THE
# NEW AGE
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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It would be too much to expect of the South African Labour movement ideas still twenty years ahead of the English Labour movement. As we pointed out last week, however, the Labour leaders of South Africa have come nearer than any proletariat in the world to formulating their true demand, and one which will distinguish for ever the nation that first makes it. That demand, it is needless to say in these pages, is a demand for the emancipation of Labour from the wage-system by means of a partnership between the Unions and the State or, failing that, between the Unions and the Employers; and it was the former of these two alternatives that the South African Strike Committee came near to making the chief item of its programme. Why, we may ask, did the Committee appear to fail at the very last moment? The reasons are three. In the first place, the Government proved to be too strong for the moment and too closely leagued with the mine-owners to be safely resisted, even passively. There were no lengths of violence, constitutional and unconstitutional, to which the ruling classes of South Africa were not prepared to go in defence of the existing order; and, on the other hand, the trade unions were still so honeycombed with blacklegism that their strength was less than it should have been. In the second place, the political section of the Labour movement, in South Africa as in England and elsewhere, played its usual game during an industrial battle, of siding with the established order. There is no doubt whatever in our mind—and our information is probably better than that of any journal in England—that from the declaration of the General Strike, the South African Labour Members did their best, not to forward its objects or to ensure its immediate success, but to direct its energy into political channels, and thus to their own glory. Member after Member appealed to the strikers, as Mr. Tom Mann in 1892 appealed to the strikers here, to strike upon the ballot-box and not upon their jobs. They should, it was said, force the resignation of the Prime Minister, Mr. Botha, and vote for Labour candidates exclusively at the consequent General Election. By such means redress of their grievances would be most certainly secured. Unfortunately, Mr. Tom Mann was not present to recant his earlier doctrine or to explain the reasons, overwhelmingly accumulated by experience, that make political action no longer a primary cause in Labour progress, but only a secondary effect. Nor does there appear to have been any member of the Strike Committee with influence or experience enough to assume Mr. Tom Mann's office. The result was that the politicals won by dividing the industrialists, the more candid and discerning of whom realised that they had been "sold" again. As a matter of fact, they are right. Mr. Botha will not resign, Lord Gladstone will not be recalled, the Parliamentary Labour Party will not be increased in numbers, and no single one of the grievances of the strikers will be remedied except at their own expense. In short, the politicians have won as usual at the cost of the victory of the industrialists.

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But a third reason for the comparative failure of the strike, and arising from the second, was the absence in the pure industrial movement of any clear idea. In any discussion between the political and the industrial sections of the movement, it is certain that the former must always appear to be the more reasonable until the latter has formulated its own aims and plans as clearly as the politicals have formulated theirs. Politically, as we have so often said, the case is simple enough to be understood by and to appeal to the most stupid. Use your votes to return Labour Members and leave them to do the rest. Against this clear conception the industrialists, on the other hand, can as yet set nothing, or nothing but the veriest haze of ideas. They can talk of striking, of sabotage, of capturing industry and all the rest of it; but how exactly to proceed they do not know, and what they should do if they succeeded in their strike they have no notion. In consequence, their efforts are throughout at the disadvantage of an incomplete idea. They fight for they know not what. Their hearts are in it, but their heads are not. At any moment, it follows, their heads are liable to be influenced by clearer ideas than their own, with the final result that their instincts and their reasoning arrive at cross-purposes. But no long time is required in these days to prove which of the two will survive—it

is reason. Hence once more the collapse of the strike so soon as the political reasoners found an entrance into the heads of the strikers. This conclusion, we say, will occur over and over again wherever the political and industrial sections come into collision until the latter are clear in their plan of campaign. Then, however, the end will be different.

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Now what is the aim the industrial movement should set itself? It is not, of course, the return of Labour Members, for that is the business of the political section (if anybody's, which we doubt). Nor is it the formulation of specific remedies for specific grievances; that is the business of the employers, and let them look to it on pain of seeing their profits reduced. The work of the industrial trade unionists is to pitch their object on such a plane as to include the smaller and subsidiary objects and to strive for it as if none of the latter were of any concern. But the only object which answers to this description is the abolition of the wage-system; and this, we say, should be the sole and single demand of every federation of unions in the world on the occasion of a strike as well as during industrial peace. Utopian it may sound, impracticable and remote it may appear, but there is no other end worth a strike; and, in addition, it is the implicit aim of the other proposed means. What, for example, is the *ulterior* object of Labour's political action but emancipation from the wage-system? What, again, would a series of "reforms" lead to unless to the abolition of the need of reform, that is, to the end of the wage-system? In stating their object to be the abolition of the wage-system the industrialists would therefore be merely avowing openly the object which the other sections conceal under instrumental means. All sections have presumably the same end; but only the industrial section can state this end without circumlocution. And both the means and the procedure are to our minds equally clear. There can be even less dispute about them than about the political apologia. Actually the political theory is defective since it rests upon false assumptions. It assumes that the proletariat are in a majority, can be politically united, and can dispossess the capitalists of their property by merely voting them out of it. All three assumptions are ridiculously untrue. The assumptions of the industrial theory of emancipation, on the other hand, will bear examination. They are, first, that any union is capable of creating a complete monopoly of its labour; secondly, that the possession by any union of this monopoly gives that union equal and direct power with the employers; thirdly, that under such circumstances any union could successfully offer its partnership as a union to the State or to the employers. In either event, the wage-system, so far as that union is concerned, would be abolished. Instead of a wage determined by subsistence, the members of the Union would receive pay determined by the value of their industry. But if this is possible to one union it is still more easy for a federation of unions such as exists in South Africa, and is gradually being formed in England. Sooner or later, indeed the plan *must* be tried. Already the younger men in the unions are contemplating it, and the rising generation will see it put into operation. The South African movement, we repeat, has come near it; before many more General Strikes have occurred, some Labour movement will have arrived triumphantly at it.

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The function of the publicist differs in at least one important particular from the work of the journalist, It is the business of the journalist to report or comment upon events and episodes that fill the eye of the public—the death of Cody, the Canterbury week, Cowes, the Bulgarian debacle, snap divisions in the Commons, in short, all the large and small conversational currency of the week; but the publicist must not content himself with anything less than the things that are significant. These we discover in the most unexpected and obscure corners of the panorama. Last week, for example, who would have expected a stray observation in the chairman's address to a public company to be charged with quite grave significance? It was at the annual general meeting of George Newnes, Limited, when the fateful words were spoken by the chairman, Sir Frank Newnes, Bart., a prominent and devoted Liberal. We confess we were hardly conscious of the existence of this gentleman. We knew him to be the son of his father, and commercially associated with the "Strand Magazine" and intellectually of the "Tit-Bits" order. Never did we expect the second baronet of the line to voice in clarion notes the policy and principles of the great British Press. Let us then quote his words in their naivete and simplicity :—

"There is no doubt that the advertiser realises that whilst our publications are read by all sections of the community, we comprise amongst our readers practically the whole of the people who have money to spend on things other than the bare necessaries of life. For the purposes of our business, it is interesting to note that of the 400,000 who died in the United Kingdom last year, 355,000 left nothing, and that the other 45,000 left £276,000,000. I think I may say that practically every member of the class from which the 45,000 were drawn is a reader of one or more of our publications. Of course, numerically, the propertied classes form only a small proportion of our millions of readers in all parts of the world, but they are a very important section of the public for the advertiser, who desires to reach those members of the community who have money to spend."

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Here we have the mainspring of the British Press uncovered to our gaze by a publisher who knows a thing or two. The significance of this pronouncement lies in the frank recognition of the hitherto discreetly disguised fact that the Press is now the pimp of wealth and is no longer the guardian of liberty. The old protagonists of the Press, men who claimed to make public the truth as they saw it, are now a shadowy memory; Sir Frank Newnes, Bart, of "Tit-Bits," the "Strand Magazine," "Country Life," formerly part-proprietor of the Liberal "Westminster Gazette," knows a more excellent way. Whilst he is glad to take the pence of wagery, he prefers the pounds of profiteering. His first consideration is to keep in with "the advertiser, who desires to reach those members of the community who have money to spend." And "for the purposes of our business, it is interesting to note that of the 400,000 adults who died in the United Kingdom last year, 355,000 left nothing and that the other 45,000 left £276,000,000."

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We confess that the candour of this publisher almost disarms us. What more can be said? Here in plain figures is the theory of "active" and "passive" citizenship, elaborated in our analysis of the wage-system, brought down to earth and commercially applied. Economic power resides in those "who have money to spend on things other than the bare necessaries of life." In other words, the publisher depends upon the profiteers and dividend-mongers; there is no money in wagery, for it is the essence of wagery that it shall live only upon "the bare necessaries of life. We are often reproached for a lack of geniality towards other journals. In the face of a stupendous fact such as this speech, and having regard to our analysis of wagery and our advocacy of National Guilds, is it conceivable that we can write of the British Press except in terms of hatred and contempt? For it is the literal truth that men and women who write for journals, all of which avowedly live on the good-will of their advertisers, are little better than literary prostitutes. And in the circumstances is it strange that British journalism has sunk so low? The question may be asked whether Sir Frank Newnes is a typical representative of his class. We can best answer that question by asking another: In what way does Newnes differ from Harmsworth or Hulton or Pearson? The methods and mechanism of these publishers are almost identical. Do they start a journal to voice some truth or doctrine? Not they. Do they start a journal to strengthen some class or trade

interest? That in its turns depends upon whether advertisements will be forthcoming. If yes, yes; if no, no. Presuming an intention to start some publication, the first step is to secure a competent business manager. Next, an advertisement manager. Next, one or two advertisement canvassers. Next, an editor of some sort. He must be easy-going and always ready to meet the requirements of the business department—a frank puff here, there a neat business reference, and, on due occasion, a "write-up" (the term came from America, we think) in length commensurate with the size of the advertiser's contract. Last of all, and of least importance, a few journalists are called in to do the special tasks, whilst the rest of the literary material is obtained from the various literary agencies, who charge the usual ten per cent. The organisation of the daily Press does not fundamentally differ from the weekly except in the more extensive specialisation of news. But to-day most of the news is garnered by news companies, who buy it and sell it with no more and no less conscience than other tradesmen. This commercialisation of the Press has inevitably led to the weakening of the sanction of the written word. We now know that the policy of a daily or weekly paper is framed in deference to the views of the beneficiaries of the "other 45,000 who left £276,000,000," and of the advertisers who seek to reach "those members of the community who have money to spend." It is not, therefore, surprising that even the editorials of the "Times" no longer carry the weight they formerly did, when "views" counted for more than "news," and when writers could give vent to their convictions unembarrassed by the claims of the business manager. When Lord Northcliffe secured control of the "Times," the old Press tradition of editorial independence finally passed away.

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The spectacle of a commercialised and hopelessly vulgarised national Press carries with it lessons of general and particular interest. Of general interest, because no citizen can remain unmoved by the tragedy of writers and thinkers being compelled to submit to the arrogant domination of rich men and the army of advertisers who live upon them. It means the debasement of the intellectual and spiritual currency of the Empire, and unless it can be counterpoised by some alternative method whereby writers can unreservedly express their convictions, it means the vitiation of the national conscience. It is of special interest to those who claim to write for the wage-earners. Now the form of a paper is the outward and visible token of its inner and spiritual condition. The "Daily Mail" is conceived and written and presented to its public in the way that will best induce that public to read it. The trivial, so long as it is interesting to vacuous minds, is spaced out of all proportion to its importance. Dynamic news and views are rigorously excluded. Everything must be pleasant and minister to our self-complacency. Nobody is permitted to shout or preach or prophesy or be particularly in earnest. It would surely be bad policy to frighten away those "who have money to spend," for, of course, the advertisers would go too. Yet it was the "Daily Mail" upon which the Labour Party modelled their own daily paper. We hope they now regret it. They have attempted "to live up to the champagne standard," with the natural result that their pockets are empty. If a man, who has hitherto only played "penny nap" suddenly plays auction bridge for high stakes, he need not be surprised if he loses his money. This is precisely what Labour journalists and their ignorant managing committees are doing, apparently blind to the patent fact that their raison-d'-être is not to reach those "who have money to spend," but rather the children of the 355,000 adults who left nothing, those, in short, who are obviously dispossessed. But in appealing to the dispossessed, their arrangements must not be made on the basis of an advertisement revenue. They must face a situation in which, in the conventional Press, news is largely paid for by advertisements, whilst in the Labour Press, news must necessarily be at a discount, because advertisers want touch with those "who have money to spend." The logic, then, of the situation is that the Labour Press must primarily rely upon "views," and to that end they should cultivate talent and sedulously search for brains. As they fear talent and hate brains, the result is that Labour journalism is the most pitiable thing imaginable. And so it will remain, until the MacDonalds, the Snowdens, the Hendersons, and all that ilk, sink into the dolce far niente of fat Government jobs.

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The debate in the Commons last week on the maternity benefit is a fresh illustration of the anomalies into which the Insurance Act has led us. It was finally decided that a man could not give a clear receipt for the maternity benefit without the written consent of the mother. The man pays for the benefit, just as certainly as he pays for any other insurance, but the money goes, without reference to him, to somebody else. If any middle-class man were to effect an insurance for some particular purpose, and suddenly Parliament were to step in and divert the benefit without consulting him, there would be wigs on the green instanter. But the wage-slave is in quite a different category. With the consent of his own political leaders, a portion of his weekly wage is snatched away from him, supposedly in his own interest. With the compulsory payment of this money, he is entitled to certain benefits, and now Parliament steps in and calmly declares that thirty shillings of this benefit is not his at all, but is the property of his wife, who has never contributed a single farthing. When Mr. Lloyd George introduced the Insurance Bill he repeatedly affirmed that it was a strictly business transaction: for so much cash down, so much insurance benefit. He undertook to give ninepence worth of value for fourpence. We are therefore entitled to regard this matter in a business way. John Smith has paid so much cash down and, one of the conditions being fulfilled, becomes entitled to thirty shillings. Thanks to acidulated and impotent young women like Mr. Snowden, this thirty shillings is now declared to be somebody else's property, even though he has paid for it in coin of the realm. Without labouring the point further, we may as well come to the real purpose of those who engineered this little bit of robbery. In plain terms then, they are seeking to make wife-hood and motherhood an integral part of the wage-system. The man earns wages; therefore, say the feminists, a wife ought to have wages too. But as there is only one wage available, they want to charge a wage upon a wage. They will succeed, too, unless the plain man wakes up. We have times beyond number remarked in these columns that the one great danger to be apprehended in this country was that woman would enter the wage-system just as men were leaving it. The conception of shallow and politically-minded feminists never sees beyond the bounds of wagery and so, in this degraded fashion, they are quite willing to transform wives and mothers into wage-slaves—a wagery within a slavery. The whole idea is so horrible that we have barely patience to deal with it. This at least is certain: If in the future marriage involves a legal partnership in wages, then we shall see the end of legal marriage and a new era of free unions. Apparently through the workers' friends, but actually by its own processes, capitalism thus destroys marriage.

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The administration of the Insurance Act and of similar measures, including old-age pensions, with their innumerable anomalies and stupidities, only strengthens us in our belief that all this type of financial easement belongs properly to the Guild and not at all to the State. The economic requirements of the worker are obviously a problem for his own guild. What does, what can, any bureaucracy know about it? The Guild can administer sanely and sympathetically and practically without administrative cost; the bureaucracy is expensive and clumsy and inefficient and unsympathetic. The State cannot pick and choose; it can only impose general

conditions that are of average application when, ex hypothesi, every case is abnormal and individual. He is better dressed and perhaps a trifle better educated, but we must remember that Bumble is still alive and going very strong. If we, however, visualise a Guild, how extremely simple become the problems of health and old age. One cash transaction with the Medical Guild and there is no further worry and, above all, neither red tape nor bureaucracy. If a man is released from wagery and in good standing with his guild, sickness has no financial terror for him. As a member of his guild, he draws his pay whether working or playing, whether well or sick. In sickness, he is certain to enjoy the sympathetic fellowship, not only of his personal friends, but also of his guild comrades. Better, too, that he should draw a liberal pension from a rich and understanding guild than from that stingy stepmother the bureaucratic State. Wagery, where it is not actually inhuman is non-human; and all the machinery erected by the State to deal with it is invariably as inhuman or non-human as the wage-system itself. More and more does modern legislation resemble in principle the legislation of the United States prior to the abolition of slavery. When the great mass of British wage-slaves wake up to the possibilities of forming guilds by acquiring the monopoly of its labour, and acts upon its discovery, it is astonishing what a huge corpus of legislation will die in desuetude. Truck Acts, Trade Boards, Factory Acts, Health Acts, Old Age Pensions, Sick Insurance, with their mountains of rules and regulations and orders in council and red tape and interfering bureaucrats, will all be flung incontinent upon the scrap heap. The abolition of wagery is not merely a revolution; it opens up a new era of scientific wealth production under human conditions. And what a funny, silly anachronism will the maternity benefit appear then!

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The strained relations between Mexico and the United States are only one phase of a great drama which was rung up when the Republic of Panama, at the instigation of Washington, broke away from Colombia. This was followed by the Panama Canal enterprise and the attempted suzerainty by the United States of the whole basin of the Caribbean Sea. There is not the smallest doubt that the Panama revolution was engineered and financed by Americans. A revolution out there does not cost much. We will undertake to do it successfully for £50,000, but probably less would suffice. The amusing part of the episode is the anger and enragement with which President Roosevelt repudiated any privity or co-operation in the Panama revolution. Mr. Elihu Root exercised considerable legal skill in disavowing it, but sensible men were not deceived. President Roosevelt felt very strongly that Mr. Root had not made out a convincing case, so he called in Mr. Philander Knox. That gentleman listened very carefully to Mr. Roosevelt's rhetoric and then delivered himself thus:—"Mr. President, whatever may have been the genesis and exodus of the relations between Panama and Colombia, the stupendous success of the Canal is such that it is not necessary to put upon the whole transaction any superfluous taint of legality!" There can be little doubt that Central America is the predestined prey of the United States. Already, the American cartoonists picture Uncle Sam with one foot on Washington and one foot on Panama. And all that lies between he means to control, if not to govern. Most of the Central Americans would be all the better for it in a purely capitalistic way. Probably, Costa Rica is the only decently governed republic amongst them. America already practically owns its railway and banana plantations, and finances its coffee crops to a large extent. But it would take a large army to subdue it, probably as large as it took to subdue the Boers. San Salvador is harmless, Nicaragua is always liable to boil over with the least amount of stirring, Guatemala is developing towards stability, so also is Honduras. All these Governments are staggering under debts too heavy to be carried and iniquitous in their origin. The majority of the bondholders are British, with a considerable sprinkling of French and Spanish. A few years ago, the British Minister accredited to Central America, Sir Lionel Carden, made proposals for the final settlement of these debts, and gained the assent of the Governments concerned and of the bondholders. Had the arrangement gone through, the financial control of Central America would have remained British for another generation. But the Washington Government stepped in and vetoed the proposal. The Central American Governments were roughly informed that the financial house of Morgan was acting for the Government of the United States, and that if they wanted money they must send properly accredited representatives to New York. Meantime, the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan offered slightly better terms to the British bondholders, who were only too glad to deal with New York rather than with Guatemala or Tegucigalpa, or San José or any other miniature capital. In this way does international finance arrange matters. The British Ambassador was instructed to co-operate with Washington, and so the way was prepared for the complete American hegemony of Central America. The only possible obstacle (apart from Mexico) to the completion of this programme would be by a union of the Governments of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador. Native politicians are striving to attain this, not because they love each other, but because they hate the Americans. There are, however, too many local jealousies. Now that President Bonilla of Honduras is dead, the one strong man remaining is President Cabrera of Guatemala. But he is not strong enough. Central American union remains a dream.

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Mexico is quite another pair of shoes. It is strong enough to keep the American army busy for twenty years. It covers an immense tract of country, and is, despite its enormous indebtedness, immensely rich. American and British finance has been poured into Mexico during the last thirty years. President Diaz, backed by international finance, maintained an outward semblance of order, crushing out remorselessly the least movement towards freedom of individual action. In doing this, he had the moral and material support of America and Great Britain, who, of course, ardently believe in liberty elsewhere. Madero, who finally drove out Diaz, was something of an idealist. He was murdered in cold blood in his prison, and there is extremely circumstantial evidence that the American Ambassador knew all about it and helped to hush it up. Be that as it may, Huerta, the present provisional President, is a brute and a blackguard, but he keeps his grip upon the army and so remains in the saddle. For the American Government to send an "adviser" to the American Embassy in Mexico City and yet to decline to recognise the Huerta tyranny is the last word in hypocrisy. It is not surprising that, in the circumstances, Huerta should intimate that this sham ambassador is not welcome. The moment it becomes known that Huerta has defied Washington and threatened force, the various factions, now warring amongst themselves, will close up in opposition to their common enemy. Thus it happens that President Wilson and Secretary Bryan are doing more, by declining to recognise Huerta, to consolidate Huerta's position than all the European ambassadors who have acknowledged him. The general conclusion is that, temporarily at least, dollar diplomacy has failed. It certainly cannot face a war with Mexico, for that would involve the destruction of hundreds of millions pounds' worth of invested property. And the war would be so difficult and onerous that British, French and German warships would of necessity go to Vera Cruz and probably be compelled to land their bluejackets. That would put an end to the Monroe doctrine and probably destroy American prestige in the Caribbean for a generation. Probably, however, dollars will finally solve the embroglio and economic power as usual will precede political power.

