be re-elected. But he never now tries to bring Parliamentarism into relation with the economic necessities of the wage-earners. The rise in the prices of commodities with its corresponding fall in real wages he now instinctively understands cannot be mitigated or modified by Parliamentary action. He is thus compelled to co-operate with the MacDonalds and Hendersons who are ordinary politicians with Fabian visions. And every man, profiteer or wage-slave, preacher or cynic, takes his own peculiar view of each political action. Thus Parliamentarism is in a category of its own, remote from industrial realities. And everything done by politicians in the sphere of Parliamentarism is a never-ending source of division. Suppose some canvasser to call upon every artisan voter in a street in some town. If he canvasses these men on some political question he may convert two or three to his own way of thinking, but broadly he leaves the voters of the same political colour as when he started. He has, in fact, accentuated political differences. But suppose he left conventional politics alone and dicussed the question of wages with every householder in that street. He speedily discovers that he has found the common denominator, and, if he has really something to tell them, he finds the keenest interest and a general willingness to work for economic emancipation. Let some guild-socialist go from door to door and explain the meaning of the wage-system and the possibilities of guild organisation. We venture the opinion that he would find intense curiosity, where, had he talked politics, he would have found indifference or irritation. Certainly he would have discovered unity of purpose. We have no manner of doubt that if the trade unions were to decide upon wage-abolition and to prepare for the guilds by extending the bounds of their membership, and, so inspired, were to embark on a canvassing campaign, the result would surpass their expectations. In a couple of years they could double their memberhip, thereby enhancing their economic power to an extent undreamt of in the current philosophy of trade unionism.

Current Cant.

"The fact is, of course, that like the Socialists, Mr. Lloyd George hates anything like private ownership—he will do nothing to encourage it."—"Liverpool Courier."

"It may be that future generations will look back upon the present century, and hold it remarkable for having achieved the Christianisation of the world. . . that religion which has been the Soul of Western progress."—Dr. PERCY DEARMER.

"With the formation of the anti-Socialist Union, the forces of sanity and individualism took the field."—"Daily Express."

"Ninety per cent. of the labour troubles are due to trivial differences, and could be avoided. . . . Then, why all this muddle?"—SAMUEL P. ORTH, in "The World's Work."

"Are we, as the once proud citizens of Christian Britain, really becoming somewhat mentally deficient or feeble-minded, as it were, by allowing our own flesh and blood, the real live native British race and stock of sturdy, able-bodied, thrifty, intelligent, and industrious men and women to be thrust out and exported away from their own native land. . . . to accommodate the incoming or importing of an inferior, selfish, sordid, and covetous Asiatic Semitic racial stock to increase and multiply, and thus breed Socialism?"—"The Ilford Recorder."

"It is not so very many years, even months ago, that Socialism was obtaining a very considerable hold."—H. STAVERLEY HILL.

"A romance of Commerce was unfolded in the Divorce Court yesterday."—"Daily Sketch."

"We take off our hat to Sir John M. Scott for being mentioned so much in the Sackville case."—"The Sketch."

"How to write a successful novel, by —— Arthur Machen."—"Evening News."

"Suffragettes should shame men into just ways by imitating Lady Godiva."—LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

"Masefield may be kind enough and wise enough to give us a small book of lyrics as finished as Mr. Yeats."—DANIEL CORKERY, in "Everyman."

"Of all poets who were mystics there was none greater or more pronounced than Tennyson."—REGINALD B. SPAN, in "The Westminster Review."

"An interesting little ceremony was the presentation to the King at Blackburn of a pair of clogs. . aged and crippled people had special stands near the town hall, and they were taken to see cinematograph shows reserved for them after the King had gone."—"Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Divine Gift," is a fine literary effort. Lora Delma, a great singer, has been deserted by her lover, and is miserable. . . . Lora tends to console herself with a young musician."—"The Era."

"Queen Mary has worn a different dress each day. . . . The King has gone back to his brown bowler."—"News and Leader."

"Lord Chancellor Haldane is the keeper of the King's conscience."—"Daily Mail."

"The King's triumphal tour through the very heart of industrial England has a significance not easily discernible in the newspaper reports of his Majesty's progress. . . . It symbolises that regard and concern for the wage-earner which, with all our faults, marks the present age."—"Everyman."

"We wonder whether Arnold Bennett is still quite such a convinced Socialist as he used to be."—"London Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

As I write, the semi-official war has almost been fought out. Bulgaria, paying the natural penalty of her miscalculation, has had to own herself defeated by the combined forces of the Servians and the Greeks; and the penetration of Bulgarian territory by Roumanian troops has added an unnecessary and more than effectual finishing touch. When a defeated army finds itself set upon from the rear by half a million fresh troops, not even General Savoff in his most reckless mood could recommend further fighting.

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I have heard the most important details of the origin of this most extraordinary manœuvre on the part of Bulgaria, and as they may possibly not have reached the general Press before this issue of THE NEW AGE appears I will give them briefly here. As I suspected from the first, and led NEW AGE readers to suspect also, the man almost entirely responsible is Dr. Daneff, the Bulgarian Premier, though he was assisted and encouraged to a greater extent than I had known by General Savoff, the Commander-in-Chief who has just been superseded. General Savoff, whose influence in the army has always been very strong, especially since his successes against the Turks, and Dr. Daneff, champion wirepuller of the Peninsula and representative of many "interests," easily overcame the scruples and objections, forcibly enough expressed, of King Ferdinand to launching into a new campaign; and, in fact, the order to march was given before the King's decision had been learnt. The plan was bold enough—to cut off the Greeks from the Servians in the south-west, to throw back the Servian army in the north, and then to deal with both "enemies" separately. The strength of the Greek troops had been miscalculated; and so, too, unfortunately for General Savoff's plans, had the strength of the Servians. The fighting was what is technically described as "heavy"—a newspaper rather than a military term, perhaps—the slaughter was appalling, and the outrages were unprecedented. These Christians showed more savagery towards one another than the Turks had ever shown towards them. No trick was too contemptible if only the enemy could be lured into a trap; and no form of mutilation and torture was too vile once he was safely in it. We shall never hear the full story of this savage war.

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It has been suggested that the Servians may now begin to quarrel with the Greeks over the Macedonian and Albanian boundary lines. In spite of the fact that the two countries have just been fighting side by side against Bulgaria, there is ample ground for making the suggestion. It is hardly likely that we shall see another conflict, however; in the first place, because both nations are exhausted, and in the second place because, now that Russian intervention has been sought by Bulgaria, some effective pressure will be brought to bear on the bloodthirsty States.

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We may say that we now know the worst so far as the Balkans are concerned. Bulgaria is beaten; Roumania has definitely indicated her attitude—the official statement is that she will occupy the territory she wants, and no more—Turkey is too much preoccupied with troubles at home to make any effective move for the recovery of her lost provinces or any considerable part of them. She may possibly be less harshly dealt with than would have been the case if Bulgaria had not been so tactless, but she cannot hope for very much. In any case, no Turkish statesman who had the interests of his country in mind, would attempt at the present time to claim any considerable proportion of what was formerly Turkey-in-Europe. Armenia, Syria, and Arabia have bestirred themselves since the Turks lost their prestige; and it will take very skilful manœuvring if the Ottoman Empire is to be kept together even in its present attenuated form. And

Servia and Greece will be made to see that it is to their advantage to keep quiet.

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But the close of the war in the Balkans does not mean that the worst is over elsewhere. It is believed in the Chancelleries that it would be against all interests, financial and otherwise, for the Great Powers to go to war with one another over the settlement of the Balkan question. We must remember, however, that even the greatest statesmen always looked forward to this settlement with dread and misgiving; even men like Disraeli and Bismarck and Salisbury. And we must also remember, what no journal has yet emphasised or even stated, that the Balkan question has still to be settled. We have had nine months of fighting and six months of important conferences, debates, and "official statements." But the Balkan question is as perplexing as it was in 1878, or in 1882, or in 1887. It was not brought to a satisfactory conclusion with the war with Turkey, and it has not even been discussed since the new war broke out. The International Financial Conference at Paris has proved to be a fiasco; and the Ambassadors' Conference is dead, or at least in a state of suspended animation.

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We leave the Balkans on one side, then, and look for a new centre, or centres, of interest and alarm. We find ourselves, and Europe, very much where we were a few months ago, when King Nicholas of Montenegro was showing what little respect he felt for the will of the Powers. In other words, the struggle is now, as it was then, between Austria and Russia and their respective allies and friends.

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Here, naturally, the first question to be considered will be the preliminary claims of both parties to the present war. Servia and Greece are said to have declared positively that they will not suspend hostilities on this occasion without some definite agreement that their minimum claims will be respected; and they refuse to stop fighting in order that their demands may be "satisfied," as in the case of the war with Turkey, by some vague declaration on the part of the Powers. This attitude, in view of what has just happened, is reasonable enough; but it will not ease the minds of the diplomatists.

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So far as is known at present, Servia intends to claim Karatova, Ishtip, the line of the River Vardar, and perhaps even the line of the River Strumitza. When it is recollected that Bulgaria had claimed all the conquered territory up to and including Monastir, it will be realised that the Servian demands will make a great deal of difference to Bulgaria, especially if the Turks, as seems likely enough, ask for their original Midia-Dedeagatch line of Thrace. Greece, again, demands Seres, Kavala, Drama, and Doiran—a huge slice of territory, which, with her other conquests in the neighbourhood of Janina (assuming that the Powers agreed that she should have Janina) would nearly double the extent of the kingdom. Bulgaria's additional gains, according to this scheme, would consequently be restricted to a few possessions in Thrace.

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The Powers, in their own interests, will approve this plan only in so far as it re-establishes some sort of Balkan status quo. It would not suit any Power for one country to be very much stronger than another. It is hardly likely that Greece will get the coast line from the southern end of the Gulf of Salonika to Kavala, since the loss of Silistria to Roumania will weaken Bulgaria. Neither will it suit Austria to curtail the territory of her artificially-created protégée, Albania. In spite of the deplorable timidity which the Powers have exhibited, it is believed that they will screw up sufficient courage to come to agreements on these points within a few days. What interests me chiefly, of course, is the spread of the true Christian religion in those distant parts. No doubt the conquered peoples will toss up whether they shall join the Greek Church or become Roman Catholics.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

I NOW intend to carry out the promise of my last article, and to show how neglect of one or other of the four great principles of organisation accounts for the various military failures of the past. Much of what I shall say will appear truism, but the main thing about a truism is that it is true, and we cannot afford to neglect truth because it does not furnish the best material for sparkling literary paradox. The neglect of truism is responsible for half the failures of the world. Nothing exists, save by opposition and contest. A truth universally accepted is a truth forgotten.

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The chief defect in the training of British troops during the last forty years is the encouragement of mere cleverness at the expense of morale and sentiment. All ranks, that is, have been encouraged to think that victory can be won with the head rather than the heart, and cunning and stratagem will prove an efficient substitute for hard fighting. That this is an error is proved as soon as the erring army comes up against a foe who is of a different opinion, and who refuses to throw up the sponge unless he has been squarely fought and squarely beaten—such an enemy, for example, who fought his way out of the deathtrap at Dettingen. But this generation knows not Dettingen. Whilst the cleverness and "slimness" of officers and men were cultivated in every possible way, loyalty, esprit de corps, and enthusiasm were neglected or disparaged as "unbusiness-like," "not serious soldiering," and "claptrap." The results are before the public in about a hundred "regrettable incidents."

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The error lay in the neglect of the first principle of the science of organisation: which tells us that man is not solely an intellectual animal, but that he has other sides, including moral and emotional ones. No organisation is worth much which does not take this many-sidedness into account.

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Another frequent error of the day is a neglect of the æsthetic side of man—a neglect which reacts unfavourably upon morale and esprit de corps. In the same way that men of European stock will instinctively stand up to meet death—not because a standing posture is by any means physically the most advantageous one for his reception, but by virtue of a subconscious symbolism which tells them that at such a moment it is wise to avoid even such semblance of shrinking as might be involved by kneeling or lying upon the ground; in the same way they will always prefer to face him conspicuously clothed. The King's red coat was a banner flaunted in the face of death. Those who have lowered it let fear as a traitor into every heart. The brave man knows how within that citadel conspiracy and insurrection are always brewing amid the crowd of rebellious thoughts that lurk in the recesses of the staunchest mind, and that, like all disaffection, they best are kept in check by a bold demeanour towards the enemy. Principiis obsta. Crush the beginnings of fear. In the days when men understood these things the youngest drummer-boy was not allowed to duck more than once before the passing round shot, and Nelson deliberately courted death upon the "Victory" with all his medals on.

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Such is the justification of the brilliant uniform. It was at once a challenge to fear and an outward sign of the nobility of the soldier's calling. Now, our troops go to war in khaki slops. Let us see if they will fight the better for it.

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The second great principle of the science of organisation—that a gain in one place is inevitably counterbalanced by a loss in another—needs peculiar emphasis in an age which believes in "progress" (of which the root idea is, apparently, that somehow or other we shall eat our cake and have it, become more warlike without getting less peaceful, give more money to the

poor without depriving the rich, augment sexual morality and all keep harems at one and the same moment). In military affairs, this wretched attempt simultaneously to enjoy the advantages of two incompatible things, this craven inability to decide and choose for one or the other alternative, reveals itself in directions to win battles without losing men, to take cover without breaking the élan of the attack, to preserve fire control whilst allowing every man to fire in his own good time at his own target, and other drivelling nonsense.

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It only remains for us to issue elaborate instruments on "How to swim without getting wet," and "How to fly without leaving the ground." The tactics of our troops suffer enormously from this tendency to aimless compromise, this inability to make up one's mind to declare for one method or the other, and realise that we cannot be and do everything at once. After all, we have to make heroic little decisions and renunciations every day of our existence. The other day at lunch I had to choose between ale and burgundy. Incredible as it may seem to an undecided generation, I clenched my teeth and chose the burgundy. I did not order both and drink them alternately, or mix them together in one tumbler.

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This is not to say that compromise and the reconciliation of opposing needs finds no part in organisation. On the contrary, it is the soul of it. But we cannot have everything: sooner or later we must choose and throw something overboard.

CHINA.

China, oldest of the States framed by Social Man!
Civilised, when in our woods naked hunters ran!
Venerable, when in this Isle Rome made camp and road,
Fought the Picts on Northern moors, wild men dyed with woad!
Mistress of the finest arts, when we shaped the stone,
Tracked the wolf in sombre woods, gnawed the wild beasts' bone!
Giver of the herb beloved in palace and in slum,
China! take our precious gift—chests of opium!

Ere our birth, your land could boast the poet and the sage,
You could paint the porcelain vase, read the printed page;
Your astronomers could tell when the Moon would dim
The bright Monarch of the Day, when Earth's shadow swim
O'er the Moon's pure silver disc, when the stars would rise,
Taught the mariner to sail under trackless skies;
From your shores came softest silks, bales of spice and gum,
China! in return we give—chests of opium!

When did we refrain from force when you spurned our care?
Duty sad to burn your towns, blow your junks in air!
Then we sent you Men of God, made you understand
Murdered messengers of Peace meant square miles of land!
Taught you thus to venerate our pacific creed,
When you felt the forceful fist follow friendly deed!
When you had no words of thanks, when your lips were dumb,
Then we gave you precious drugs, chests of opium!

Do you dream, O friends revered! some remorse we feel?
Though our object was our wealth, was it not your weal?
Have we not (confess it now!) always wished your best—
Lent you millions at a safe rate of interest?
Sold you ships and sold you guns, sent you Bibles free?
Prayed for your new Parliament? drunk your scented tea?
China! while we blush ashamed our benefits to sum,
Why refuse our precious gift, chests of opium?

China, oldest of the States framed by Social Man!
Civilised, when in our woods naked hunters ran!
Venerable, when in this Isle Rome made camp and road,
Fought the Picts on Northern moors, wild men dyed with woad!
Mistress of the finest arts, when we shaped the stone,
Tracked the wolf in sombre woods, gnawed the wild beasts' bone!
Giver of the herb beloved in palace and in slum,
China! take our precious gift—chests of opium!

JOHN TATTERSALL.

The Rural Community.

By George W. Russell.

IN neither the old world nor the new does there seem to me to be much first-class thinking on the life of the countryman. This will be apparent if we compare the quality of thought which has been devoted to the problems of the city state, or the constitution of wide-spread dominions, from the days of Solon and Aristotle down to the time of Alexander Hamilton, and compare it with the quality of thought which has been brought to bear on the problem of the rural community.

On the labours of the countryman depend the whole strength and health, nay, the very existence of society, yet in almost every country politics, economics, and social reform are urban products, and the countryman gets only the crumbs which fall from the political table. It seems to be so in Canada and the States, countries which we in Europe for long regarded as mainly agricultural. It seems only yesterday to the imagination that they were colonised, and yet we find the Minister of Agriculture in Canada announcing this year a decline in the rural population in Eastern Canada. Rural America is travelling abroad for the sake of its health. A commission of delegates from every State in the Union has been in Europe for the last two months seeking for economic remedies for the disease of rural decay. As children sprung from the loins of diseased parents manifest at an early age the same defects in their constitution, so Canada and the States, though in their national childhood, seem already threatened by the same disease from which classic Italy perished, and whose ravages to-day made Great Britain seem to the acute diagnoser of political health like a fruit, ruddy without, but eaten away within and rotten at the core. One expects disease in old age, but not in youth. We expect young countries to sow their wild oats, to have a few revolutions before they settle down to national housekeeping, but we are not moved by those troubles, the result of excessive energy, as we are by symptoms of premature decay. No nation can be regarded as unhealthy when a virile peasantry, contented with rural employments, however discontented with other things, exists on its soil. The disease which has attacked the great industrial communities here and in America is a discontent with rural life. Nothing which has been done hitherto seems able to promote content. It is true, indeed, that science has gone out into the fields; but the labours of the chemist, the bacteriologist, and the mechanical engineer are not enough to ensure health. What is required is the art of the political thinker, the imagination which creates a social order and adjusts it to human needs. The physician who understands the general laws of human health is of more importance to us here than the specialist. The genius of rural life has not yet appeared. We have no fundamental philosophy concerning it, but we have treasures of political wisdom dealing with humanity as a social organism in the city states or as great nationalities. It might be worth while inquiring to what extent the wisdom of a Solon, an Aristotle, or an Alexander Hamilton might be applied to the problem of the rural community. After all, men are not so completely changed in character by their rural environment that their social needs do not, to a large extent, coincide with the needs of the townsman. They cannot be considered as creatures of a different species. Yet statesmen, who have devoted so much thought to the constitution of empires and the organisation of great cities, who have studied their psychology, have almost always treated the rural problem purely as an economic problem, as if agriculture was a business only and not a life.

Our great nations and wide-spread empires arose in a haphazard fashion out of city states and scattered tribal communities. The fusion of these into larger entities, which could act jointly for offence or defence,

so much occupied the thoughts of their rulers that everything else was subordinated to it. As a result the details of our modern civilisations are all wrong. There is an intensive life at a few great political or industrial centres, and wide areas where there is stagnation and decay. Stagnation is most obvious in rural districts. It is so general that it has been often assumed that there was something inherent in rural life which made the countryman slow in mind as his own cattle. But this is not so, as I think can be shown. There is no reason why as intense intellectual and progressive a life should not be possible in the country as in the town. The real reason for the stagnation is that the country population is not organised. We often hear the expression, "the rural community," but where do we find rural communities? There are rural populations, but that is altogether a different thing. The word "community" implies an association of people having common interests and common possessions, bound together by laws and regulations which express these common interests and ideals and define the relation of the individual to the community. Our rural populations are no more closely connected, for the most part, than the shifting sands on the seashore. Their life is almost entirely individualistic. There are personal friendships, of course, but few economic or social partnerships. Everybody pursues his own occupation without regard to the occupation of his neighbours. If a man emigrates it does not affect the occupation of those who farm the land all about him. They go on ploughing and digging, buying and selling, just as before. They suffer no perceptible economic loss by the departure of half a dozen men from the district. A true community would, of course, be affected by the loss of its members. A co-operative society, if it loses a dozen members, the milk of their cows, their orders for fertilisers, seeds, and feeding-stuffs, receives serious injury to its prosperity. There is a minimum of trade below which its business cannot fall without bringing about a complete stoppage of its work and an inability to pay its employees. That is the difference between a community and an unorganised population. In the first the interests of the community make a conscious and direct appeal to the individual, and the community in its turn rapidly develops an interest in the prosperity of the member. In the second the interest of the individual in the community is only sentimental, and as there is no organisation the community lets the individual slip away or disappear without comment or action. We had true rural communities in ancient Ireland, though the organisation was rather military than economic. But the members of a clan had common interests. They owned the land in common. It was a common interest to preserve it intact. It was to their interest to have a numerous membership of the clan, because it made it less liable to attack. Men were drawn by the social order out of merely personal interests into a larger life. In their organisations they were unconsciously groping, as all human organisations are, towards the final solidarity of humanity, the federation of the world.