Recent returns indicate a numerical increase in the membership of the trade unions together with a marked disposition amongst cognate unions to amalgamate. It is reported, for example, that the National Council of General Labourers has propounded a scheme to amalgamate all the general labour unions throughout the country. There are ten of these with a total membership exceeding a quarter of a million. If this be true—we do not vouch for it—it means a substantial advance towards that monopoly of labour which is the condition precedent to the formation of guilds. But organised labour has still a long row to hoe before even an incipient guild would be practical politics. In our opinion, what is wanted is a constraining motive. These labourers' unions are very lightly constructed affairs, without special benefits, and with funds only equal to spasmodic strikes. This hardly constitutes a strong inducement to the non-unionist to join. We believe that the wise course for the men's leaders to pursue would be to study and master all the implications of the wage-system, to realise the possibilities of guild organisation, and frankly to base their programme upon wage-abolition, labour monopoly, and the application of that monopoly to joint control with the State, with possibly joint control with the employers as a passing phase of the movement. It is extremely interesting and encouraging to us to observe this growing reliance upon industrial action instead of parliamentarism. We do not particularly claim any credit for it. We have all along contended that the whole case for wage-abolition and guild organisation was inherent in the economic situation. These developments would be inevitable if we had never written a word upon the subject. Granted that the seeds have been sown, it is reasonably safe to prophesy the harvest. The curious thing is that THE NEW AGE is the only journal that has foretold the coming of this particular harvest, although everybody else has had access to precisely the same facts. We notice that, concurrently with this tendency to increase the membership of trade unionism, the Labour Party is conducting a campaign in favour of political action. Last Saturday, a Trade Union Conference was held at Newcastle (where vas dot "programme" now?) at which Messrs. Wilkie, M.P., and Hudson, M.P., and Henderson, M.P., succeeded in getting passed a resolution "that the success and efficiency of trade unionism depended upon the exercise of political and industrial powers" and calling upon the workers to maintain political activities "since no great industrial dispute could be settled without Parliamentary interference." We will merely remark that Messrs. Wilkie and Hudson were competent trade union officials before they entered Parliament. Since they became legislators, they have ceased to be of the slightest value or importance. When we remember that Mr. Hudson is, or was, a railwayman, and how the politicians fooled the strike leaders when the railwaymen were on strike, we will mercifully believe that Mr. Hudson is a fool or a charlatan and not a liar or a knave. But, fool or liar, we wonder that the words of this resolution, which he moved, did not choke him.

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Mr. Laurance Morton, who has recently returned from Constantinople, writes to us:—

Western opinion respecting the Turk has decidedly not been a favourable one of late years, and the recent disaster to Ottoman arms has, by tarnishing their ancient lustre, tended to add to the antagonism to the Osmanli race. Indeed, his sympathisers are few and far between, and their number has been diminishing ever since this fatal Balkan war broke out in October last year. Thus, the recent capture of Adrianople by Enver Bey has given rise to an outcry which has quite drowned the chorus of adverse criticism which greeted the fratricidal warfare on the Serbo-Bulgar border. Why this should be, why the hapless Turk should be made the scapegoat of the Near East, is not far to seek nor difficult to conceive. In this decadent age of Liberalism, with its "Bag and Baggage" principles of home and foreign policy, the case of Conservatism is hard indeed. Small wonder, then, that perhaps the most conservative of peoples should get more than their full share of opprobrium.

Now, the indictment against the Turk as an ethnical entity is that he is an obstacle in the path of progress, that he bars the way to Asia, and is an active propagandist for Islam. Perhaps he is from the point of view of the outsider who may consider life from the standpoint of commerce, of industrial expansion and its correlative liberal ideas and tendencies, and whose gospel is that all that interferes with exports and dividends must be swept off the face of things like some cobweb on the wall. Judged by this standpoint, this hard, soul-killing, system of morality, the Turk is in the wrong from the very start; reaction is his crime, and he must suffer the full penalty that this unwritten law of economics prescribes for all who do not form part and parcel of its universal general plan. What is wrong with Turkey to-day is what was wrong with Spain not so many years ago. It is suffering from a political isolation arising out of intrinsic causes which have during the course of five centuries and more of military rule prevented intercourse with the more progressive States of Europe. During the last century beginning with Missolonghi, we have witnessed the gradual withdrawal of Turkish rule from three continents, and the formation of a number of States that were once tributary to the Ottoman Porte, but these, instead of bringing about a closer intimacy between Europe and the Empire, served only the more to accentuate the centrifugal tendency. So that when the crisis came, the exodus of the Turk was rendered a transaction of greater facility than generally presumed.

Cross the beautiful sunlit Bosphorus from the devastated plains of Thrace with their burnt villages, ruined cornfields, and death, and take a bullock araba beyond Tcham Lija, the Hill of the Pines, that looks towards Anatolia. You traverse a country of smiling wheat and grass fields interspersed with patches of melon gardens and vineyards. The country roads are of the roughest, washed away here and there by the winter rains, and the rustic stone bridge is in such a state of repair that it is wiser to wade axle deep through the muddy waters of Kaish Dagh deressi, that flow murmuring the softest and sweetest melodies as they flow towards the distant Marmora, stretched at your feet like a mirror of heavens, and blue as the sacred robe of the Panaghia. A knot of peasant folk, tchiftjis, sturdy sun-bronzed men, greet you with *Ourallah* (God speed you), and leave their task to bring you the fruits of their toil. They are a picturesque group, these simple sons of the soil, and their good-natured faces are a pleasing souvenir to be cherished by the traveller. A bend of the road brings us within view of Alem Dagh, a Turkish hamlet, reposing in the heart of a wooded plain. There is a Moslem woman drawing water at a fountain, a pile of white marble emblazoned with the Sultan's inscription, and a dedicatory tablet taken from a verse in the Koran, in gilt letters of archaic type, set in a field of green, the religious colour. She hides her face in her yashmak with becoming modesty, and answers the driver, also a Moslem, with every respect. Yonder is the village inn, and a number of sedate Turks, of the agricultural class, are seated on low stools, smoking the pipe of peace. They rise respectfully as we approach, and welcome us into their midst, and while the beasts are being watered, coffee is served to us, our hosts finding for us the seats of honour. Then comes the village muktar, an elderly man of venerable aspect, who fought side by side with the Delhi Ingliz in the Crimea. He still remembers Inkerman and Balaclava, and tells us anecdotes of the great war. The evening is now drawing in, and, in the meanwhile, a simple repast has been prepared for us in his house over the way, and we are invited to partake of our host's hospitality, because, so it is commanded by Mahomet the Prophet, on whom rest eternal bliss.

Go throughout the length and breadth of Turkish Anatolia, wherever, in fact, the Frankish influence has not infiltrated, and this hospitality is shown the stranger, the yolji. In the large cities, a Levantine officialdom that was never Turkish, and a few degenerate Turks who have imbibed all the vices and none of the virtues of Europeanisation, and who are known as the "Kalb Turkler," have brought about the ruin of their Empire by inherent corruption, but they do not represent the true Turk. Nor, for that matter, do the cattle-lifting Kurd or lawless Tcherkess, whose hand is against every man. For them, as Lord Cromer observed the other day, a bowstring would be the surest remedy.

Or in some of the by-ways of Stamboul the Imperial, you will find a genuine old Turk, some ex-Consul, or soldier of Hamidian times, who has all the charm and refinement, and good-breeding and hospitality that will ever distinguish the true Osmanli, be he peasant or prince; qualities which may not appeal to matter-of-fact modern industrialism, but which are none the less pleasing because of their rarity

# Current Cant.

"There is no reason why poetry should exist."—MARGARET L. WOODS.

"This is an age that lacks charity. . . ."—DONALD ATTWATER.

"A democrat is one who wishes to boss his fellow-men."—"John Bull."

"Street preaching is being successfully resorted to in South London."—"The Tablet."

"We have to thank the Liberal Government for doing their best to bring down the price of food."—"Liberal Monthly."

"Life after Death. Mysterious Message from Sir Oliver Lodge. . . . The world must wait on tenterhooks for a whole month to discover the meaning of these mysterious intimations."—"Daily Mail."

"No one will understand our British politics who does not realise that on the whole and in the main the men who come to great positions in our public life are honestly seeking to serve their country."—AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"Evidence teaches us that the spiritual life, as we know it in our daily lives, did not exist among the early nations of the world, or they would never have been so completely wiped out."—LOUIS WAIN.

"Truly the answer to the question, 'Should a husband forgive an erring wife?' raised afresh by the Hon. John Collier's picture at the Royal Academy, is not easy. . . . It is all very hard and very puzzling."—"Evening News."

"It is more than likely that one day Mr. Alfred Noyes will write tragedies—a new 'Lear' or 'Othello.' . . ."—"The Academy."

"The desire to realise the beauties and wonders of the world has become more insistent. . . ."—"The Observer."

"If one is ever to understand either the temperament or the lives of the Brontë, one must begin by thoroughly understanding their father."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"If the plain woman of to-day would be the perfect woman of to-morrow, let her push up her own vigorous growth in her own little hole."—S. H. E. L., in "Everyman."

"The 'Daily Mail' discovered the news story for English readers. We were placed in immediate vital contact with the intellectual forces behind affairs."—WILKINSON SHERREN, in "T. P.'S Weekly."

"One of the brightest features of our time is the enhanced love of colour, of landscape, of mountains, of flowers. . . . Such tastes were unknown to the Romans."—"Vanoc," in the "Referee."

CURRENT CLAP-TRAP.

"Oh, God! My God! Oh, Mother of my God! . . . I began to cry. I had not cried for months."—HALL CAINE.

CURRENT SENSE.

"I have read Dr. Bridges, and do not understand him—that is, of course, due to sheer stupidity."—ARNOLD WHITE.

CURRENT COUNTY COUNCIL.

"The London County Council concluded a long sitting at five minutes past eight o'clock yesterday morning. About 3.30 a.m. Lord Haddo rose and asked the Chairman whether it was in order for members to play bridge during the time the Council was debating."—"The Times."

CURRENT CIVILISATION.

"The Indian tribes in Elko, Nevada, have abandoned their ancestral chanting of weird songs and beating of tom-toms. The Indian to-day lets the band furnish the music, while he waits with impatience for the syncopated rhythm and the shoulder-shrugging shuffles of the 'Robert E. Lee.'"—"Daily Express."

# Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

AT the time of writing I do not know whether peace has been signed at Bucharest. But it was certainly not signed on Friday afternoon, although some of our evening papers said it had been—it had merely been "agreed upon"; and there's many a slip between agreeing upon peace and signing it. In any case, it will be well to remember that the Treaty of Peace drawn up and signed, whenever it is signed, in Bucharest, will be subject to the revision of the Powers; and this revision will be strict and sweeping. Austria has definitely made up her mind that Kavalla is to be given to Bulgaria and not to Greece, whatever may be decided by the Delegates now; and in taking up this attitude she has on her side Russia and Italy, who are equally strong against Greece coming into possession of Kavalla. Germany, too, will naturally support Austria. France is the only country willing to favour the claims put forward by M. Venizelos; but in view of the combination of Powers against her she will scarcely be able to press her point. France desires Kavalla to go to Greece in order that Italy's ambitions in the Mediterranean may be hindered—they cannot be checked altogether. The rise of the Italian and Austrian fleets is a matter of some concern to the French Government, the more so as this country can spare no ships worth talking about to counteract what is already a strong adverse force and is likely to become a still stronger one.

* * *

This Kavalla dispute is the main item in the Bucharest Treaty which Austria objects to; but there are others which, if of less importance, are nearly as troublesome. For example, the Enos-Midia line has been revised in favour of the Turks; but not to a sufficient extent to suit the views of Germany and Austria, while Russia, although willing to support Austria in the Kavalla question, is not anxious to see Turkey too powerful in Europe—that might interfere with her designs on Armenia. For the sake of saving their faces the Powers have ordered Turkey to leave Adrianople. But it is doubtful whether the Turkish army would obey the order to leave even if the Government gave it, which at the moment it is hardly likely to do. The Turkish Government must at present be looked upon as a sort of bureau for registering the decrees of the army, and not as an independent force controlling the destinies of the State.

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The attitude of this country is hard to discover amid much that is uncertain. There is no doubt in the minds of the far-seeing what that attitude ought to be. For the benefit of our Indian Empire, Turkey ought to be strong—not merely because we have so many Moslem subjects; but because a weak Turkey, like a weak Persia, is an everlasting menace to peace. So long as Persia is simply weak, without any definite steps being taken towards a Protectorate by England and Russia jointly, so long will there be a feeling of uneasiness until the country is at last snapped up. A strong Turkey, in the opinion of very many diplomatists who are not personally interested in the immediate outcome of the Balkan War, means that Adrianople should be left in the possession of the Ottoman Empire, that Turkey should station there a peace army of 150,000 men, and that, in addition, the undisputed right to the possession of Adrianople should be guaranteed to Turkey by the Triple Entente group of Powers. With half the Turkish Army (peace strength) at this point in Europe—or located, say, between Adrianople and Chatalja—and the other half at convenient points in Asia Minor, there would be no fear of sudden attempts on the part of the great Powers interested to seize and

break up what is left of the Ottoman Empire. Nor would the possession of Adrianople, and its defence, preclude in any way the development of Turkey-in-Asia. If, when the Powers come to revise the Treaty, Great Britain were to take the lead in insisting on Adrianople going to Turkey, British influence throughout the whole Moslem world would increase to such a degree that many of our doubts about India would be dissipated.

* * *

I do not expect this policy to be adopted by England; there is no present intention of adopting it; and if it is adopted it will be as the result of pressure from authoritative diplomatic sources—Paris, let us say. In many ways Sir Edward Grey has developed during the last eighteen months or so, and his skill in conducting the Balkan negotiations, or so many of them as he had to conduct, has been praised. But his defects, which I have often criticised in these columns, still cling to him. His skill does not extend beyond the limits of mediocrity, though his mediocrity carries him far enough when he is dealing with men little better than himself—with M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, for instance, or with Dr. Daneff, or M. Pasitch, or Ishmail Kemal Bey. But the bold strokes of policy carried out by Disraeli and Bismarck at critical moments are beyond his abilities altogether. The old-world courtesy ingrained in his family traditions makes him a sound English gentleman; but all his good qualities do not compensate for the lack of adequate diplomatic training, and for a lack of knowledge of foreign affairs. For, indeed, diplomacy in the widest sense of the word is as difficult as chemistry, and has nearly as complicated a terminology.

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It is, perhaps, this lack of knowledge that makes Sir Edward timorous at critical moments when timidity is the last thing desirable. And although Sir Edward Grey has few worthy adversaries among European statesmen, he has several among European monarchs, monarchs, too, who are taking a prominent part in settling the Balkan question at their leisure. Our Foreign Minister is easily a match for Herr von Jagow, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs; but he is not equal to the Kaiser. He is on equal terms with the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, but not with the Emperor Francis-Joseph. And in pure cunning and ability to get out of scrapes he is no match for King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has pulled every possible diplomatic string to get his country out of the very awkward scrape into which it was led by Dr. Daneff. And his efforts have succeeded astonishingly well. For Austria will insist on Bulgaria obtaining Kavalla, or some very good compensation, and the enterprising sovereign has already opened negotiations with Servia with the object of securing King Peter's aid in chasing Greece from her new territories, Servia to obtain Salonika as a reward. Even as things stand at present Bulgaria has made a wonderful recovery; but it is to be feared that if Sir Edward Grey had been in King Ferdinand's place there would hardly have been any Bulgaria left on the map.

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It is practically certain that the preliminary formalities of peace will be signed before this article appears in print. Then will begin the revision by the Powers. Here is Great Britain's opportunity for securing valuable concessions for herself and for her friends—on a strictly business basis, of course. If it is to our direct interest that Turkey should have Adrianople, it is all to our indirect interest that Greece should have Kavalla. A Bulgarian Kavalla means that Italy, who inclines to be our potential enemy, is favoured at the expense of Greece plus France, who is an actual friend. But the strong personalities are all on one side. The Kaiser, the Emperor Francis-Joseph, the Tsar of Russia, and King Ferdinand: England and France cannot match those four. King Edward could have got what he wanted; but M. Poincaré will have great difficulty.

# Towards a National Railway Guild.—III.

READERS of a deductive turn of mind will already have formed some idea of the amount of national wealth (and potential wealth as represented by mental and muscular energy) which is dissipated through the existence of disintegrated companies which should naturally form one organic transit system. What causes, we may ask, have militated against the railway interests, powerful as they are, securing Parliamentary sanction to amalgamate the large trunk lines at least, seeing that concurrently with such sanction concessions in rates and fares must have been accorded, or the status quo preserved and labour demands met from income?

We can safely assume that if better and cheaper transport facilities were a real and pressing need of the trading community as a whole, economic power would so dominate political power as to secure its ends. But better and cheaper transit than that already supplied is not a vital necessity. So far as cheap travelling is necessary to business it already exists. Traders' contract tickets are issued at specially low charges upon the condition that the business passed by the firm over the line of the company which issues the ticket reaches a fixed annual value per ticket granted. Accredited firms only receive these tickets, and their credentials are "traffic."

All-round cheaper rates for goods (including minerals, livestock, etc.), would be of small advantage in that the percentage of reduction which could be made would be infinitesimal, and could not have an appreciable effect in the direction of improved trade or profits. In other words, the percentage of the selling price which is due to carriage is not great, and, though this cost does enter into all productions. Stability in railway charges is on the whole more essential to business purposes, and an all round reduction would carry many of the disadvantages to traders which accompany general increases such as the four per cent. advances recently made. Comprehensive reductions unsettle prices quite as much as advances.

The incidence of railway charges is, however, another matter, and everything here is favourable to the big concerns. They have seen to it in the past that the incidence shall fall as lightly as possible on those best able to bear heavy charges. Low rates obtain for large quantities and for staple trades. Goods from London to the provinces, and vice versa, delivered to the railway companies in the evening, are in turn delivered by them with precision to doors of the receivers early the day following. Goods trains between large towns are timed like passenger trains. In all these matters the biggest houses get the best attention.

When it has been possible to play off company against company even to the point of receiving expensive and unremunerative services, is it to be wondered at that traders would oppose the building up of a private monopoly in railways which might ultimately be powerful enough to dispense a justice which is not wanted? Though the trading community is not one huge combination, it has its chambers of commerce and its associations, and in matters of policy there is always the fatal listening for wisdom from the men of the greatest wealth.

If stability in rates is a desideratum, precision in transit and deliveries is a necessity, and when this was in jeopardy, and, in fact, when transit had stopped altogether, traders were bound to see the logic of accepting increased rates to enable advances in wages to be given. Railwaymen's wages, low as they are in some

cases, can always be favourably compared with wages in other lines of business, whilst railway dividends do not exactly overshadow coal, cocoa, soap, alkali, wool, cotton, provisions, and other dividends. The greater the share of public plunder, the better the possibility of reasonable wages.

It is with railways as with smaller business concerns, prosperous times mean more generous treatment of staff. The more money out of the public wealth, the more unearned income to shareholders, the more wages to employees.

It should not be necessary to argue that amalgamation of lines would mean less cost of working. Anyone knows what would be the effect on the Stock Exchange of an announcement that several large lines were about to amalgamate with Parliamentary sanction.

The advantages are clear. Of what, then, do the disadvantages consist besides those to many of the trading community of which I have just spoken? The cry would be (to the public) violent displacement of labour. This is not a sound objection, as it would be easy to safeguard displaced labour by requiring compensation to be paid, and ensuring that labour economies should only be effected by such reductions in staff as arise by simple effluxion of time; and in this I am not overlooking casual labour.

The soundest objection is that private interests would be gratuitously presented with large accessions in dividends for which not the least exertion had been made by them in the public good.

An unsound objection, and one which would be silent, is that a large section of the trading community is directly interested in and pecuniarily benefited by waste. Contracts for materials would undergo a reduction in quantities needed to be supplied. Savings even of waste come out of some interest, and these are the interests to be "sacrificed." Again, prices do not rule contracts, as a railway company is bound to give the most tender consideration to the large houses who can give or withhold business from the company at their pleasure.

The objections I have indicated to private monopoly of railways are not exhaustive, but enough has been said to justify our consideration being next given to State ownership.

## IV.

WHEN anti-Socialists have comprehended the simple principles they combat and have been fair enough not to obscure the issue, they have revealed such a poverty of material at their disposal that in anticipating the probable effects of State ownership of railways one has unfortunately to assume that the commercial mind has few or no effective arguments to be openly put forward against nationalisation of industries in general or railways in particular.

Curiously enough as it may seem, however, socialists themselves may well object that their experience of State ownership has not accorded with socialistic principles.

Their avowed object is to secure to all workers the full reward of their labours, and it would be useless to blink the fact that in socialising (say) the post office, by the State, and the tramways or gas, or water, by the municipalities this object has not been achieved.

Labour incident to postal service, or to socialised tramways, gas, or water, has not been rewarded by its just share of the public wealth, and the "unrest" of the workers in these industries is merely less acute than in other businesses.

The cheapening of the postal service, street travelling, gas, water, etc., has appreciably reduced the working expenses of commercialism by contributing to the cheapness of labour; and the standard of comparison of labour's remuneration when State or municipal employees agitate for less irksome conditions, is always the wages paid by privately owned concerns.

If it even be conceded that the State or municipal worker is usually comparatively better circumstanced than similar private labour this merely proves that a partial progress has been made; and the effect of the doles given to commercialism by means of cheap services or cash payments in relief of rates is lost sight of.

Penny postage might become universal with foreign countries and be of wide benefit, yet be quite the reverse to the postal employees themselves. Parenthetically, foreign penny postage will only become universal when it has first been found of some moment to trade, i.e., when the large foreign merchant houses see in it increased profits to themselves and have political influence enough to demand it.

It is the height of inconsistency for any party professing the doctrine of "the earth for the workers" to point, except within well defined limits, to cheap street travelling and doles in relief of rates as "benefits" conferred by municipalising tramways, or to universal penny postage as the outstanding "benefit" of the State post office, unless they mean benefits to interests which they profess to combat.

The unholy desire of the proletariat for cheapness in everything plays effectively into the pockets of the dividend pensioners.

It may be taken as a foregone conclusion that if nationalisation of railways could not be resisted by the trading community they would seek to turn it to account by demanding unreasonable concessions in charges and facilities with the certain knowledge that these would benefit their own pockets by contributing to maintain the wages of labour as near to subsistence level as possible, and the appetite of the proletariat for cheapness would ensure their willing and pathetically misguided support.

The conservative instinct of the propertied classes is against the restriction of their fields of operation by State enterprise, but the very tardiness of progress in extensions of State ownership gives them ample time to turn these almost entirely to private profit.

In a former contribution I have shown that amalgamation of privately owned lines would be a step forward, in the sense that saving of waste is increased national wealth. State ownership could not fail to show some advance upon this, encroaching as it would upon the fields of operation of private capital, notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages of placing a large commercial organisation such as the railways within the region of political influence.

The one bold step forward to a National Railway Guild would be easier, more effective, and, if established on sound lines from the beginning by a wise, enlightened people, of inestimable advantage, not only to railway workers, but to the workers in industries only remotely connected with transport.

In projecting a scheme for a National Railway Guild I shall have more to say of both private and State ownership, and it would be by no means difficult for the Guild to conserve all that is good and worthy in both schemes whilst rejecting the false and artificial which is inseparable from private or pseudo State ownership.

HENRY LASCELLES.

## O VITA! O MORS!

WE eat: we drink: we loaf away
Our hours from dawn till close of day.
We read light trash: the lucky sleep
(And so dodge boredom, sure and deep).
We, the unlucky, loll about
Finding boredom within! without!
Complete! entire! we ponder why
O'er the dull dead we waste a sigh.
We would, with one voice, willing sing
That Death, it has not any sting—
If this be Life, we now agree
The Grave achieves no victory!

WILLIAM YOUNG DARLING.

# The Folly of Anti-Semitism.

FROM time to time we see ominous indications of an anti-Semite agitation. Should it happen that a group of Jews spring into notoriety, as, for example, in the Marconi affair, we may be certain that some journalist will seize the chance to attack the Jews as a race and Jewish finance in particular. These attacks, some open, some veiled, generally emanate from Catholics or Catholic sympathisers. It is fortunate that hitherto every attempt in this country at an anti-Jewish agitation has collapsed. An anti-Semitic movement, such as that engineered by French Catholics in France, would be horrible and disgraceful, and as equally disastrous. The failure to exacerbate feeling against the Jews is not due to any want of race-feeling amongst Englishmen. It is a simple fact that in all essentials the Englishman is as nationalistic as a Frenchman or a Russian. Nor does the Englishman really like the Jew; on the contrary, the British and Jewish races are antipathetic. The collapse of anti-Semitism in Great Britain is due to an embarrassing absence of facts and data upon which to base such a movement. If the facts were available, British prejudice could be enlisted. But there are no facts of any consequence, and British prejudice, tempered by experience, luckily remains quiescent. We repeat that such a movement would be disastrous. Disastrous to whom? And why? It would be a disaster to the democracy in its struggle for economic freedom, because it would divert our attacks upon private capitalism into attacks upon a group of individuals, most of whom are not only innocent of usury, but hate it as much as we do ourselves.

The anti-Jewish writers contrive the impression that if only our beloved country could, or would, cut itself loose from Jewish finance, we should soon all again be dancing merrily round the maypole. We are solemnly assured that European Governments are in the hands of the Jews; that the Jews monopolise the gold supply and in consequence levy a tyrannous tribute upon commerce and industry.

It is odd that we never hear those complaints from British financiers. London lives to a large extent by supplying capital for every kind of enterprise. It supplies money to Governments to carry on war or pursue the arts of peace; it fills municipal coffers to build schools, construct harbours or lay down tramways; it finances mines, and is even equal to running banana plantations. Everything is grist that comes to London's financial mills. Now it is certain that the overwhelming majority of men who frequent the City are pure bred Saxons, Gaels or Celts. If the Jews are the gold monopolists they are alleged to be, how is it that we have no loud complaints, no angry mutterings? The answer is simple: the Jews are not one whit more influential in finance than is justified by their numbers; as a race they are poor and not rich. Man for man, they do not compare financially with the Quakers or the Wesleyans. There are historic and traditional reasons to explain the Jewish association with pure finance. Throughout Europe they were for centuries estopped from entry into the liberal professions: they were not allowed to practice law or medicine; the Universities were closed against them. They were driven from their pastoral pursuits and harassed and persecuted in industry. The only remunerative occupation open to them was money-changing. Not only was it profitable; it was safe. Before persecution they could flee, their capital intact. The tradition of finance, particularly in Catholic countries, was that money-changing and money-lending were ungodly occupations, fit only for Jews and men of low station. The result was that Governments arranged their finance through the agency of the Jews. This tradition to some extent persists to-day in Austria and Spain, and, in less degree, in the Germanic States. In this way, it has happened that the Jews have become prominently identified with international finance. It is too readily assumed that, in consequence, the Jews control finance and cunningly batten themselves upon the needs and necessities of a sorrowing mankind. Such a conception is too grotesque to be seriously entertained by practical men. International finance—so far as it is confined to Government loans and official transactions—is a fleabite compared with the stupendous volume of financial business that is done day by day. Nor is it particularly profitable. It brings kudos rather than shekels to the contracting houses. It is pre-eminently safe business and is therefore done on the narrowest possible margin of profit. Certain Jewish firms—notably the Rothschilds—have specialised in this class of finance and, as it is public business, their names loom large in the popular mind. As a fact, however, both in volume and profit, it does not compare with the financial business daily transacted by our great British banks. We have merely to conjure up the names of those banks to rectify any false notions as to the supposed dominance of the Jews in finance. The Bank of England, for example, is a far bigger institution than the whole consolidated Rothschild connection. But the Bank of England is a very small affair compared with such mammoth trusts as the London City and Midland, the London County and Westminster, Lloyds, Smiths, not to mention Parrs, the London and South Western, the London and Provincial, and half a dozen Scottish and Irish banks. The capital, invested and deposited, at these banks is so stupendous that it could buy up every Jewish financial concern, not only in Great Britain but throughout Europe, without a tremor, regarding it as an important but not a particularly onerous task. It only requires a sense of proportion to perceive that the attack on Jewish finance is not based on any reasonable appreciation of the exact power and influence of Jewish finance, but rather on a deeply-rooted race prejudice against the Jews.

It must not be forgotten that finance is merely a regulation or safety valve of commerce and industry. It is part of a machine; and the whole is greater than any of the parts. The great staple industries—textiles, engineering, shipbuilding, coalmining, agriculture, foreign barter—these constitute the foundation of Great Britain's financial power. Every year they yield a sum varying between £250,000,000 and £500,000,000 for investment. This enormous sum is entirely—or at least almost entirely—controlled, not by Jews but by British profiteers and rent-mongers. The annual Jewish sum available for the same purpose would not aggregate one per cent. of the smaller of these two sums. Any attack, therefore, upon Jewish finance is not merely hypocritical and mean but positively dangerous to the exploited classes, who ought to concentrate their attack upon profiteering as a system. They must not be led into senseless Jew-baiting and so forget the real enemy.

So far as we can ascertain, it cannot truthfully be affirmed that the Jewish financier is more exacting than his British or French confrere. The price of any financial risk is much the same to Jew and Gentile. Indeed, there are many who would bear witness that both for integrity and moderation, they would as readily deal with Jews as with London financiers. There is a story of two New York corporation lawyers, one Christian and one Jew, and business partners. After completing a law case for a wealthy corporation, the Jew asked his partner what fee they should charge. "How much do you think," came the question. "Five thousand dollars," suggested the Jew. "Shucks!" exclaimed the Christian, "fifty thousand, you mean." Said the Jew, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." A certain kind of integrity is necessarily inherent in finance, and this integrity is found wherever finance is transacted—in the banks and on the Stock Exchange, or wherever it may be. It is neither a peculiarly Jewish nor European nor British virtue; it is merely a phase of the business. And so of the vices—greed, cunning, unconscionable bargaining, callousness—they too are inherent in the occupation. Sometimes it is a Jew, sometimes a Christian, who betrays one or other of these vices. Always it is labour that pays.

The revolutionary writer, who directly or by hint and

innuendo encourages anti-Semitism is guilty not only of cant and dishonesty but of shocking ingratitude. If we survey the whole region of the world where Jews congregate, we discover that whilst a certain small proportion of them are renegades or usurious or worse, the main body of them are hard-working, thrifty, and remarkably responsive to new and revolutionary ideas. The European Socialist movement to-day owes most of its doctrine to Karl Marx, the Jew, and derives much of its political inspiration from the example of Lassalle, another Jew. In Holland and Belgium the Jews play a prominent and an intellectually healthy part in the Socialist work of those countries. In Russia it has always been the Jewish Bund that was the real nerve of resistance to the autocracy. The American Socialist Party is largely dominated by Jews, who write and paint and lecture for their ideas with a wit and persistence entirely admirable. And we might incidentally remark that although one-third of the population of New York City is Jewish, it does not control a twentieth part of that city's finance. The Jews do not identify themselves in Great Britain with the British Socialist movement mainly because that movement is so lacking in intelligence and is spiritually divorced from the world movement. Certainly we who advocate the abolition of the wage-system and the establishment of National Guilds have no reason to be ungrateful, for already a number of intellectual Jews, greatly in excess of their numerical proportion, have shown their knowledge and appreciation of these new ideas.

We must not, however, be taken to approve generally of Semitic habits, influence or culture. There is much in Jewish life to be applauded, if not imitated; there is much that is properly the subject of adverse criticism. To be sure, they constitute a problem; but it is not a financial problem; it is a racial and ethnical problem. The Oriental is in them and expresses itself in them in many ways. They are the children of long centuries of oppression, and that has bred in them the servile qualities inevitable in subjugation. They are a race apart; and probably it is better that they should so continue. A Jew of ancient lineage recently said to us: "I trace my descent from Benjamin; who am I that I should marry into an upstart race?" If his arrogance amused us, we also admired it. We thought that we too belonged to "no mean city"; that our own race might, after all, deteriorate by intermixture; that racial destiny, whether for Jew or Gentile, was a sacred thing and best developed to its final purpose in purity of blood and spirit.

# The Significance of Adrianople.

### A Speech by Marmaduke Pickthall.

I READ last December in one of the daily papers—I think it was the "Telegraph"—an article in praise of England's Balkan policy, describing it as "characterised by the best kind of opportunism." I do not know in what the best kind of opportunism can differ from the worst; but I do know that the policy referred to, however splendid of its kind, has roused great indignation in the East. Throughout the Turkish Empire—I may say throughout the whole of Asia and a part of Africa—there is to-day a forward movement, an awakening. To hinder and distort that movement is an easy thing for a great Power like England; to crush it altogether is beyond all human power. It is a movement eminently deserving of enlightened sympathy, and has especial claim to ours, since it owes its inspiration largely to the teaching and the work of English people. To treat it as a danger is to make it one. The head of this great movement is at present Turkey, and that through no intriguing action of the Turks, but from the natural sympathy of the Islamic world for the last Muslim power. It seems desirable that a movement which is bound to influence the future health of mind and temper, of so many millions, should grow up in an independent state, responsible, free from the furtiveness and bitterness which come always of subjection to a foreign yoke. Now, I believe I am justified in stating, in no contentious spirit, but as a simple fact, not generally recognised here, that all Muslims and the great majority of Orientals, distrust—to say the least of it—and fear the spread of Russian influence as the most implacable and deadly foe of Eastern progress; and that they regard Great Britain's evident support of Russia's Oriental policy with sentiments of horror and extreme alarm.

This is by way of preface to the few remarks I wish to make about the present state of Turkey. I have just come back from five months spent in Turkey, among Turks. I was in the capital when Adrianople fell, and can bear witness to the bitter feelings which the news aroused in all classes of the population more than the injustice of the Powers to Turkey, more than the insults of the Press in France and England, more than defeats and losses, more even than those ghastly massacres which make a man ashamed to be a European, the loss of Adrianople rankled in the Turkish mind. The Kiamil Pasha Cabinet, you will remember, knew that it could not survive the odium that would attach to the surrender of so great a Muslim stronghold, and told the Powers so. But the Powers adhered to their determination to force the whole of the Allies' demands on Turkey. Just compare this "diplomatic" action with the statement made authoritatively at the outset that neither side would be allowed to hold its conquests, and you will have some faint idea of how collective Europe has figured in the eyes of Asia looking on.

The Kiamil Pasha Cabinet fell, regretted only by its own supporters, who may be said roughly to correspond to the *ci-devants* and *émigrés* of the French revolutionary period—rich, well-educated people who, if reconciled, could be of endless service to the new regime. They are numerically feeble now, though the blunders of the young Turks gained them for a time the vote of the old-fashioned Muslims. The Young Turks returned to power—much sobered by the little period of reprobation which many of them spent in prison in some peril of their lives—and anxious to repair their former errors. They returned to power upon the question of Adrianople—to save the place or die in the attempt. Though Adrianople fell in spite of them, their government was not overthrown, as the Kiamil Party hoped it would be. The grief was national, of Government and people. It is only fair to say the Opposition shared it. The feeling in the army was, I am assured, intense. Visiting the military school about that time, as a guest of some Arab students, I saw "Revenge for Adrianople," "Remember Adrianople" newly cut on desks and tables and stone walls. One heard the same sentiments expressed by common people in the streets. Many unwarlike persons swore to volunteer for the reconquest of the city on the first occasion. Even I took the vow, with the imâm of our village mosque—a gentle student. We were to march together, side by side. But the movement came so unexpectedly as to defeat our purpose.

Finding that popular indignation did not turn and rend the Young Turk Government, some hot-heads of the Opposition plotted murder. I may here say that there is now hardly any political difference between the two parties. The programmes, as expounded to me, seem identical. The difference is now hatred between individuals, without an echo in the country as a whole.

Well, you know about the murder of poor Mahmud Shevket Pasha and his aide-de camp. The conspirators had meant to kill about five hundred other persons and practically exterminate the Union of Progress Party. This was regarded as fair vengeance for the much-regretted death of Nâzim Pasha in last January's revolution. The country was deprived at a most crucial moment of its thinking head—a patriot who looked beyond the troubles of the moment, and had a clear, consistent purpose for his country's good.

Twelve men were hanged for this affair, and many more were exiled, the city being, as it happened, under

martial law. This punishment seems excessive to us now. Remember, it would not have seemed so eighty years ago. Indeed, the Turkish revolution has been singularly bloodless, so far, as compared with similar events in Christian lands. I say "so far" advisedly, for Turkey is still in revolution it must be remembered. The triumph of true progress is not yet secure, nor even the direction of true progress ascertained. It is most unfair to think of the Turkish revolution as a fact accomplished on a certain day; to pretend to judge of its results as if they were already visible. Think how many years France was in ferment, and do not be impatient with poor, harassed Turkey. Authority is still weak and forced to use harsh measures, opposition is still murderous. If the Powers—as Mr. Asquith, I believe, has said they will—force Turkey now to give up Adrianople—which, if she fairly lost, she just as fairly won—all her internal enemies may spring from hiding to take advantage of the people's rage, and the anger of the army might increase disorder. Please do not think for a moment that I am referring to fanaticism. There is less of that to-day in Turkey than there is in England. I am speaking of a state of anarchy, of civil war, perhaps, involving loss of life and fatal to the country's progress, which the British Government—if we may trust its protestations—has, or had, at heart. What Turkey now requires is a few years of peace—time for the revolution to work itself out, for the Opposition to grow used to new conditions, for the work of patriotic education, which has been so well begun, to bear a little fruit. That, and a little help from Europe. Is it much to ask?

# In South Africa.

THE second reading of the Natives and Land Bill (I take it for granted that everything concerning our native races is of interest to readers of THE NEW AGE) has been carried, and it was enough to make a cat laugh to see leaders and Members of the House rise one after the other, purring and stroking themselves down and congratulating themselves and everyone else upon "the creditable tone adopted by the House during this debate."

Keep a sharp eye on these mutual admiration societies.

With very few exceptions (these mainly from the O.F.S. Members) smugness, cant and hypocrisy ruled. The minister in charge of the Bill confessed that the measure had been hastily put together to meet outside pressure from a certain quarter; although for over twenty years he had been of opinion that the best solution of the native difficulty lay in segregation. His sometime leader, and particular crony, Mr. John X. Merriman has also carried that opinion about with him for twenty years and more, and now tells the House that he considers a lot more information is required before any definite steps should be taken.

Just as though the whole world was not clear on the point that a complete separation of the races on a mutually satisfactory basis would be the ideal situation. And all that is necessary to effect this is to clear away a few of the outstanding characteristics of human nature. Granted that our over-lordship and some correspondence would be insisted upon and not greatly objected to, this by no means simplifies the matter. We want all the best, and even good, ground the country possesses; we want the blacks to work for us and to work cheap; we want them to spend the money they earn from us with us again; we want to be good to them and civilise them and christianise them. Our segregationists generally want some of these things and others besides—but then the proportion of blacks to whites occasions them some fear as to the future, so that even at a little sacrifice to themselves they would like the native to be penned off in such a way that his encroachment on white preserves can be guarded against.

Mr. Merriman, our doyen of politicians, after considering the question for thirty years, does not know how this is to be done; he wants a commission appointed to gather more information, and he sympathises with his poor old friend, Sauer, because some inconsiderate members of the party have (fifty years before his ideas on the subject have matured) pricked him into giving a spasmodic kick at the air. For although the Government may appoint a commission of delimitation (which will be costly in itself and in its findings), as far as any real relief to the country will result it is just a kick at the open air.

In the course of the discussion, a prominent Cape Member earnestly supported the Cape policy of granting the franchise to natives by claiming that politically the system has been a great success, although he was bound to confess (to the dire dismay of many of his friends) that socially it had proved disastrous.

Scarce anyone will dispute here with Mr. Long, although his friends would far rather he had left the "social" confession out.

Politically, the system has been a great success! What is there in it? About the value of a hatful of crabs. Socially, which in the present instance embraces spiritually, morally, ethically and physically, the system has proved disastrous! Of course, we knew it. It is patent to anyone travelling through the Cape with his eyes open—but now that it has been openly confessed by the Cape, what is to be said and is anything to be done, or does the great political success outweigh the social disaster?

Cant and hypocrisy!

When Mr. Merriman majestically gives forth a number of well-sounding platitudes; easily and charmingly relates, apropos, something of the long-gone-by and impressively instructs the House in its "duty to the native races," then we find that he has "set a high level to the debate." Pah! The honourable gentleman, fine critic as he is, would play with the subject in his serio-comic way for ever and do nothing. He is a conservative of conservatives to whom all change is distasteful (constitutionally, by the way, antagonistic to the working class white man and so, perhaps, not averse to taking steps in the direction of establishing the black man against him). As a general rule only the most powerful pressure would make him move.

Mr. Sauer brought his Bill forward in fear and trembling. He did not exactly know of what he was fearful, excepting that "tender handed touch a nettle and it stings you for your pains," and he knew that he had not the mettle to grasp this nettle firmly. To his delight he found the rest of the House rather more fearful of the subject than was he. More time was the cry; more information! We have been studying the subject closely for years and years, but when you come to speak about it we do not know whether we are on our heads or heels. However, no matter! Of course, we know that if the Bill ever becomes law as it stands a great amount of injustice and hardship might be suffered by a large number of natives in the Transvaal, O.F.S. and Natal; but then, somehow, we do not think the Government cares about the Bill as a workable measure—they are forced to pass it, or something like it, for their credit's sake. Anyhow, we do not know enough to criticise effectually and are afraid of the odium of opposing and so, as it will probably never be translated into action (in case it is we must see that one or two threatened "interests" are protected), let us welcome the Bill and take the opportunity of showing the natives that their welfare is our keenest concern, and the country that we can be above party and personal interests where such national questions as these are to the fore.

So general was this, and so sweet and soft the opposition, that the Minister was fain to speak, redundantly, of the "creditable spirit in which the debate had been conducted," and to assure the House that "if it would continue in that spirit and act accordingly there would be little to regret." And so on. The Minister referred

to a "Member for Natal, speaking with moderation, as indeed did almost all the Members" who . . . "had another difficulty, that whereas natives were prevented from buying communally, the prohibition did not apply to Europeans. The reason," he said, "was that Europeans did not occupy land communally. He was not there to discuss communal or individual tenure, but in his salad days read Herbert Spencer and Mill, who were rather in favour of communal tenure, and he was once infected by the idea, but experience had taught him the advantage of individual tenure." If Mr. Sauer had said in his honest days instead of salad days the House might have had a better rendering of the position, for to pretend that in this matter he is concerned with the interests of the natives is the rankest dishonesty. The clause is simply dictated through fear of them.

Coloured people are apparently excluded altogether from the operation of the Bill. They do not come under the heading of natives, and I have not heard that they are to be classed as white. I have before referred to the difficulty of defining the term "native," and in this respect the Minister is in the loveliest hole imaginable with his present Bill. But this is to take the matter seriously again, and one must be ridiculous to be serious here. The Government, with the consent of the House, is simply fooling the people. To finish with the Bill. The Labour Party, when native affairs is the topic, is usually just a little less sincere in its public utterances than other parties. As a party, and for the most part personally as well, nothing would please it better than that a painless sleeping sickness should make away with every native in the land. There is nothing strange in this, and one would forgive them for confessing it. But just so much the more is it nauseating to find the leaders supporting measures for separation of the races with the hypocritical statement that it is in the best interests of both black and white, and that the natives should be allowed to work out their own salvation; and so on.

Mr. Schreiner, who is supposed to be the particular champion of natives in the House, either had no views of his own or was afraid to express them. "At the first blush," he said, "the Bill did seem to be taking away rights and privileges which they had possessed in the past, and in the circumstances one could not wonder at the attitude taken up by the natives." He urged that the Bill be sent to a Select Committee.

Mr. Alexander, a Member for Cape Town, told the House bluntly that in his opinion the Bill was simply to enable farmers to get as much free labour as they wished.

For which relief, much thanks! SEVOTA.

# The Economics of Idealism.

By John Eglinton.

LIKE Mr. Randall, I will here claim the license of an ordinary preacher, and class together under the name "idealists" all those whose quarrel with the actual leads them to advocate the substitution for it of a system of things more in accordance with acknowledged principles of justice: knowing all the while that, especially since Nietzsche, the name "idealist" is disowned by many of those to whom I shall apply it. It is a feature of our time, distinguishing it perhaps from all other periods, and in particular from the time when Christianity first instructed its acolytes to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world, that our idealists insist on having their say on all mundane matters, and pursue the citizen from his cradle to his grave with advices, directions, and admonitions. Education, commerce, sanitation, finance, government, they claim for their province, and no longer merely the things of the spirit. The question is—assuming it to be the aim of idealists to realise their solidarity and to conquer the world—whether in their policy of interfering at every point with the present system of things and of attempting directly to transform it, they are as well advised as the early Christians in their policy of abstention from all direct interference, of rendering without criticism unto Cæsar the things which he claimed as his, and of welcoming even death and persecution as the sure prelude to the realisation on earth of the kingdom of heaven. Certainly, to achieve any success comparable to the mysterious and prodigious success of Christianity, our idealists would have to show themselves rather more indifferent to the tangible good things of this life than they are at present —rather more inclined to leave these good things to those who value them, and to content themselves in the possession of the one thing needful which we suppose them to have discovered for themselves. So long as our idealists proceed as they do at present, never realising their solidarity, and at feud with one another almost as much as with the world, the world will have little to fear from them. There is no "idea," however revolutionary, which the world will not know how to convert to its own purposes. Indeed, it might almost be argued that in proportion as idealism succeeds in the application of ideas in the sphere of the mundane, it strengthens incalculably the forces against which it is arrayed. Is Nietzscheism for or against us now? Is Tolstoi-ism? Is Bergsonism?