Well, these old rural communities disappeared. The greater organisations of nation or empire regarded the smaller communities jealously in the past, and broke them up and gathered all the strings of power into capital cities. The result was a growth of the State, with a local decay of civic, patriotic, or public feeling, ending in bureaucracies and State departments, where paid officials, devoid of intimacy with local needs, replaced the services naturally and voluntarily rendered in an earlier period. The rural population, no longer existing as a rural community, sank into stagnation. There was no longer a common interest, a social order turning their minds to larger than individual ends. Where feudalism was preserved, the feudal chief, if the feeling of noblesse oblige was strong, might act as a centre of progress, but where this was lacking social decay set in. The difficulty of moving the countryman, which has become traditional, is not due to the fact that he lives in the country, but to the fact that he lives in an unorganised society. If Dublin or another city wants an art gallery, or public baths, or recreation grounds, there is a machinery which can be set in motion, there are corporations and urban councils which can be approached. If public opinion is evident —and it is easy to organise public opinion in a town— the city representatives will consider the scheme, and if they approve and it is within their power as a corporation or council, they are able to levy rates to finance the art gallery, public bath-houses, recreation grounds, public gardens, or whatever else. Now let us go to a country district where there is no organisation. It may be obvious to one or two people that the place is perishing and the humanity is decaying, lacking some centre of life. They want a centre of life, a village hall, but how is it to be obtained? They begin talking about it to this person or that. They ask these people to talk to their friends, and the ripples go out weakening and widening for months, perhaps for years. I know of districts where this has happened. There are in all probability hundreds of parishes in Ireland where some half-dozen intelligent men want co-operative societies or village halls or rural libraries. They discuss the matter with their neighbours; but find a complete ignorance on the subject. Before enthusiasm can be kindled there must be some knowledge. The countryman reads little, and it is a long and tedious business before enough people are excited to bring them to the point of appealing to some expert to come in and advise.

More changes often take place within a dozen years after a co-operative society is first started than have taken place for a century previous. I am familiar with a district—Templecrona, in north-west Donegal. It was one of the most wretchedly poor districts in Ireland. The farmers were at the mercy of the gombeen traders and the agricultural middlemen. Then a dozen years ago a co-operative society was formed. I am sure the oldest inhabitant there will agree that more changes for the better for farmers have taken place since the co-operative society was started than he could remember in all his previous life. The reign of the gombeen man is over. The farmers control their own buying and selling. Their organisation markets for them the eggs and poultry. It procures seeds, fertilisers, and domestic requirements. It turns the members' pigs into bacon. They have a village hall and an allied women's organisation. They sell the products of the women's industry. They have a co-operative band, social gatherings, and concerts. They have spread out into half a dozen parishes. They have gone southward to Ardara with their propaganda and eastwards towards Falcarragh, and in half a dozen years in all that district, previously without organisation, there will be well-organised farmers' guilds, concentrating in themselves all the trade of their districts, having meeting places where the opinion of the members can be taken; having a machinery, committees, and executive officers to carry out whatever may be decided on, and having funds, or profits, the joint property of the community, which can be drawn upon to finance their undertakings. You see what a tremendous advantage it is to farmers in a district to have such organisations; what a lever they can pull and control! You will understand the difference between a rural population and a rural community, between a people loosely knit together by the vague ties of a common latitude and longitude, and people who are closely knit together in association and who form a true social organism, a true rural community. I assert that there never can be any progress in rural districts, or any real prosperity, without such farmers' organisations or guilds. Wherever rural prosperity is reported of any country, inquire into it and it will be found that it depends on rural organisation. Wherever there is rural decay, inquire into it, and it will be found that there was a rural population, but no rural community, no organisation, no

guild to promote common interests and unite people in defence of them.

It is the business of the rural reformer to create the rural community. It is the antecedent to the creation of a rural civilisation. You have to organise the community so that it can act as one body. It is not enough to organise farmers in a district for one purpose only—in a credit society, a dairy society, a fruit society, a bacon factory, or in a co-operative store. All these may be, and must be, beginnings, but if they do not develop and absorb all rural business into their organisation they will have little effect on character. No true social organism will have been created. If people unite as consumers to buy together, they only come into contact on this one point; there is no general identity of interest. If co-operative societies are specialised for this purpose or that—as in Great Britain or on the Continent—to a large extent the limitation of objects prevents a true social organism from being formed. The latter has a tremendous effect on human character. The specialised society only develops economic efficiency. The evolution of humanity beyond its present level depends absolutely on its power to unite and create true social organisms. Life in its higher forms is only possible because of the union of myriads of tiny lives to form a larger being which manifests will, intelligence, affection, and the spiritual powers. The life of the amœba or any other unicellular organism is low compared with the life in more complex organisms, like the ant or bee. Man is the most highly developed living organism on the globe, yet his body is built up of innumerable tiny cells, each of which might be described as a tiny life in itself. But they are built up in man into such a close association that what affects one part of the body affects all. The yell which the whole being will emit if a pin is stuck into one cell in the human body should prove that to the least intelligent. The nervous system binds all the tiny cells together, and they form in this totality a being infinitely higher, more powerful, than the cells which compose it. They are able to act together and achieve things impossible to the separated cells. Now, humanity today is, to some extent, like the individual cells. It is trying to unite together to form a real organism, which will manifest higher qualities of life than the individual can manifest. But very few of the organisms created by society enable the individual to do this. The joint stock companies, or capitalist concerns, which bring men together at this work or that, do not yet make them feel their unity. Existence under a common government affects this still less. Our modern states have not yet succeeded in building up that true national life where all feel the identity of interest; where the true civic or social feeling is engendered and the individual bends all his efforts to the success of the community on which his own depends; where, in fact, the ancient Greek conception of citizenship is realised, and individuals are created who are ever conscious of the identity of interest between themselves and their race. In the old Greek civilisations this was possible because their States were small—indeed, their ideal State contained no more citizens than could be affected by the voice of a single orator. Such small States, though they produced the highest quality of life within themselves, are no longer possible as political entities. We have to see whether we could not, within our widespread nationalities, create communities by economic means where something of the same sense of solidarity of interest might be engendered and the same quality of life maintained. You see that I have great ambitions for the rural community. But it is no use having mean ambitions. Unless people believe the result of their labours will result in their equalling or surpassing the best that has been done elsewhere, they will never get very far. We are all out in quest of a civilisation. It is a great adventure—the building up of a civilisation—the noblest which could be undertaken by any persons. It is at once the noblest and the most practical of all enterprises, and I can conceive of no greater exaltation for the spirit of man than the feeling that his race is acting nobly, and that all together are performing a service not only to each other, but to humanity and those who come after them, and that their deeds will be remembered. It may seem a grotesque juxtaposition of things essentially different in character to talk of national idealism and then of farming, but it is not. They are inseparable. The national idealism which will not go out into the fields and deal with the fortunes of the working farmers is false idealism. Our conception of a civilisation must include, nay, must begin with the life of the humblest, the life of the average man or manual worker, for if we neglect them we will build in sand. The neglected classes will wreck our civilisation. The pioneers of a new social order must think first of the average man in field or factory, and so unite these and so inspire them that the noblest life will be possible through their companionship. If you will not offer people the noblest and best they will go in search of it. Unless the countryside can offer to young men and women some satisfactory food for soul as well as body, it will fail to attract or hold its population and they will go to the already over-crowded towns, and the lessening of rural production will affect production in the cities and factories, and the problem of the unemployed will get still keener. The problem is not only an economic problem. It is a human one. Man does not live by cash alone, but by every gift of fellowship and brotherly feeling society offers him. The final urgings of men and women are towards humanity. Their desires are for the perfecting of their own life, and, as Whitman says, where the best men and women are there the great city stands, though it is only a village. It is one of the illusions of modern materialistic thought to suppose that as high a quality of life is not possible in a village as in a great city, and it is one of the aims of rural reformers to dissipate this fallacy, and to show that it is possible—not, indeed, to concentrate wealth in country communities as in the cities—but that it is possible to bring comfort enough to satisfy any reasonable person and to create a society where there will be intellectual life and human interests. We will hear little then of the rural exodus. The country will retain and increase its population and productiveness. Like attracts like. Life draws life to itself. Intellect awakens intellect, and the country will hold its own tug for tug with the towns.

Now you will say I have talked a long while round and round the rural community, but I have not suggested how it is to be created. I am coming to that. It really cannot be created. It is a natural growth when the right seed is planted. Co-operation is the seed. Let us take Ireland.

Twenty-five years ago there was not a single co-operative society in the country. Individualism was the mode of life. Every farmer manufactured and sold as seemed best in his eyes. It was generally the worst possible way they could have chosen. Then came Sir Horace Plunkett and his colleagues, preaching co-operation. A creamery was established here, an agricultural society there, and having planted the ideas it was some time before the economic expert could decide whether they were planted in fertile soil. But that question was decided many years ago. The co-operative society started for whatever purpose originally is an omnivorous feeder, and it exercises a magnetic influence on all agricultural activities, so that we now have societies which buy milk, manufacture and sell butter, deal in poultry and eggs, cure bacon, provide fertilisers, feeding-stuffs, seeds and machinery for their members, and even cater for every requirement of the farmer's household. This magnetic power of attracting and absorbing to themselves the various rural activities which the properly constituted co-operative societies have, make them develop rapidly, until in the course of a decade or a generation there is created a real social organism, where the members buy together, manufacture together, market together; where finally their entire interests are bound up with the interests of

the community. I believe in half a century the whole business of rural Ireland will be done co-operatively. This is not a wild surmise, for we see exactly the same process going on in Denmark, Germany, Italy, and every country where the co-operative seed was planted. Let us suppose that in a generation all the rural industries are organised on co-operative lines, what kind of a community should we expect to find as the result? How would its members live; what would be their relations to one another and their community? The agricultural scientist is making great discoveries. The mechanical engineer goes from one triumph to another. The chemist already could work wonders in our fields if there was a machinery for him to work through. We cannot foretell the developments in each branch, but we can see clearly that the organised community can lay hold of discoveries and inventions which the individual farmer cannot. It is little for the co-operative society to buy expensive threshing sets and let its members have the use of them, but the individual farmer would have to save a long time before he could raise a thousand pounds. The society is a better buyer than the individual. It can buy things the individual cannot buy. It is a better producer also. The plant for a creamery is beyond the individual farmer, but our organised farmers in Ireland, small though they are, find it no trouble to erect and equip a creamery with plant costing two thousand pounds. The organised rural community of the future will generate its own electricity at its central buildings, and run not only its factories and other enterprises by this power, but will supply light to the houses of its members and also mechanical power to run machinery on the farm. One of our Irish societies at Roscrea is making arrangements for supplying electric light for the whole town. In the organised rural community the eggs, milk, poultry, pigs, cattle, grain, and wheat produced on the farm and not consumed, or required for further agricultural production, will automatically be delivered to the co-operative business centre of the district, where the manager of the dairy will turn the milk into butter or cheese, and the skim milk will be returned to feed the community's pigs. The poultry and egg department will pack and dispatch the fowls and eggs to market. The mill will grind the corn and return it ground to the member, or there may be a co-operative bakery to which some of it may go. The pigs will be dealt with in the abattoir, sent as fresh pork to the market, or be turned into bacon to feed the members. We may be certain that any intelligent rural community will try to feed itself first and will only sell the surplus. It will realise that it will be unable to buy any food half as good as the food it produces. The community will hold in common all the best machinery too expensive for the members to buy individually. The agricultural labourers will gradually become skilled mechanics able to direct threshers, binders, diggers, cultivators, and new implements we have no conception of now. They will be members of the society, sharing in its profits. The co-operative community will have its own carpenters, smiths, mechanics employed in its workshop at repairs or in making those things which can profitably be made locally. There may be a laundry where the washing—a heavy burden of the women—will be done; for we may be sure that every scrap of power generated will be utilised. One happy invention after another will come to lighten the labour of life. There will be, of course, a village hall with a library and gymnasium, where the boys and girls will be made straight, athletic, and graceful. In the evenings, when the work of the day is done, if we went into the village hall we would find a dance going on perhaps, or a concert. There might be a co-operative choir or band. There would be a committee room where the council of the community would meet once a week, for their enterprises would have grown, and the business of such a parish community might easily be over one hundred thousand pounds, and would require constant thought. There would be no slackness on the part of the Council in attending, because their fortunes would depend on their communal enterprises and they would have to consider reports from the managers and officials of the various departments. The co-operative community would be a busy place. In years when the society was exceptionally prosperous and earned more than usual on its trade, we should expect to find discussions, in which all the members would join, as to the use to be made of these profits—whether they should be altogether divided or what portion of them should be devoted to some public purpose. We may be certain that there would be animated discussions, because a real solidarity of feeling would have arisen and a pride in the work of the community engendered, and they would like to be able to outdo the good work done by the neighbouring communities.

One might like to endow the village school with a chemical laboratory, another might want to decorate the village hall with reproductions of famous pictures, another might suggest removing all hedges and planting the roadsides and lanes with gooseberry bushes, currant bushes and fruit trees, as they do in some German communes to-day. There would be eloquent pleadings for this or that, for an intellectual heat would be engendered in this human hive and there would be no more illiterates or ignoramuses. The teaching in the village school would be altered to suit the new social order, and the children of the community would, we may be certain, be instructed in everything necessary for the intelligent conduct of the communal business. The spirit of rivalry between one community and another, which exists to-day between neighbouring creameries, would excite the imagination of the members, and the organised community would be as swift to act as the unorganised community is slow to act. Intelligence would be organised as well as business. The women would have their own associations, to promote domestic economy, care of the sick and children. The girls would have their own industries of embroidery, crochet, lace, dress-making, weaving, spinning, or whatever new industries the awakened intelligence of women may devise and lay hold of as the peculiar labour of their sex.

The business of distribution of the produce and industries of the community would be carried on by great federations, which would attend to export and sale of the products of thousands of societies. Such communities would be real social organisms. The individual would be free to do as he willed, but he would find that communal activity would be infinitely more profitable than individual activity. We would then have a real democracy carrying on its own business, and bringing about reforms without pleading to or begging of the State, or intriguing with or imploring the aid of political middlemen to get this, that or the other done for them. They would be self-respecting, because they would be self-helping above all things. The national councils and meetings of national federations would be the real Parliament of the nation, for wherever all the economic power is centred, there also is centred all the political power. And no politician would dare to interfere with the organised industry of a nation.

There is nothing to prevent such communities being formed. They would be a natural growth once the seed was planted. We see such communities naturally growing up in Ireland, with perhaps a little stimulus from outside from rural reformers and social enthusiasts. If this ideal of the organised rural community is accepted there will be difficulties, of course, and enemies to be encountered. The agricultural middleman will rage furiously. He will organise all his forces to keep the farmers in subjection, and to retain his peculiar functions of fleecing the farmer as producer and the general public as consumer. Unless people are determined to eliminate the middleman in agriculture they will fail to effect anything worth while attempting. I would lay down certain fundamental propositions which must be frankly accepted as a basis of reform. First, that the farmers must be organised

to have complete control over all the business connected with their industry. Dual control is intolerable. Agriculture will never be in a satisfactory condition if the farmer is relegated to the position of a manual worker on his land, if he is denied the right of a manufacturer to buy the raw materials of his industry on trade terms; if other people are to deal with his milk, cream, fruit, vegetables, live stock, grain, and other produce, and if these capitalist middle agencies are to manufacture the farmers' raw material into butter, bacon, or whatever else; are to do all the marketing and export, paying farmers what they please on the one hand and charging the public as much as they can on the other hand. The existence of these middle agencies is responsible for a large proportion of the increased cost of living, which is the most acute problem of industrial communities. They have too much power over the farmer and are too expensive a luxury for the consumer. It would be very unbusinesslike for any country to contemplate the permanence in national life of a class whose personal interests are always leading them to fleece both producer and consumer alike. So the first fundamental idea for reformers to get into their minds is that farmers, through their own co-operative organisations, must control the entire business connected with agriculture. The second proposition I lay down is that this necessary organisation work among the farmers must be carried on by an organising body which is entirely controlled by those interested in agriculture—farmers and their friends. To ask the State or a State department to undertake this work is to ask a body influenced and often controlled by the powerful capitalists and middle agencies, which it should be the aim of the organisation to eliminate. The State can, without obstruction from any quarter, give farmers a technical education in the science of farming, but let it once interfere with business and a horde of angry interests set to work to hamper and limit by every possible means; and compromises on matters of principle, where no compromise ought to be permitted, are almost inevitable.

A voluntary organising body like the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, which was the first to attempt the co-operative organisation of farmers in these islands, is the only kind of body which can pursue its works fearlessly, unhampered by alien interests. The moment such a body declares its aims, its declaration automatically separates the sheep from the goats, and its enemies are outside, not inside. The organising body should be the heart and centre of the farmers' movement, and if the heart has its allegiance divided its work will be poor and ineffectual, and very soon the farmers will fall away from it to follow more single-hearted leaders. No trade union would admit representatives of capitalist employers on its committee, and no organisation of farmers should allow alien or opposing interests on their councils to clog the machine or betray the cause. This is the best advice I can give. It is the result of twenty years' experience in this work.

Our task is to truly democratise civilisation and its agencies, to spread in widest commonality culture, comfort, intelligence and happiness, and to give to the average man those things which in an earlier age were the privileges of a few. The country is the fountain of the life and health of a race. And this organisation of the country people into co-operative communities will educate them and make them citizens in the true sense of the word, that is, people continually conscious of their identity of interest with those about them. It is by this conscious sense of solidarity of interest, which only the organised co-operative community can engender in modern times, that the higher achievements of humanity become possible. Religion has created this spirit at times—witness the majestic cathedrals the Middle Ages raised to manifest their faith.

Political organisation engendered the passion of citizenship in the Greek States, and the Parthenon and a host of lordly buildings crowned the hills and uplifted and filled with pride the heart of the citizen.

Our big countries, our big empires and republics, for all their military strength and science, and the wealth which science has made it possible for man to win, do not create citizenship because of the loose organisation of society, because individualism is rampant and men, failing to understand the intricacies of the vast and complex life of their country, fall back on private life and private ambitions, and leave the honour of their country and the making of laws and the application of the national revenues to a class of professional politicians, in their turn, in servitude to the interests which supply party funds, and so we find corruption in high places and cynicism in the people. It is necessary for the creation of citizens, for the building up of a noble national life, that the social order should be so organised that this sense of interdependence will be constantly felt, and as a contribution to thought on this subject I have put together this paper on the Rural Community.

The Psychology of Consumption.

By Harold Lister.

WRITING over thirty years ago, Dr. Rabagliati said that the change in the Englishman's diet—from protein to an excessive use of starchy foods—would result in a preponderance of chest and lung complaints such as asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption; and after thirty years he is still something of a prophet. Nor is this strange when we consider the class that the medico is drawn from. The respectable tradesman's son in his student days is, if anything, more rowdy, and destructive, than any other class of student, but that does not prevent him ultimately from settling down to the nether depths of respectability and routine. He is bold in his youth as gangs of roughs are bold, and his later quiescence is a natural correlative, especially when you get this type acting by itself. In other words, genius and discovery in the medical profession are almost incompatible.

In consumption we have an instance of the paramount influence of environment. It is a disease of ignorance, or, de-civilisation. The drayman stands a better chance than the indoor worker on the same diet. Moreover, the open-air life is likely to set up a craving for something more substantial than the bread, jam, tea and pastry of the factory hand. The jaded, de-oxygenised indoor w rker eats the very kind of food he should most avoid mainly because it can be had ready prepared at a pastry-shop, or is easily prepared at home, and in any case is fatally easy to eat in that it is rarely masticated as it should be. Also an excessive indulgence in sweet foods renders him impatient, excitable, and craving excitement.

We are too apt to forget that, in the scale of evolution, sugar (apart from sugar in fruit) is a comparatively modern innovation in the dietary, and that the human organism cannot reasonably be expected successfully to cope with overdoses of it in the course of a few hundred years. (In passing, neither sugar nor white-bread is injurious to the teeth. Bad teeth are caused, in every case, by over-eating and underchewing. I include, also, certain dangerous trades.) I do not say that sugar is the cause of all disease, but I do say that sweet foods set up an unnatural thirst. It is this which is responsible for the increased use of tea and cocoa. So that the very thing the temperance reformers are chortling over is the very thing that is undermining the stamina of the English people!

Bread eating has its mental equivalent. It has made the British working-man a coward. In throwing all the work of digestion on the lungs, thus setting up a permanent state of incipient pneumonia, the blood is overworked, the lungs work with an insufficient supply, and there is a consequent impoverishment, loss of

vigour and morale. The lion heart has lion lungs, and you cannot have courage without good red blood in your veins, much less can you have courage on a diet of dishwater and starch. The consumptive with mouth agape is not a conspicuously intelligent person. (Consumption is NOT infectious. The reason why it appears to be so is that whole families have the same stupid dietetic habits. Also, diseases marry like diseases.)

The consumptive has this in common with his betters; he despises Epicureanism—they dread it. Or, it would be most correct to say, did dread it. For the early Christian fathers knew Epicureanism when the industrial era was not. They knew the meaning of moderation as Plutarch, or any educated Greek, knew it; and it did not serve their purpose that the common man should come under the atheistical, stoical doctrine implied in Epicureanism. They did not wish the common man to be wholly independent of them and their administration. The C.O.S. spirit was not born yesterday. This generalisation may appear to be a shot at a venture, but I think it will pass, even allowing for the fact that the common man in all ages is not given to exercising very much self-restraint. And we must not forget the Greek worship of physical beauty, or that it was the proud boast of the Spartans that they "so lived as to be independent of the physician."

But what has the industrial system to do with Epicureanism? This: the rule in some of the Continental countries is still two meals a day, as it was in this country in the pre-industrial era. The factory with its—at first—terribly long hours, necessitated a midday break, and this introduced the midday dinner. It broke up the old breakfast and "supper" regimen. Traditions linger on. The Americans still call the evening meal supper.

Not, of course, that those bucolic forefathers of ours cared a damn about fastidious feeding or any such fallals. But it did mean that they did not fill themselves up with starch (carbohydrates), and they did drink good beer. Their diseases were diseases of the blood—scurvy, scrofula (or king's evil), erysipelas, and so on; and bleeding was the best treatment they could have had. I have not the slightest doubt that bleeding will become again (indiscriminately) popular. It is much more immediately effective than going to some foreign Spa, and drinking their beastly waters; incidentally it is cheaper. The average over-fed, prosperous person studies his purse in the matter of health even more than do the necessitous poor, as any medico having dealings with them knows to his cost.

The well-to-do Englishman has always been a trencherman, and always will be. The very rigour and rawness of the climate, and dull summer days, presupposes warm firesides, hospitality, and eating till you burst. This indiscriminate mode of feeding tinges his whole sport loving, intellectually deficient life, from the cradle, when an affectionate mother pampers him, to often an early grave, as a direct result of having the best of everything. Can it be wondered at that, brought up in such a fashion, he should incline to a religion that promises him the best of everything in a world to come?

The relation between feeding and religion is intimate enough to be obvious, though I doubt if it has ever been pointed out. The spiritual religions come, of course, from the spiritual, abstinent East. We "get" religion in the same spirit in which we receive our quarterly dividends, less income tax. The Yanks have their candy-shops, dyspepsia, and Mrs. Eddy. We have Mrs. Besant. And from what I hear—and read—the Australians are as bad; the spiritualists doing a roaring trade there. If people get the religion they deserve, they certainly get the diseases they deserve, and by good hap the doctors, too.

The jokes of the gods are sometimes organic. For instance, we have the modern Englishman, who lumps the whole Indian peoples in the "nigger" class, now living on the nigger diet—bread-rice; and he is now thoroughly pacific in best, or worse, sense. Like the babu, he is quarrelsome litigiously; and like the genuine babu that he is, he is valiant only on points of precedence. The quarrels between the different Labour-Socialist groups are not on questions of principle but on twopenny-'apenny practice.

A noticeable characteristic in a consumptive is his inveterate hopefulness. Up to the day of his death he is more or less cheerful, and still he "hopes for the best." This is the mark also of your born coward. He, too, hopes for the best in an attempt to wriggle out of his environmental difficulties instead of manfully fighting his way out. He is a cringing worm either collectively or singly. (Trade Unionists and prospective National Guilders should make a note of this.) Psychologists will, of course, observe that this is the basis of the present-day passive religions—Methodism, Wesleyanism, etc.

In actual practice the starch-eating masses, having no stamina, regard a courageous man as "cheeky." Their timidity runs to viciousness in their passive opposition to a potential leader other than an old hand who knows the ropes, and who will gab in the orthodox manner. The Ramsay MacDonalds, and the Philip Snowdens will always have a following—such as it is. This is the type which will give the Guilds most trouble.

Bad as conditions are at present, there is no need for consumption to be rife. Dr. Rabagliati's prophecy was based on a knowledge of the chemical constituents of food at a time when diseases were supposed to be descended out of heaven! Potassium being one of the most important of the soil foods, it is also the main constituent of both vegetables and meat. Starch is deficient in potash—it is a neglible quantity even in wholemeal. The modern workers' dietary, it is not too much to say, is absolutely deficient in the most important of the food values. Again, a civilisation which gives to its women a smattering of a literary education, and little or no training in domestic hygiene is not exactly a civilisation for sane people to live in. A moderately skilful housewife can contrive even on a little, but as far as management goes, the factory-worker and shopgirl are both shiftless by natural aptitude. Under such conditions as these more money would but mean more opportunities of beastliness and unhygienic living. The amount of pastry the middle-classes can gobble is enormous. Management, management, management, and to the limbo of other things Victorian with a nick-nack education based on "accomplishments."

Another very important factor as regards healthy living is the convergence of a vast population in a comparatively narrow compass. And this convergance is not only to the brick and mortar life of the towns, but it means much more than that. It was Priestley who discovered in a most marvellous way, considering the time and the means at his disposal, that vegetation was Nature's remedy for restoring to the atmosphere depleted stores of oxygen which are being continuously consumed by every living creature. Together with the enormous loss of green leaf in the towns we have the fact that the town is too much sheltered from wind. The city dweller does not get sufficiently blown upon, and thus he loses the most tonic property of the winds.

The speeding up of "civilisation" could have had but one possible result—de-civilisation. We are not civilised as the Greeks, or Confucius, understood civilisation; and as the Oriental peoples to-day understand it.

But recently a nimrod, man has suddenly ceased to exert himself, or to take any adequate exercise. Inheriting a perfect bodily organism, he is now disgustingly familiar with the imperfections arising out of disuse, so much so as to regard disease as a natural condition of things. Arising out of this we have the modern man dreading the implication (of his own abounding unworthiness) of physical perfection and beauty. Therefore we may see that "Greek gaiety" was not a lucky guess, and that the Greeks were justified in their belief that ugliness and deformity were the natural counterparts to an ugly and deformed state of mind, and an ugly and deformed society.

Missionaries in South Africa.

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman called upon me for the purpose of discussing the missionary question and to hear my views as to the effect upon the natives generally of mission and educational work. I found that he had just arrived from England and intended spending only some two or three weeks in South Africa. Also I discovered that he was a wealthy man and a considerable supporter of one of the large missionary bodies.

I was given to understand that on behalf of some friends at home, and for his own guidance, he was anxious to obtain first-hand information on the general effect of mission work, and that the report which he took back would have its influence when the time came for his annual subscriptions to be made to the society.

Now what is one to do with a man like this? I told him right away that I would rather not discuss the matter with him at all, and gave him my reasons, but he said that, although he would have liked to stay in the country some time and study the question for himself, unfortunately he had only very limited time at his disposal. He hoped I would give him my views, which, with the opinions he would gather from other sources on his way through, would enable him to arrive at something like a knowledge of the subject.

Well, I allowed him to interrogate me all he wished, and occasionally illuminated my replies with incident and illustration.

At one time, after telling me his position, he asked me, as one having had considerable experience of native life here, how I should act if placed as he was.

I replied: Having some knowledge of conditions existing in England, as well as in South Africa, if my income allowed me to place five hundred pounds on one side for home charitable work, and one hundred pounds for the same in South Africa (missions or what not), I should give the six hundred pounds to England. He answered me: Surely, if a doctor, having diphtheria in his own house, to which he was attending, had a call to a case of diphtheria across the way he would attend to it as well as he was able. Yes, I said, but if a doctor had diphtheria in his own house, and of such a nature as must tax his utmost energies properly to deal with, and he heard that things were not quite right across the road, and that there was a possibility that he might do some good if he went there, he would be erring on the right side rather to redouble his attentions at home than divide them.

As I had already shown that I was not antagonistic to missionary work, but had, on the contrary, expressed appreciation in one or two instances which I had given him, my friend did not follow up the argument.

Finally, on bidding goodbye, I said: For all the knowledge of the subject you will have when you reach England again you might as well have stopped there. Such knowledge is not gained from interviews nor by a few weeks or months' sojourn in the country. You will be visiting missionaries now at their stations and discussing things here and there as you go, and you will learn exactly what you are predisposed to learn; that is to say, the opinions which you held at home will be confirmed, and the subscriptions will continue as before.

He was good enough to agree that this might be the case. He left for some mission station in Rhodesia, and I have not since heard from him, but I dare wager that his subscription to the society has been increased as a result of his visit to South Africa.

Considered from the religious point of view, there is little indeed of a convincing nature to be said in favour of the establishment and endowment of mission stations. A great deal has been written on the subject, and I do not intend to add to it beyond the few lines given here.

The Christian and Mahommedan religions are both in the field, and of the Christian there are the Roman Catholic and half-a-dozen or more versions of the Protestant for the native to choose from. Each one of these is really the only true way! Actually the native has not this choice; happily he is saved from any such scandalous and bewildering position. The first society which happens to locate his kraal and gets him to build a little church has it all its own way; for, excepting in the case of large central kraals, competition does not pay. So the happy native finds the only real and true way of life brought to his door.

There is a temptation to enter into the subject, but here one's sense of humour comes in and refuses to allow serious discussion of the possible good effects of such a chance and ridiculous state of things.

The ordinary layman visiting any outside mission station sums up the result to himself as a little good, much bad, mostly indifferent! and he finds himself unable to allow that the possibilities heavenward of the people have been increased one iota beyond the possibilities of the millions of good, bad and indifferent natives who went to rest without ever having heard of the crescent or the cross.

One gets led on. I had intended pursuing the religious aspect no further, but a friend now present has just mentioned a rather amusing case in point which I must give. He was farming in Rhodesia some little distance from a large native town, where the missionaries were of the Church of England persuasion, and where of course, the natives were taught to attend church on Sundays. It happened, however, that a pair of American Seventh-Day Adventist pastors felt a yearning in their hearts to show these poor deluded natives the true way of salvation, and they chose a spot close to the boundaries of his farm to erect their temple. Now the natives who worked there all belonged to the big town, and knew that it was wrong to work on Sundays, but here were two good men who assured them that if they worked on Saturdays against the command from on high there was no hope for them; they would be damned for ever. What were they to do? The matter was serious! In the end they decided to take no chances and decided to work neither Saturdays nor Sundays. My friend has sold his farm, and I asked him whether it was because he feared a Mahommedan priest would come along and persuade those natives that if they had any regard for their future welfare they must attend to the cry from his minaret on Friday and come to mosque.

Whether, apart from the religious aspect, the general moral tone of a native people is raised through the teaching of the missionary, I believe quite three men out of five, having acquaintance with and knowledge of the native in his raw state, would declare the effect to be all the other way; the other two will allow that although present results as a whole do not strike them too favourably, future generations of natives may learn to evade the mudholes into which most of the present superficial converts have fallen; but even this will probably be qualified with the statement that the general moral tone will not be raised, but that with the advent of the white man and his civilisation, a change in morals is inevitable. Missionary statistics are for European consumption; for any true worth they are discounted very heavily indeed by people who have the opportunity of studying the question for themselves.

As to education, it is fully acknowledged that the native is beholden to the various missionary societies for almost all he has of this, and just to the extent of the value placed upon it must credit be given to the missionary. By even the small amount of learning he has already received the native's outlook upon life has been much broadened, and as he cannot escape from being gradually drawn into the frightful whirl of things which commercialism has created, he is being placed in a better way of protecting himself.

As I have gone so far I may as well finish this note with a word or two upon the missionary himself. It is seldom indeed that one comes across a missionary of an unpleasant type, or of whom one would say he was not fit for such work. He is usually of a winning personality and earnest disposition. Amongst the men of years and much experience I have found a few who were, when taxed, unable to conceal their disappoint-

ment with results—not that they had hoped for very much. Apparent results were great, but no depth anywhere, and their hopes now were that the children, growing up under different conditions, would take more readily and decidedly to their teaching (i.e., to "white" ways of thought). But I have come across some awful blackguards amongst the native teachers sent out (some ordained, some not) to instruct their brethren; and invariably I have found the more eloquent the bigger blackguard. On the other hand, I believe that when the right stamp of native teacher has evolved, he must be of more practical value, for native work, than a dozen of the best white men. SEVOTA.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

MITCHEL, having introduced me to the story of Ireland's past through his History, was also responsible for introducing me to current Irish politics by his two Parliamentary elections in 1875. From that time I became passionately interested in the daily proceedings of the House of Commons. When not at work, I would spend most of the day in the public library reading the "Times" report of the Parliamentary debates. For scores of days during the debates on flogging in the Army, and the South African Bill, I have stood ten hours reading without a break, only anxious that I should finish the "Times" report before giving up the paper to other readers.

In this way I became acquainted with the names and familiar with the tactics that were then employed in Parliament by Parnell, Biggar and O'Donnell, long before the ordinary Irishman in England had heard of them. From his first appearance upon the scene I was peculiarly attracted towards Parnell. When, in a short while, without understanding exactly what actuated him, I observed him taking the Irish people by the scruff of the neck with one hand and making them stand up and fight, while with the other hand he took the "Mother of Parliaments" by the scruff of the neck and wiped the floor with her, my joy was boundless.

Here at last was an Irishman sitting in the very halls of the mighty hypocrite who had murdered his people and plundered his country for ages—who by every conceivable villainy had tried to exterminate the race; and who, having failed in destruction, had attempted to obliterate every trace of her ancient and glorious past; burned her literature, razed her shrines, debased the minds of her people, made love of country a crime, and treachery a profitable occupation; and then—Oh, Christian England!—had held them up before the world and invited mankind to look upon them with loathing and contempt as beings of some inferior species outside the human family.

I say that when I saw Parnell at the very centre of authority treating the enemy with all the accumulated hate of ages, my pleasure at his attitude and pride in the man were beyond expression. I followed him through his speeches, through the all-night sittings, through the division lobbies. His defeats were my defeats: I felt his every reverse like a physical blow. When he triumphed I triumphed too, and gloried in his victories. What were rags and poverty to me? My hands were clean, so the library authorities could not order me away from the "Times." There I could join in the battle with my hero, and all the wealth of the world could not add another atom to my sum of pleasure. It is true I lived in a world of my own—all alone. Neither those with whom I worked nor those with whom I lived had any suspicion of the passion which filled my life.

And now an opportunity was afforded me of seeing and hearing one of the notorious obstructionists. In 1877 Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, M.P., was announced to speak at a public meeting, and I determined to attend. I am not likely to forget this, my first political meeting and my first view of an Irish M.P. Even before he spoke I was amazed at the aristocratic appearance of Mr. O'Donnell. But when he began to talk flat treason with the same ease and indifference that he toyed with his monocle, I was thunder-struck. It was natural, I thought, for the Irish in Green's Village to discuss the hopes and aspirations of the people; but that a Member of Parliament should enunciate the same sentiments on a public platform to the frantic cheers of his audience was a tremendous surprise.

The effect of this meeting on me was that I determined to quit the slum and enter what I may call the open life of the town. With this object I removed to another neighbourhood, Great Hampton Street. I now attended St. Chad's Cathedral, and joined the young men's society. Here I discovered an effort was being made to afford the Irish some alternative to the public-house and street corner. Every Saturday night one of the schoolrooms in Bath Street was thrown open, and a penny concert held. It was called a meeting of the "League of the Cross," the great Catholic Temperance Association. At the time I joined the League it was in a most flourishing condition, the membership being two thousand five hundred. My brother Dan was honorary secretary, a position which he held up to the time he left Birmingham several years later. At the penny concerts referred to the audience provided their own entertainment. My brother would go about asking for the names of those who were willing to sing; and having completed his list the chairman would call upon the volunteers in turn, and a most enjoyable evening would ensue. Occasionally the young men would give a gymnastic display, or have a boxing contest for some small prize; but whatever the nature of the performance the evening was always agreeably spent.

The Young Men's Society was a very democratic body, and was allowed to conduct itself much after its own fancy. Every month it elected eight captains from its roll of members, two of whom became responsible for the good order and conduct of the society during one week. That was practically all the government we had. On Sunday mornings the society's chaplain would attend, and laying his book upon the billiard table, would call out the names of the members. A member would respond: "Here, father," at the same time throwing his two pence on the billiard table. Having collected the subscriptions the cleric would now invite some member "to have a hundred up," and generally present his opponent with a cigar to start the game with. The billiards finished, the priest would set two of the young fellows to box, and then would be witnessed such a mill as is hardly ever seen in public. Boxing was our chief indulgence, and although we never had any special instruction, but merely learned from hard practice, we were able to send up to London members of this society, who carried off the Amateur Championship of England on seven occasions. This knowledge of how to use our fists we discovered was invaluable in the stirring times now fast approaching. The youths in this society were, almost without exception, Irish, either by birth or extraction, and full of national enthusiasm. The Irish national papers were read every week, so that affairs occurring in Ireland were common matters of discussion. In this way, besides the private correspondence from relatives at home, and news from the people who were constantly arriving from Ireland, we were all well aware of the famine which threatened Ireland in 1879.

But apparently the English Government knew nothing about it; or, what is more probably the case, they cared nothing about it. All the world was aware that Ireland had suffered a partial famine in 1878. But there was no mention of it in the Queen's speech. The only reference to Ireland was that "they would attend to the subject of Intermediate Education." In '79 there was no Queen's speech at all, only statements of ministers in both Houses, containing no particular reference to Ireland. And yet at that very moment the social volcano was nearly on the point of eruption. Government received warnings and cautions from all sides.

It was pointed out that millions of acres of land had gone out of cultivation, that the crops on other millions of acres were a failure, that while the tax per head of population in England had only increased by 2s. since 1840, the taxation of the Irish had increased by 18s. per head. So that her conditions called for immediate attention and relief. All to no purpose. The degenerate Jew then at the head of affairs, thought another famine, with another clearance either by death or emigration, was the best thing that could occur. The Irish problem would be solved for all time, and England would suffer no further trouble.

The Irish, however, thought otherwise, and were prepared to contest the point. They remembered that in 1847 a careful census of agricultural produce had been made by Captain Larcom, at the instance of the Government, which showed that during that year 300,000 people perished of hunger. Ireland had raised foodstuffs worth £44,959,000, which they were not allowed to touch. *Never again was that hideous tragedy to be repeated.* If Ireland was to go down and under, then England should come down and under with her. If destruction was to be the order, then destruction should overwhelm both. Ireland would fight.

Professor J. E. Cairnes, in his Political Essays, states the Irish position fairly and clearly when he says:—"I own I cannot wonder that a thirst for revenge should spring from such calamities: that hatred, even undying hatred, for what they could not but regard as the cause and symbol of their misfortunes—English rule in Ireland—should possess the sufferers. The disaffection now so widely diffused throughout Ireland may possibly in some degree be fed from historical traditions, and have its remote origin in the confiscations of the seventeenth century; but all that gives it energy, all that renders it dangerous, may, I believe, be traced to exasperation produced by recent transactions, and more especially to the bitter memories left by that most flagrant abuse of the rights of property and most scandalous disregard of the claims of humanity—the wholesale clearances of the period following the famine."

On October 21, 1870, a conference of Nationalists was held in Dublin, at which the "Irish National Land League" was founded. A motion was carried empowering Parnell to proceed to America and state the case of Ireland to the people of the great Republic, and solicit support on her behalf. This mission of Parnell was a new departure. During the famine the Irish declined to ask the world for alms, although "Government" sent over an agent to work up a petition which was to be made to look as if coming from them; but though the Irish refused to beg, the English had no hesitation about begging on their behalf, and then spending the proceeds on themselves.

In November, 1879, at Gurtun, County Sligo, Michael Davitt raised the standard of revolt: pronounced the death sentence on landlordism, and the destruction of the infamous "Union." Davitt advised the people:—"To look to the wants and necessities of the coming winter, and when you have satisfied those wants and necessities, if you have a charitable disposition, to meet the wants of the landlord, give him what you can spare, and give him no more. I am one of those peculiarly constituted Irishmen who believe that rent for land under any circumstances, in prosperous times or bad times, is nothing less than an unjust and immoral tax upon the industry of a people. I say that in face of another impending famine, too plainly visible, the time has come when the manhood of Ireland will spring to its feet and say it will not tolerate this system any longer."

> *We want the land that bore us,*
> We'll make that cry our chorus,
> And we'll have it yet, though hard to get,
> By the heavens bending o'er us.

Such was the keynote and rallying-cry of the Irish demand, which was soon to startle the whole world, and inaugurate the greatest social revolution of modern times.

The Representative Working Man.

PHILOSOPHIC writers have always been finicky in their application of the word "representative." Your philosopher is satisfied in his own mind as to what a representative poet or philosopher is, but is unable to point out any poet or philosopher who conforms to type. Representative men are scarce. It is, therefore, with no small pleasure that I announce my discovery of a representative working-man; not, be it noted, one who fits any private theory, but one who has publicly proclaimed himself to be such.

How the discovery was made: One evening I noticed a "Great Public Meeting" announced, with George N. Barnes, M.P., as speaker. Underneath "Great Public Meeting" (and in ten times smaller type) I read, "Under the Auspices of the International Correspondence Schools." I decided to be present at the meeting.

On arriving at the City Hall (Glasgow), where the meeting was to be held, I received from a steward at the door a booklet entitled. "Facts Every Wage-Earner Should Know," and a copy of the words and music of

THE SONG OF THE I.C.S.