The great mechanical inventions which transformed industrial conditions in the north of England at the close of the eighteenth century, and afterwards throughout the world, were for the most part the outcome of the ingenuity of humble village artisans such as Hargreaves, Crompton, Arkwright, who devised these methods of simplifying their own toil. These were the Josephs who riveted upon the new Israel the conditions against which it now rebels. The result of the adoption by the world of these and various other ingenious or humanitarian ideas has been the all-pervading impersonal overlordship of labour by capital, which, whatever may be said of it, has at all events an *idealistic* advantage in that it is impersonal, and does not involve individually and directly the ownership of man by man, or at least permits indefinitely the modification of such ownership. The process is so vast, so unforeseen in its results from generation to generation, that if an idealist such as Jesus of Nazareth were to arise again we should hardly need to feel surprised if he refused to condemn it, and applied to it in some new form the doctrine of Providence. It would be a new thing in the modern world, however, if the new Jesus were to enjoin upon his followers the same attitude towards the world, its wars and its oppressions, as did Jesus of Nazareth: the policy of abstinence from interference, the non-resistence to evil, as the surest means of overcoming the world. The difficulty would be in persuading men to adopt this passive wisdom simply because it would ultimately lead to the overcoming of the world through the realisation amongst idealists of their own solidarity: idealists would require some present satisfaction. The greatness of Jesus appears in the manner in which he gave his followers this satisfaction in a "kingdom of heaven within them," calling it by the same name as the kingdom of heaven finally to be realised on earth.

We shall be accused of course of confounding two different things, the spiritual and the material: but that is exactly what we accuse our idealist friends of doing when they expect the whole of our sympathy to be with Labour in its doubtless justified attempts to get a bigger share of the good things of life. If it be a question, who has the best right to these good things, possibly the answer is, those who value them most. Only let us cease to drag in the Sermon on the Mount when we talk of the claims of Labour. The early Christians were very different men from our Syndicalists and Socialists; and in nothing is the crass materialism of current thought more evident than in the common inability to see much more in early Christianity than a kind of equivalent to modern Socialism. The alleged Socialism of the Gospels was the merest by-product and outward symptom of an attempt, probably unparalleled in history, to penetrate to a more secure and deeper hold on the meaning of life, and probably on that very account

the social revolution which it led to was all the more drastic.

In what respect, then, do our idealists chiefly differ in their relation to all that we call "the world" from the early Christians? Clearly in this, that they have no belief, corresponding to that of the early Christians. The moment such a belief were to arise amongst them and allowed them to realise their unity, there would occur a segregation of believers from the "world," corresponding to that of the early Christians. At present, we say, our idealists have no common topic amongst themselves, no belief, not even a negative one, such as brought the Christians together in love-feasts and unlawful secret assemblies. All that they can do is to criticise, and this they have hitherto done chiefly in the way of applying the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to mundane institutions, where these have really no application, and of applying to society ideals which in the early Church had reference only to individual life. Of late, however, they have taken to attacking the principles of the Sermon on the Mount itself, having made the naïve discovery that these principles are inapplicable to mundane affairs; and Nietzsche, in particular, seems to have weighed the possibilities of a new solidarity of believers on the basis of a repudiation of the Christian idea and the denial of God. In a celebrated passage of "Morgenröthe," entitled "In hoc signo vinces," he said: "There are now perhaps from ten to twenty millions of men among the different peoples of Europe who 'no longer believe in God'—is it asking too much to propose that they should *have a sign?* When they shall thus *recognise* one another they will also make themselves known—immediately they will be a *power* in Europe, and happily a power *among* the peoples! among the castes! among the rich and the poor! among those who command and those who obey! among the men who are the most restless and those who are the most tranquil, the most tranquillising!" Nietzsche probably overrated the numbers of those who are prepared with an answer to so crude a question as, Do you believe in God? but his speculation is interesting, both as showing that he recognised that a belief of some kind was the necessary bond of union amongst the masters of the future, and, perhaps even more so, as betraying the incompetence of modern idealism to supply it.

One principle is still laid hold of by the man of the world alone, and so long as he acts upon it the government of the world is still by every right, divine and human, his proper inheritance: the principle, namely, that it takes all sorts to make a world. An idealist who acts on this principle is, on the other hand, no longer an idealist. Conceive an idealist, for example, in charge of the present situation in Ulster: would he be likely to understand any better than the man of the world understands that no political situation can be mapped out in the brain *in terms of ideas?* In Ireland, at all events, we can still congratulate ourselves that we are not governed by the idealists.

# The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

DIFFICULTIES for English Government in Ireland were cropping up in all directions, which the Spurious Samaritan tried to suppress with the aid of 40,000 troops and 15,000 police. But Parnell, almost in a casual kind of way, had forged an instrument, which, when used by a determined people, can bring the mightiest Government that ever existed to its knees.

Parnell, speaking at Ennis, asked the people the following question: "Now, what are you to do with a tenant who bids for a farm from which a neighbour has been evicted?"

"Shoot him," roared the crowd.

"No," replied the Chief. "I wish to point out to you a much better way, which will give the lost sinner an opportunity of repenting. When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted you must show him on the road-side when you meet him, and you must show him in the streets of the town, you must show him at the shop counter, you must show him at the fair and in the market place, and even in the house of worship, by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry—by isolating him from his fellows like a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to all shame as to dare the public opinion of all right thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of Laws." Here was the famous doctrine of the "Boycott." It immediately found acceptance and was adopted on a national scale. No man could long stand up against this terrible social weapon. Once the fatal order was given—boycott him—the object of the people's wrath was doomed unless he made restitution and purged himself of his offence. The servants quitted their masters, the farrier refused to shoe their horses, the shopkeeper to sell them food, the labourers to gather in the harvest, the congregation to hear Mass in the same church. At the fairs and markets no one would bid for their cattle. If it was sent over to England the sentence followed it, and cattle dealers were warned that the beasts carried the national damnation with them and they had to be left severely alone. Add to all this the exploits of Captain Moonlight and his gangs, who practically enjoyed complete immunity for their operations, and it is easy to see that English Government in Ireland was at an end. Still, Buckshot hoped and struggled on, giving such assistance as he could to those landlords who opposed the national agitation and gathered in their harvests, often at the cost of a shilling a turnip.

All the peoples of the world were now watching the drama being played out in Ireland, and many of the Continental peoples showed their sympathy with the Irish in their fight for freedom by sending resolutions and subscriptions. And then there suddenly appeared a host of foreign opponents. The disinterested (?) foreign observer made his appearance in certain English magazines, and equally disinterested foreign commentators blossomed forth in the Continental Press. All these articles were, of course, reproduced in England, just to convince "Bull" what an exceedingly fine fellow he really was and how much he was entitled to the respect of mankind for his generous methods of government of the perverse Irish.

Said one of these impartial critics: "For the last quarter of a century I have had occasion to hear the views of all nationalities on the Irish question—Frenchmen, Germans, Hungarians, Belgians, Switzers, Americans and so forth, and they all had pro-English sympathies." How gratifying to an oppressor to learn that he had the sympathies of all these peoples—and how generous of the disinterested foreigner to spend a quarter of a century going about the world to collect them. But—there was a very striking feature common to all these foreign productions. That was, they all agreed that the Parnell movement was being engineered from and in the interest of Rome. Wise people! It was really astounding to observe how many Continental writers had become, in a moment, as it were, possessed of every point of Irish history since the Flood. How familiar they were with all the "defects of the Celtic character"—and all the sublimities of "Bull." I often wondered at the time—Who supplied them with their data? And how many pen-men the English secret service fund was then maintaining on the Continent? And, if all this was done simply to cover Errington's operations at the Vatican?

Anyway, it was all of no consequence so far as Ireland and the Irish were concerned. The national movement forged ahead regardless of all opponents, native or foreign.

But now there appeared upon the scene a more sinister figure than any: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had made up his mind to secure the office of Chief Secretary of Ireland through the destruction of his Cabinet col-

league, Buckshot Forster. To accomplish his purpose he first destroyed Forster's credit in the Cabinet, by charging him with being responsible, through his blundering, for the prevailing condition of affairs in Ireland. Having undermined Forster in his own party, he next attempted to secure the support of Parnell and the Irish. For this purpose he drafted a Home Rule Bill of his own, and then employed an Irish resident of Walsall named Deignan to carry it to Kilmainham Jail and submit it to Parnell. At the outset Parnell was inclined to be favourable to the Chamberlain scheme. But when he mentioned the matter to some of his colleagues, they declined to have any truck either with Chamberlain or his project. "He wasn't to be trusted," one declared. "He would do on them what he'd done on others, betray them," another one maintained. "He was only actuated by personal ambition, he simply wanted to show that he could succeed in an office where all others had failed," said a third. "Let him slide." Parnell accepted the view of his colleagues and the Chamberlain intrigue miscarried.

Many years afterwards, speaking of this incident, Michael Davitt remarked: "He (Gladstone) had a rival in his own party in the person of Mr. Chamberlain, who had been coquetting with Parnell. Unwisely, I think, he underrated the power of Mr. Chamberlain. He refused to give him one of the two posts in his Cabinet which the member for Birmingham eagerly coveted, namely, the Colonial Secretaryship or the Secretaryship of Ireland. This was a fatal mistake by omission, for it is as certain as anything can be in history that had Mr. Gladstone given Mr. Chamberlain the position in his Cabinet which he subsequently received from Lord Salisbury on leaving the Liberal Party, he would have been a Minister for the Colonies on the lines of his post-Majuba principles and a supporter of Home Rule."

When I was a boy I once heard Mr. Chamberlain make a speech for which he choose as text the phrase "Ambitious Littleness." In after years I was amazed to see how readily he overturned the world to gratify his personal ambition, and I often wondered if there really was such a Nemesis waiting for the ambitious, as he had depicted in the speech referred to.

> Wild Ambition, like a ravenous wolf
> Spurred on by will, and seconded by power,
> Must make a universal prey of all,
> And last devours itself.

How true! To-day he is a "Driveller and a Show."

The Conservative Party, thinking they scented their chance in the Irish difficulties of the Government, began to cry out against "coercion," and made a bid for the Irish vote in England by offering as an alternative to the present state of affairs, "a measure for facilitating the transfer of the ownership of the land to tenants who are occupiers on terms which would be just and reasonable to existing landlords." Here was victory with a vengeance. But while Liberal and Tory were indulging in the usual party game, the Chief sat in his prison cell, grimly watching the whole elaborate system of government which it had taken seven centuries to construct, going to pieces in as many months. "How is the no-rent manifesto working," some one asked Parnell in Kilmainham. "My own tenants, any way, are acting strictly up to it," was the the grim answer. Yes! that was the beauty of the Parnell movement, it was all embracing.

At last Buckshot was beat. The sham Samaritan, finding himself broken and abandoned by his Chief, resigned his office on May 2, 1882. On the 6th inst. his successor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, crossed over to Ireland to assume the duties of his new office. What occurred later in the evening of that awful day it is not necessary to detail here. In Birmingham, on that eventful Saturday night, rumours of the awful tragedy passed from mouth to mouth. Rubbish! said the Irish. Burke! Well—possibly. Lord Cavendish? Never! They don't slaughter strangers in Ireland, more especially a stranger who it was well known had gone to Ireland with the kindliest intentions. Still; so long as there was any uncertainty no one could rest. The streets were full of people all night, waiting for daylight and confirmation or correction. At last when doubt was replaced by certainty, the Irish in Birmingham (and I should think the world over) were paralysed not with fear, but with shame. The horrid thing was so un-Irish, so devoid of point or reason that we simply looked at each other in silly astonishment. Remove Burke! Well, that might be considered an incident in the war. But the other? What harm had he ever done Ireland or the Irish that he should be struck down? The whole thing was incomprehensible. Who had done it? That became the sole consideration. There was only one power in Ireland so far as we knew who were capable of such a deed. Dublin Castle. What!!! Wait!—oh, incredulous reader. Even darker deeds than that can be placed to the credit of Dublin Castle.

Five years after the event, and while he was still alive, with his own knowledge and consent, the official life of Pope Leo XIII was given to the world. Page 433 contains the following note:—

> It is still problematical whether the Phœnix Park murderers were not suborned by Dublin Castle officials.

Considering the nature of the publication where that suggestion appears I cannot imagine the astute men of the Vatican allowing such a thing to go forth unless they had some information in their possession which is not available to the outer world. Our original surmise may not be so far out after all. However that may be, the effect of the tragedy on the Irish in England was sudden and terrible. On Monday morning on hundreds of factory gates there appeared notices:—"Wanted, So and So: NO IRISH NEED APPLY." In a moment, tens of thousands of Irish were flung on the streets to starve. Then the battles began. They usually started with the children. A taunt from an English child, a blow from an Irish child in reply; and in two ticks, mothers, fathers, friends, and relations on either side were fighting like mad. Of course the Irish got no police protection. We were in fact considered and treated as being outside the law. Wherever we had anything like equality in numbers this was of no great consequence as we could always hold our own; but where the Irish were isolated, as in many parts of the Black Country, they suffered terribly.

One result of this unfortunate affair was that a steady stream of emigration to America set in. Those who could afford it went at once, and those who had friends already in America asked to be assisted out. I went to Sheffield, where I remained some months. In the cutlery town I found, as usual, the slums occupied by the Irish; but I also discovered that they were owned by their holy co-religionist the Duke of Norfolk. Here also, for the first time, I found the Irish poor eating horse-flesh. Every Saturday night a horse-flesh market was held in Pond Street, at which this meat was purchased for Sunday consumption. After a while I returned home, but could not rest. I had become bitten with the wander lust, and fancy suggested: try London.

One Saturday night in January, 1883, I stepped out of Euston Station. When I got into the public street I stood transfixed. In a small radius there appeared to be a hundred pitched battles taking place. What kind of an inferno was it that I had entered? After a few moments the fighting, tearing groups appeared to dissolve, but only to form again at another spot. At last I became conscious of what all the commotion was about. The fights had been to procure copies of the evening papers. Stopping a youth, making for the station, with paper in hand, I asked him what was the matter. "Arrest of the Phœnix Park Murderers," he replied.

Shortly after, when passing up Saffron Hill, outside a gin palace, I came across a battle in which hundreds were engaged. Knives, bottles, pewter measures, glasses, stones, sticks, buckle belts, fist and foot were all being employed. What are they fighting about? I inquired. "The Phœnix Park Murder," was the answer. I passed down Leather Lane, across Holborn into Drury

Lane. When nearing the bottom, from a public-house at one side of an archway, two men, locked in each other's arms, biting and tearing each other like dogs, were flung out into the gutter. "What are they fighting about?" I asked a bystander. The same reply: "The Phœnix Park Murder."

Wherever one went this was the sole topic of discussion. Ireland again occupied the whole picture, and the Irish suffered torrents of abuse. After sampling London's fogs during the day and its streets at night for some three weeks I came to the conclusion that London was a desirable place to live out of. So I turned and walked back to Birmingham through the snow.

# The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.

III.

THEN Collectivists are in a quandary over the Fiscal Question. Finding themselves unable to accept either the position of the Protectionists or that of the Free Traders, the Fabian Society has formulated a scheme which is supposed to harmonise with the principles of Collectivism. In the tract entitled "Fabianism and the Fiscal Question," the Society suggests, as a solution for the present crisis, that the trading fleet between ourselves and the colonies be imperialised, when the conveyance of goods might be made free to all. Surely this would not lead towards Collectivism; rather would it intensify one of the worst evils of the present system which Collectivism proposes to cure—namely, the evil of cross distribution.

This brings me to the question of universal markets, which Collectivists generally assume to be a permanent factor in industry.

To some extent, of course, this will be so, and we must at the outset differentiate between a certain legitimate trade which in the nature of things must always exist, and its present abnormal development, which can only be regarded as symptomatic of disease.

That India should export tea to us appears quite reasonable, but why we should export cotton goods to India is not clear. The former is a natural trade, because climatic conditions will not permit us to grow our own tea. The latter, however, is not ultimately rooted in actuality, but owes its existence to the creation of artificial conditions, to the circumstance that machinery for the purpose was first invented in Lancashire, and to the fact that we exploited foreign markets for our benefit in consequence. But this may not last. In the long run India must be able to manufacture cotton goods for herself, if the test to be applied is merely that of comparative cost, but when we remember that there are other factors in production which ought to be considered, and which will be taken into account when man re-awakens to the fact that profit is not the Alpha and Omega of production, the change is certain. The re-establishments of just standards of quality in production by the revival of art and the restoration of a sense of morality in trade demand the substitution of local for universal markets.

Of this there can be no question. For it is evident that one at least of the conditions of the restoration of the moral sense in trade is that the cash nexus be supplanted by the personal nexus in trade relation, and this can only be possible under social conditions in which producer and consumer are known to each other. While again it may be argued that so long as universal markets are regarded as essential to trade, industry must continue to be of a speculative character, owing to the circumstance that supply precedes demand. To reverse this unnatural order of things is essential to production for use, and this involves, among other things, the restoration of local markets.

In like manner the necessities of Art demand the restoration of local markets. If beauty is ever to be restored, and the ordinary things of life are to be once more beautiful, it is certain that local markets will have to be restored. If Art were healthy the wholesale importation of articles of foreign manufacture would not obtain. An artistic public would, for the most part, demand goods of local manufacture, the beauty of which reflected those experiences common to their own life. Thus the English would not import Japanese Art, to any extent, recognising that, though Japanese Art is admirable in Japan, it is yet so entirely out of sympathy with Western Art as to introduce an element of discord when placed in an English room; while again, for the same reason, the Japanese would not import English Art.

A possible objection to this assumption is that in the most vigorous periods of Art a considerable trade was carried on in exchanging the artistic works of different countries, that, in fact, many of the finest examples of craftsmanship which were distributed over Europe in the Middle Ages and earlier, often emanated from one centre. For instance, carved ivories were mostly made in Alexandria, and so far from trade which existed in them acting in a way derogatory to the interests of Art, they, as a mater of fact, exercised a very stimulating influence upn the art of the age. To this I answer, that such a trade, which exists for the exchange of treasure, is a fundamentally different thing from a trade which exchanges the ordinary commodities of life, since while the former may operate to widen the outlook in the artistic sense, the effect of the latter is to precipitate all traditions of design into hopeless confusion and anarchy, because, when carried on on a large scale, production for foreign markets does not take the form of sending to other countries specimens of the best craftsmanship which a nation can produce, but of supplying cheap imitations of the genuine and native craftsmanship to other lands—a most ruinous commerce; for while abroad the underselling of native craftsmanship tends to destroy the living traditions of those countries, its operations are no less harmful at home, by their tendency to confuse rather than consolidate a national tradition of design.

In the long run a universal trade in everyday commodities could only be favourable to Art on the assumption that internationalism were the condition of healthy artistic activity. And this is not so. An international art would involve the gradual elimination of all that is of local and provincial interest; and when this elimination is complete there is very little left. It would not be untrue to say that the Renaissance failed because its ideas were International, it strove to eliminate all that was of merely local interest in Art, and the result was a final and complete imbecility such as never before existed.[1]

Similarly, when we turn to consider the financial side of Collectivism we discover similar fallacies. The nationalisation of capital does not recommend itself to us as a solution of present day financial difficulties, since, according to one point of view the economic difficulty rises not so much from an unequal distribution of wealth as from the fact that so much of the labour of the community produces not wealth but "illth," to use Ruskin's word. The capital we account for in the columns of the ledger is, indeed, only of a very theoretical character. For in spite of statistical calculations (which to all appearances may be used to prove anything it is desired to prove), we are not becoming richer, but poorer every year, and this we believe is to be accounted for by our system of finance, which, not studying things, but only the profit and loss account of them, fails to distinguish between what are assets and what are liabilities.

As an illustration of what I mean let us take a concrete instance—Tramways. Now it is evident that from the point of view of the private capitalist, whose aim is the making of profit, that the possession of a

[1] In this connection it may be interesting to observe that the abandonment of the international ideal of the Renaissance and an acceptance of national and local traditions underlies much of the success of the present architectural revival.

tramway is to be reckoned as an asset. From the point of view of the community, however, it is altogether different. A municipal tramway is not an asset, but a liability in the national ledger. It is true that the possession of a tramway by a municipality enables the community to intercept profits which otherwise would swell the pockets of the private capitalist, but this does not constitute such a tramway a public asset; it merely decreases the liability. A tramway is a liability because it is not one of the ultimate needs of human society, but an artificial one, arising through the abnormal growth of big towns and cross distribution. If a man has to travel from New Cross to the City every day for employment he helps the tramway to pay its dividends, but he is the poorer for having to take the journey. He is perhaps richer by the time he saves as compared with the time he would lose in having to walk. But the fact that a man lives in one part of the town and works in another is itself an evil—reduced to the terms of national finance it is a liability, and no juggling of figures can make it into anything else. Hence it is that while convenience may suggest the expediency of municipalities owning their own tramways, we are not justified in reckoning them as national assets, or in supposing that the change from private to public ownership is a step in the solution of the social problem.

The same test may be applied to all the activities of Society—though the application of the principle will be very difficult. For exactly what in civilisation will constitute an asset, and what a liability, will often be most difficult to determine. Perhaps on due consideration it may appear that civilisation itself is entirely of the nature of a liability which man pays for by the sweat of his brow; that the secret of the present financial crisis is that civilisation has become so artificial that he cannot pay the price demanded. At any rate, the more we reduce the number of our wants the richer intrinsically we become as a nation. Hence it appears to me that granting, for the sake of argument, that the nationalisation of industry is possible, the proper course of action to adopt would be not to commence with the nationalisation of the means of distribution, but with production, beginning at the bottom of the industrial scale with agriculture, and building up step by step from this bedrock of actuality, taking care always to avoid the multiplication of works of a temporary character, and building for posterity. It is precisely because ever since the commencement of the era of commercialism, we have individually and collectively proceeded upon the principle of letting posterity take care of itself, that society has become burdened with the maintenance of an ever increasing number of institutions to satisfy the temporary needs of society, that we are becoming poorer.[2]

Closely allied to the foregoing financial fallacy, and in some measure the cause of it, is the more or less unconscious acceptance by Collectivists of the opinion held by the Utilitarian Philosophers that the expenditure of surplus wealth upon Art does not operate in the interests of the community. This is an error—since from the point of view of national finance such expenditure provides a safety valve which prevents internal complications. The cutting down of expenditure upon Art does not, as Political Economists appear to argue, benefit the people, owing to the direction of surplus wealth into new productive enterprises, rather in the long run has it proved to have the opposite effect of aggravating the problem. Let us take an illustration.