In the days of the beginning unto man the word was said,
By the toil of hand and head
He must earn his daily bread;
And with head and hand he laboured, till he won the great reward,
In the golden torch of knowledge that was lighted by the Lord!
And still our life is so, as chances come and go,
The masters of the world are the men who work and know!
And still that torch will burn,
Guiding to success
As we work and learn
In the I.C.S.
Not to lord it over others, do we take what knowledge brings,
But to rule the world of things
As a brotherhood of kings,
And we light the lamp of brothers at the light in which we live
And our riches are the greater for the riches that we give.
(*Chorus*).
So we run our course together till the night is dead and done,
And our little lights are one,
In the rising of the sun,
And the envy and the hatred shall be buried out of sight
In the brotherhood of knowledge and the fellowship of light.
And still it shall be so
Through days that come and go,
The peoples of the world will be men who work and know
For all of them shall earn
Freedom and success
When they work and learn
In the I.C.S.

Clearly Burns must have foreseen the existence of the I.C.S. when he wrote his democratic hymn:

> Then let us pray that come it may —
> As come it will for a' that—
> That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
> May bear the gree, and a' that.
> For a' that, and a' that,
> It's comin' yet, for a' that,
> That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that!

The tune of the I.C.S. song is as bad as the words. Still, when one reads that the song is "dedicated by the author (Adrian Ross) and composer (Geo. W. Byng) to the Students of the I.C.S.," one is inclined to modify one's criticism before such a touching token of esteem and affection. Presumably, Mr. Adrian Ross and Mr. Geo. W. Byng have learnt their respective arts by taking courses with the I.C.S.

The "Facts Every Wage-Earner Should Know" consisted of letters addressed to the I.C.S. by grateful pupils. The said pupils all told how, having completed their various courses with the I.C.S., they were soon after promoted to higher positions, with anything from 30 to 250 per cent. increase in salary. There were also testimonials from several well-known public men. The Rt.

Hon. Walter Runciman, President of Board of Education, 1908-11, stated that he is "greatly interested in the work of the I.C.S." Mr. Dennis Hird, M.A., Warden of Central Labour College, London, believes that the "I.C.S. stand for the development of intelligence; for improvement of the human brain."

The subject of the lecture was "Education and the Apprentice." Mr. Barnes started modestly. He had been a pupil in evening schools, a teacher in evening schools, but he had never been so presumptuous, until now, to lecture on education. He wanted first of all to speak of education in the broad sense of the word. The present system of elementary education was wrong. The children were sent too early and allowed to leave too early. The Labour Party had always voted for the raising of the school age. Education meant a drawing out. It should not be merely a means to material prosperity, but should make life fuller and develop social conscience.

He now proceeded to deal with technical education. Here he would remind his hearers, man cannot live by technical education alone. But the discipline acquired in technical studies stood a man in good stead in other paths of life. He himself gave up his technical studies after he had read "Progress and Poverty," and thenceforth devoted his energies to the service of his fellows. But all the same the discipline acquired in technical studies had helped him in his political life. Our country is behind Germany in the matter of technical education. In Germany there is a system whereby apprentices spend half time at school and half at workshop. The larger towns in this country were slowly being supplied with suitable technical colleges. Here the lecturer told a touching tale of a certain rich manufacturer who built and endowed a technical college, but there was so much overtime at his own works that for years none of his employees could find time to attend classes therein.

To come to the I.C.S. When he, George N. Barnes, was editor of "The Journal of Amalgamated Engineers" (or some such title), he had incurred criticism by accepting the I.C.S. advertisement. At that time he did not know who the men behind the I.C.S. movement were: in fact he did not know now. However, he accepted the advertisement and so made some money for the engineers' society. The I.C.S. was an old established institution, therefore it must be good. (O worthy Gamaliel Barnes!) He admitted the truth of the contention that, under present conditions, more efficient workmen meant increased profits for the masters. Still, the I.C.S. established no monopoly, and he could not see anything wrong with it. He would like to tell the workers present that he had visited the I.C.S. headquarters in London, and could assure his hearers that the I.C.S. employees worked under ideal conditions. They all seemed happy and interested in their work.

In conclusion . . . he spoke as a working-man. . . as a representative working-man. . . ! Join the I.C.S. . . . etc., . . . etc. He wished the I.C.S. long life and continued prosperity I left the meeting hurriedly, muttering to myself:

> Gr-r-r—— there go, my heart's abhorrence!
> Spit up your damned speeches, do!
> If hate killed men, George N. Barnes,
> God's blood, would not mine kill you!

How do you know, G N. Barnes, that the I.C.S. employees are happy? Did you see the wage book? How do you know, you ignorant ass, that the I.C.S. is not a fraud? Have you examined their text books, have you satisfied yourself that their fees are not exorbitant? Even if their fees were half what they are, you are betraying your fellows into uselessly spending money. Technical education may be backward, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the working-men of Glasgow will receive cheaper and better tuition in the Continuation Classes and Technical College than through the I.C.S. No one but a quack educationist will assert that tuition by correspondence is anything else than a makeshift.

You, G. N. Barnes, a representative working-man! A representative tout! JAMES H. BENZIES.

Present-Day Criticism.

PHILISTIA, with its infallible taste, is about to glorify Francis Thompson. One wonders, sometimes, whether this infallible preference for mediocrity altogether accounts for the comic profusion of laurelled wights in Gath, or whether the fact that thousands of newspaper columns have got to be filled daily with something or other to read . . . . ? On the one hand we are informed that Fleet Street is genuinely bewildered and angered by our criticisms of their successive discoveries of great ones in their midst, that they do not know what we are talking about and cannot see any difference between poetry and what we call verse. On the other hand, we know that those columns of theirs need to be filled. But whatever the explanation may be of these almost weekly coronations of such gaudy monotony, there they are, and Francis Thompson is to be the next hebdomadal rage. The reviewers have been busily decorating him for weeks past, and now his works are on the market, perfectly got up, as they say, for the small fee of eighteen shillings, six shillings per volume. In the "Daily Herald" there appeared recently so complete a list of the new favourite's regalia as diminishes the descriptive efforts of all the previous critics put together. We take this article as the authentic opinion of Philistia, and in the service of art divert ourselves therewith.

Francis Thompson's early career, as recorded by Mr. Langdon Everard, was not dissimilar from that of so many modern poets. His was a tragic record of want and suffering, we are told. Educated for the medical profession, the victim of a nervous breakdown, he migrated from Manchester to London—London, "that magnificent wanton, cruel as she is puissant, her fascination irresistible." Mr. Everard's style carries away the facts, for thirteen lines before we are allowed to learn that Thompson, taking to trade to earn his bread, but finding himself unfitted for trade as for medicine, driven to drugs, at last came to the Embankment. Here, Mr. Everard says, the incident of "the fleeting kindness of a poor child invested those drear nights with an aureole of sanctity." Thompson celebrated this incident in song—

> Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
> I had endured through watches of the dark
> The abashless inquisition of each star;
> Yea, was the outcast mark
> Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
> Stood bound and helplessly
> For time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
> Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
> In night's slow wheelèd car;
> Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
> From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
> I waited the inevitable last.
> Then there came past
> A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
> Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
> And through the city streets blown withering.
> She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!—
> And of her own scant pittance did she give,
> That I might eat and live:
> Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

Now, in our opinion, Thompson was no poet, but, like Middleton, Dowson, Davidson, and the others of that order, a luckless strayer from the primrose path of salon verse. He had the knack of it, but Fate denied him subjects. However, no matter what his subject, his talent captures it in some measure. He stages circumstance to set off one who had been deprived of the fit reality. Glance at the above verses, and you will see that twelve of the twenty lines are given to a decorative setting for the poor object of charity. Here is no outburst of a poet's gratitude, even where was a subject, if he could have taken it, to banish grandiosity. He is grateful, no doubt, and will say so, but not on this account will he forget himself. His sensitiveness in poverty is so outraged that he will have it that the very stars have been gazing at him unabashed. He has had to endure this gaze while Time shot barbed shafts at him, and the hours trampled

him with hoofs, while Night with a wheeled car crushed him until the dawn dragged him out. So many and so many conceits! But what a poem a poet would have made of the boon-bringing child; and it must have been all for her, nothing for himself. We could pardon even a bad poet who should exhaust language for the luxury of returning such a kindness. But consider—many of the expressions are of the stalest. "Scant pittance" is indeed the smallest of all possible beggarly verse-offerings. Why, a poet would return more generously the unwitting gift of a bird's song. Mr. Everard himself (and we shall presently prove that he is as fine a poet as any in Philistia) becomes hysterical in gratitude to Francis Thompson—"this chrismed priest of Song, whose flaming soul glows through his deathless verse." Mr. Everard quotes Mr. W. Meynell and Thompson, in most innocent irony: "He had what poets of old to their great sorrow lacked. He had trials by his peers." It almost makes one wince to find oneself chaffing these babes.

> Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
> Once, and just as small as I?
> . . . .
> Hadst Thou ever any toys
> Like us little girls and boys?
> And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
> The angels, that were not too tall,
> With stars for marbles? Did the things
> Play "*Can you see me?*" through their wings?

We have not just composed this as a satire on Thompson and his peers. We did not make it up out of spite. It is Thompson's very own, and included in one of those volumes at six shillings. But it is priceless. "Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven, he said." It is the prevalent infantilism, a disease of the times. The above is sophisticated babble, and shameful for any man to publish. "With his last book of verse," writes Mr. Everard, "he felt his fame secure":—

> I hang mid men my needless head,
> And my fruit is dreams, and theirs is bread:
> The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
> Time shall reap, but after the reaper
> The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.

Mr. Everard is again witlessly amusing: "The veiled reaper has passed, and the gleaning has begun. Francis Thompson is fast becoming the *mode*." The italics are not ours. It is not strange that the one passage quoted by Mr. Everard which contains any idea should be considered by him to be rhetoric, albeit "such rhetoric as it is given to few to pen." The passage is from Thompson's "Anthem of Earth." We will not reproduce it, for indeed it is mostly rhetoric such as few need pray to pen; but if Thompson ever for a moment had any rest from his ego this was when he found ease to say simply of man—

> And yet he is successive unto nothing
> But patrimony of a little mould. . . .

His tongue, which would always be excessive, adds: "And entail of four planks"; but Mr. Everard might reasonably have done him the service not to quote this. And now we come to Mr. Everard himself as poet. Can he possibly be unaware of his vocation? But a man cannot swim among all the big fishes of words without at least the courage of being there; and Mr. Everard has the hardihood to splash terrifically: "Francis Thompson is the Divine reveller, drunken with the wine of God, and flame-wrapped with the Divine *extasis* . . . he is concerned with the eternal verities, and hence, behind the glittering words and panoplied hyperbole. . . . . Francis Thompson's work, with its splendent images and its esoteric range of words. . . . . strong in his belief that all Nature is cyclic. . . . . the poet has gone out into the uncharted vasts"—these are, we say in our feeble English, only a hint of what Mr. Everard can accomplish in two and a half columns. Not a Decorative Artist of our day is better supplied with the paint, and we hasten to prove our genuine belief that Mr. Everard will yet live to see someone write about himself much as he has written of Thompson. Away in a prose setting our modest reviewer has hidden as pretty a specimen of modern blank verse as ever intrigued Philistia. We insist upon being the very first to discover a man whose future has only to be made! "Death, ineluctible Death," says Mr. Everard, "towards which men walk whilst ever shrinking back, which claims the laggard"—but let us have it as it deserves—

> Death, ineluctible Death,
> Towards which men walk whilst ever shrinking back,
> Which claims the laggard, bids the hasty wait,
> And sets its snares to trap the unconcerned,
> Was void of terrors for the poet's soul.

But do not suppose that the above numerically perfect decasyllables are the sole witnesses of Mr. Everard's unrecognised genius. Scattered throughout his article are a dozen passages which barely conceal him, and some in fact do not even this much—

> This chrismed priest of Song,
> Whose flaming soul glows through his deathless verse. . .
> . . . .
> The cold, impartial hand of Death
> Has snapped the feeble bonds.
> . . . .
> But not until, at the age of forty-seven,
> Time's leaden fingers pressed his eyelids down. . . .

This last may, perhaps, seem a little licentious in its metre, but that is hardly considered a fault in our day. Reluctantly we return to our duty. With the intention of avoiding needless controversy, we select, ourselves, no lines from Thompson for criticism; those we might take would be certain to be "not his best." And Mr. Everard is so happy as to quote a verse which we should have given as an example of Thompson's natural talent for that polite, proficient, lacquered, cynical verse of the salon—

> Life is a coquetry
> Of Death, which wearies me,
> Too sure
> Of the amour;
> It seemeth me too much
> I do rehearse for such
> A mean
> And single scene.

There is the true Thompson. But for ill-luck, he must have written always in such a fashion.

Readers and Writers.

THE Borrow celebration at Norwich a week or so ago should be made memorable by Mr. Birrell's candour. Referring to the fact that the "Bible in Spain," published in 1843, was very popular, while Borrow's masterpiece, "Lavengro," published eight years later, fell flat, Mr. Birrell remarked that "the British reading public is a great fool." Is, let us note, not merely was. The "Bible in Spain" had what no work of pure literature that attains immediate popularity can have dispensed with, adventitious circumstances unconnected entirely with its merits as literature; it had, in fact, the advertisement of the Bible Society and the Sunday influence of its title and subject. "Lavengro," on the other hand, had only its author's name and its own marvellous merit to commend it, neither of which was enough to ensure for the book more than a few score of contemporary readers. It is one of the undiscriminating generalisations gathered in a well-spent youth that merit alone in any field brings its proper reward. It does, no doubt, in time; but the time varies according to the field of merit and the power of judgment of the public. In a dozen minor arts and crafts merit is recognised almost as soon as it appears. But I calculate that in literature merit unadorned, merit without advertisement, merit without fortune, takes in England somewhere between forty and fifty years to be appreciated; and is then appreciated only because the few critics of judgment have assiduously trained the parrot-public to repeat their praise. If it were not so, if good literature were recognised at sight as generally as good cricket, or good oratory, or good engineering, what a time good writers would have, and what a time the bad. The former would be spared the double

disgust of the artist, that of playing to an empty house, and that of watching the charlatans commanding the long ears of the public and filling them with poison. The latter, of course, would be driven to the provincial booths where they properly belong, and where time will take them. A good ninety-nine per cent. of the books and journals now published to admiration would simply die or never venture into light if the public knew writing when they saw it. On the other hand, we should all be reading to-day what our posterity will be happily reading half a century hence. By the way, I do not know that Mr. Birrell himself has ever mentioned a book less than half a century old.

* * *

I hope this issue of THE NEW AGE will find its way down the rivulet of time to about the year 1955. In that case my prophecy will be verifiable, as only the most long-sighted can verify it now. The purest work of genius written within the last five years appeared serially and anonymously in this journal. It ran its course over some months, and provoked from among ten thousand readers only a single comment. It was published subsequently in book form, and fewer than fifty copies were sold. My prophecy is this, that in about fifty years from now that book will be as well known as fifty years after publication "Lavengro" was known. May my shade suffer for my folly should I prove to be wrong. While I have my prophetic robes on, I may also mention Mr. Richmond Haigh's "Ethiopian Saga" as a work for time to try its teeth on in vain.

* * *

There are advantages, after all, in being beknighted nowadays; and Sir Herbert Tree has enjoyed one of them in the form of favourable reviews of his new book, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts." The age of the epigram, no doubt we all thought, was over with Wilde. Like other forms of decadence, it has seen its best days. Sir Herbert Tree, however, has only to throw off a handful to have the "Times," the "Daily News," and other journals scrambling for the sequins and crying them for gold. Here is "one of the best" from the "many brilliant epigrams" discovered by Mr. Baughan: "Detraction is the only tribute mediocrity can pay to the great." The "Times" has two favourites: "The stylograph is more deadly than the stiletto," and "That genius is best which may be described as an infinite capacity for not having to take pains." It's enough to make the old masters of the epigram rise and make their last! By the instinct of the gregarious, the "Times" and the "Daily News" agree that the best essay in the book is "Our Betters." What is contained in it is no matter; but Mr. Baughan says: "The essay is a mere jumble of detached thought, and *is all the more valuable because of that.*" I claim the italics, if you please.

* * *

Wit ought never to go unrewarded, and I hereby crown with a bayleaf a phrase in the "Times" Literary Supplement in a review of the collected essays of the late Professor A. W. Vernall. He was so clever that at times "it looked as if his brains had gone to his head."

* * *

Dostoievsky is the greatest novelist that ever lived, but misfortune continues to follow him in England. For years he suffered from the worst of translations; and now, it appears, his fame is to suffer from the most careless of publishing. It was quite a year ago that Messrs. Heinemann announced a complete English translation by Constance Garnett, and for all that time I have been waiting to renew my old acquaintance with one story in particular—"The Gambler." To my consternation I discovered last week that the first volume, "The Brothers Karamazov," of the series has been published for some weeks, and the second, "The Idiot," is newly out. This slipping of Dostoievsky past us is really not publishing, but privateering. I should say that the majority of natural English readers of Dostoievsky are readers of THE NEW AGE, but how many of them knew that he was becoming accessible?

There was sold at Sotheby's last week the original of the agreement between Gay and his publisher for the purchase by the latter of the sole copyright of the "Fables" and the "Beggar's Opera." The sum received by Gay was £94 10s. The parchment agreement he signed fetched £200. He could not have satirised the situation better himself.

* * *

Within two hours of each other two much contrasted incidents occurred, one in France and one in England. In Paris President Poincaré presided at a meeting of the Société des Gens de Lettres, of which he is a member, and uttered these words: "It is French literature that maintains the constant influence of France abroad." In England at Knowsley Hall, the residence of Lord Derby, the King and Queen were entertained in the conservatory, which had been fitted up as a theatre in cream and sapphire blue, with a selection of the "turns" of the music-halls. Mob at the top and mob below, as Nietzsche said.

* * *

It is not everybody in this age who is selfish and private-minded. The political and even the social world may be plutocratic and corrupt, and the literary shopkeepers may also be on the watch to do business, and when chance offers to do any sort of business that promises them immediate notoriety and money. For all that, the thousandth at least in every ten hundred still preserves the old traditions of noble humanity—liberality, unostentation, purity of ideals, and constancy to them. I could think of a score, but they prefer to remain anonymous from the newspapers. Here is one. Professor Flinders Petrie has sold his matchless Egyptian collection, the fruit of thirty years, to University College for his bare out-of-pocket expenses, amounting to no more than six thousand pounds. Of this sum four thousand was subscribed anonymously. In time, I hope, our literary men in particular will shake off their immorality—their desire to make money—and be content with the gifts of knowledge.

* * *

The "Glimpses of Thomas Carlyle" which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, one of the last survivors of the Cheyne set, contributes to the "Contemporary Review" (June) throw more light on his friends than upon Carlyle himself. Not one of his company appears to have been approximately on his level, but all appear to have conspired, like schoolboys with an eccentric master, to draw him out for the fun of laughing at him. They *pretended*, of course, to admire the result; and Carlyle was vain enough to accept their admiration as a tribute. But to my mind it was all very much like bear-baiting. The image, in fact, is suggested by Mr. Fitzgerald in his account of the "bear's hug" he received for advocating the Repeal of the Irish Union. "With a look of fury and in hoarse tones he roared out, 'We'll joost cut every one of yer thraets first.'" "Shall I ever forget," continues Mr. Fitzgerald, "the delightful roar of enjoyment that burst from the listeners. They were enchanted, as they told me later—were all infinitely obliged to me for 'poking up the old Lion,' and I had done so effectively. I forget what reply I made, but I saw that 'the old Lion' enjoyed the situation and the general applause." I turn from that vulgar exhibition to the more dignified story of the relations of Goethe with Carlyle. Carlyle should never have been known out of Germany until he was dead.

* * *

Dr. G. T. Wrench writes correcting my paragraph of last week on the subject of Mr. Granville. "Myself, Lynch, and Kennedy," he says, "all offered to be witnesses in favour of Granville, and I wrote to G. to that effect, several letters passing between us. I do not know why he did not call us, but it was not any fear on our part." I am glad to make this correction, and I may add that Mr. Kennedy was called and gave his evidence like a man.

* * *

The prospect of a colossal penny weekly edition of the "English Review" is, I hear, still before us for the

autumn; but Mr. Austin Harrison, the nominated editor, appears to have the usual ideas of novelty. If Fleet Street gossip is right, the come-down-to-a-penny journal will employ Mr. Wells to boom its first issues with a series of articles on "Tory Democracy" of the "New Machiavelli" type. It will be proper under the circumstances if THE NEW AGE should be compelled to raise its price to sixpence. R. H. C.

English Pronunciation.

OUR correspondents on this important and entertaining subject will, as we believe, approve our economical method of replying to them collectively and with not immediate reference to particular words, which may have been selected with some reason, but whose individual consideration will send us very much at random through the English language. Readers who remember our claim of being able to speak English as it is now written, will infer that we are relying very greatly upon their own participation in what is truly called our common heritage.