A hundred men are engaged in production; let us make an artificial distinction, and say that seventy-five are engaged in the production of physical necessities, and twenty-five in the production of Art (using the word Art to indicate those things which do not directly contribute to the maintenance of the body). A machine is invented which enables fifty men to do the work which hitherto had given employment to seventy-five. The balance of production is now destroyed, for there will be a hundred men competing for seventy-five places. It is evident, therefore, if the balance in production is to be restored, one of two things must be done; either the hours of labour must be reduced all round, or the surplus profit created (be it in the hands of consumer or producer), must be used in employing the twenty-five displaced men upon the production of Art. Other factors may come in and modify the problem, such as the increased demand for utilities owing to their reduced price, but they are relatively insignificant owing to the fact that as it is not customary under such circumstances to raise the wages of the workers, the limit of the consumption of utilities is practically fixed. Neglecting this arrangement to provide employment for the displaced twenty-five men, disease is spread throughout industry by the destruction of the balance between demand and supply. They must find employment somehow, and so it happens under our commercial society they are used for fighting purposes, becoming travellers or touts in the competitive warfare for the trade which is now insufficient to give employment to all would-be workers. The benefit which the invention of the machine should bring to society is thus lost. The ultimate effect is not to cheapen but to increase the cost of commodities, since it tends to swallow up even the normal profits in fighting machinery, and prices have to be raised, or the quality lowered to make up the difference.

But the evil does not end here. For now, when the markets are filled to overflowing, there can be no mistaking the evil resulting from the practice to which an almost religious sanction has been given by our Political Economists, of systematically re-investing surplus wealth in new productive enterprises, since it tends to reduce wages by the over-capitalisation of industry in addition to raising the cost of commodities. The congested state of our markets makes it exceedingly difficult for new industrial enterprises to be successfully floated. Investment is consequently taking the form of converting private businesses into limited liability companies. Thus a private business with a real capital of say £50,000 is floated as a company with a nominal capital of £75,000; the extra £25,000 going in goodwill and promotion expenses. And now that the business has more Capital it will be apparent that to maintain the same dividends as hitherto (necessary to maintain credit, if for nothing else), expenses must be reduced in every direction. Hence it generally happens that when a private firm is converted into a Company, unless a strong Trade Union exists, wages are cut down; if a Union prevents this, the old men are discharged to make room for younger and more energetic ones, while no opportunity is lost of increasing the price of commodities to the public or of adulterating the article to reduce its cost.

This, it is safe to say, is substantially what is taking place to-day. Yet, on the whole, Collectivists, while incidentally regretting the reduction of wages, welcome the change as a step towards the nationalisation of capital. To me, however, this change wears a different aspect, for it is obvious that so long as we continue to accept the present principle of finance—that all capital should produce interest—and to harbour the utilitarian fallacy that expenditure upon Art is a dead loss to the community, the over-capitalisation of industry must tend to increase. The fundamental fact is that so long as the present principles of finance remain unchallenged, the mere transference of capital from private to public ownership can have no appreciable effect on the problem, since a public body accepting these theories, must like a private manufacturer, put the interests of capital before the interests of life—and between these two there is eternal conflict.

[2] Local taxation rose from £17,000,000 in 1869 to £40,000,000 in 1900, owing to increase of expenditure in Poor Law, Education, Police, Burial Boards, Street Improvements, Sewerage, Isolation Hospitals, Port Sanitary Authorities, Lunatic Asylums, Baths, Washhouses, Road-making, Lighting, etc.—H. T. Muggeridge, Pamphlet on the Anti-Municipal Conspiracy.

# Readers and Writers.

UNDER the impression that they were behaving in a very gentlemanlike manner, Press-men have been revelling in mawkishness on the subject of Charlotte Brontë's letters to Professor Heger. I do not know what virtue there is in treating a dead woman novelist differently from one's living friends; but assuredly no one of the writers whose opinions were expressed last week would have been as idealistic or mealy-mouthed on the subject of the calf-love-affair between Charlotte Brontë, aged 28, and her tutor, aged 56, married and with a family, if the former had been their sister or the latter their uncle. Dear uncle, they would have written, what the deuce have you been doing to encourage this unsophisticated country girl? At your time of life you ought to know better. And, My dear Charlotte, they would have said, for goodness sake don't make a fool of yourself. You are disgracing the family by bleating after an old goat. Whatever you do, don't commit yourself on paper. The brute is bound to expose you sooner or later. He is a mere sensation-monger. That, I say, would, ten to one, have been the advice friendlily given by any of the journalists whose comments on the letters I will now record. The "Pall Mall Gazette" (Mr. Garvin): "One of the most delicate and precious contributions to English biography and literature"; The "Star" (Mr. James Douglas?): "A literary treasure"; The "Evening News" (Mr. Arthur Machen): "As a human document they are unique"; The "Sphere" (C. K. S., the inoffensive): "Place Charlotte Brontë on a higher pedestal than ever before"; The "Daily Mail" (Office-boy or Mr. Fyfe): "An event in English literature"; "Daily News" (Mr. Gardiner?): "The secret of a heart-ache"; The "Times" (Mr. Walter de la Mare?): "Needs purity like her own to comment on them." What insufferable cant! The letters are not literature, they are no more delicate or precious than thousands being written by obscure spinsters to-day, they are not unique (I have received and instantly burned at least a dozen similar epistles), they do not "place" Charlotte Brontë's literary work any higher or lower than before; they have no significance in literary history, and comments on them cannot be too ribald to meet the case. For it is ridiculous to pretend that because Charlotte Brontë subsequently wrote novels of genius, she cannot have behaved like an ordinary silly and sexually infatuated woman at twenty-eight. The letters are before us, and as an expert (like all men) I pronounce them the genuine article of sexual infatuation. What is more, Charlotte Brontë herself, however naturally she disguised her advances from the dubious Professor, was quite aware of her ultimate object. Recording the events autobiographically in her novels it is to be noted that in every instance her coy little heroine *married* the "Master." Jane Eyre did—when the first wife was providentially got out of the way. So did Shirley, so did Frances. And so, I say, would Charlotte Brontë if she had got the chance. "Spiritual passion" (the "New Witness"); "She merely desired comradeship with a great man" (C. K. S.)—highfalutin drivel! Keats, I suppose, did not eat porridge, Emerson did not devour pies at breakfast, and Carlyle had not a weakness for ginger-bread! But what of it! I declare that every great writer should be anonymous save in public history. That Dante charged in the front ranks of the Guelphian chivalry at Campaldino I like to know; but that he married and had a family after the death of Beatrice is of less than no interest to me. Æschylus fought at Marathon and Salamis; it is good news; he was there in contact with the world. But I would burn without reading them any manuscripts that purported to inform me whether he had any love affairs. Peeping Toms have nothing to do with literature.

* * *

Sir Sidney Lee opens an article in the "Contemporary Review" on "Shakespeare and Public Affairs" by an insult to our intelligence. "The conditions of social and political life in Elizabethan England are no longer generally familiar; they are *habitually* ignored by students of Elizabethan literature." Who are these students who habitually ignore a necessary part of their research? Sir Sidney Lee could not name one, unless it be Mr. Darrel Figgis or Mr. Frank Harris, neither of whom can be called a student. The sentence appears to have been written as a belated self-discovery of ignorance; for I do not remember much Elizabethan sociology in Sir Sidney Lee's own works. By the way, Sir Sidney Lee is more responsible than anybody else for the continued attribution of the plays to William Shakespeare—an error quite as great in my opinion as their attribution to Bacon. Neither Bacon nor Shakespeare, I believe, wrote the plays, though both had a hand in them. But it's a long story, and I have no present fancy to tell it.

* * *

In the "English Review" M. Anatole France has been once again proving how hard it is for a foreigner to enter into the kingdom of another nation's literature. In the following passage he singles out Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of all men, for distinguished praise. "Je lis (he says) avec les larmes de joie et de reconnaissance l'hymn de votre grand et généreux Rudyard Kipling, à qui je dois déjà les plus belles joies de l'esprit et qui remue toutes les fibres de mon cœur quand il célèbre la France comme l'amie de l'humanité." Two more completely contrasted propagandas than those of Anatole France and Rudyard Kipling it would be difficult to formulate. Their respective ideas are the ammunition of the two camps into which Europe is at present divided: Anatole France, cosmopolitan in spirit, humanitarian, cultured, spiritual; Rudyard Kipling, Imperialist, jingo, primitive, journalist and gross. I do not say that they have nothing in common, for they are complementaries; and apparently have a common need each of the other. But apart from their personal relations, the association of the two names makes an incongruity. I shall have to make a fresh orientation of my view of M. France. He is capable, after all, of gaucherie.

* * *

For gaucherie, however, the editor of the "English Review," Mr. Austin Harrison, is unsurpassable. In an article on Francis Thompson, designed to be heavily critical, Mr. Harrison lays the charge at Thompson's door that he used too many fanciful, long and out-of-the-way words. And this, if you please, is how he draws up his indictment: "Like a funambulist of words he is always trying to 'show off.' There is its constant and irritating sibilancy, its only too frequent cacophony, and again its turgidity, what I must call its strepitancy. . . It is the diarrhœtic flux of language which mystifies, which shrieks and hisses by its persistent shock and turgidity, by its linguistic nodes and rugosities." Read those sentences and hear Satan rebuking sin! The value of Mr. Austin Harrison's judgment is indicated by his style. We can expect nothing better than his selection for a permanent place in future anthologies of this line from Thompson:

God send a mouth for every kiss.

The best I can say of it is that Mr. Richard le Gallienne might have written it; the worst I can say of it is that no man could conceivably utter the words without feeling himself go hot all over—and not with pride.

* * *

The unnamed magazine I reported a fortnight ago to be about to become extinct was the "Blue Review." I have nothing to add now that the rumour is confirmed by my bookseller; but a question might be put to the "Daily News." Within a few days of the death of the magazine and when, in fact, it had drawn its last issue, the "Daily News" published a portrait-interview with the Editor, Mr. Middleton Murry, and wrote of the "Blue Review" as being quite a literary marvel of promising vitality. The question is: Did the "Daily News" know that the magazine had breathed its last? Or did Mr. Murry let concealment like a worm i' the bud feed on his damask cheek?

The prospectus, I am sorry to say, of the new "New Witness" Company adopts the conventional city methods of appealing for capital. In a journal proposing to itself Olympian ideals of purifying correction, it would have been better policy to err on the side of modesty and candour in drafting an invitation to the public to assist in the work. Yet in the covering letter of the directors (among whom is Mr. G. K. Chesterton) we are informed in the usual spirit of touts' brag that "no other paper is so untrammelled by Party considerations and so entirely free from the control of any caucus," as the "New Witness." Further than this, "no other paper has shown the same fearlessness or independence in its criticisms. . . ." [it has] "faced difficulties that no other journal has ever encountered . . ." [nevertheless] "the paper has found a host of zealous, active and determined friends." In still another letter, signed by Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the addressee is complimented on being "one of those who value the vigorous and unfettered criticism of public affairs." I take the compliment and proceed to prove my right to it as best I am able. In the first place, it does not appear to me to be scrupulously honest to claim for the "New Witness" a uniqueness that does not belong to it. The "New Witness" is *not* the only journal that is untrammelled by Party considerations or entirely free from caucus-control. Other papers *have* shown quite as much fearlessness and independence of criticism. Other papers *have* faced difficulties quite as great as those faced by the "New Witness." Other papers—at least, one other—have faced them, too, without a host of friends, with, in fact, no more than a handful. Secondly, it does not appear to me to be absolutely candid to figure the prospective profits at a thousand pounds odd annually. The hypothetical balance-sheet of the proposed company is thus outlined :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Estimated Revenue. | | | |
| 7,000 Copies, Less 20 per Cent. Returns | £4,512 | | |
| Advertisements at £30 per Week ..... | 1,560 | | |
| | £6,072 | | |
| Estimated Cost. | | | |
| Printing, Paper and Stationery ..... | £1,716 | 0 | 0 |
| Editor's Salary and Contributions ..... | 1,664 | 0 | 0 |
| Advt. Commission and Expenses..... | 761 | 10 | 0 |
| Office Expenses and Rent ..... | 714 | 10 | 0 |
| Directors' Fees ..... | 210 | 0 | 0 |
| | £5,066 | 0 | 0 |

Estimated Annual Profit—£1,006.

* * *

I am not, of course, in a position to say that these figures are an over-estimate, but I can certainly say that the "Revenue" does not take any risks of an under-estimate. Twenty per cent. of returns is a marvel of economic publishing, and an average of £30 a week for advertisements implies some good fortune in so fearless and untrammelled a critical journal or some very able canvassing. As the contrast to this piece of arithmetic, I am permitted to state the corresponding facts concerning THE NEW AGE. They are here published, not as an appeal, but as a record for posterity—how soon to arrive I do not know :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Actual Revenue. | |
| 4,500 Copies, Less 30 per Cent. Returns | £1,200 |
| Advertisements at 5s. per Week ..... | 13 |
| | £1,213 |
| Actual Cost. | |
| Printing and Paper and Stationery ..... | £1,500 |
| Editor's Salary ..... | 200 |
| Staff, Literary, Secretarial, Publishing, Accountancy ..... | 350 |
| Rent, Office Expenses, Legal Charges, Postage ..... | 200 |
| | £2,250 |

Actual Annual Loss £1,037.

That, for anybody to see, is the best THE NEW AGE can offer to its "zealous, active and determined friends." I am afraid, however, a prospectus could not be made of it, save in a nation of gentlemen.

* * *

Henri Rochefort, who died an old man the other day at Aix-les-Bains, may have been incarnate Anti-State, but his sentiments were not affectations or mere deductions from his ideas, they were genuine. Mr. John Macdonald records, in the "Contemporary Review," an episode in his life which lifts him above the journalist, above even the publicist, into the kingdom of man. The object of his sympathy was Louise Michel, whom Londoners remember chiefly as an impossible enthusiast fury. As everybody knows, she never had or could keep any money, she never had enough to eat, or to wear, she never had anywhere to live, and she was always breaking down and miraculously rising up again. "Rochefort," says Mr. Macdonald, "sought her out in her attics. When she was travelling and lecturing abroad, Rochefort instructed his foreign correspondents to look after her. He bought her a country house, which she promptly sold; he gave her an annuity, which she mortgaged; he arranged that his tradespeople should serve her in his name : but house, annuity, provisions—everything went to the poor. 'I can do nothing with her,' Rochefort once told me. 'I believe the only time she takes food is when I insist upon feeding her myself. She is at once sublime and adorable and ridiculous! When I tell her she is killing herself, she replies, "Tant pis, mon petit Henri. But you yourself will die one of these days."' A week later, Louise Michel expired suddenly, from exhaustion, at Marseilles. Sallow-faced, white-headed, red-eyed old Rochefort was the chief mourner at the funeral." What man in England to-day, as public as Rochefort was in Paris, dare make himself so splendidly ridiculous? Louise Michel in London would probably have been handed over to the C.O.S.

* * *

If the Booksellers' Libraries' Committee were as right as they were wrong in attempting to boycott Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" (Heinemann, 6s.), I should still feel disposed to resent their action. The only check that ought to be placed upon "literature" is criticism; and I, for one, would have done my share towards counteracting by this means Mr. Caine's poison. Unfortunately, however, the publishers will not tolerate criticism, which is the natural enemy of bad literature; by every device in their power they make honest criticism impossible; with the result that when they object to a work they have no other defence than to attempt to suppress it themselves. Mr. Hall Caine has been fortunately able to prove that they cannot succeed in this on all occasions; and I congratulate him on having escaped from their hands. But he must now expect to die at the hands of critics, for, in truth, his novel, which I have looked at, is pestiferous rubbish.

* * *

The renaissance of classicism now in slow progress in England must not be confused with a renaissance of the study of Greek and Latin. Form, which is the essence of the classic, is independent of any particular language, and may and should be sought in one's own language first—indeed, in one's own life first. To know Greek is not to be Greek, as Nietzsche said; neither is to be Greek necessarily to know Greek, as Keats, for example, proved. Stendhal, one of the most "classic" of novelists, according to Nietzsche, started to learn Greek, Mr. J. M. Kennedy tells us in "T. P.'s Weekly," but gave it up when he found that Shakespeare had managed very well without it. Ignorance of the "classic" languages, however, is no more a merit than a defect. They can be done without, but they can also be done with. The test is English. If a man writes good English I care not whether he learned Greek and Latin for the purpose. If he writes in a bad style, all the languages of the world will not persuade me that he is a classic scholar.

R. H. C.

# The Labour Ghost.

IT was seldom that the mind of the managing director of Cumming's Soap-Sud Powder was disturbed by other than purely business matters. William Hulker was not the man to worry or waste his time over such details as concerned the psychology of his slaves. One glance at the personal appearance of this man would be sufficient to convince an intelligent observer that the quality of psychology was not involved. There he sat, glancing swiftly through the morning correspondence, etc. Rather military in his appearance, his stiff, straight back dispensed with the curved rest of his swing chair. His head was bullet-shaped, and he possessed a stern, merciless face, ornamented with a severe and well-clipped moustache, which jutted out almost at right-angles from his upper lip like a bunch of steel spikes. That he was thinking about something entirely removed from the papers before him was obvious by the sudden and irritable movements he made alternately with each foot, while the spasmodic lifting and lowering of his eyebrows would have caused any one of his many subordinates to feel uncomfortable. He had been worried for some weeks past now. A fear had been growing in his mind, a fear which he had communicated that week to the other managers. The fear sprang from the fact that a halfpenny Labour and Socialist daily paper had been successfully organised and was rumoured to have a large circulation among the "hands" living in the Smarth Valley.

The other managers had agreed with him that this new Socialist paper must be suppressed, or, at least, forbidden on their premises. As yet he had taken no definite steps in the matter, but now he felt that it was time to move. His brain, purely commercial, and commercially impure, had endeavoured to understand the policy of this new Socialist paper, but he could find none—save a stinging repudiation of him and his class. He had ordered a regular copy to be sent privately wrapped to his office, where he had endeavoured to analyse its contents and conceive some method of smashing it up, and, almost inaccessible to ideas as he was, he slowly realised that the paper, if successful, meant nothing short of ruin for him and for the company. He possessed very little imagination, but this idea came slowly to obsess his mind; that while factory "hands" read the "Labour Herald" his existence was in peril. The leading articles and vivid cartoons left their mark upon his fear-haunted brain; they entered into his dreams, turning them into nightmares, and threatened to make his life a continual fever of suspense and anxiety. He finished looking through the pile of papers before him and nervously fidgetted for a cigarette, which he lit rapidly and then rang the bell which stood upon his desk. Almost immediately the door opened and a junior clerk of about eighteen entered. Hulker turned quickly in his pivot chair and stared into his clerk's eyes searchingly. "Ha, Henderson," he exclaimed in a brawling tone which concealed his nervousness, "good morning, good morning. Got the report ready?" Henderson shook his head. "No, Sir—it isn't up yet, Sir." Hulker flicked the ash from his cigarette into the waste-paper basket. "Oh, right you are," he exclaimed impatiently. "Let me have it as soon as it comes up." "Yes, Sir." Henderson made a move towards the door. Hulker exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Oh, and Henderson, I suppose everything's all right this morning—down below, I mean!" He indicated the factory sheds with his cigarette. There was a note of fear in his voice, but Henderson did not notice it. "Yes, Sir," he answered meekly, "Everything is all right, Sir." He closed the door softly behind him. Hulker puffed fiercely. "That's something," he muttered, "Nothing wrong as yet—but these damned poisons work slowly and secretly. Who knows, they may have formed their damned leagues under our very noses." He swung round in his chair and commenced to search for something in the pigeon-holes of his desk. Henderson returned with the report and laid it in front of his chief. He then left the room. Hulker opened the report feverishly and glanced over both its sheets quickly, then gave a sigh of relief. He employed over a thousand hands, all told, and by exploiting women and half-time child labour he had reduced the wage bill to an almost ridiculous minimum—and there were no complaints. He knew exactly how to "palm-oil" the inspectors who nosed their blind way around the factories. Only last month a woman who had been working hard till about a week before her confinement became suddenly ill and died. He recalled meeting a party of men carrying the woman's body home at dusk. The men had laid down the improvised bier as their boss approached and touched their caps. One of them pointed out to him the woman's obvious condition. "Serves 'em right, I ses, Sir," the man had remarked, "Serves 'em right; they ain't got no business ter be working at such times, I ses, but there's no saving 'em. No, Sir, they *will* work." The actual facts of that case never saw daylight. What would the "Labour Herald" not give for inside information of that one sordid affair—one out of dozens? Hulker shuddered; he imagined a ghastly full-page cartoon of a young and pregnant woman trampled beneath the car of Juggernaut. Leading articles bristling with fearful accusations—and then the subsequent inquiries. "Good God!" Hulker suddenly jumped to his feet; "this paper must be exterminated." He folded his morning copy in four and placed it in his breast pocket, locked his desk, took up his silk hat, and went out into the larger office adjacent. He had made up his mind as to what he would do. He would make sure, that very moment, if he could, how things actually stood in the workshops between his "hands" and the "Labour Herald." He passed over to Talbot, his assistant. "See here," he said, as Talbot rose to his feet, "I've got a job for you this morning—a very important job." He paused; one or two clerks had gathered around with slips for Talbot's signature. These were signed, and Hulker drew his assistant aside. "It's like this, Talbot," he said in a guarded voice. "I want to find out the 'hands' we employ who read this damned rag." He drew the "Labour Herald" from his pocket. Talbot nodded grimly. "A dangerous paper that, Sir—ruin the country, in my opinion." Hulker replaced the paper in his pocket. "I am of the same opinion, Talbot—in fact this rag is so dangerous that it must not be read by any of our 'hands'; it will corrupt them—understand? Find out all those who read it and—sack 'em on the spot. Tell them why, too. Good God! Talbot, they may be organised at this very moment; ready to strike at a moment's notice. If they closed us down now for a week it would mean thousands of pounds loss for us—thousands of pounds." Talbot looked anxiously into his chief's face. "What do you suggest, Sir?" Hulker gripped him by the lappel of his coat and lowered his voice, "Send one of the lads round offering a halfpenny for every copy in the works. This afternoon will be a good time. Let the lad's excuse be that he is collecting coupons or something—any excuse will do; they won't suspect." He gave Talbot a meaning look and walked back into his office, banging the door. Talbot stood for a moment thinking, then sat down and wrote a note to the foreman.

. . . . . .

Next morning Hulker was in a fever of excitement. He swung into his office and immediately sent for Talbot, who entered a minute later with an armful of "Labour Heralds," which Hulker seized ferociously and commenced to count. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten——." He laughed and flung them upon the floor. "So you only had to sack ten men, Talbot? That's good news—you wouldn't believe the weight that's taken off my mind." Talbot looked puzzled. "Well, you see, Sir, it was like this. I sent the foreman's youngster round in the afternoon, as you suggested, Sir, offering a halfpenny for every copy. . . ." He paused. "Yes, yes," put in Hulker, impatiently, "and he only obtained ten?"

Talbot looked down at the papers lying upon the floor. "Yes, Sir, only ten—those ten; but it appears, Sir, that the night-watchman told him where to find them." Hulker raised and lowered his eyebrows. "Where was that?" he demanded. "In the large waste-paper box, Sir—the general waste-box, where all our upstairs stuff goes." Hulker bent down quickly, picked up the papers and examined them. "Why," he blurted out, "these are the ten copies *I* ordered—damn it. I marked certain libellous passages in the leaders—see here." Talbot stared at the pencil markings and smiled. "Well, Sir," he exclaimed, "if that's the case there's certainly no further necessity for any of us to worry about the 'Labour Herald'—since you are the only person on the premises who reads it."

Hulker dropped into his swing chair and felt for his pocket-handkerchief. "Thank God," he murmured, "Thank God." Talbot turned to go: "Oh, and Talbot —see here—*burn* those ten *damned* copies. . . ."

ARTHUR F. THORN.

# Views and Reviews.*

THE controversy concerning vaccination is practically concluded, so far as vaccination against small-pox is concerned; and it has not been concluded in favour of the pro-vaccinists. It is true that vaccination is still compulsory; but compulsion that cannot compel is really farcical. The exemption clause is itself an admission that vaccination is not a necessary safeguard against small-pox; and is a tacit contradiction of the arguments for compulsory vaccination. On the other hand, the fact that there are, at Leicester, fifty-one distress warrants and eight commitment warrants not executed, and not intended to be executed, shows the absurd position into which the compulsory vaccinationists have allowed themselves to be driven by events. Leicester has made history in this respect. From being one of the towns in the kingdom with the largest proportion of vaccinated people, and also one of the worst sufferers from small-pox, it has become a town with a very small proportion of vaccinated people, and with very little small-pox. Some idea of the alteration may be obtained from the following figures. During the years 1871-3, before the "Leicester Method" of dealing with small-pox was known, Leicester suffered from an epidemic that so disorganised the authorities that no reliable record of the number of cases can be found. This was at a time when the authorities relied mainly on vaccination, and when the percentage of vaccinations to births was 90.8. But although the number of cases is unknown, the number of deaths was 360, which corresponds to a death rate of 3,673 per million living. The population at that time was about 90,000. In 1892-4, the population had increased to about 182,000, and the percentage of vaccinations to births was only 3.3. At this time, the "Leicester Method" was applied rigorously, with the consequence that the number of cases was only six more than the number of deaths during the previous epidemic, that is, there were 366 cases. There were only 21 deaths, which corresponds to a death-rate of 115 per million living. A subsequent epidemic in 1892-4 shows even more clearly the mitigating effects of the "Leicester Method," and the susceptibility to small-pox provoked by vaccination. By this time, the population had increased to 220,000, and the percentage of vaccinations to births had risen from 3.3 to 27.8. The number of cases was 731, the number of deaths was thirty, which corresponds to a death rate of 136 per million living. It is clear from these figures that the lowest number of cases and of deaths accompanies the smallest proportion of vaccinations to births; and the absolute failure of vaccination as a prophylactic against small-pox is thereby manifest.

To anyone not acquainted with the history of government, it would seem that a community that had reduced the mortality from small-pox from 3,673 to 115 per million living, by means other than vaccination, ought to have received some public honour; and that the persons responsible for increasing the percentage of vaccinations to births from 3.3 to 27.8, and also increasing the death rate from small-pox from 115 to 136 per million living ought to have been dealt with as common felons. But, of course, the reverse is the case. Leicester has been subjected to all the rigours of the law. From 1869 to 1884, "over 6,000 summonses had been issued against parents, who were brought before the magistrates; and there were sixty-four commitments to prison, including three mothers, all of whom were put in goal; nearly 200 homes were sold up under distress warrants, and between £2,000 and £3,000 were paid in fines and costs." The details of the agitation against vaccination in Leicester are to be found in Mr. Biggs' book; let it suffice here to say that by 1899, when the Vaccination Officer retired, the Guardians of Leicester had become so convinced of the downright harmfulness of vaccination that they refused to appoint a successor. There were other reasons as well; indeed, the Guardians of Leicester made an historic fight on behalf of local against central government, and against the imposition of officers beyond the law. Mr. Biggs says:—"The Local Government Board, on the strength of the 1867 Act, and of their own order in 1898, set up the preposterous claim that the Vaccination Officer could prosecute either on his own initiative, without the authority of the Guardians, or on the direct instructions of the Local Government Board. This pretended and non-existent power is a serious menace to local self-government, and ought to be suppressed." In consequence of the Guardians refusing to appoint an officer who would be paid by them, but would not be subject to their authority, the famous "Mandamus" was issued. The Local Government Board, of course, won the case; and "a Vaccination Officer was appointed by the abstention of those who opposed the appointment, one vote being cast against." No proceedings of any kind, under the Vaccination Acts, were taken in Leicester from 1887 to 1901 inclusive, a period of 15 years; but in 1901, the Local Government Board instructed the Vaccination Officer to prosecute, independently of the Board of Guardians. From 1901 to 1911, no fewer than 392 orders were applied for, of which number 321 were granted with costs. It is to this period that belong the fifty-one distress warrants and the eight commitment warrants that are not executed. This is a pyrrhic victory for the Local Government Board; moreover, during the "whole period of thirteen years, 1899-1911 inclusive, the vaccinations in Leicester have only averaged 15 per cent. of the births, and the exemptions 24 per cent., which leaves a balance of 61 per cent. of the children born for whom no exemption has been claimed, but who, nevertheless, remain unvaccinated." Well may Mr. Biggs exclaim: "The Vaccination Acts are completely ignored, and are virtually repealed here in Leicester."

If the facts and figures in this book of 754 pages, including appendices, related only to vaccination against small-pox, its publication would have been well warranted. But Mr. Biggs shows that the seven principal zymotic diseases, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, simple fevers, and diarrhœa, rise and fall synchronously with the amount of vaccination. "Indeed," he says, "the zymotic death rate was already falling when the more stringent enforcement of vaccination, in and about 1864, apparently caused a substantial rise in the mortality. It increased from 4,616 per million living in 1858-62 to 5,210 in 1863-7, and that at a time when, owing to improving sanitation and conditions of life, there should naturally have been an appreciable and continuous fall. But it was reserved for the years 1868-72, when vaccination was at its highest point, to accentuate the death rate from these seven diseases. With vaccinations over 90 per cent. of the births, the zymotic death-rate rose to

* "Leicester: Sanitation versus Vaccination." By J. T. Biggs. (National Anti-Vaccination League. 6s.)

the enormous figure of 6,852 per million. There is but little vaccination in Leicester now, no small-pox, and the death rate from these seven principal zymotics has fallen in 1908-10 to the almost incredibly low figure of only 1,153 per million. What has achieved this astounding revolution? Certainly not vaccination. It is the direct outcome of active, persistent, and solid progress in sanitation, which, in its broadest sense, covers the entire exclusion of the absolutely insanitary and disease-diffusing practice of cow-poxing."

At a time when vaccines, and serums, and anti-toxins are increasing in numbers, and are hailed as the only prophylactics and remedies, this book is more than welcome. Had Mr. Biggs confined his attention only to the simple matter of Leicester in its fight against vaccination, his book would have been justified. But he has provided a mass of medical opinion against all forms of inoculation; he has substantiated his arguments with the most potent statistics, comparative mortality rates; and his book is the most comprehensive argument against one of the filthiest and most murderous fads ever adopted by the medical profession.

A. E. R.

# REVIEWS.

**Rhymes of a Rounder.** By Tom McInnes. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

In a tolerably interesting essay Mr. McInnes gives us the story of this, his book. He was used to frequent the shop of an old bookseller who, says our author, almost on sight mistook him for a decadent, and assisted him in procuring the books of his supposed natural taste. It is very reassuring to learn from Mr. McInnes himself that his present passion for gasifying the old, bad, sad, mad verse forms of Villon and the other "rounders" was superimposed. For at first glance at his ballades we might ourselves have fallen into the worthy bookseller's error. It is, to our mind, a sign of something wrong when a man is found publishing gaudy bad verses, troubling himself tremendously about finding new metres, whereas his matter would ill fill the old ones; when he decorates the vulgar and strips the exotic. Mr. McInnes exhibits all these symptoms of malaise, and if, as we are prepared to believe, he is as healthy as a beefsteak, he will perhaps not curse our candour, but quit amusing himself with jeopardising his talents and set himself to find out in what he may excel. He does not excel in the ballade, however he twist and tweak this form. His refrains are duller than one might believe of a man who writes prose with monosyllabic ease, a sign of promise where the simplicity is natural and, moreover, allied to much sound sense. Among his wittier refrains are:

> Good women give themselves away.
>
> ——
>
> Myself I go the easy way.
>
> ——
>
> Youth is a splendid thing to spend.

We are really very generous, for they are none too witty! The bad refrains are:

> Among the inequalities.
>
> ——
>
> He was a fine fellow of dreams.
>
> ——
>
> Down town o' nights with me.
>
> ——
>
> Far away in the Golden Days.

There are several good pieces in the volume, notably "God's Kaleidoscope" and the villanelle entitled "Defeat." Mr. McInnes' rhymes do him small credit on the whole, and we notice that he spells "looked," "lookt." We defy him to pronounce it so without strain.

**The Night Ride.** By Oswald H. Davis. (Constable. 3s. 6d.)

The Press has been very kind to Mr. Davis. It has bestowed upon him the thousandth lick at its eulogical slab. Here we have a genius to reckon with; he has a vivid imagination, a rich vocabulary, almost faultless technique; wealth and vigour of poetic phrase, real heights of thought, rare gift of expression. In old Lemprière there is a note on Horace's eulogy of Pindar. It may show some of our reviewers how men with men's minds regard the proprieties of praise. "Horace has not hesitated to call Pindar inimitable, and this panegyric will perhaps not appear too offensive when we recollect that succeeding critics have agreed in extolling . . . his genius." We have in our museum divers pages of eulogical quotations from the Press on about three score modern poets. When a certain phrase, which has now come to Mr. Davis, has gone the round of the seventy-odd we intend to scramble it.

Our new genius chooses to exploit the hexameter for describing a train-journey. We can only say that we hope no train which ever may carry us will pull up with the horrid jerk of most of Mr. Davis' lines.

> And now we dart off unrestrained, with gluttonous hunger of speed;
> Each halt hath more fully enraged us like a pack long checked in the lead.
> As runners, beset, swifter course—over obstacles faster we fly.

In matter and metre both it sounds uncommonly like the aftermath of the dining-car. Mr. Davis had another unforgettable adventure when he stared at a work-girl in a tram.

> I tried to wrest her secret with my gaze . . .

Quite a number of our modern poets see no shame in relating their disgusting behaviours towards females who happen to be seated opposite them in public vehicles. Our present author assures us that the poor tired creature was helplessly yearning with voluptuousness. But enough of Mr. Davis!

**Glimpses of the Unseen.** By W. Robert Hall. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

A book of verses full of that peculiar piety and love of Nature which allow an ardent but timid mind to indulge in sensual imagery. For Mr. Hall the rose is passionately arrayed in a wedding dress; the primrose has a maiden-bosom. Bosoms are very frequent, and all things are always kissing with deep bliss. The tune is varied by maternal references: the sun is like a mother's face, God is like a mother, March mothers June, and so on. Mr. Hall begs "The Eternal Son" to—

> Forgive me when I quench the kindling thought of thee,
> Not willing Thou shouldst reign,
> Pushing Thee back again,
> That, darkly, I may glut desire more greedily.

**Fool's Gold.** By John Gould Fletcher. (Goschen. 2s.)

This very gloomy author seems to have a genuine hatred of his planet. He has sought for something and not found it here, and nothing seems worth wanting, after all, but the long sleep. However, he has the manliness not to blame God, but himself and his fellows, for all bitterness. His verses have for burden despair of this life, yet no mean and sickly threat of quitting it before the tardy end. There is to be heard the howl, the curse, the groan of an indignant soul, but no whining. In fact, Mr. Fletcher's language is so gritty that we should not wonder if he fought through to the calm which certainly awaits long-lived men of spirit.

We have been reminded of our recent review of the verses of a John Gould Fletcher. Almost beyond doubt this must be the same as the author of "Fool's Gold." We can only exclaim at a semi-miraculous development. The date of publication of the two volumes is 1913 for both, and we conclude (under correction) that the publisher of the immature "Fire and Wine" delayed his issue so long that the author forgot all about the puling stuff he had deposited. We condole with the bad luck, and proceed with the present review, quoting the verses, "Recovery."

> At last the winter's grey death-vultures
> From my harsh land of graves have flown:
> Now in my soul a pallid spring-tide
> Sits feebly in the pallid sun.

The silent sphinx of song-creation
Broods on renewal : and my heart
Beats warm as it did once, ere sorrow
With spiky thongs hacked it apart.

But yet I feel in fresh grass darting
Slim arrows that quiver to a breath,
Remembrance of those vaults of horror
Through which I walked last year with death.

There is no peace in this book, but neither is there sloth, that which brands our wordy little modern poets. A lazy mind could never achieve Mr. Fletcher's brevity. Even on his lower levels he does not babble. Of marriage he sings :

He was a soaring pine-tree,
She an exploring vine.
They met; 'twas the old story :
The creeper choked the pine.

Perhaps the most hopeful piece of all is "After Breakfasting," lines written in an inn on the Great Saint Bernard Pass :

Napoleon took his breakfast here,
And after rode afar :
Napoleon conquered Italy,
I wage eternal war.

But here is picturesque bravery ! The despair of such an heroic wit cannot surely be immitigable. Mr. Fletcher dedicates his book to "Mes poètes maudits," including among these Synge, Rimbaud, Laforgue; we trust that he intends to say his accursed and abandoned poets, for they are company best left behind.

**Illusions and Realities.** By J. A. Brooke. (Methuen. 5s.)

Nature verses for the most part and of a fairly correct order. The publisher's note is so modest and gentlemanly that we conclude that the author wrote it himself. His style, though this rarely soars, as the reviewers say, is always charming, his rhymes are never barbarous, his rhythms are sweetly natural, his matter is the humane life of man. Mr. Brooke is a lover of Wordsworth, and his verses, as he would doubtless be the first to admit, loyally try to reproduce the atmosphere of the master. Yet, this atmosphere is native also to the disciple, so that he moves amidst it with a certain serious grace. Mr. Brooke, besides, is evidently a great patriot and Imperialist, but one would not expect him to do very much, and he does very little, with themes of coronation and allegiance. On the subject of the vivisection of dogs, he exhibits signs of despair and horror of man as nowhere else in the volume. It should startle dull people to find that the practice of vivisection can wring such bitter words as these from a gentle singer—

Go man, proved false to probity and trust,
Crawl as the serpent, feed upon the dust,
Let friend forsake, all nature's heart grow chill,
Love that shall bind let hate unloose at will,
Pass out alone, believing if you can,
The God of heaven is but God of man.

**The Pursuit.** By Isobel Hume Fisher. (Maunsel. 1s.)

The exaggerated dedication to Ireland beginning, "Not in vain and not for nothing my mother bore me," is likely to scare away readers from what is really an unpretentious collection of simple verses, sincere, and not untuneful. The writer is somewhat pessimistic, but not in the least decadent, so that flashes of a gayer mood, which must be felt sometimes, are shown in no grudging way.

**Latin America:** Its Rise and Progress. By F. Garcia-Calderon. With a Preface by Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic. Translated by Bernard Miall. Map and Illustrations. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

To those who are interested in the everlasting struggle between two civilisations—between the Latins and the Teutons, between the ideas represented by Protestantism and the ideas represented by Catholicism —this book, by "a young Peruvian diplomatist," will be valuable and entertaining. The early history of the South American Republics has been written already, and in this regard the author adds little to the facts, not so very important, that we now know. But we must say in passing that his summary is skilful and well done; and the little character-sketches we find here and there are often excellent—for example, the paragraph about General San Martin on p. 67. Again, ch. ii., on the life of the early Spanish colonists in South America, their struggles, their mystic, mediæval ideas, their adventures, their fanaticism, is very well written, and shows the reader the development of South America in a way hitherto hardly attempted. We see the gradual spread of European ideas, the influence of the Renaissance, and the influence on the colonisers of climate and intermarriage.

One noteworthy feature of the book is the emphasis laid by Mr. Garcia-Calderon on the differences in the modern civilisations of various South American states. Most Englishmen have a hazy notion that Brazil is Portuguese and everything else Spanish. The statement is true, but it does not take us far enough. When our author, however, casually refers to the "Spanish" Republic of Chile as a "Republic of the Anglo-Saxon type" and elaborates his comparison we feel that we are in the hands of a very keen observer indeed. "No slaves, as in the tropics, but inquilinos, feudal serfs of territorial barons. The oligarchy is agricultural, and therefore stable and profoundly national. In short, we have a copy of Anglo-Saxon society, or of the first Roman Republic; a false democracy governed by absolute overlords" (p. 165).

Although the earlier chapters are of great interest, and would by themselves have made a book of unusual value, the latter half of the volume makes a particular appeal to the psychologist. The emphasis laid by modern thinkers on race, the work of men like Gobineau, which is only now beginning to be appreciated, and the rising influence of the Latin races in European politics, are all factors which Mr. Garcia-Calderon has recognised; and he has applied the lessons they teach to South American problems. Here again we see Latin versus Teuton, the influence, early in the last century, of English ideas as conveyed by philosophers of the school of Herbert Spencer, the changing policy of the United States of America towards her sister-Republics in the South, and the gradual modification of the Monroe doctrine from a weapon of defence into a weapon of interference. Mr. Garcia-Calderon also emphasises the German peril, though he relegates it to its proper place, realising that the real peril is in the north. It would take several quotations to show all the sides of this author's mind; but the following paragraph, referring to the United States of America, will show that he can see more than the average tourist :

An octopus of a city, New York might be taken as the symbol of this extraordinary nation; it displays the vertigo, the audacity, and all the lack of proportion that characterise American life. Near the poverty of the Ghetto and the disturbing spectacle of Chinatown you may admire the wealth of Fifth Avenue and the marble palaces which plagiarise the architecture of the Tuscan cities. Opposite the obscure crowds of emigrants herded in the docks you will see the refined luxury of the plutocratic hotels, and, facing the majestic buildings of Broadway, the houses of the parallel avenues, which are like the temporary booths of a provincial fair. Confusion, uproar, instability—these are the striking characteristics of North American democracy. Neither irony nor grace nor scepticism, gifts of the old civilisations, can make way against the plebeian brutality, the excessive optimism, the violent individualism of the people. All these things contribute to the triumph of mediocrity; the multitude of primary schools, the vices of utilitarianism, the cult of the average citizen; and in this vulgarity, which is devoid of traditions and has no leading aristocracy, a return to the primitive type of the redskin, which has already been noted by close observers, is threatening the proud democracy. From the excessive tension of wills, from the elementary state of culture, from the perpetual unrest of life, from the harshness of the industrial struggle, anarchy and violence will be born in the future.

As will also be seen from this excerpt, an author has for once had justice done him by his translator.

# Art.

## The Royal College of Art.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

By far the rarest and most beautiful things are those which result from long and severe schooling. This still holds good even to-day, although the whole of modern prejudice is against this mode of producing ability and skill. In spite of all our boasted enlightenment, we continue to believe that will-power and the virtues descend from heaven, and we do little of our own accord to ensure their more frequent occurrence. Having lost faith in our culture and in our various creeds, we have also ceased from possessing that clean conscience in imposing traditional constraints arbitrarily upon our children. It is as a rule with misgivings, and with agonised self-questionings that we finally resolve upon a strong course of disciplinary action in regard to our juniors, for we are not sufficently sure that we are right; we are no longer sufficiently certain that anything is right; and we naturaliy shrink from directing growth, now that we ourselves feel that we have no definite direction.

Rather than direct growth, therefore, we indolently and unscrupulously grasp at such new-fangled substitutes as "natural development," "voluntary self-culture," "individual initiative or inclination," "freedom," "the unconstrained spirit of inquiry." It is even believed by many grave wiseacres in the world of education that the child should acquire all its knowledge as if in play; it should be *set* to nothing, but be allowed to approach only that kind of knowledge and accomplishment to which it feels itself irresistibly drawn.

Forgetting that the chief object of education should be the rearing of character and of will-power, and that these require will-power and character as examples; in our tremulous uncertainty regarding the justification of our own spiritual shape and contour, we have lost the daring of the skilled artisan who dares to cut, pare, chisel, melt, mould or otherwise fashion raw material.

Nevertheless, it must be obvious that the artisan possesses the necessary daring to deal violently with raw material only when he feels within himself the justification of his act. And what does this justification amount to? Clearly it is this: that he is conscious of being qualified to impose a better, more desirable, more beautiful shape upon it.

All this talk about freedom, free development, and unconstrained caprice in the matter of education, therefore, may be taken as a symptom of sickness, as a sign of our own shortcomings. It is something to blush at and not to boast about. Nor is it precisely modern—a fact which makes it all the more difficult to combat. Kant at the end of the eighteenth century had heard of it, and was fighting it tooth and nail.