Ours, as we are not the first to discover, is an analytical language, resolving and separating, as our genius is for self-examination. The essay is an English form, hence the variety of our spelling. We spell as variously as we pronounce, and we inherit our pronunciation from ages when men were not too mentally indolent to think or to preserve in spelling the variety of words in which they expressed subtle thoughts. The modern seekers after regularity are the really destructive critics of our time. With nothing to give us they would destroy what we have. They do not know that a nation lives by its literary language, the change of which is no faster and less fast than the commercial decay of States. A nation which has no literature is of small account among men; and if those men of idle intellect had been our ancestors instead of our contemporaries, we might by now be of no more account among the nations than bushmen. For these people attack the very roots of the language, seeming not to understand that the meaning is there. It has been objected that the "new" spellings only give us a sort of Chinese; but even this is a too happy exaggeration of the truth, for the Chinese language though containing only about five hundred units for writing, is rich in its tones, and moreover is uncorrupted in its roots. With this reminder, pertinent to-day as it was when the phenomenon was noted countless centuries ago in another land—that the fall of a man may be traced in his manner of speaking—we pass to the delightful task of conferring with those who wish to preserve at least all the tones of speech that we still have, if not, indeed to restore some that have been very nearly lost. It is well to remember that at one time and not so long ago, the *h* had been dropped but was resolutely restored. Let us add, add, add and lose not one single inflection, until we may possess once again a pure English.

With the mastery of the vowel sounds all coarseness vanishes from our speech. With very good reason many persons are exceedingly critical of the vowels, for these are to the voice what the eyes are to the face, revealers of temperament, of character, even of one's state of health. Let us consider how to produce the open sounds. The exercise of these in the order *a, e, i, o, u,* upon a single tone is the best possible for gaining sweetness and ease of speech. Begin them; you will find the tongue lying naturally with tip lightly against the lower teeth; keep it there while you enunciate the *e*, which makes as though it would raise the tip, though it only really needs to raise the middle very slightly; *i* flattens the tongue again; for *o* use your lips, still keeping the tongue in its first position. If this sound, which troubles many singers, tends to close your lips too much say it twice, the second time deeper in the throat; and do the same with *u*, which you will say as *oo* in *too*. It is indeed a good practice to repeat each of the vowels as they come two or three or more times, deepening the tone as much as you can. This practice though, needless to say, not of the least importance for its own sake, is of the greatest value in increasing sweetness in the voice; it is besides an immediately certain way of becoming acquainted with the tone of one's voice. Every human being has his own particular tone, as Cicero pointed out to his Roman audience, but wonderfully few persons are aware what their tone may be; it is as though they had never heard themselves speak, and probably they have not, yet this tone is the index to themselves.

The above exercise is absolutely the only one we would do better to perform in private. This alone is a matter for self-exploration and self-criticism. Regarding all the rest of speech, two voices and four ears are only less good than three with six. Ears will correct where perhaps tongues may not have the courage, for our modern disability is incomparably more often a faulty tongue than a faulty ear—witness the power of an excellent orator in depriving us of our very wits with delight at hearing him.

Our second article will discuss some of the words selected as difficult by our correspondents. These words include maid, made, root, fruit, voice, noise, beet, delete. We do not despair.

The Economics of Jesus.

By Alfred E. Randall.

IN considering the economics of Jesus, I claim the licence of the ordinary preacher. When a clergyman wishes to score a point against anyone, he does not consider the results of the Higher Criticism. He does not deny himself the use of the poignant phrase because scholars may have doubted its historicity; nor does he hesitate to adopt the Rabbinical method of controversy, and to tear a phrase from its context. As a result of Christian preaching, how many people are aware that the phrase: "The labourer is worthy of his hire," has, in the Gospels, nothing to do with hire, and that the word "labourer" is only a metaphorical term? Yet the phrase is commonly stated as a standard of commercial justice; nay, it is now quoted as a definition of the labourer's duty to his employer. For all practical purposes, the preacher of Christianity still assumes the plenary inspiration of the Gospels; the Christian believer still quotes the various parts of the Gospels as being of equal authenticity; and I am justified, by common practice, in treating of the economics of Jesus, as revealed in the English translation of the Gospels, without regard to the Greek texts, the results of criticism, or even the spiritual meaning that may be supposed to underlie the parables. The Gospels are classics of English literature; for controversial purposes, Christ said what he is alleged to have said, and meant what the plain English words imply.

For example, when Christ said to the soldiers: "Be content with your wages" (Luke iii, 14), I contend that, for all the practical purposes for which the Gospels are quoted, he meant that the wage-system was just, and admirable, and that only by accepting its consequences in a spirit of contentment could the soldiers hope to escape from "the wrath to come." If I relied on this text alone, the argument would be flimsy; but I hope to show that, throughout the Gospels, the wage-system is postulated as the basis of society, and that the remedies for its evils are stated and are never of the economic kind (for charity, as the C.O.S. has taught us, is not good economics). Let it be remembered that the first of the Beatitudes is: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven": or as Luke puts it, more aptly for my argument: "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." If the kingdom of Heaven or God can be proved to mean the wage-system, it is obvious that Christ had nothing to offer us but what we have now, and that, without making any cynical distinctions between Christ and Christianity, we can truly say that the civilisation in which we live is a Christian civilisaton.

Let us turn to the parable of the labourers in the vineyard (Matt. xx), the parable that inspired Ruskin's "Unto This Last." It begins: "For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard." Translated into the language of THE NEW AGE, this reads: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a state where labour is bought and sold as a commodity." It is a little disconcerting to find the doctrine of the minimum wage, with the inference that it is really a subsistence wage, stated in the next verse; but so it is, and, throughout the parable, the argument that the minimum tends to become the maximum wage is also illustrated. "And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard." We need not stumble over the word "agreed," for we know that agreement is possible only between equals; and we know that the ownership of the means of production constitutes an inequality that no amount of sentiment, Christian or other, can level. The master in the parable has no doubt that he has done the right thing: he has "agreed" with his labourers that a penny per day is a fair wage. He engages other labourers, strangely enough without the preliminary "agreement" about wages; promising only that "whatsoever is right I will give you." It will be remembered that all the labourers alike receive a penny, those who had laboured only one hour as well as those who had laboured twelve hours. The full-timers protest, and, certainly in the manner if not in the words of a modern capitalist, the master replies: "Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee. Is it now lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?"

If words mean anything at all, this is the wage-system naked and unashamed. Even in fixing his minimum wage, we have no evidence that the master made any inquiry into the cost of living, or whether the labourers were married or single. He bought labour as a commodity at a price fixed by the higgling in the market: he accepted no responsibility for his labourers except the payment of the "agreed" wage; and he plumed himself on being generous to the labourers who were subsequently engaged. There was no co-partnership, not even profit-sharing, in his system; no provision for education, housing, or even insurance against the accidents of life. That the labourers were genuine proletarians is implied by the language of the narrative; but nowhere more clearly than in verses 6 and 7. "And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us." This, then, is what the kingdom of heaven is like. A person, owning everything necessary to life, will bargain with those whose services he first requires; and will pay all subsequent labourers the same wage. Against any complaints, he will urge the sanctity of contract, and assert the right of property. The phrase: "Take that thine is, and go thy way" reminds me irresistibly of a passage in Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," and I quote it here to show that, in American agriculture, the kingdom of heaven foretold by Christ has been realised to some extent. "In the spring," says Kropotkin, "the owner's agents began to beat the inns for hundreds of miles round, and engaged labourers and tramps, both freely supplied by Europe, for the crop. Battalions of men were marched to the wheat fields, and were camped there; the horses were brought from the mountains, and in a week or two the crop was cut, thrashed, winnowed, put in sacks by specially invented machines, and sent to the next elevator, or directly to the ships which carried it to Europe. Whereupon the men were disbanded again, the horses were sent back to the grazing grounds, or sold, and again only a couple of men remained on the farm." Unfortunately, Kropotkin does not tell us whether a uniform wage was paid to these men; but there can be no doubt of the essential Christianity of the American system of employment of agricultural labourers.

If the whole doctrine of capitalist production is to be found in the Gospels, Syndicalism is no less apparent, and is vigorously denounced. In the parable of the vineyard (Matt. xxi, 33; Mark xii, 1; Luke xx, 9), we are told of another householder, who, after planting a vineyard, hedging it, digging a winepress in it, and building a tower, "let it out to husbandmen, and went to a far country." The absentee landlord is obviously not a new type. It will be remembered that the husbandmen killed the servants who were sent to receive the fruits of the vineyard. In modern language, the husbandmen refused to pay rent, and murderously assaulted the landlord's agents. Finally, the landlord's son called for the rent, and the husbandmen said: "This is the neir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance." The vineyard to the husbandmen is sound Syndicalism; and forcible expropriation is the method of obtaining possession usually advocated by Syndicalists. But what is the awful consequence of confiscation, as proclaimed by Christ? "When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen? They say unto him, He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons." Syndicalism, therefore, will come to a bad end, if the landlord lives up to the doctrine of Christ.

We have seen, then, that Christ postulated the wage-system and the concomitant absolute ownership of the means of production; and although the phrase "Ye have the poor always with you," has another context, it is so typical of his judgments, that it may fairly be regarded as a deliberate sanction of the division of a nation into rich and poor. But there is another parable which shows Christ deliberately preparing the way for the present system. The Mosaic law forbade usury, at least among the Jews. "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury." Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil, according to his own statement; and we can see how he fulfilled the law if we consider the parable of the talents. Once again, the kingdom of Heaven is likened unto the present system. A man, "travelling into a far country," gives his servants his goods; when he returns he obtains his talents with 100 per cent. interest, except in the case of the man who had least ability. It is a sufficient answer to a wage-slave, in the one parable, to say: "Take that thine is, and go thy way;" but when the wage-slave says to the Lord, as he does in the Parable of the Talents (Matt. xxv, 24 and 25): "Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou has not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed: and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth. Lo, there thou hast that is thine"; a new morality is invented. For the Lord replies: "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed; thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury." There is no denial of the accusation of the wage-slave; on the contrary, the Lord seems to be rather proud of the fact that he is by nature a capitalist, and demands usury as though it were not forbidden by the Mosaic law.

If we keep the plain meaning of these three parables in mind, the assurance that "great is your reward in heaven" has a somewhat cynical sound. We see that there is a meaning in the saying to the chief priests and elders: "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." We begin to understand what Christ meant when he promised to make Peter and Andrew "fishers of men"; and if we examine the story of the young man who had great possessions, we shall see Christ instructing them in the art. They, simple souls, believed that rich men

had the best chance of entering the Kingdom of God; when Christ said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God," the disciples "were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?" The advice that Christ gave to the young man: "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor," could only have the effect of making a proletarian of the young man; but by no other advice could he hope to fulfil his promise to his disciples. "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Unless the owners of property could be induced to renounce it, how could he fulfil his promise to his disciples? That renunciation of property was the only thing that prevented the young man from becoming a wage-slave; and it is strange to read that "he went away sorrowful." God only knows what the wage-system seemed to be at its inception; we, knowing it by its results, can only wonder why the young man grieved at the exorbitant price demanded for the privilege of servitude.

Now that we know what the kingdom of God is, the advice to the Jews becomes intelligible. "Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek) for your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi, 31-33). If we then turn to the story of Martha and Mary (Luke x, 38-42), we shall have no doubt as to the position that Christ intended his followers to occupy. Mary sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word: "Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her: Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The good part is not the right to work, as the Labour Party does vainly believe, but the right to refuse to work; and we know that it is only possible socially by some system of extortion of the means of life from those who produce them. Christ had approved, if he had not invented, the wage-system, landlordism and usury; and having no doubt that "leisure is diviner than labour," he was pleased to extend the privilege to those who flattered him with their attention. We know that he did not even bother to beg for himself: Judas carried the bag; and his retort to the disciples who protested against the waste of the box of ointment: "Ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always," shows us that he had no doubt of the imperative necessity of paying respect to the founder of capitalism. The works of charity that he enjoined on others could be suspended until he had been satisfied; and as he said that in his father's house were many mansions, and he went to prepare a place for his disciples, we can only marvel that they did not perceive more clearly the exact nature of the heaven he promised them. He had discovered the secret of living without work: he had assured them, at first, that the doctrine was to be preached only to the Jews, and that they were to claim their sustenance from the Jews as a right. "The workman is worthy of his meat," he had said. He had enjoined them to curse those who would neither receive them, nor hear their words; and only when he had failed to lure the Jews into the wage-system did he send his apostles to the Gentiles.

The economic interpretation of the parable of the prodigal son brings us only to the same conclusion. It was no genuine repentance that sent the son home again. In the most explicit language we are told that it was what Browning called "the admonition of the hunger-pinch" that reminded the son of the plenty in his father's house, where, by the way, his brother laboured for no ostensible reward but sustenance. The story is too well known to bear repetition. I need only remark the empty phrase with which the elder brother was consoled: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." But it is sound Christian doctrine: "Likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." The canny advice, following the parable of the unjust steward (Luke xvi, 9): "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations" confirms my general opinion of the whole trend of Christ's doctrine. Nietzsche accused Christ of having invented a slave morality. He also said that Christ was the priests' will to power. Both statements were true. The slave morality was necessary to the success of capitalist economics, and capitalist economics established the priest in a practically impregnable position. I believe that, at the present time, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are among the largest landowners in this kingdom. "The fatal opulence of bishops" has been written about for years, and it cannot seriously be pretended that there is no scriptural warranty for their wealth. True, the priests crucified Christ, according to the story; but Frederick the Great wrote a book against Machiavelli, which was a most Machiavellian thing to do. The priests have never disagreed with the economic Christ; they have only refused credence to that crude revolutionary of the Sermon on the Mount who so closely resembles that modern social myth, the sharing-out Socialist. The real Christianity is the religion of capitalism, and we have it realised amongst us to-day. The kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

Views and Reviews.*

MR. NORMAN has written an introduction of nineteen pages to this collection of his work, but nowhere does he state his reasons for challenging the second death. A good deal of his work has appeared in THE NEW AGE and in other papers, without any apparent effect on public affairs; and his resurrection of it now, which is presumably only a proffered compliment to his "friend L. S.," is not likely to disturb the foundations of society. Some of the matter is so ancient that I can only suppose that Mr. Norman regards everything he ever wrote as being sufficiently important to be reprinted. For example, there is a review of Wells' "Mankind in the Making," a book which, I think, was published in 1902. Another article was written in 1907; another deals with the Denshawai affair, a scandal which Mr. Shaw exposed in the preface to "John Bull's Other Island." We are offered several reprints of mere book reviews, one of them, that of Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," occupying forty-five pages. There is not an essay, in the literary meaning of the word, in the book. The article "On Diplomacy" is only a review of Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "The Story of British Diplomacy."

If I subject this volume to literary criticism, the number of objections to it will be large. I am compelled, for example, to object to the use of the editorial "We" by a writer whose name is plentifully printed in his text. It is an affectation denoting self-importance, a self-importance that is apparent in his "essay" on the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. For he writes this "Story of the Pacific" as though he were ignorant of the fact that Mr. T. C. T. Potts has devoted the labour of years to bringing this matter to the attention of the authorities and of the public. There should be honour even among scandal-mongers, but Mr. Norman has yet to learn the grace of acknowledging "comrades." This affectation of self-importance becomes ludicrous when Mr. Norman interrupts his review of Hyndman's

* "Essays and Letters on Public Affairs." By C. H. Norman. (Palmer. 5s. net.)

reminiscences to say: "His strictures upon Grayson's failure to seize the vital moment [a difficult feat] at the Portsmouth Conference, are most unfair. Grayson was deluded by some tricksters. Mr. Hyndman may remember a call made by a friend and myself upon him at the time of Grayson's outburst in the House of Commons. I mention that because Mr. Hyndman will admit from what passed at that interview that my admiration for Grayson was hardly less than his own." It is not a matter of importance to us, who read this book, we can hardly regard as "public affairs" the statement that Mr. Norman and a friend visited Mr. Hyndman on a certain occasion. Mr. Norman must have forgotten that he was writing for a public that might or might not be aware of his existence, but that certainly would not be impressed by a reference to an interview of which no details can be disclosed, and on which probably nothing turns.

It is this affectation that makes Mr. Norman so intolerable in book form. He begins his volume with an article that undoubtedly has public value, that does deal with "public affairs;" but the man who could write on "The Judges and the Administration of Justice" can perceive no incongruity in giving an equal prominence to a correspondence with Lord Morley concerning the inspection of Mr. Norman's correspondence. Mr. Norman certainly does not reach the sublime in his first essay, but he does undoubtedly drop to the ridiculous in his last correspondence; for if his conspiratorial airs and pretensions have any validity, his protest against police supervision of his correspondence lacks verisimilitude. Mr. Norman cannot have it both ways. If he really is the shadow behind the throne, the ear at the keyhole, and the face at the window, he must expect the Executive and the Administration to be in league against him. The protest is certainly of the nature of anti-climax; and, anyhow, cannot be regarded as public affairs.

I may object also to Mr. Norman's repetitions. We do not expect to find a scandal twice treated at length in the same book; yet in "A Letter" and in "The Honour of Liberalism," the history of the imposition of the poll tax on the Zulus is told. "The Russian Advance on Russia" is summarised in "The Calling of the Rooks"; and Mr. Norman's tenacity results in much padding. If we ignore all these objections, and turn to the substance and import of the book, Mr. Norman's work still does not deserve resurrection. "To that of the 4th inst., it was not necessary for the Lord Chief Justice to reply, as it only contained the expressions of Mr. Norman's opinions." That phrase is the definition of Mr. Norman's effectiveness in controversy. The Denshawai petition, which "was the joint production of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and myself," says Mr. Norman, produced a similar effect. "I offered Lord Cromer," says Mr. Norman, "a chance of repairing the horrible blunder into which old age had betrayed him, as I informed him that I would abandon the petition on his giving his word of honour to intercede, on behalf of these wretched villagers, with the Khedive and Sir Edward Grey." Lord Cromer never even winced. "I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th inst.," he replied. "The question of how the Denshawai prisoners are to be treated is entirely out of my hands. I must decline to interfere in any sense." When he wrote to Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Gibson Bowles, asking them to move an "amendment to the Address to the effect that a conference of the Powers should be called with a view to constructing the (Panama) canal at international expense," both of them refused. Sir Charles Dilke even informed him that "it is therefore obvious that your memorandum comes too late." Mr. Gibson Bowles said: "I do not think any good result would be obtained by raising the question at this moment." So one might read through the whole book, and find nothing but a record of failure; from the time when Lord Alverstone threatened to communicate with his employers, if he did not apologise to Lord Coleridge, to the time when Lord Morley's secretary informed him that "the statement of facts reported to the authorities in India on the information furnished by you has not been sufficient to enable them to trace the course of the letter during its transit through the post," Mr. Norman has received every snub from those whom he has attacked with equanimity, and has achieved only a measure of notoriety for his pains.

Exactly what the public has to do with the matter Mr. Norman does not tell us. If his purpose in writing these "essays" is to show that Government, and particularly English Government, is corrupt, he is behind the times. Alexander Hamilton said, over a century ago, that the British Constitution was held together by corruption, and would fall to pieces if ever it was purified. If he wished to show that it was brutal in its administration, the axiom that government implies, in the last resort, compulsory obedience to authority, is accepted by most writers on Government as being fundamental. If Mr. Norman had some scheme whereby the inducement to corruption and brutality could be destroyed, his incursions into "public affairs" might be justified. But he asks for ideal legislation against employers in connection with prostitution. He asks the King-Emperor to withhold his assent from everything in Colonial administration to which Mr. Norman objects. These preposterous conclusions explain Mr. Norman's ineffectiveness. He can only appeal to the governing classes to reform their government, without offering them any motive but a few abstract terms, such as liberty, Christian equality (whatever that may be), fraternity, and so forth. If he turns to the people he has nothing but scandals to offer them and some S.D.P. clap-trap about the economic revolution. There may be a use for Mr. Norman's book; there is certainly internal evidence of considerable pride in his work; but the scandals that are new lead to nothing, and the scandals that are old are dreary. It is possible to have too much of a bad thing, and Mr. Norman has given it to us.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

United Italy. By F. M. Underwood. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

The early struggles of Young Italy, bound up with the names of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Crispi, Cavour, and many other patriots nearly as eminent, are already known to readers of history; and all we can say of Mr. Underwood's summary of the story of this time is that it is convenient, readable, and, so far as it goes, accurate. The history of Italian colonising in the 'eighties, and the negotiations with this country over Egypt, are not, however, so well known. Here Mr. Underwood's book becomes valuable; and he is of still greater value in ch. vii and viii, where he deals with the political life of modern Italy. In Italy, as elsewhere, there seems to be some fatality about Socialist and Labour leaders; they are twisted round the fingers of men like Luzzatti and Giolitti. The well-known Socialist, Bissolati, called out "Death to the King!" in the Chamber so recently as 1900; and yet in 1911 this same Bissolati was submissively calling on King Victor Emanuel, being received in private audience previously to being appointed a Cabinet Minister. It is true that Bissolati withdrew from the Cabinet at the last moment, because, as he explained, he had not in his possession the essential dress-suit; but his submission to the Monarchy was none the less absolute.

This little incident is amusing and significant of the weakness of Socialists of this type all over the world—have we not said already that the ordinary Socialist movement has made a bad name for itself? While Bissolati was making up his mind about the dress-suit, as Mr. Underwood informs us, "Signor Giolitti, who has inherited from Agostino Depretis the nickname of the 'Old Fox,' had gained the adhesion of the Socialists to his programme, and, if Bissolati did not enter the Cabinet, the success was even greater, as he won the Socialists without the presence in the Ministry of a colleague who might have been troublesome."