In his wonderful little old-world study, "Ueber Pädagogik" (Professor Willmann's edition), he lays it down as a principle that discipline and character and will development should be the first aims of education (pp. 69 and 102). He says: "Children are sent to school not simply with the object of acquiring knowledge; but in order that they may accustom themselves to sit still and pay good heed to what they are told, so that in the future they may not instantly react to every one of their impulses. . . . If in his childhood a man's will has been left perfectly free without any kind of constraint, he retains a certain wildness to the end of his days" (p. 62). "Discipline must take precedence of information" (p. 86). In reply to those who maintain that children should learn everything as if in play, Kant says: "The child should be accustomed to have a daily task. And where else in all conscience should he acquire this inclination to work, save at school? School is a place of compulsory culture. It is in the highest degree deleterious to accustom a child to regard everything in the light of play. Even if the child does not at first see the purpose of the constraints put upon him, he will become aware of their great value later on. In any case it would simply amount to encouraging his precocity, always to reply to his repeated 'Why is that so?' and 'Why is this so?'" (p. 87). Finally, Kant says: "People are always talking about the necessity of setting every task before the child in such a manner as to make him feel desirous of accomplishing it. Very often this is certainly a good thing; but he should also be set many a task as a bounden duty. For this method may prove of infinite value to him in later life" (97).

All this sounds more like 17th century England than 18th century German. But, in any case, its spirit is quite dead now, and we go from absurdity into absurdity. Some people will even tell you now that children with a pencil in their hands should be left to express what they feel and that this freedom produces drawings of greater interest than those produced under the supervision of a teacher, and from a specified object. Such talk is utterly beneath contempt.

At all events one of the chief joys I experienced on entering the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, was the feeling that I was about to witness the work of a real school. With a premonition of the marshy luxuriant amateurism, the lack of discipline and of good method I was about to see at the Albert Hall, I felt that, whatever the system here might prove to be, it was sure to show infinitely better results than the other system. And I was not disappointed. Once inside the galleries I was conscious of being at least in an atmosphere of orderly, well trained scholars. The walls were crisp and bright with clear, definite unmistakable lines, drawn with sure will-controlled hands, and guided by knowing brains. Here was the exhilarating performance of people who were not certain to botch everything they touched, and who attempted only that over which they had attained a certain mastery. If you have ever experienced the deadening sense of depression which comes from walking from a tennis court of good players to a tennis court of bad players, you will be able to form some idea of the transition of feeling which took place in me that afternoon, when I went from the Royal School of Art to the Albert Hall.

By far the most interesting work on the first floor is C. F. Collin's "Flora" (No. 4). The whole composition is excellent and cheerful in the extreme. Clean and powerful drawing characterises every detail of the work, the figures are vigorous and full of life, and the man stooping at the stride to pluck flowers gives a spontaneous enthusiastic swing to the picture which is as rare as it is welcome. I saw from the original design that this stooping plucker of flowers was an afterthought. It is a pity, in my opinion, that this first study was ever exhibited. We know that the effect of spontaneity itself is also *art;* we know that Beethoven's work was a mass of laborious corrections; but it is the result we, as spectators, are concerned with; and when a painter like Collin has so far triumphed in concealing his *means,* we, as spectators, believe in and enjoy the apparent spontaneity of his work just as deeply as he is conscious of the pains it has cost him. A. Cooper's "Life Study" (No. 13) is also a delicate and masterly piece of work; both the technique and the colour are wonderfully pleasing. I also liked C. Esther Willoughby's decorative panel (No. 20), and C. F. Collin's "Concubar Follows the Birds" (No. 23). Look at the other designs of the same subject in Room P and you will be in a position to appreciate the inventiveness and resource of exhibit No. 23 in Room E. I thought less of G. C. L. Underwood's "Fragment of Panel" (No. 30). It appeared to me to be weak both in colour and design, and wanting in that grasp and mastery which are above all essential in decoration. Before taking leave of Room E, I really must mention C. F. Collin once more. His "Decorative Panel: Youth" (No. 34) is truly delightful. Let us devoutly trust he will not lose the crisp, fresh beauty of his technique and the boldness of his ideas when he goes on his travels.

There were many good things in Room C and, of course, many more poor ones. First of all, I would mention P. R. Paul's genial "Design for Mosaic" (No.

47), J. C. Collier's "Design for Wall Decoration" (No. 6), R. L. Swindon's "Design for Tapestry" (No. 19), and Helen M. Smetham's "Design for Tapestry Panel" (No. 43). J. Greenup's "Design for Mosaic" (No. 14) is spoilt, in my opinion, by the low type of boy chosen for the subject. After all, this is most important—more particularly in the case of a decoration which aims at taking a relatively permanent place in a public building. In Room B I should commend the following to the notice of the visitor :—T. W. Rutter's charming "Design for Plaster Frieze" (No. 83), H. S. Blakey's "Design for Velvet Brocade" (No. 97); E. French's "Design for Silk Brocade" (No. 145), in which a rich effect of red and gold is treated with considerable taste, and S. Hogbin's "Design for Velvet Brocade" (No. 156). Among the poor work, S. Woodman's "Design for Wall Paper" (No. 90) is conspicuous. (It is to be hoped that South Kensington is also a school of selection, and of discouragement, as well as of encouragement.)

The sculpture in Room Q shows a high degree of good craftsmanship. Foremost among the promising sculptors are :—B. Hancocks (No. 3), H. Brownsword, C. S. Jagger (No. 8), and Mary A. Chambers (No. 10). Brownsword is not so good in No. 17, and W. S. Wilkinson (No. 18) is among the mediocre.

I should advise no one to trouble to go into Room P unless they feel particularly energetic. The rewards are slight. The best has all been seen, and it was of a most bracing and invigorating nature.

# Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

A REMARK in my last article concerning the economic difference between "advanced" and "commercial drama" has brought a request that I should write an article on the economics of drama. The suggestion is, I think, prompted by the memory of Mr. Randall's article on "The Economics of Jesus"; and, considering the nature of the feelings roused by that article, I cannot regard the suggestion as being entirely friendly. Besides, I am no economist, as Mr. Randall is; but a plain, blunt man who finds modern drama uninteresting from a dramatic point of view, and is therefore compelled to talk without authority, but, I hope, with some pleasantry, of what may be termed, for the sake of brevity, the "ideas" that are stated but not expressed in our modern plays. But I may be able to indicate, by the allusive use of some of the phrases of THE NEW AGE, what I meant by saying that "on the stages of the repertory theatre and its subsidiary societies, plays are seen that deal with the ordinary difficulties of life from the point of view of people who claim and obtain rebate on income tax; on the stage of the commercial theatre the same difficulties are dealt with from the point of view of the payers of super-tax." If I can, I shall be only too pleased to have made myself clear to myself and to my readers.

Every person who is in any way interested in dramatic art, at least, is something of a psychologist; and therefore, I suppose that those passages in the articles on the abolition of the wage-system were those that most appealed to such people. Using the word "drama" to include all forms of theatrical production, one can easily find some rough analogies between the psychology of the wage system and the psychology of modern drama. Musical comedy, for example, deals principally with the sex instinct, an instinct that is, of course, common to all classes. The end thereof is usually marriage, both on and off the stage; and the means thereto is the enhancement of the attractiveness of the female, which is apparently synonymous with an increase in value of that person for the purposes of matrimony. This class of entertainment appeals mainly to the unmarried; in the gallery you will find the wage-slaves, of the class of drapers' assistants, fulfilling their sexual functions by proxy, so to speak, their low economic status permitting them to enjoy no more possession of an individual than is comprised in the ownership of a picture postcard. They lack property, and, therefore, purchasing power; and are compelled to exercise their instincts vicariously by interest in the actual marriages celebrated, both on and off the stage, between the actresses and those who possess purchasing power. Musical comedy, from an economic point of view, may be said to be an entertainment provided for wage-slaves and wage-lords; and which manifests quite clearly that effective action is only possible to the persons who possess economic power.

I do not want to press analogies too far, nor do I wish them to be taken too seriously; but I suggest that we have in musical comedy a tacit and unconscious admission of the psychology of the wage-system. If we turn to middle-class drama, what is called "advanced" drama, we can see the economics of that class manifested also in its psychology. Take "Hindle Wakes," for example, a play that, according to one report I have seen somewhere, has brought its author £100,000. It is a typical repertory theatre play, and it deals with the sex instinct as distorted by middle-class ideas. It opposes two people not essentially different in class or temperament, but differentiated only by economic status. Fanny Hawthorn is a wage-slave, Alan Jeffcote is the son of a wage-lord. The first thought that occurs to Alan when his liaison with Fanny is discovered is that a cheque will settle everything; indeed, his father would be willing to admit this, but Fanny is supposed to be a "straight girl," and, further, is one of his father's mill-hands, and, in addition, is the daughter of one of his father's oldest friends. The morality, in this case, is dictated by considerations of friendship; but the father manifests his economic bias by calling his son "a cursed young fool." Fanny, it will be remembered, refused to marry Alan; she was either above or below morality because she was economically independent of those who, for various reasons, voiced the morality of her class She was an efficient wage-slave; and as sexual chastity is not of economic value, while her lack of it did not diminish her capacity for earning surplus value, she was sure of employment. She could afford to snap her fingers at every other consideration, and did do so, because she was economically independent of these people.

The success of the play reveals the psychology of the class to which it appeals. Fanny Hawthorn is, in no way, an admirable type; but she has apparently achieved freedom in one respect by undoubtedly submitting to slavery in another. How soon it would be before her apparent economic independence would depend on the sexual immorality that she imitated from Alan Jeffcote, no theatre-goer would inquire; and no one acquainted with industry could help but wonder. But here was a play not merely written for, but accepted by, the middle-classes; it dealt with a subject of perennial interest to them from a point of view that had been made familiar to them since Ibsen's Nora left the Doll's House. To them, Fanny was not a "fallen" but a risen woman; and their cry for economic independence is really expressive only of a determination to go and do likewise.

Conflicting with this example is the system of "production" of plays that has been carried to its extreme in the "advanced" drama. As fast as the dramatist preaches freedom from all the conventional restraints in sexual matters, as quickly does the middle-class instinct of organisation express itself in another way. If the characters are to be free, the impersonators of those characters must be subjected to a repression never hitherto known by them. The economic bearing of this fact is not immediately apparent. We have to cast our memory back many years to remember that the "advanced" drama was an attempt to introduce "life" into our plays. The middle-classes have succeeded; they have produced a drama so life-like, so descriptive of themselves, that it has no relation whatever to art. If on the stage one of the activities of these classes, the

continual debating of personal matters as though they were social questions, is manifest, behind the scenes another of their activities is displayed. Freedom for the wage-slave in theory, regimentation for him in fact, is revealed by "advanced" drama as the philosophy of the "backbone" of this country. All must be subsidiary to a system imposed by an employer, who is called a "producer," with no reference to the economic meaning of the word; and the social nature of histrionic art is superseded by the organisation of the means of production by a person who believes in "units."

I have left myself little space in which to deal with the "commercial" drama; but there is little to be said about it that cannot be inferred from the preceding remarks. Marriage is not so obviously an economic question among the characters in this type of play; true, Lord Stonbury in "The Faun" said he could not afford to get married, but a man who could lose £70,000 over a horse-race was not really expressing an economic incompetence by the remark. One notices in this class of play the freedom with which financial difficulties are overcome; it is here that love, apart from any other consideration, is apparently the only reason for marriage, and lack or loss of it is the only tragedy. Throughout these three grades, the economics are really the same; but the "commercial" drama shows us the type of person who is usually above economic considerations, the "advanced" drama shows us the type of person who cannot escape from them, and in musical comedy we see the form of entertainment that appeals both to those who are above and those who are below economic considerations.

# Pastiche.

## PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN PROSODY BY A NOVICE IN THAT ART.

"Solvitur ambulando."

### I.—MY FIRST BALLADE.

I've never written a ballade before,
And somewhat charily, lest I should stray,
Do I begin to strum, but more and more
I gain assurance on the slippery way.
The scheme of rhymes occasions some dismay,
And so I watch them closely, not to fall.
My theory is, that in this glad array,
As in the limerick, the end is all.

There's one bit done; eight lines of worry o'er.
But now I think I ought not to delay
In rummaging among my mental store
To find a subject worthy of the fray.
And yet I need not find myself at bay
If in my search I fail to make a haul,
For in this giddy sort of rhymed display,
As in the limerick, the end is all.

Sometimes the writers of ballades will pore
And pine on this or that and its decay.
Sometimes they let their headstrong spirits soar
And frolic and become exceeding gay.
Villon mourned ladies of a bygone day.
The choice is ample, nothing seems to pall,
But (this I'll swear, if need be, till I'm gray),
As in the limerick, the end is all.

ENVOI.

Prince (do not be alarmed at this, I pray,
For in ballades it's thought the thing to call
You prince), I merely wish once more to say,
As in the limerick, the end is all.

### II.—MY FIRST VILLANELLE.

A villanelle's a villanelle,
That's what the fuss is all about,
Tho' why it's done I cannot tell.

It seems to me a thing that's well
Beyond the shadow of a doubt—
A villanelle's a villanelle.

And anybody who could spell
Could turn whole myriads of them out,
Though why it's done I cannot tell.

If you deny it, I shall yell,
Protest, vociferate, and shout,
"A villanelle's a villanelle!"

The poets toss their rhymes pell-mell,
And this is how they prate and spout,
Tho' why it's done I cannot tell.

Once more I say (the rules compel
Me to conclude this giddy rout),
"A villanelle's a villanelle"
(Tho' why it's done I cannot tell).

P. SELVER.

## A MODERN METAMORPHOSIS.

There is no mistake. I myself encountered the phenomenon. On last Sunday evening, during my usually uneventful walk, I came suddenly face to face with an unshapely mass of coalescing germs.

They had fastened themselves firmly around the edge of a new structure fashioned in what appeared to be a species of white satinwood. I could not remember having seen the structure before, and this surprised me, as I knew the neighbourhood so well. Anyhow, there it was, and there also were the germs.

I examined the whole thing thoroughly, and observed that one germ, a female, apparently, had been separated from the rest, and imprisoned in a curious white box which stood upon one side. Having read the brief notice which was inscribed above her head, and possessing the necessary qualification, I did what the notice recommended, and then, with great difficulty, included my own body in the coalescing mass. (Henceforth to be called the "organism.") I then took upon myself the same aspect of docile resignation which characterised the whole. . . . Now, as I arrived, and before I had been qualified for the metamorphosis, I observed that a severe spasm was agitating the "organism." It contracted and expanded itself violently, heaved forward, strained, twisted, and bulged itself; then an almost imperceptible tremor passed along it like a wave, and the organism became static. These contortions occurred about every two or three minutes.

I had now become, as it were, an essential part of the organism, and was soon called upon to experience the throes of re-birth. We, or rather *it*, were being re-born. There was no doubt about that. The preliminary symptoms were undoubtedly those of birth; I felt quite certain about this, having once witnessed the metamorphosis of a silkworm. The spasms were identical. But into what were we evolving? What manner of creature would come forth from us? I was speculating upon this point, when once more the birth-pangs became painfully evident. The "organism" almost arched itself in agony, heaved again and again, strained forward and contracted sharply; its feet, many hundreds in number, gripped upon the earth and strove to hold firm. Surely something must have happened this time! I endeavoured to breathe in a slow and rhythmic fashion. I had read somewhere that rhythmic breathing augments the creative energies and ensures easy birth. I then clutched hold of that portion of the "organism" which lay in front of me, with intense nervous strength, and waited. The next spasm affected the entire "organism" at once from head to tail; the tension, which was acute, seemed hours in duration, and when, at length, I found myself safely ejected upon the other side of the writhing mass, I almost collapsed. . . .

A dim amber light glowed in the birth chamber, and from the distance came the sound of music. The atmosphere was fetid and heavily charged with smoke. Dazed somewhat, as, indeed, the newly born are liable to be, I passed with outstretched hands into the darkness which lay beyond the solitary globule of light, and stumbled forward. I had proceeded some distance, slowly and cautiously, step by step, when I heard someone behind me—someone who had evidently followed me—and almost immediately a small circle of brilliant white light flashed upon the ground at my feet, revealing four dusty boots upon a background of red plush carpet. I paused, but before I could do or say anything, my right arm was seized violently, and I was pulled back bodily about ten yards. The circle of white light now flashed into my face, and then, standing next to me, I beheld my captor. He wore a strange and magnificently coloured head-dress of yellow and scarlet, and was clean shaven. He still clutched my arm, and, ignoring my protests, peered intently into the blackness before and behind; he seemed able to see in the dark, and was extremely perturbed. He drew me still farther back, and flashed his torch indiscriminately hither and thither. Through the clouds of smoke I caught instantaneous glimpses of rows upon rows of densely packed heads and shoulders. My captor pulled me still farther back, and then, as one possessed of authority, called out in a loud voice: "Fullup—fullup—

transfers to the shillin' seats—this way—pass erlong, please—sixpenny seats fullup—pass erlong—if you please! Don't let any more sixpennies through yet, Alf!" he cried. "'Old 'em back—we're bunged up in 'ere! Pass erlong, please—shillin' transfers on the right!" With this he shoved me through an aperture in what felt like velvet curtains, and once more I found myself in the birth chamber, face to face with the "organism," whose head was butted against the glass door which "Alf" was pushing with all his might. Despite his efforts, however, two or three were prematurely born, and these, with amazing dexterity, dodged "Alf" and plunged through the velvet curtains into the smoky darkness beyond.

I made my escape, eventually, through a side-entrance which opened out upon a mysterious back-alley, and there, in my haste, I dashed into the tail-end of the "organism." It contorted horribly as I turned the corner. . . .

ARTHUR F. THORN.

## WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

Oh! I love Woman, and for all that makes
My life more lasting than the light snowflakes
I hunger at her side. In her cupped hands
She holds the dewy essences of hope,
Whence, drop by drop, as her heart understands,
She maketh sweet ambition's climbing slope.
Look on the circling earth,
As far as puissant eagle eye can see
Past purple hill, o'er sun-enchanted lea,
By placid valleys where grey churches raise
Their graceful spires, as if they sought to praise
In hymns of chastened stone, as if to climb
Still higher, higher in the sapphire sea—
Mark the wide-bosomed girth,
And say therein, or in the depth of Time,
What thing is there not part of Man, of me,
Save only her? She is the opposite
To which mine incompleteness tends—
Whither my soaring spirit wends
As to its long-sought haven of delight.
She is the jasper star
On which I gaze afar,
Her limbs are like spring blossoms, white and fair,
The splendour of her coiling hair
Crowneth her softly like an aureole;
Her eyes are full of her true, wistful soul.

O Woman! Jasper Star
On which I gaze afar,
Needeth thine orbit then a wider sky
Wherein thy dreams may find fulfilment nigh?
How many ancient queens of dazzling beauty,
Of well-like purity of mind,
Have found full scope for their incessant duty
Within the very chains that bind
Thy being thus confined!
And less than glorious queens whose names enhance
The dust of history with faint romance,
How many nameless souls, ere freedom's morn,
Have toiled and toiled—to win thy biting scorn.
Oh! scorn completely just. Content they taught
Uncertain lips to speak, attuned the thought
That heedfully matured in tender brains
And spent full strength against oppression's chains.
They were content. Ah, me! to nurse the sick,
To tend the lamp of life from youth to age,
And with compassion deigned—deigned to assuage
The hour that faltered like a dying wick.
Their long, long faded beauty they would prize
Only to look their best in lovers' eyes.
Surely, O Woman of To-day!
Thy claim is justified. Have they
Not dwelt in servitude, and shalt not thou
Outsoar the fate long written on their brow?

And we who love you, Woman! scarce we dare
Behold the magic means which you prepare
To make your life outshine the life of those
Untaught forerunners, like a cultured rose
In perfect blossom on our loved one's breast
Outshines the withered, pale and lifeless look
Of flowers, poor gifts of early love, long prest
In some unheeded and forgotten book.
Ah! we cannot refuse
The Vote, the gift you choose,
The gift which you command by bitter strife,
Even unto loss of life.

Oh! Man hath long esteemed the precious Vote,
Only to find himself a bondsman still,
Tricked by fair speech, hemmed in by legal rote
And strange enactments made against his will.
O Woman! wonderful in that ye can
Outdo the conquests of the voting Man!
Oh, wonderful! for you shall share the lot
Of those who swell the profit of the Scot,
The Jew, and Nonconformist saint.
You, too, shall learn the bitter plaint
Of hungry slaves; your masters shall assuage
It with slight increase in the hireling wage,
The while inflating further still the price
Of those poor needs for which ye sacrifice
Your puny frames.

As Man thus shall you be,
And what unheard-of conquests you shall see
In your bright day of freedom passeth art.
Yet do I shrewdly guess within my heart
That all the lovely deeds that man hath wrought
By virtue of the Vote shall be as naught
To your most bloodless victories. You shall
In your forthcoming fight with Capital
No doubt achieve for Woman and for Man
Much more than lies within your present plan.
Yet do I well advise you not to press
Your firstling claims with too much eagerness,
Such as to grant each woman, maid or wife,
Each man (by vote) Five Pounds a week for life!

O Woman! Jasper Star
On which I gaze afar,
The hour hath dawned when thy most precious hair
And soul-reflecting eyes
Shall light the grimy wheel
That drives the world to weal,
And make a Paradise,
Or make (I scarcely fear) a Hades there.

One last, last thought. 'Twas surely only chance,
In days before the race was civilised,
That drove poor man across what wide expanse
To gather fruit and flesh, when, unadvised,
He might have dwelt within his lonely den,
Content to suckle children, week by week
(A painful process unto his physique!),
And left the world to women, not to men.

HARRY REGINALD KING.

## AUGUST STRINDBERG: MY FRIEND AND I.

(Translated from the Swedish by P. SELVER.)

You know
We once were royal copyists, and then sir,
Ideals had set our hearts ablaze.*
We knew no whit of Zola or of Spencer,
And idealism ruled only on quarter days.*

You know
How when we'd drawn a trifle, we began a
Blow out with oysters and some tip-top wine.
And when our thoughts were soothed by an Havanna
In unknown hues we saw our future shine.

You know
We turned out plays for swagger houses, in a
Fine language that would suit the stalls at least
As well as coffee and liqueurs at dinner
Or as dessert and cheese to end the feast.

And now
We're getting ancient; and you sing no longer.
On fresh subscribers all your interests centre.
The burden of your day is growing stronger.
Full well you know: Non canit plenum venter.

And I,
I've done with that fine language; I am twitted
As being one who gloats on the impure.
My bettering powers against a world are pitted
Where nobody from missiles is secure.

And now
I eat stewed eels[1], and swill away at Burton,[2]
Get children, lounge about in bars no more.
You still eat oysters with your flame—it's certain
You have proved staunch to our ideals of yore!