Giolitti, we may recollect, was the Premier who organised the recent expedition to Tripoli, which was enthusiastically supported by the Socialists and even the pacifists throughout Italy.

We protest against Mr. Underwood's treating "Literature and Science" in one chapter; the two things are incompatible. The personality of Mathilde Serao is more interesting than her Books; and we should have liked Mr. Underwood to devote less space to Fogazzaro and more to men like Pascoli, or a fine critic like Borgese. Frankly, this chapter on literature and science is too scrappy, and hardly even a catalogue of modern Italian writers. The two chapters on "Church and State" are much better done, and so is the chapter on "Music and Archæology." There are several photographs, and the book as a whole may be recommended for its political information.

The Legal Position of the Grand Duchy of Finland in the Russian Empire. By Wolf, Baron von der Osten-Sacken, with a preface by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. (Lamley and Co. 5s. net.)

A most profound "inaugural dissertation" written for a Tubingen University degree. Sometimes, indeed, the author is so profound that we cannot quite follow his reasoning, as in sec. 6. But the subject is dull, and a technical treatment of it can hardly result in easy writing or easy reading. The Baron appears to us to be very just to Finland and to Russia. He absolutely denies that Finland was ever recognised by Russia as an independent State; and the mass of evidence he adduces to prove his statement is staggering. Having overthrown the Finnish claims, however, he protests against the arbitrary procedure of Russia in Finland during recent years, and reminds the great Empire: "That a strong and gifted people should be violently torn away from its ancient forms of life, with which it had grown up and which had become the condition for its prosperous development; that for the purposes of levelling it should be confined within arbitrary limits; and that this should all happen only to the detriment of the Finnish people and without any advantage to the Empire—all this can only be regretted from the standpoint of humanity, culture, and free, progressive development." Few writers on the subject have shown such calmness of judgment in the complicated legal points connected with the Finno-Russian problem; and as the question is certain to be heard of again very shortly, Baron Wolf's book is likely to be of much value to experts.

Siberia. By M. P. Price. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is the best book about a foreign country that we have seen for some time. Mr. Price, with two "scientific explorers," journeyed through Siberia and part of Mongolia, and as he was chiefly interested in social and economic questions, his work is entirely different from the dull yarns of the ordinary traveller. The comparison he makes of Siberia and Canada is very remarkable; and he produces plenty of evidence for his belief that Siberia will, in time, outstrip Canada. We would willingly quote, if our space permitted, his whole chapter on the economic conditions of the Siberian peasant. It is sufficient to state, however, that Mr. Price approves of communal holdings, which, as he points out, are particularly applicable to Siberian conditions. Such holdings are disappearing in Russia, partly because land is becoming scarce, partly because of the advance of commerce, partly because the "Mir" was accused of being reactionary. In Siberia, Mr. Price notes, the commune "often has a progressive force. For, as the peasants told me, it safeguards them against the encroachments of squatters and wandering emigrants, and it co-ordinates and regulates the arable holdings, causing each peasant to make common cause in taming nature just where such collective action is most required."

Another point is worthy of emphasis in connection with the Guild-Socialist aim of securing for the workmen the monopoly of their labour, and making the consumer deal direct with the Guild. Mr. Price says (p. 128): "Among these peasants the business of one man is the business of everybody. The whole village is interested in what the outsider would regard as the private affairs of one of their number. For instance, we found that no peasant would sell us a horse or anything that we wanted without first consulting with the whole village about the price, and it was always a very great difficulty to introduce the element of competition." There is a lesson here for somebody, supplemented by what Mr. Price says a few pages further on: "To the majority of Siberians, the village commune seems to be an indispensable part of their lives. . . . They find that when practical and material difficulties confront them, such as bad harvests or peculant officials, they can deal with them much better as a commune than as individuals."

Chapter IX of Mr. Price's book gives opinions, supported by quoted evidence, on the economic future of Siberia; and his remarks on railways and internal communications are, we think, likely to hold good for some considerable time yet. His chapter on Mongolia is also well done, although the political views in it, modestly and broadly expressed though they are, should be read in the light of recent messages from St. Petersburg and Pekin regarding Russia's designs on the province. There are many illustrations, and four maps.

"Polly Peachum" and "The Beggar's Opera." By Charles E. Pearce. (Paul. 16s. net.)

There is considerably more justification for this book than for the previous volumes written by Mr. Pearce. "The Beggar's Opera" was a play that made history; and if, as it seems from this history, its instantaneous success was largely due to the acting of Lavinia Fenton, in the part of "Polly Peachum," it is only fitting that what is known of her should be incorporated in this book. But Mr. Pearce does not confine his attention to the inception and intention of Gay's masterpiece, nor to the biography of the first "Polly Peachum." He traces the history of the play through all its transformations and reproductions, gives us thumbnail sketches, at least, of the actors of the principal parts in it during the 150 years of its existence on our stage. But the play was not merely reproduced and transformed, but was itself parodied—unsuccessfully, it must be admitted; and the history of these imitations finds a place in Mr. Pearce's volume. Although the biography of Lavinia Fenton is not stated as clearly and succinctly as it might have been, yet the whole volume is so compendious, and illuminates so clearly the contemporary life in London, that it must be regarded as a considerable addition to the history of the English stage.

Madame Tallien: NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR. FROM THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION UNTIL HER DEATH AS PRINCESS DE CHIMAY IN 1835. By L. Gastine. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

M. Gastine has no sexual illusions; he does not imagine that, because Mme. Tallien "had two or three husbands, and children by everybody," as Napoleon said of her, she was an admirable person. Like M. Turquan, he has prejudices; and he has written this book to justify them. He destroys the "Notre Dame de Thermidor" legend which, after Tallien had exhausted its popularity, the Princess de Chimay resurrected to her own glory in history. The "Notre Dame de Bon Secours" legend he shows to be without foundation; in fact, he has done for her soul what she loved to do with her body, exhibited it without a chemise. Madame Tallien, the wife of several and the mistress of everybody, will be remembered only as a woman without intellect, without morals, without natural charm (for M. Gastine shows that she was the merest comedienne); she had nothing but her beauty and her complaisance to make her temporarily acceptable to men, and her marriage into a princely family did not raise the boycott that not only Napoleon, but the Royalist aristocracy, maintained against her.

Pastiche.

THE STRING JERKER.

"How many times a day do you suppose you pull that string?"

The conductor shook his head. "No idea, sir," he replied; "hundreds of times, I dessay." His voice was tired, and betrayed a total lack of interest in the question which I had raised. The man was too confirmed a product of his environment to contemplate his position from a critical standpoint. The bell-string which he pulled and jerked—jerked and pulled, all day long—every day of the week, Sundays included, had become a part of himself; one might just as well have asked him how he had come by his legs, or why his feet had toes, as to question him about this purely mechanical business of jerking a bell-string. The tickets which he punched; the places and streets he stopped at; the traffic, even the very passengers he took up and set down—all happened and passed without meaning. No protest against his lot had occurred to him. This man, a stoic of the most pitiful type, acquiesced in the existence which civilisation had forced upon him. The slave had become unconscious of his chains.

Ting—Ting—Gurrr—rrr—clut—zrr—zipp — Grurrch—Ting—Ting. I glanced towards the front of the 'bus to where the driver sat, and just at that moment his face appeared in the small mirror which shows him the interior of the 'bus. There was an ugly scowl upon his face, the mouth was drawn, the eyes stared.

"What's the driver look so angry for?" I inquired of the conductor. "'E don't like pulling up ser many times," he replied. "Yer see—'ees got 'is journeys ter do. The more journeys 'e does the more money 'e gits. 'E gits a bob more'n me. I gits three bob a journey. Then, yer see, if I don't get enough fares there's trouble fer me."

Ting—Ting—Grurrch—Zutt—Zerr—rr—grurrch—Ting—Ting. "But that's an extraordinary system, isn't it?" I asked, in amazement. The feud between driver and conductor had often puzzled me. "Yer see, sir," the conductor continued, "this ere driver wot I've got now—*'ees bin 'eld up fer two days*—got 'is engine too 'ot—goin' too fast—that allus 'appens if the 'bus ain't pulled up every two 'undrid yards."

Ting—Ting—grurrch—grurrch—rr—Ting—Ting. "Yer see, sir—wot this 'ere driver wants ter do is ter make up fer 'is two days' 'oliday; wot I wants ter do is ter——"

Ting— Ting — grurrch — grurrch —rrr—Ting—Ting—Ting—Ting. "Wot I wants ter do is ter pick up as many fares as I can. If I don't—I shall git a coupler days' 'oliday, same as wot 'e will if 'e don't git 'is journeys done. A coupler days' 'oliday means a big lump fer me ter lose, same as wot it does fer 'im. There's 'undids of new men waiting fer jobs—'undids—they sacks yer almost fer nothing." Ting—Ting—grurrch—rrr—Zutt—rr—Ting—Ting. "I tell yer, sir, we 'ave ter be careful nowadays—jobs wants gitting." The driver changed gear, and the 'bus lurched forward, but just as he had got up something of a speed, the bell rang from upstairs. His face again showed in the little mirror, it was distorted with rage—he pulled up with a vicious jerk which nearly toppled the descending passenger over the hand-rail.

"I 'opes I never gits this man a-drivin' my 'bus agin," the conductor remarked, as he pulled the bell. "'E ain't my regular man; this two days' 'oliday system don't keep yer tergether fer long—I shan't be sorry when I gits me regular driver back again—No. 3546—this bloke worries me."

He bent down with his back to me and opened the door of a small box which was affixed to the advertisement board, and produced from a soiled copy of the "Daily Express" a large meat sandwich, which he bit into ravenously, and then quickly replaced. His hands were black and filthy from handling hundreds of coppers, and I noticed that his thumbs left their mark upon the white bread. Ting—Ting—grurrch—Zutt—rrr—grurrch—Ting—Ting. He snatched another mouthful, and again replaced the sandwich. He then produced a blue tin bottle, and steadying himself carefully against the staircase, gulped down about half a pint of some sort of liquid. He quickly replaced the blue canister and fastened the door securely. Early symptoms of dyspepsia became obvious, and the man punched his chest violently, smiling as he noted my interest. "Quick lunch," he exclaimed. "Ketches yer sometimes." Ting—Ting grurrch—grurrch—Zipp—rrr—Ting—Ting.

I questioned him no further. My eyes strayed to the advertisements opposite. I discovered that a verse from the Bible had been inserted in one of the panels by the "Religious Tract Society." It read, "All ye that are weary and are heavy laden, come unto Me, and I will give you rest." By what sinister chance had such a sentence found its way into a motor-'bus. A notorious nerve tonic occupied the adjoining panel! Christianity and Quinine! My eyes were hypnotised by the two red and green panels opposite. The continual lurch and jolt of the 'bus forced the two things through my mind until they became confused; I grew sleepy, and in a half-doze, muttered the words, inaudibly, "All—ye—phos—that are weary—phosferone—phos—come unto me—phos—and I —will give you—phosferone—and I will give you phosferone. Ting—Ting—grurrch—grurrch Ting—Ting—Ting. Someone tapped me upon the arm, "Tickets, please." I looked up, startled, and rubbed my eyes, it was in uniform, and demanded to see a receipt for the conductor's soul.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

HE AND I.

This is most strange that he and I are friends.
Friends? . . . Well, I lack a word that just hits off
Our subtle fellowship. It might be dubbed
The meeting of antipodes. Conceive
Buddha consorting with Beelzebub,
Or Hamlet thick with Falstaff—there you have
Some notion of us twain. Between us gape
Whole centuries; we speak two divers tongues,—
But yet adjacency of habitat
And dearth of minds in this drab suburb; then
Perchance some impish whimsy of my own
Singled him out to break my solitude.

He is the pink of Cockney perkiness,
Bristling with catch-words. An Autolycus
Of speech, he interlards his apish chat
With tawdry flotsam of the cabarets,—
A very travesty of slang. His talk
Would harass the phonetic speller. Who
Shall catch the drawling cadence of his vowels,
His blatant intonation, and set forth
Their tune in symbols? And philologists
Might flounder in his syntax, with its wealth
Of quaint ellipsis.
Wag, philanderer,
Rapt devotee of ribald limericks,
Adept at anecdotes that make the walls
Of counting-houses ring in Mincing Lane.
He is the cynosure of maiden orbs
In Fulham Road; a petted sojourner
Among the demi-monde of Walham Green.
Without him, Putney Hill on Sunday nights
Lacks the full tally of its roysterers.

His bearing is a soupçon raffish. Mark
The tilted angle of his bowler-hat,
Exquisite drooping poise of his cigarette,
Chromatic discords in his hosiery,
The modish girding of his feet with spats,
His sidling gait; a touch of brilliantine
About his person—robust decadence
Becoming in a patron of the arts.
He talks of drama with a smirk; for him
Drama is frills and legs and frippery,—
Scatheless access to tarts—his leading quest.
He reads the novels of the ladies, who
Vie with the whilom fame of Ouida; here
He finds his features mirrored; and a staunch
Conservative, he with his quota shares
The upkeep of the Carmelite demesne.

I showed him THE NEW AGE one day. He glimpsed
Its columns languidly. "Bit dull, ole man,
No bally go, eh, what?" quoth he. . . .
I smiled. . . .
He is not touchy. . . . But my store of barbs
Once brought in play would pierce that callous hide.
No parrying rapier thrusts. . . . Sharp javelins
And knobby bludgeons for this gallant soul.
(I am not finicking in my tirades,
No mawkish raillery for me.)
Meanwhile
We veil our mutual scorn and amble on
Like Horace and the bore; though which is which
Depends entirely on the point of view!

P. SELVER.

Art.

The Grafton Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

ONE of the characteristic features of modern exhibitions which must strike the observant visitor, is the great superiority of small work over big work. No matter where you go, nor in which school you are interested, you are almost sure to meet with disappointment where large pictures are concerned, and to find real artistic enjoyment only among canvases of moderate or diminutive dimensions. Why is this? A good many people will tell you that "a long poem does not exist," that a "large picture does not exist," that anything which takes more than half an hour to read, or half an hour to paint, must be wrong, forced, and "based in an imperfect sense of art." This is, surely, all nonsense. Size and length are matters of taste and judgment; they are matters which cannot be decided in a haphazard fashion, because the very nature of the idea or object to be represented is to some extent supreme here. But while these considerations count, the depth of a poet's lungs and the sustaining power of a painter's vitality are equally important as final determinants.

In an age when people are all taking short breaths —and from narrow, weak chests into the bargain—we should scarcely expect long poems, even upon subjects which would in any case require grand treatment, save as pieces of pure affectation and make-believe. And if we were given such poems we should expect them to be bad. Likewise, in an age of repeated and perpetual change, when moods, opinions, convictions, and passions are as transient as poster-hoardings, we should hardly count upon the existence of that rooted depth and vigour of inspiration which can survive the exhausting drain that a great subject treated in the grand style, and painted necessarily on a large scale, would require. We should not in the first place expect the vigour and profundity which could conceive such a subject with a sufficient fund of faith and force to carry it out.

When Edgar Allan Poe in the first half of last century wrote: "A poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychological necessity, transient"; he said something which is obviously true. But when he continued: "That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the utmost, it flags—fails—a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such," he said something which was clearly only zeitgemass, and at the same time self-revelatory. I do not wish to bind him, after all these years of respected decease, to that unfortunate "half an hour"; but for him to have used such an expression at all was surely suspicious. The length of this so-called excitement depends upon the stamina, the depth, the capacity for relative permanence, the viability and the sustaining power of a man's artistic ability. Drive these qualities up to their maximum degree of development, and who is going to say that half an hour or even half a week is the proper time beyond which this so-called excitement cannot last at its zenith?

It is strange that Edgar Allan Poe should have spoken as he did. Think of what has happened since he wrote those lines! Think of how life's pace has quickened, and how many other influences, unknown to the author of "Annabel Lee," have entered the life of modern man to make his moods, his passions, and his convictions even more superficial, even more transient, and even more histrionic, than they were in the early forties of last century! Soon all sustained effort which lasts for over five minutes will be a hopeless failure, will be a foregone failure, and will be regarded as "based upon an imperfect sense of Art." Soon anything carried out on a large scale will, owing to its very artificial inflation, inevitably end in a ridiculous explosion (scarcely audible save to the trained ear) of all decent art canons.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters have a depressing and, in many ways, a vulgar show at the Grafton Galleries. The work of all the stars of the profession gets more and more slipshod every three months, and the people they paint get less and less beautiful and less and less interesting. In the heyday of the good, conscientious transcriptists (Millais, Sargent, etc.), one was quite certain that if a person appeared to be only moderately prepossessing on canvas, that person was probably only moderately prepossessing in private life. But nowadays, for fear of doing an injustice to people who, at home, are probably quite tolerably attractive, one positively daren't express one's view about their beauty, with their portraits alone to judge them by. For the bulk of modern portrait work is generally as ugly as it is incompetent.

Take No. 27 in this exhibition, for instance—"Miss Rachel Hill," by W. Graham Robertson! What could be more terrible? I have no wish to overstate the case. It is simply outrageously poor work—slick, specious and incompetent. A human face is a thing of substance with a back to it, and a centre of gravity to it; it is not a film of glaze on a muddy grey background. Poor Miss Rachel Hill! Nobody in the presence of such work would ever dare to venture any opinion upon her beauty. But all the chivalry I possess makes me swear that she cannot possibly be as vacuous, as plain, and as inanimate as that! It would be beyond a joke to mention every ugly picture in this exhibition; what I cannot understand is the modesty of the sitters, which allows them to endure thus being exposed to view week after week, without any hope of improving with time!

Art? Do not let us speak about it. Look at "Mrs. Mallock," by John Lavery (No. 10). I take my oath Mrs. Mallock's neck and hands are not so wooden. Let Mr. Lavery study the texture of woman's flesh at the shrine of Besnard at the Grosvenor Gallery. And now turn to "A Portrait" by W. Logsdail (No. 24)—such things, we know, must be—but they need not necessarily be exhibited. Both Nos. 35 and 36 are exceedingly poor specimens of painting and of human nature. Sir Hubert von Herkomer can do much better; I do not believe E. A. Walton can. If I remember rightly E. A. Walton used to confine himself to spangly landscapes; but one can hardly say that he has "found himself" in portrait work. The huge "Portrait Group" (No. 29), by George Harcourt, is an illustration of my introductory remarks. The size, here, is out of all keeping with the importance of the subject, and it was evidently far too big, in any case, for Mr. Harcourt to tackle. I would not, for many reasons, care to be either "Mrs. Marshall Roberts" or "Nancy, Daughter of John MacGillicuddy, Esq.," if they are anything at all like their portraits. I do not remember better work by John da Costa; but of Flora Lion, I certainly do. Even her "Theodora" (No. 172) in this show, though not by any means a pleasing work, is better than No. 46.

As for "Sir John Anderson, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.," by William Orpen, one feels thankful on Sir John's account that la carrière est ouverte à autre chose que la beauté, and there one's emotions end; save, perhaps, that one also feels that la carrière in painting is evidently open to things apparently quite independent of talent. And so on, and so on. I could mention dozens equally bad.

To turn to more pleasant considerations, among the better things are an interesting Sargent, "Sir Hugh Lane" (No. 7); two good Sauters, "Mrs. Hermann Hirsch" (No. 5), a sympathetic study of an old lady, and "Mrs. Fuerth" (No. 9), a pretty dignified woman, soberly painted—the right hand and the chest being perhaps a little scamped and inadequately observed; a good sketch of "Thomas H. Mawson, Esq.," by Herkomer (No. 16); a fair achievement by Warrington Mann, "Master John George Churchill" (No. 20); a delightful "Study of my son Stephen" (No. 54), by Philip A. de Laszlo, which, with the "Portrait Sketch of Baron Helmut Schroder" (No. 132), is quite my

favourite at the present show; and some good drawings of fascinating children, by Ruth Henderson (No. 148a), Sibyl Ashmore (Nos. 149, 151, 157), and Kathleen Streatfield (No. 158).

There are really only thirteen pictures in the whole exhibition which are worth looking at for the beauty of the people they represent, and they are:—"Mrs. Fuerth" (No. 9), "Miss Craies" (No. 26), "Roderick M. Peat, Esq." (No. 86), "Mrs. Mukerjea" (No. 111), "Miss Reed" (No. 130), "Baron Helmut Schröder," and "Stephen Laszlo" (Nos. 132 and 54), "Kenneth Greer, Esq." (No. 148a), "A Child with Pearls" (No. 149), "Miss Anne Joyce" (No. 151), "Child with the Fur Cap" (No. 157), "Willie" (No. 158), "Madame G. Nicolet" (No. 166).

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IT is recorded that Carlyle once wrote to Browning saying that Mrs. Carlyle had read "Sordello" with very great interest, and wished to know whether Sordello were a man, or a city, or a book. Let me inform my readers at once that "Elizabeth Cooper" is not a person: it is a book and a play. As a play, "Elizabeth Cooper" is not "Elizabeth Cooper"; that is to say, it is not the play written by Mr. George Moore and produced by the Stage Society. "Elizabeth Cooper" is a play adapted from a novel written by Lewis Davenant, one of the principal characters in "Elizabeth Cooper," and produced in Vienna; that is to say, "Elizabeth Cooper" is not "Elizabeth Cooper," but is another play of the same name. It is all quite clear when you understand it: "Elizabeth Cooper" was not written by Mr. George Moore, but by Mr. Lewis Davenant. Mr. Lewis Davenant does not exist outside the pages of Mr. George Moore's "Elizabeth Cooper"; and "Elizabeth Cooper" is equally fictitious. That is to say, the real "Elizabeth Cooper" is not "Elizabeth Cooper"; but Mr. Moore's play about a play of the same name. Shaw made a character protest that he was a disciple of Bernard Shaw, so this sort of subjective objectivation is not without precedent; but it is a little confusing.

Mr. Moore was kind enough to allow himself to be interviewed by the "Observer" prior to the production of his play; and thus stole a march on the sea-serpent. In the course of the interview, he said some remarkable things; not the least remarkable being the statement that he would, if "Elizabeth Cooper" were produced commercially, make a donation to the Stage Society—this being a generosity without precedent in the history of the Society, according to Mr. Moore. Among his dicta was the saying: "No man of letters writes plays nowadays": which is a judgment of "Elizabeth Cooper" that brings that donation appreciably nearer to the Stage Society. But the most important of his statements, from my point of view, was his description of 'Elizabeth Cooper." "It is a comedy in three acts, a comedy of character, not of incident or epigram," said Mr. Moore. It is true that there are no epigrams; there are plenty of speeches a page long, but no epigrams. "No man of letters writes plays nowadays," it is true; it is the wordy person, the speech-maker, who cumbers the modern stage. This is the sort of thing that Mr. Moore calls "comedy of character."

DAVENANT: A long, nervous journey, full of disquiet, full of uncertainty. What will she think of me? What will she say? I am alone in an hotel with nothing to think of except the clothes I shall wear. It is difficult to make a selection. Shall I wear a pair of check trousers, or shall I wear the striped? Shall I wear a frock-coat or a morning-coat? A jacket would be a trifle undignified, a frock-coat would be a little too formal. Perhaps a morning-coat would be the right thing. A morning-coat, check trousers—no, striped. A fancy waistcoat? No, better not. What necktie? Mauve? Purple? A black necktie? Then the boots. Most important. A woman always looks at your feet. At every moment my nervousness increases. Think of me listening for the step in the corridor of the hotel. Twenty disappointments. And then, at last, the door opens; she comes in. I look at her, she looks at me, and I read what is passing in her mind. I see that she is disappointed, that I am not at all the man she expected to meet. But we are on the stage, and have to play the comedy out to the end, so we propose a visit to the picture gallery. I see that I am not at all the man she wants, but I must not show that she is not the woman I want. So I take her hand in the carriage, she withdraws it; and then we attempt some friendship, and after two days of torture I escape from Vienna, leaving a letter containing some absurd excuse that I am called away suddenly on a matter of important business. That is the first possibility. You will not deny that what I've said is very possibly what might happen.

* "Elizabeth Cooper." By George Moore. (Maunsel. 2s. net.)

Such a passage would be wearisome in a novel; but to have the whole action of the play suspended while this thoroughly commonplace harangue is delivered is to be subjected to an intolerable trial of patience. If it were the only one, and the comedy itself were comic, the lapse into dreariness might be forgiven. But there are many such speeches: Mr. Moore will allow his characters nothing but explanation and elaboration of trivialities.

It is a comedy of character, says Mr. Moore, and it has three good characters. It should be obvious that there is nothing intrinsically comic in the character of Lewis Davenant. He belongs to "Hamlet's" category of "tedious old fools." But if the middle-aged novelist who talks commonplaces by the yard is not intrinsically a comic character, his young cousin and secretary is simply a young sentimentalist. The idiot who can say to his mother: "Every morning as I sit here I send forth my soul bidding it seek out some wonderful woman and give her my name and address—one whom I have never seen and never shall see—and in the evening I walk home hoping to get a letter from her. I know there isn't one, but I never fail to say: 'Jane, are there any letters?' Always the same answer: 'No, sir,' and I go upstairs to my room saying: 'My soul has not yet had time to reach her,'" is obviously not a character of any kind; he is simply the offspring of Lewis Davenant's imagination. The Viennese Countess, who falls in love with the author of "Elizabeth Cooper," and marries his secretary, is simply a feminine counterpart of Lewis Davenant. It is hinted very strongly in the first act that Lewis Davenant's path to glory has been through many boudoirs and bedrooms. Indeed, the conventional comic drunken man is introduced to illuminate this aspect of his career. The Countess, if her conversation is any indication of her character, might have a similar record of promiscuity by the time that she reaches the age of Lewis Davenant.

The "comedy of character," such as it is, is confined to the Countess. She writes love-letters to Lewis Davenant; his secretary, Sebastian Dayne, falls in love with her, as he does with nearly all the female correspondents of his employer. Lewis Davenant is too "world-weary," to use the epithet that Sebastian steals from Shakespeare only to degrade it, to attend the production of his play in Vienna, and incidentally fall into the arms of the Countess. Sebastian, with his permission, impersonates him, and returns to England with the Countess as his wife. The whole comedy consists in the fact that the Countess is supposed not to be aware that her husband is only the secretary of the author of "Elizabeth Cooper." The two men attempt to maintain the deception, and in the last act the Countess declares that she knew from the first that her husband was really not Lewis Davenant but Sebastian Dayne. As he married her in the name of Lewis Davenant, it is typical of her character that she does not even suggest a regularisation of her union with him. The "comedy" closes with her reception into the bosom of Sebastian's family. Comment is practically superfluous; but the Stage Society certainly ought to be paid by Mr. Moore for producing what he calls his little play. If his generosity extends to the indemnification of his audience for the waste of their time, Mr. Moore will, at least, have left the Stage Society no worse than he found it.

What is Syndicalism?

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—Many books, articles, etc., have been written recently on the above subject, but few seem to have a clear knowledge as to the aims and objects of Syndicalism, and the methods by which it is proposed to attain these objects.

It is to the end of making clear the true purport of the Syndicalist proposals that this letter is written.

In the first place, perhaps a brief definition of Syndicalism would enable the readers of this paper to understand the ideas underlying the minds of its advocates.

It is :—"The organisation of the workers into Industrial Unions, which, by means of various actions on the industrial field, would take possession and control of the various industries, and work them in the interests of the whole of the community."

It is a purely industrial movement, which, in addition to fighting the everyday battles of the workers, intends to overthrow the present competitive system, and reorganise society in such a manner that the exploitation of one section of the community by the other shall be impossible.

The first part of this description says, "the organisation of the workers into Industrial Unions."

An Industrial Union is a union of unions, or, to be more explicit—an amalgamation of the present Trade, or sectional, Unions into Unions which would receive as members the whole of the workers in an industry.

Take, for example, the engineering industry. At present those workers who are engaged in that industry are organised in various unions, such as the A.S.E., Toolmakers, Moulders, Pattern-Makers, Clerks, etc.

The Industrial Union catering for the workers in the engineering industry, would be an amalgamation of the whole of these sectional unions, and would have as its members the members of these various Trade Unions.

The same method of organisation would be adopted throughout the whole of the industries, and a worker at a particular trade of an industry, would belong to the particular industrial union catering for the industry in which he was at the time engaged.

In order to solve the difficulty arising when a worker ceased working in one industry, and obtained work in another, it would be necessary for the whole of the industrial unions to adopt a basic contribution to cover the amount required for the purposes of the strike, victimisation, propaganda, and educational funds, which funds would be necessary in each and every organisation.

This would enable the members of the whole of the industrial unions to have a uniform, or standard membership card, which would admit them into any of the unions without any trouble.

I think the foregoing will give a fairly good idea of what "the organisation of the workers into industrial unions" means.

The second portion of the description says, "by means of various actions on the industrial field."

This refers to the weapons to be used, or, perhaps, the methods to be adopted would be a better way of describing it.

The methods it is proposed to adopt are :—The general strike, the sectional strike, sabotage, and such other means as it is found necessary and expedient, at the time, to use.

Most of us have a knowledge as to what the general and sectional strikes are, but there is a great deal of misunderstanding as to the meaning of sabotage.

The majority of people have the idea that it necessarily means violence, and the breaking up and damaging of things, and, having got that false impression, are afraid of it, and decry its use in any and all cases.

There are many ways of bringing sabotage into play—some peaceful, some violent.

In order to convince the sceptical, I will give several instances of peaceful sabotage.

The dockers of Glasgow, in 1889, went on strike for increased pay, and their employers engaged a large number of farm labourers to do their work. The consequence was that the strike was broken, and the dockers returned to work on the old terms.

Before they started work, however, the secretary called them together, and said, "The employers have professed to being delighted with the work of the farm hands, who have taken our places for some weeks, but we have seen them, and know that they do not even know how to walk on a vessel; they also leave behind them about half the stuff they are supposed to carry; in short, between two of them, they only do about half the work one of us can do.

"As the employers have sung the praises of these men, we will match them, and practise ca'-canny! Work like they worked!" The men followed this advice for some time, with the result that the employers sent for the secretary, and asked him to get the men to work as they had previous to the strike, when they should have the rise.

Take the railway, for example. It is quite easy for the labels on the trucks to be put on the wrong ones, thus causing goods consigned to one part of the country to arrive at a place afar off.

These are examples of a peaceful form of sabotage which injure no one except those they are intended to injure and annoy.

Of violent forms of sabotage, there are countless numbers, some of which only injure those they are levelled at, and some of which injure others in addition to those they are levelled at.

Many people decry "sabotage" as foreign; if, however, the word is of foreign origin, the practice is English, and is as old as the labour movement itself.

The British workers were the first Trade Unionists; they were also the first to practise sabotage.

Our most common workshop saying—"Bad pay, bad work"—is the whole philosophy of sabotage in miniature.

I think we have said sufficient about "sabotage" to convince the opponents of, and the inquirers about Syndicalism, that the workers have no cause to fear the methods of the advocates of Syndicalism, and that the only ones who need have any such fear are the possessing, or capitalist, class.

Another of the essential points of the Syndicalist position is that there shall be no agreements with their employers by the workmen.

The object of the unions being to wage a constant war on the owning class, it would be utter folly to enter into agreements, either of long or short duration.

The reason for this is easily seen. At the present time, the employers enter into agreements with different sections of workers at different times, thus making united action by the workers, when necessary, practically impossible.

Under the Syndicalist régime, no agreements would be entered into, thus leaving the workers free to take united action whenever they so willed.

By the use of these various methods, then, it would be possible to so upset the delicate organisations and machinery of the capitalist system as to make it impossible for the present owners and exploiters to carry on their businesses, and to confiscate them.

This, as is seen in the description at the beginning of this article, is the object of Syndicalism, in order that they shall be run in the interests of those who work them, thus enabling them to enjoy the full fruits of their labour.

The next thing is to arrive at some idea as to how it is proposed to work the industries, and manage them.

The exact way in which this shall be accomplished has been a matter of much speculation. Many of the minor details with regard to the management of the new society can only, at present, be guessed at; but the larger outlines are fairly clear.

One of the most certain of these is that, the Syndicalist seeing in the State an instrument of oppression and tyranny, there will be no State. He sees no need for a general supervising and governmental body, and intends that the workers in the various industries shall manage the affairs of their particular industry; the miners to manage the mines; the railway workers to manage the railways, and so on.

In the first place, perhaps the shop organisations of an industry will be more competent to control and run a particular industry than any other. These shop organisations are more or less developed in all industries, and to carry on production of any kind without them is well-nigh impossible.

In the Syndicalist society, these shop organisations, which will include every worker in an industry, will be autonomous—each conducting its own affairs, and requiring no interference from without.

The producing force of society will be composed of autonomous sections—each industry forming a section. All industries will be monopolised, and each will regulate its production according to the demands upon it by the rest of society.

This principle of autonomy will extend to the component parts of an industry, as disagreements and arbitrariness in an industry are as detrimental as between industries.

As the control of the autonomous shop organisations

will extend over all social production, including education, medicine, criminology, etc., there will be no need for a general supervising body to conduct industry. And as there will be no slave class in the new society, and no individual or private ownership in the means of life, the State will have lost the only other reasons for its existence—the keeping of the working class in a state of subjection, and the relationship of the quarrels between the owners of the industries.

The next thing to decide is, "Who will decide, in the new society, on the adoption of new methods, the re-organisation of old ones, the introduction of new machinery, etc.?"

It is most likely that the example of the present capitalist society will be followed, and that the members of an industry will decide as to what shall be done, and what shall not be done in regard to these matters. Take the boot and shoemaking industry, for example.

Supposing that a new machine is invented which will enable footwear to be produced at a considerably less cost than formerly. The question of the adoption of this new machine—one affecting the whole of society—is a matter of whether it will pay for the cost of its installation.

It is purely a matter of figures, and would be settled by the industry alone. The boot and shoemaking industry dictates to the rest of society on matters pertaining to that industry. This is quite logical, as it is perfectly clear that the workers in an industry are the most competent to decide on matters relating to that industry.

In the unlikely event of one industry trying to exploit another, the use of direct action by the others would soon bring them to their senses. With regard to the appointment of foremen, superintendents, etc., the democratic rule of the majority vote would not apply. These persons would not be appointed by their ability to secure the support of a majority through their oratorical ability, good looks, influence, etc., as at present; but would be appointed by reason of their fitness; by examination, and by their ability, proven by their workmanship, etc. In conclusion, reference to the armed forces of law and order must be made.

It will be said that the possessing class will not give up their ownership of the various industries without a struggle. Quite true! But the Syndicalists realise this, and are carrying on an active propaganda among the men who form these forces of law and order, the ultimate result of which will be—that these forces, when required for the defence of the capitalist property, will be divided. and through their loss of solidarity and discipline, will cease to be the fighting force they would be required to be.

Moreover, these forces of law and order, in order to be effective, must have immense arsenals, powder works, food, and clothing. They must also have the means of transportation at their disposal, but these necessaries to the effective working of the forces can easily be rendered useless by means of the general strike, thus making the servants of the capitalists impotent.

Further, in order to protect the capitalists' property, the soldiers and the police would have to be scattered all over the country, and along the miles of railroads. A considerable number, too, would be required to protect the capitalists themselves.

The result would be that the armed forces would be so minutely sub-divided as to make them practically ineffective.

Enough has been said in the foregoing to give a general idea as to the Syndicalist aims and proposals, and to induce every thinking worker to consider their working.

The power of the workers to disorganise and paralyse the capitalist society has been exemplified more than once during the last few years, notably by the miners' and the railwaymen's strikes, and if the capitalist class was in such desperate straits during these strikes, what sort of a panic would they be in in face of a general strike of revolutionary workers?

Those workers would be able to demand, and get, anything they cared to impose on the capitalists.

The small strikes of to-day are but a miniature of the strikes of the future, when the whole working class will so disorganise the present system as to compel the possessing class to give up its ownership of its possessions.

Starvation, which is at the present time the greatest strike-breaker, will not be possible when Syndicalist methods are adopted, as it will be so arranged beforehand that plenty of food will be stored to last the short time necessary to obtain victory.

We must always bear in mind the fact that "The greater the strike, the quicker the victory."

I must acknowledge my indebtedness for much of my knowledge of the Syndicalist doctrine to Tom Mann's "Forging the Weapon"; "Syndicalism," by E. C. Ford and W. Z. Foster; and to "The Syndicalist," edited by Guy Bowman, all of which I would strongly recommend inquirers about the subject to read. REMUS.

* * *

THE COURT AND THE POST OFFICE.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—When a gentleman who is the proud possessor of a whole skin suddenly blossoms out in no less than four of the great reviews simultaneously, and when his reputation is further enhanced by the publication of a volume, the contents of which belong strictly to the category of neither prose nor poetry, his success is a foregone conclusion. Happily such triumphs are usually short-lived. Would to God that their remembrance were of equally brief duration! But that, alas! cannot be. The irrevocable law of Karma persists in spite of our prayers and entreaties. Nor is the law of Karma unjust. I had, I confess it, voluntarily paid my half-crown: I had, therefore, increased the consequences. But would that I could have foreseen the half-hour of spiritual agony that was in store for me!

On the rising of the curtain, we were confronted by what purported to be the exterior of an Oriental house. The illusion, however, was far from complete. What it really resembled to us was what it was: a series of strips of linen stretched over a square scaffolding. By an ingenious lighting device (which I applaud from motives of economy) the same arrangement did duty for the second scene, which represented the interior of the same mansion. All that was required to be done was to throw the limelight behind instead of in front, and, hey presto! what was before darkness became light as noonday. The play opened with an aged gentleman conversing (happily in an undertone) to himself about a certain medical practitioner, who, so far as I could discover, was attending his son. The worthy doctor entered, and, muttering some words to the effect that the boy must be kept confined to the house, and that his treatment could be depended on to be certain kill or cure —no half-way measures—considerately withdrew.

Then the boy himself arrived upon the scene, and, seating himself upon the window-sill, in such a way as to display three-fourths of his bare lower limb, added to our agony by entreating his sire to allow him to make an expedition to the mountains, or the plains—I forget which. His father refusing point-blank, the boy was left to himself. But no sooner had he started to soliloquise on his own account than a succession of natives entered. One by one, these also engaged in mumbled conversations with the youth; but fortunately most of what passed was inaudible. So far as I could judge, however, the upshot of it all was that there was a post office over the way, on which a flag happened to be flying, and the boy (for some unexplained reason) expressed a desire that he might receive a letter from the King. After about ten minutes of this sort of thing, down came the curtain, for which I, for one, should have been grateful, had I not anticipated what was to follow. What actually did follow, I cannot be certain. But, so far as I can remember, the rest of the play consisted in the boy lying on his back in a corner, groaning, and natives attired in black passing across the stage. In the end, I think, his youthful frame was carried off the stage into the wings; but, at any rate, all his faith in regal condescension went for nothing. The letter never came!

Really, I reflected, this was a shabby dodge of Mr. Tagore's—what an ending to such a play! But then, I thought, after all, what a sense of unity in the whole. Such endings spring from such beginnings. They are justified by the means. I thought of my half-crown, and ruminated how best I could get a bit of my own back.

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

MY FIRST TRIOLET.

A triolet is like a cat
That seeks its tail with fruitless prowling.
You wonder what the beast is at.
A triolet is like a cat
That seeks—oh yes. I've told you that.
Which amply proves what I keep howling;
A triolet is like a cat
That seeks its tail with fruitless prowling.

P. SELVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—In your issue of June 5 last, there was an article entitled "Modern Buccaneers in the West Pacific," that gave a short account of the exploitation and robbery which have been going on in a group of little islands named the Gilberts. On July 3 you published a copy of a letter of the 28th ultimo to the Prime Minister, in which a most earnest appeal was made to him to bring about a public investigation into the affairs of the Gilbert Group, the wealth of these islands, immense deposits of guano phosphates of the highest grade having in 1901 been virtually given by the Colonial Office as a present to the Pacific Islands Company (now Pacific Phosphate Company), whose Chairman was formerly High Commissioner of the Western Pacific; and among other influential shareholders was a gentleman who had held the highest permanent official post at the Colonial Office. It was in or about the beginning of 1901, that representations and appeals regarding the misrule and wrong-doing in this Group began to be made to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and though at present, after years of agitation, the natives are not subjected to the cruel treatment that they formerly were, there is less forced labour, and the company is to make another small payment out of its immense profits; still, the main causes of the evils in the Group remain, viz., the robbery of both the Imperial Exchequer and the Gilbert Islands Treasury for the benefit of an influential company, and the direct and indirect taxes imposed on the cocoanuts, the principal food of the natives. The people have at times been starving: a number have died through famine. These taxes on the cocoanuts could, and should be, at once abolished by the Colonial Office, and the whole revenue be derived from the phosphates. The largest shareholder in the Pacific Phosphate Company, Sir William H. Lever's firm, had one-fifth of the original ordinary shares.

Sir William has stated in Parliament that the basis of all sound taxation should rest first of all upon ability; and, secondly, should make for stability. The phosphate exporting industry of the Gilberts, in which he is so deeply interested, could easily pay all the taxes of these islands; the taxes would amount to but a small fraction of the hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling profit per annum which the company is able to make out of the sale of these fertilisers. Justice demands, moreover, that the present license, held by the Pacific Phosphate Company, be rescinded, and one with fair terms take its place. There are good grounds for the contention that were the case brought before the Courts of Law and Equity, the license which the company now holds would be quashed. For where it appears that the purchaser was acting in collusion with the trustee the contract can be declared void; and in the matter of this phosphate license there evidently was collusion between the representatives of the company and the officials of the Colonial Office, the trustees for the natives and the Empire. Therefore, were any public-spirited British taxpayer of wealth to fight this case in the Courts, he could bring justice to these natives of the Pacific, and also in the aggregate probably bring some tens of millions sterling into the Imperial Exchequer.

MERVYN ROBERTS.

* * *

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The spirit of John Hampden still moves in the "Daily Mail." Do not let this remark creep into your column of "Current Cant" next week. In the "Daily Mail" issue of July 11, under the heading of "Ruin to Friendly Societies," I read that permission to contract out medically has been refused to forty persons, a number of whom were refused such permission on the plea that they had put on their papers extremely rude remarks. I should very much like to meet and shake hands with these jolly rude people, even if they number less than forty. It would be presumption to think that they were not readers of THE NEW AGE. They, at least, can speak in language understood by this swarm of hirelings on our backs.

In my lengthy, and, of course, futile correspondence with them, I have never indulged in anything stronger than such expressions as "Lloyd George being a greater man than Jesus Christ," or "that pigs might fly, or Commissioners use a little humane common sense," and I have suggested that they might have the skull and crossbones embossed on their official notepaper; but beyond these few pleasantries, I have never ventured.

Mr. J. M. Kennedy, your valued Irish contributor, may take heart and not lay his pen aside; he has succeeded in kicking a little spirit into the bodies of a number "less than forty." I think this is an appropriate place to say, "Rule Britannia."

In conclusion, I would suggest a bonfire of insurance cards. I have a nice little bundle of stock letters, forms, and other outward and visible signs of national lunacy; these alone would make a good flare. I should be glad to co-operate with any of your readers in this matter, and I undertake to light the whole lot with my contribution card. Thus, in a trice, I should sacrifice my claim to 30s.; a shilling a day, and a little Gay for thirty days. Sir, shall I not go down to posterity as St. Christopher?

Shades of St. Sebastian, I am a poor man, but rich in hatred of this abortion of the brain of one whom you rightly describe as a capitalist's pimp. I see weekly, hundreds of these cursed cards with amounts on them, and the proceeds going to where? Towards the end of the quarter there is enough money on each of the cards to keep a family in food for a week. The benefits are not for the needy, but for something with a motor-car, who probably rides round inspecting the four medical referees recently appointed to check malingering. I have heard that most of the inspectors can now count correctly up to thirteen.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

* * *

"INTERNATIONAL PARTNERSHIP."

Sir,—Mr. R. B. Kerr, in the first half of his letter, endorses what I have said in my article in THE NEW AGE, entitled "Sir Max Waechter's Federation of Europe," about the supply of food-stuffs not keeping pace with the demand. To refresh his memory, I will quote the following from that article:—

"Under our present system, every manufacturing country is bound to produce more goods than can be sold within her own borders. Why? Firstly, because the majority of people are engaged in the manufacture of goods other than food-stuffs, and only a minority on the production of food. According to natural requirements it should be the reverse, because the quantity of food which an average human being needs requires more labour to produce than all other necessaries of life. But, as production is carried on by individuals, or groups, without any social plan, and with the sole object of personal gain; and whereas riches are more quickly accumulated by commerce and manufacture than by agricultural pursuits, men have gradually forsaken the latter for the former. This, by the way, explains why we hear now so much about the higher cost of food. It is bound to become higher and higher, because the agricultural countries are fast becoming manufacturers."

If Mr. Kerr read the above, then it was hardly necessary for him to devote the larger part of his letter to a point on which we are in full agreement. Mr. Kerr evidently wanted to disprove my statement that under the present commercial system every manufacturing country is burdened with a surplus of commodities, which they try to dispose of in the world market. He was presumably searching for facts, and not being able to find them amongst the leading manufacturing industries, he hit upon the agricultural fact. A fact it *is*, Mr. Kerr, but it has no more to do with our case than "the flowers that bloom in the spring."

"The world is clogged with commodities," says Mr. Finn, "nothing more untrue than that was ever written," and then Mr. Kerr calls as a witness the United States Committee report. I became rather anxious to hear what the witness had to say, and this is the evidence:—"The demand for farm products has increased more rapidly than the supply." Mr. Kerr was evidently aiming to prove from the above that as there is a shortage of food-stuff, therefore, there is plenty of work waiting for people to perform, to supply the demand. Yes; *if* the flow of human activities from the land towards the factory could be reversed; some of the evils of modern industry and commerce *would* be lessened. That reminds me of what little Johnnie replied to his little sister who asked him why grandma has not got any whiskers: "If grandma would have whiskers she would be a grandpa." If the work of the world were carried on with a *social plan*, and not left to individual pursuit, to do as seems best for their immediate individual interests; if the work of the world were organised, so many workers to do this, and so many that, all according to a plan and a system; then I would probably not have written my articles in THE NEW AGE on International Partnership. But the trouble is, that in spite of the increased shortage of food-stuffs, thousands of agricultural workers desert the land and crowd into the cities.

Mr. Kerr tells us that rails cannot be turned out fast enough. About two years ago a conference of inter-

national steel manufacturers was held in Brussels; they were discussing the advisability of forming one international steel trust.

Mr. E. H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Trust, addressed the conference, and dwelt on the ruinous policy of competition. When nations compete keenly for the sale of steel (I suppose rails included), it means that they all can make more than they can sell. Now comes Mr. Kerr and tells us that rails cannot be made fast enough; whom should we believe?

Mr. Kerr turns to Asia, Africa, South America, and Australia, and beholds a limitless demand for labour in the future. Meanwhile, England has in force an Alien Act, and under its cover, keeps back with a firm hand the inflow of labour.

The United States is grappling with the immigration problem. California, even at the risk of involving the United States in a war with Japan, tries to keep the Japs out. Australia will not admit any Asiatics, neither will South Africa. All countries, except England, are surrounded with high tariff walls to keep out each other's goods; at the same time, they send thousands of travellers to each other to persuade the inhabitants to buy their goods. Strange, that all that should take place, when, according to Mr. Kerr, there is no glut either in workers or commodities.

In conclusion, let me point out, that International Partnership does not rest on the theory of "gluts." The production of more commodities than can be sold is a subject by itself. Its relationship with International Partnership is analogous to Marx's criticism of Capitalistic production with Socialism. Some Socialists think that Socialism stands or falls by the Marxian theory of value.

The gist of the subject is this:—The present system of Society is awfully diseased; even capitalists admit that much. Peace, security, and comfort for all, can be secured either by Socialism (Guild or State), or by International Partnership. The propertied classes who have the power of the State at their disposal, will oppose any kind of Socialism. On the other hand, International Partnership does not propose to take anything from the propertied classes; on the contrary, it would give them that peace and security which they are now lacking; hence they could not oppose it if only they were made to understand it. It is, therefore, the moral duty of every honest reformer to study that theory, and propagate it.

JOSEPH FINN.

* * *

SOCIALISM.—R.I.P.—RESURGAM.

Sir,—The article in THE NEW AGE last week on "The Death of an Idea" will remain long in the memory of many of your readers, not only because it allows us once more to realise that you believe in the possibility of purified democracy, but because of your clever exposition of the Socialist faith.

The fundamentals of the Socialist faith are stated in your article thus:—

(1) "Socialism is meaningless unless it involves economic emancipation."

(2) "Economic power precedes political power."

(3) "The foundation of modern profiteering is wagery, the modern form of slavery," and, as it follows, the wage system must be abolished.

(4) "The will to abolish wagery is primarily an act of faith, a religious sacrament."

No man can serve God and Mammon. The Socialist religion, if it is not to be pestilential, must be an active religion. We must not only feel it, and think it; we must live it, now, and all the time.

How are we to "live" the Socialist religion? There can be only one answer, because there is one alternative to the wage system, and no other. Those who accept the Socialist faith must strive, with one passion and with one hope, in communion with the saints, for the attainment of a national equitable apportionment of incomes.

P. J. REID.

* * *

THE UNERRING AIM OF CHANCE.

Sir,—The article by "An Unlucky Man" prompts me to cite the following experiences:

1. On one occasion, when in London for a day or two, I chanced to meet a certain individual whom I knew, no less than thrice within the space of four-and-twenty hours. In the evening, we met close to Coventry Street; the next morning in Covent Garden; and the same afternoon again in Bond Street. Neither he nor I are in the habit of frequently meeting; nor do we reside in these neighbourhoods.

2. Once, a friend, who is manager of a London hotel, spoke of introducing me to a certain friend of his, a well-known singer, whom I knew by sight. No chance presented itself, however, at the time. But one day I went into a bookseller's shop, and who should enter but this very vocalist. We stared at one another, but nothing was said. That very afternoon, however, I happened to be in the hotel, and who should be there but the singer. The manager, without a word being said, volunteered to introduce us then and there.

3. Yet another case. A week or so ago I was at the Court Theatre. Beside me sat a lady whose daughter (there being no room in our row) was sitting in the row behind us. I surrendered my seat in her favour. The following Sunday afternoon I happened to be sitting in Westminster Abbey, and, to my surprise, who should be standing beside my pew waiting for seats but these very ladies.

These cases are surely sufficiently curious "coincidences." But, strange as they seem, is not their apparent meaninglessness even stranger? Such cases might be multiplied almost to infinity. What do they point to?

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

* * *

FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

Sir,—One of the letters I wrote to you last Christmas on the White Slave Act announced that the women behind this Act were secretly organising a hunt of the prostitute. Our poor sister, as I gathered, was about to become the open quarry. It only needed two eyes set straight to see such a very little way into the future. The recent conference of the Vigilance societies has sounded the halloo, and in a few months' time, when the public is sick of seeing the hunt, I shall probably find myself quite popular among some who will shriek sudden death at me now for what I am going to say. No one doubts to-day that I was right in calling the Christmas agitators liars. I believed this was the fact about them, because it seemed to me too wonderful that one might go "studying life" as I did with all the recklessness of a courageous fool, and never have so much as heard of a prostitute who knew such a thing as a white slave, if one really existed. I knew of dissatisfied inmates of brothels, but these unhappy ones were invariably very ambitious, and at the same time incompetent, to set up for themselves in their brigandish profession. Upon finding that there was not one single case before the Commons, I labelled the ladies, and looked to see whatever the motive might be of those who could be distinguished from the more vicious flagellants. Morality? The whole agitation was an orgy in verbal immorality. Women have only one intuitive morality—modesty, and they flung it off under episcopal auspices. They said all the forbidden words ten times in a minute, and under the same auspices drank in more knowledge of public vice—which few of them can hear of without envy—than the Church has previously thought safe to let them learn in all its history. The whole country spat indecency. And lies! The character of men was summed up as that of "apes blinded with lust." This character, of course, is most appealing to a large class of women, though shocking to young maidens. Presumably the men, probably the maidens, turned, for everywhere now you may read reassuring and apologetic paragraphs: all men are not thoroughly vile, and so on. That is by the way. Neither morality, decency, nor ordinary human charity prompted the immoral, indecent, squealing audiences of the flagellating, lying Archbishop of Canterbury—this accuser with no case! I considered that woman's motive is man—that the marriage-rate is declining, that in marriage, as a trade, the prostitute is still deemed the blackleg: it may have been so, once. The Act, apart from the flogging clause, which was only an instance of opportunist malignity, appeared clearly as a clumsy blow at the prostitute, intended to make her way too hard even for her indomitable and avaricious self. She was almost from the start of the agitation hunted through the streets by Christian ladies who saw that her business was interfered with night by night. Eye-witnesses were not wanting to testify publicly to this new sport of the respectable. The poor erring sister, for her part, had the unexpected joy of being in a position to tell ladies what she thought of them. I heard some most diverting histories of wordy battle in Piccadilly and similar places, in one case even of blows, compensation for which the lady defeated did not sue: her husband did not know that she was out! But really my reputable sisters are simply apes blinded with—what shall we say?—cupidity, in pursuing the avowed prostitute in order to speed up the marriage-rate. The prostitute makes very little difference to the marriage-rate. The modern decline is due to other

causes altogether. Among prostitutes there is a term for certain women who, they say, live by "robbing" them, whose cheapness depresses the market. These women are mostly married, and will exchange themselves for a new hat or a champagne luncheon: the rest are employed girls. They come, as one might infer, from the lower middle classes, from families whose good name protects them. Prostitutes hate them with the best possible reason. There is another kind of loose woman for whom they have only a wondering contempt—the sympathetic person who can scarcely resist a sexual appeal. I am not aware whether the tolerant prostitutes know of the enormous increase of this woman's sympathies. I am quite sure of it. We have all become so very free lately that even sexual freedom is taken for granted. We are too too sympathetic indeed. We have too soon and too loftily set aside the necessity of securing our maintenance! A man has small need to seek the company of a brothel nowadays, let alone to marry. He need only join one of the innumerable little groups and societies, Suffrage, Anti-Suffrage, Fabian, Theosophical, Dramatic, Poetical, Christian, Ethical, Mystic, Vegetarian, or what he pleases, to become perfectly comfortable. Of the hundreds of women I have met in London during the last few years (and the provinces are always coming to London) there are scarcely three for whose inaccessible virtue I would care to do battle by ordeal. Everybody knows some of these women, and some know everybody—they are not at all especially selected by me. And the facts are almost enough to goad one into a nunnery. Free love has become thoroughly disrespectable! Do not write to protest, my dear especial friends—it is you of whom I am complaining! Instead of warning all other women into marriage, you have positively invited them out of it. After you has come the deluge! Promiscuists have fallen, like female Corybantes, in a shower, and have stuck most ignominiously for the repute of women's wits. These paltry persons have misunderstood altogether both the nature of freedom and the natural limitations of women. The ideal of free love was never for them any more than any other kind of responsible government. They expected freedom without responsibility, and the thing is not to be had. In Utopia, perhaps, even the silly woman will be free to range with a State guarantee against all liabilities, but the silly woman in England goes to the wall. I am not approving this fact; I am merely stating it. I think that love, bless us! should be free to range, but woman's love is not and never will be free to range except to the devil: her attempts to restrict man in the same way will, however, only excite his honest derision. Nature has decided all that. Besides, women's uncommercial rivalry is something incalculable! The unchangeable little tragedy is that the average man considers a temporarily loose woman as a confirmed loose woman, whereas, providing she is not a liar (never trust a lying loose woman—the combination is natural prostitute), she is likely to prove an immaculate monogamist. In my opinion, one reason why virtuous women are failing to secure in marriage even a man to whom they would be really devoted is simply their bad manners. Lack of restraint, lack of the graceful subtlety in making themselves scarce, is the characteristic of modern young women. They go everywhere with men on the slightest nod of invitation. They are never out, never engaged, never too whimsically in a temper or busily self-interested to be able to see anybody just now. They must stupidly want to be "pals" with men, and men, as even the "Daily Mail" has found necessary to warn its circulation, do not marry their "pals." Dear me, we have dropped on a very low level—but it is the level of the modern problem, nevertheless. Women knew all these feminine things once upon a time, and we never so much as mentioned them, just did them. Women do not know them nowadays: the modern young maiden is an absolute fool. Mrs. Humphry Ward was lately jeered at in "Votes for Women" as suggesting a return to the poke bonnet and flounces, but a woman in a poke bonnet and flounces was a charming mystery. She could not be catalogued at a glance as her modern sister may be. The assumption is that the modern girl can stand this instant summary. She cannot. Poor little foreheads, pale eyes, thick noses, and calculating mouths, not to mention defects of form, are as common to-day as ever they may have been (judging by our female ancestors' photographs)—and the modern milliner and tailor are merciless, creating for the few, and knowing well that the many will imitate without personal consideration. I should say that the craft of wearing clothes is pretty well lost to-day: we are all too busy putting them on! It is entertaining to me to find myself agreeing with Mrs. Humphry Ward; but I saw the procession to Miss Davison's funeral; they were all amazingly garbed in the true obsequial spirit, where the ideal is to disfigure oneself out of respect for the dead. "Slight" hobble after "slight" hobble, hat after hat passed, all perfectly monotonous, and exhibiting every muscular signal of fatigue of their wearers and every drop of perspiration. The medical section confirmed me in my resolution never to become an anybody in a semi-masculine costume: the only pretty one among this section was made to look like a weather-beaten stone beauty. It is no use saying that these things do not matter. They do matter. They are making men most uncharitable, and we positively cannot exist without charity. The women I know who are most determinedly trying to be independent give their secret away with every glance of their pitiful resolute faces, with *their* airs quite as unconcealably as ever the pathetic-eyed maiden of fainting days. Economic independence is a game for youth, and for the rare natural virgin who has the asceticism and solitary preferences of her temperament. But there can be small sport for forty-five in the solitary earning of a wage; already she begins to publish the truth. Who does not know one or two young women on the way to this unagreeable form of being forty-five? Who would not like to see them married? But they mostly seem to irritate the men by literally following them about with the notion of "falling in" with everything, or they are misguided enough to want to go on working and to "pool" earnings, a thing far too dangerous in its psychical effects to be wilfully undertaken by any persons who can possibly avoid it. A man who marries a wage-earning woman is presently in jeopardy of his manhood, and she of her marital rights. I am shockingly mixing up the strict and the loose sorts of failures; but their mutual fate is my excuse. Both depress marriage, though the loose depress it most. If the present state of "love free to range" until settled showed any likelihood of gaining the state of settlement, I would be the last to condemn it; but if free women are to continue to fail of ultimate marriage, the sooner free love is condemned the better for those otherwise marriageable ones whom a warning may terrify back to the proverbially dull but safe path of virtue. I silence my conscience, which would keep all men happy bachelors, by advising them not to marry, while I help the women to capture them. After all, a man has only himself to blame if he will not listen to reason, being a reasonable creature. Our poor sister, whom wise women let alone, is not to blame for the decline: our silly sisters, strict and loose, are. Let mamma look after her daughter a little in the old-fashioned manner, keep her away from boys, and hockey, and all other cheapening and familiarising fields. Let mamma cease from herself trotting the streets in processions, and neglecting her home to hobnob at meetings with any stranger who can tell her one more lurid lie of public vice. Let mamma be a little more respectful to papa, who will not give votes to women, and little miss will soon take her cue. Miss, properly trained, and with all her feminine wits about her, needs not to fear the rivalry of the prostitute. What an age to live in, when such a thing needs to be said! What a spectacle to live to see—of women of established grades publicly combining to hurt the outcast prostitute! In charity to these helpless, poor furious ladies, we must really, my friends, found a Society for the Revival of Virtue.

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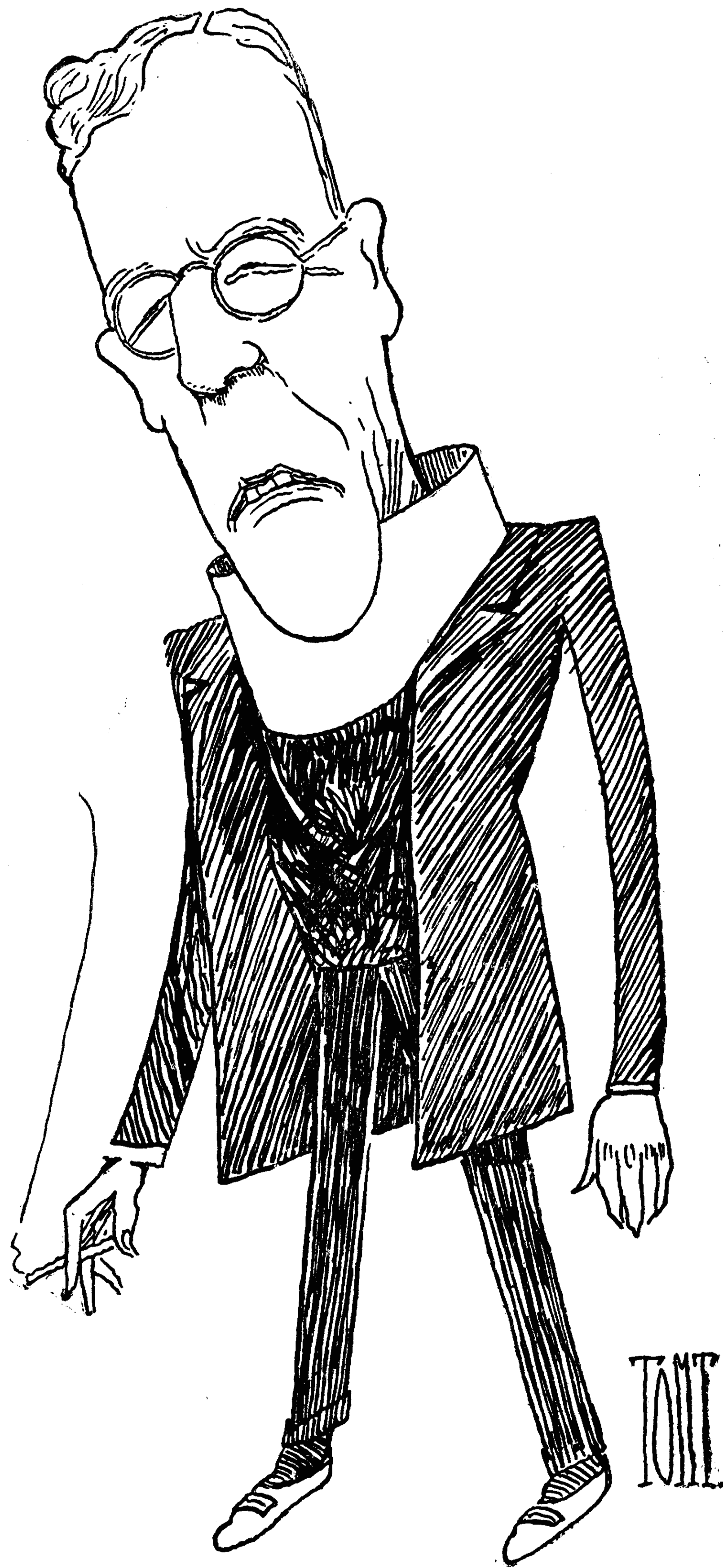

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