* These changes of rhythm are in the original.

[1] Swedish "skivlax," an inferior kind of fish. [2] Swedish "maltidsdricka." (I have given equivalents in terms of English diet.)

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THINGS SOUTH AFRICAN.

Sir,—I am sending you a few papers giving accounts of the happenings of last week (July 3-10). The "Chronicle" is probably the fairest-minded of the bunch here. I have not read half they contain, but think they will give a generally fair review of things. Happily a truce was called as a result of the negotiations between the Government and men last Saturday. The strikers won the day—or rather the masters lost the fight absolutely, and only because they called the military in to fight for them. The whole business had grown so rapidly that strike leaders had not time to grasp the full extent of it. The consequence was that roughs, stiffs, and bla'guards generally jumped at the opportunity to have a gay loose time. It was for this reason that I wished a truce called. When the next strike comes on (it may start this week), until it suits their book to let riot run loose, the workman must be prepared to keep a firm hand on blacks, bla'guards, and blacklegs—not to relieve Government of its responsibility in this respect, but for their own and the general good of the country. It must be borne in mind that the blacks here are still far from gentle-minded, and have small sense of proportion. Voilà tout.

The railwaymen are out for rights now, and Government and magnates and masters generally are going rapidly grey in the endeavour to outwit them. If the Federation of Trades win this time, the battle for Labour is won through the world. The Parliamentary work of Labour members (and they were not bad members) was simply sneered at; they would have effected nothing in a hundred years, even if they had remained genuine, for they would never have had controlling strength out here. The sympathetic strike wins the day. But it is doubtful whether the other trades would have come out, had it not been for the exasperation caused by the introduction of the soldiers. One is really delighted to find money has for once thoroughly outwitted itself. There is bitter soreness and most devilish scheming in magnate quarters now.

As to what a railway strike will mean, coupled with a sympathetic dropping of tools by all trades through the country, one can only conjecture with a certain amount of dread. If a week will see it through, everybody can put up with it cheerfully enough. But if our Ministers and moneyed men decide that the question is absolutely crucial and must be fought to a finish, then we are in for a bad time. I do not know, but believe there is no cash in the trade union coffers worth speaking of. Men won't see their families starving; so what is going to happen? It does not appear difficult to guess. Fortunately our winter is not severe; cold will trouble no one. Botha is talking to the country about the damage being done to our credit; this is a bad sign. He has as many millionaires and that ilk on his side as have the Unionist Party, and the Dutch are Conservatives all through. If it comes to fighting, and the Defence Force is called on to give the Government a hand, there are likely to be interesting developments. Poor old Botha! "Uneasy lies the head," etc., and he is not a bad sort as Ministers go. These are times when one wishes one was not married, and so could take the bent of one's inclinations. As it is, I may be getting into trouble here, although I keep the curb on pretty tightly. A good victory here now for the men should pave the way nicely for the initiation of a National Guild. If it were not for the natives, this would be an excellent country to start with, because of smallness of numbers and want of complications generally. But unless agriculture could be ruled off the list of guilds, and so left open for native employment—which would be a grand thing for the native—there would be a greater complication to overcome than perhaps any in any other part of the world. If this be feasible, and the men win out on this railway strike, I would suggest that you depute one of your best men to look closely into the question, and perhaps even come out to take the matter up with trade leaders here. An argument in favour of leaving agriculture out is that the vote of the country which is Boer would not be rendered antagonistic, and foodstuffs would not rise in price and so make the clerk and middleman fearful. For the rest, there is salvation for the white worker of this country in the guild—and so for the country as a whole—whereas without some such system he is doomed in a little while to be ousted by the native, for the masters will certainly use the native more in future, and gradually it will become the foreman only who is white. I have advocated the minimum wage for unskilled labour, barring agriculture (on a basis of allowing a white man to live and rear a family decently), as the only way of salvation for the country. The skilled guilds would, I think, have to take this view, but certainly I believe there is more likelihood of something being done by way of the guilds you suggest. The time is most opportune, as men are in humour for consolidating their interests, and leaders are not, as far as I know, committed to Syndicalism or any other particular form of Socialism.

If the idea strikes you as having any value (out of Africa comes ever, etc.), you would have to remember that the cost would be very considerable—say, £250, for a man simply to come out and tour the country, addressing meetings and preaching the gospel. Before taking any such steps, however, it would be necessary to have the articles you have printed on wage slavery and guilds put together and laid in the right hands here. What a lovely thing a miners' guild might be in this country—in partnership with the Government, the people—with its proper system of apprenticeship, health regulations, etc., etc., and commanding the gold supply of the world!

Johannesburg. SOUTH AFRICAN.

* * *

Sir,—The Government is now considering as to the best way of circumventing the Labour people, and the mining authorities are doing their very damnedest to bring on a crisis. The Trades Federation have all the most cunning wits of the country to fight, and, I, personally, would think them wise to come to temporary terms with the Government, provided recognition of their Federation is obtained, and eight hours day, bank to bank, is agreed to with an understanding that sympathetic attention will be given to their other demands without loss of time. You see, the whole position is a new one for this Government; none of the Ministers know anything about trade or trade disputes. This would be so much the better, as they could not help being sympathetic towards labour, if it was not that there is a split in their party (almost an irreparable one), and they (Ministers), are anxious to keep on pretty good terms with the Unionists, who are, of course, some dozen or so heads of big financial concerns. The Government will certainly recognise that a general strike must affect the country to a very serious extent indeed, and they will know that their own position at the end of it cannot in any way be foretold, so that they will not lightly turn the Federation away; but, on the other hand, the mining magnates will, in every way, endeavour to reassure them, and I should not be surprised to hear that they have been promised a ten million loan on easy terms if they will only stiffen their necks and refuse to concede anything likely to satisfy the men. On the other hand, the Unions are not well provided with funds, nor have they had time enough to prepare everything for a general strike. Large numbers of men have joined the different Unions since the massacre here of three weeks back, and several new Unions have been formed, but these are not, I should think, to be relied upon to make a very bold stand if they see the Government is determined to beat them, and food gets scarce for the families. So, under the circumstances, I should say, come to terms for the time, and prepare for a big fight a little later. If the mines shut down, and the natives are sent away to their homes, it means, at best, about three months before they can be started up again, and what are the thousands of men and families to do in the meanwhile? The capitalists would go away and grin to think of the lesson they were giving the men and the Labour Party, and, later, would surprise the world with their generosity to the starving creatures who had so insolently defied them. They will not mind paying dearly (with shareholders' money) if they can make humble beggars of the men. The position must be such—the men must be so strong that they can insist upon the Government taking over the control, on behalf of the shareholders, of any mine which the managers or directors would shut down without full and proper cause. At present they are not nearly strong enough for this, and I hardly think the Government will take such a step voluntarily. The railway men have the sympathy of most of the independent people of the country, I believe, including the Dutch, but the stinking pride of the Minister, Sauer, and the inbred stubbornness and greed for profits of the heads of departments will not allow them to grant a point which is not forced out of them.

July 20. EX-TOWN COUNCILLOR, Johannesburg.

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Sir,—John Burns in his salad days, with the aid of some determined unemployed, put brimstone fear into certain minds, and augmented thereby a Mansion House fund at a tenfold accelerated speed. Mary Fitzgerald, in

Johannesburg, in like manner, in co-operation with infuriated phthisis victims, secures more attention in a few days than all the patient pleading of years could do. What is the moral? Does it not stand an unassailable fact that privilege will not yield except through fear?

The writer of "Notes of the Week" rightly resents the criticism of Mr. Hare. That gentleman should see, as so many Randlords have seen, the sufferings of phthisis victims in the last stage of that terrible disease; more, should know the agony of mind of the victim learning of his death sentence. The thing to be seen would be sufficient to convince him that capitalism has no compassion.

I see that one of the demands made on behalf of the miners is for the compensation to be increased to a level with the "total disablement" provision of General Smuts' Workmen's Compensation Act. It is not an unknown happening to Rand miners to have lost comrades who had calculated beforehand how much the wife and children were likely to receive in the event of a fatal accident (?) as against the provision for miners' phthisis so recently conceded. Can one wonder, when the disparity is hundreds of pounds, that the accident happened, remembering that miners boldly stood before shooting soldiery in defiance?

The regrettable feature of the South African situation is the failure of the railwaymen to accede to the appeal for a general strike. General Smuts—the brain of the Cabinet—knows the material he has to deal with. The mind of the dominant railway worker (not black worker) is bourgeois. In a large number of cases the railwaymen have known brutal conditions in "the old country," and are taking advantage of South African opportunities, diminishing though they are, to secure a house as an old age provision. That these men are an influence against the strike method—the most effective method still—need therefore cause no surprise.

In spite of my NEW AGE, I believe in Parliamentary effort. Nevertheless, I know the value of force. It is not because I want the latter that I mention it at any time in discussion, but because contemporary events compel as much as historic records, to the conclusion embodied in a phrase of a speech delivered by the late Marquis of Dufferin: "Force is still a dominant factor in the world's affairs." SPALL HAMMER.

* * *

Sir,—The following cutting may be of interest:—

T. D. C.

From the "Encore," August 7, 1913.

Tom Jones, the Welsh comedian, writes us from Johannesburg as follows: "What a place this town has been last week! Waiting every moment to be shot or blown up. It was very serious here, and the Empire and all the theatres were closed. Very unfortunate for all the artistes. The Empire people have been very smart in getting films of the shooting, and they are very damning to the Government, showing who fired the first shot; and I believe they have been offered a sum of money for the film showing the British soldiers shooting the people."

* * *

Sir,—I did not get my copy of THE NEW AGE of July 31 in time to enable me to incorporate in my reply to Mr. Randall a few words in reference to the irrelevant attack upon me from the writer of "Notes of the Week."

Readers who care to look at my letter of July 24 will notice, what I do not wish to conceal, that I accused Mr. Randall of carelessness, perversion, dishonesty, and every fault that might be considered, from the point of view of criticism, a vice. I ventured upon an ironical explanation of Mr. Randall's imaginative flights by suggesting that he had adopted as his critical principle the words I quoted from "Notes of the Week"—"Whether the foregoing is true in fact, or an exercise in imagination, the practical conclusions to be drawn from it are the same." The words seemed to me so exactly to fit Mr. Randall's case, that, even though unkind, I felt them irresistible. Besides this, I used Mr. Randall's own phrase, the "common practice," in describing his dishonesty. Your writer, therefore, has done me an injustice in taking the words as if I had applied them to himself. I declare I had scarcely read his "Notes" of that week, and certainly had not formed any judgment upon his South African speculations, with regard to which he credits me with certain imaginary views. Therefore, I do not discuss them; but I recall a controversy I had some time ago with him in which he maintained that capitalism was an "experiment" made in or about the early nineteenth century. I opposed this view, and, incidentally, that which explains capitalism as a "conspiracy."

In regard to me, your writer of "Notes of the Week" adopts the same canon which has served Mr. Randall so well—"an exercise in imagination"; the practical conclusion he wishes to reach is to overwhelm me by his malice; and I hereby challenge him to produce and print a single sentence of mine, spoken or written, anywhere, at any time, by which I defend capitalism or capitalists, or which entitles him to include me in the category of the people he despises. In a word, let him prove or withdraw the libel he has printed about me. WILLIAM L. HARE.

[The "Writer of Notes of the Week" replies: Instead of frankly withdrawing his imputation on my honesty in the matter of the South African strike, your correspondent now attempts to excuse himself for having made it. His excuse, I gather, is that he quoted a phrase from my "Notes" at random to throw at Mr. Randall much as he might take a stick from a bundle to beat a dog. But his attitude of suspicion is too habitual to permit me to accept this explanation unaccompanied by withdrawal as complete. At bottom he is sceptical of any plot or conspiracy or plan or other matured intention of the capitalists against the proletariat; and as a reputation for benevolent guilelessness is a chief asset of capitalism, he must allow me to continue to regard him as a capitalists' friend.]

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## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NAPOLEON.

Sir,—I do not find that either Mr. Finn's admonition or criticism impairs the truth of my assertion that the Twentieth Century Napoleon is merely a moneylender. The main point of my address was, that by means of artfully-contrived legislation, the conquest of the world—economically and politically—has been achieved—secretly but effectively—by a group of moneylenders—mainly of the Jewish persuasion. The worship of the Golden Calf has entirely superseded that of Christ, and its devotees comprise practically all the members of all the Churches universally.

No such conquest, so vast and so complete was ever accomplished by the sword since the world began. The objections raised by Mr. Finn are rather small. Criticism of a racial or national vice does not necessarily indicate race hatred. When I hear Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans criticise British snobbery—as I often do—I do not regard these critics as haters of my countrymen. On the contrary, I readily admit their criticisms as just, because I recognise snobbery as an unfortunate characteristic and monopoly of the race to which I belong.

And yet, I doubt whether more than a mere percentage of our people deserve to be termed snobs. But the practice of this contemptible vice by that percentage, suffices to impress upon it the stamp of our nation. The same is true of moneylending. It is a generally recognised fact that the large proportion of the world's professional moneylenders belong to the Jewish race. The control of money and bank credit is largely in the hands of the Jews, and it was knowledge of this fact, and fear of the consequences, that prevented the Russian Government from banishing every Jew beyond the Pale. Had the rich Jews loved their people as they loved gold, many of the "pogroms" which have disgusted and sickened the world, would not have happened.

I have the greatest admiration and respect for the Jewish race, but I detest their vices as I detest the hypocrisy of the so-called "Christian" Governments.

Many of my friends are Jews. I owe to one a debt of gratitude I can never repay. Mr. Finn's admonition is quite uncalled for, and I fear he is suffering from an attack of hyper-sensitiveness.

Now, it is a rather notorious and interesting fact, that professional moneylenders have conspicuous noses, whether they be Jews or "Christians." (By the way, I know of nothing which indicates the degradation of Christianity more than the general acknowledgment by the Christian Churches that the greatest usurer of this century was a Christian!!) This rule applied in a most conspicuous degree to the late Pierpont Morgan. As to Rockefeller, he has never figured as a moneylender, although his money often helped Morgan to carry off many of his "coups." But even Rockefeller's nose is not to be sneezed at. What proportions it might have attained had he devoted his life to moneylending, God only knows! (This is not intended for a pun.) Mr. Finn appears to doubt the fact that the Jews are largely responsible for the infliction of the gold standard upon mankind. Perhaps I may have misread history, but I have always understood that the introduction and use of the so-called precious metals for all purposes—especially for monetary uses—originated and was encouraged by the Jewish race. This idea is strengthened by the various words connected therewith—as for example, the word *jewellery*. Again, whilst the Christian and Mohammedan

religions were condemning and endeavouring to suppress the practice of usury, the Jews were encouraging it to the best of their ability.

The Jewish propensity for "spoiling the Egyptians" accounts far more for the unrelenting persecutions inflicted upon them during the past ages than any religious or race hatred. Coming to more recent times, the enactment of the gold standard legislation in Germany, the United States, Austria, and other nations during the past forty or fifty years was certainly instigated by the Jewish international financiers. The mere fact that "Christians" of the Morgan type were associated with them, or even headed the movement, does not make it any the less Jewish. The victories of Napoleon's armies were essentially French conquests, notwithstanding the fact that Napoleon happened to be a Corsican.

I judge that Mr. Finn is not very familiar with the world of finance, nor of the intimate relations existing between credit and production.

The monopolies existing are wholly legal, *i.e.*, owe their existence to property laws, and with their abolition these monopolies would collapse. I have never claimed that "cheap" money—as Mr. Finn calls it—will solve our social problems.

I am not an advocate of either "cheap" or "dear" money—as these terms are generally understood. I believe that the one and only condition and cure for social and economic ills is Freedom. Under freedom money would become what John Stuart Mill once defined it—the most insignificant thing in the Economy of Society, except as a means for saving time and labour. But just as a tight shoe, by causing an in-growing toe-nail, may set up blood-poisoning, ending in death, so by legally restricting the payment of debts to a costly commodity, the production of wealth is artificially curtailed, industry is taxed and hampered, enterprise checked, and a whole volcanic mountain of evil created which threatens to overwhelm Society. There is one word which, more than any other, indicates the cause of all our economic troubles. That word is USURY in its ancient sense, meaning the exaction of payment for the mere use of things, whether they be money, land, or capital. It is a generic term for rent, interest, and profits. Its roots are legal tender and land laws. Usury means property. In the eyes of legislators and rulers it is more sacred than human life. Usury is the legal right and power to tax labour. Its truest definition was given by Proudhon: "C'est le vol."

ARTHUR KITSON.

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### THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—In a recent reply, Mr. Harcourt stated that the concession of the phosphates of the above islands to a private company took place so long ago that the correspondence relating thereto is not of sufficient public interest to publish. If the concession were not still in operation this plea would be justified; but since a number of private persons are still annually profiting by it to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds at the expense of the Empire, the excuse is inadequate. Mr. Harcourt had once a reputation for being straight like his father; and promised some time ago to maintain the aristocratic tradition of publishing the truth and damning the consequences. In such replies, however, as the foregoing he is simply down on the lowest official level among the red-tapeworms. I regret that in the Colonial debate of last week no question could be asked concerning the Gilbert scandal. Questions, nevertheless, will continue to be asked until either an inquiry is instituted into the abominable concession, or the admission is made by the Colonial Office that they dare not publish the facts of which they are aware until the guilty parties are all dead.

MERVYN ROBERTS.

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### THE "NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The references by name to THE NEW AGE are confined this week to the South African papers, one of which, the "Rand Daily Mail," publishes Mr. Randall's first article on "The Price of Gold" in extenso, and with acknowledgment. References unnamed and unacknowledged are, however, many; and, in future, I hope to have the pleasure of smoking these skunks out of their holes, the journalists, I mean, who quote or paraphrase your pages without a hint to their readers of the source. Never, I believe, has greater meanness been shown to a contemporary which is manifestly good to steal from, but not of the right-coloured hair to be named, than that shown by the British press of to-day; the cads in it seem to be in a majority and in power. I propose to demonstrate this with your permission in subsequent letters.

Writing on the report of the Industrial Council the "Morning Post," of August 1, complained that employers and men were drifting further and further apart. It would worsen matters, the writer continues, for the State to attempt to bridge the gulf; the true organisation of a trade was, therefore, that of the guild or Trade Union in which both master and man were combined. Why did not the "Morning Post" add that this plan, as well as its alternative, has been suggested and discussed for months past in your pages? Why, since it is driven to describing such a proposal, did it not admit that the proposal has already been made, and has received the approval of some of the best practical minds of to-day? Really, the intellectual funk of these journals is pitiable! An American journal, the "Masses," edited by Mr. Max Eastman, devotes an editorial to the distinction between political and economic power. I quote a passage that has a familiar sound to your readers: "Anybody who talks about the 'power of the ballot'—if he means a power to deprive the ruling classes of their capital—is talking nonsense. A revolutionary vote would be nothing but a shower of confetti, if it were not backed up by an economic force. . . The reason Socialist politics never accomplished anything revolutionary is that there has not yet been a revolutionary power behind it. Just as soon as you deliver the power on the economic field, the party will deliver results on the economic field. No sooner, no later. . . . The economic force we look to is the strike." Mr. Eastman, I believe, is wrong in the last sentence; for, as I understand, it is not the strike you look to, but the monopoly of labour in the Trade Unions. Once a Union has monopolised its labour, it will not need to strike. In a "Message" to the "New Witness," Mr. Belloc makes two statements, of which, I plainly state, he ought to be ashamed—of the one as an intellectual, of the other as a man of honour. The first is that he has not the least idea from what direction the new positive policy of reform is coming: though *when* it comes, the "New Witness," he says, will deserve the chief place in the nation's gratitude. But, why? What has the "New Witness" done, what is it doing, to foresee the new positive policy? Mr. G. K. Chesterton, as well as Mr. Belloc, compliments the "New Witness" on being, above all, an organ of public controversy. There is less controversy in the "New Witness" than in the "Spectator." Its writers do not even defend their own constructive case of Distributivism by means of the Royal Prerogative. In reply to your last challenging analysis, the "New Witness" has never said a word. I don't call that controversy—I call it dogmatism. But Mr. Belloc's second statement really takes my breath away. As an organ of public opinion, the "New Witness," he says, is to be noted amongst contemporary journals as a very remarkable and *isolated* exception of truth and free discussion. What a claim to be made by a writer, who only a few weeks ago, as I noted at the time, admitted in the "Daily Herald" that THE NEW AGE deserved all the credit as a pioneer of free journalism! But that was before the "New Witness" was appealing for funds to carry on its wonderful work.

PRESS-CUTTER.

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### THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—I suppose that your correspondents on this subject want to do one of two things; they want either to refute my article or to make me withdraw it. I certainly shall not withdraw the article; but I must ask wherefore the refuting does not begin? Mr. Hare and Mr. Maynard, and everybody else, have corrected the wrong attribution to Christ of a phrase of John the Baptist; and that is all. If they were to read my article, they would know that the text on which they have concentrated all their attention was insulated from the rest of the article. I said: "If I relied on this text alone, the argument would be flimsy": and I actually began my argument with a disjunctive. Cut all the lines relating to John the Baptist, and the argument still stands untouched. I am waiting for the refutation; meanwhile, I will reply, for the last time, to the "side-tracking" statements of your correspondents.

Mr. Maynard says that he did not say that mediæval guilds and National Guilds were identical. His exact words were: "From an economic point of view only, surely it is an historic fact that in the Middle Ages something not unlike National Guilds obtained." A double negative has an affirmative meaning, although the degree of emphasis is less than when a positive phrase is used. I proved by my reply and, indeed, specifically stated that it was "a state of affairs totally unlike the National Guilds system." The "something not unlike" is directly countered by the phrase "totally unlike"; and now Mr. Maynard says that he never said that the two were identical. This is really an invaluable contribution to a discussion on the economics of Jesus.

Mr. Maynard also says that he never said that Catholicism invented the Guilds. I never said that he said so. My exact words were: "The suggestion that the Guild idea is, in some way, indebted to Catholicism is unsupported by any facts known to me." Mr. Maynard now says that Catholicism encouraged the Guilds, and produces no facts in support of his statement. I shall waste no more evidence on Mr. Maynard: I say that Catholicism did not encourage the Guilds. The two were contemporaneous, that was all: if I were to say that Catholicism "encouraged" serfdom, Mr. Maynard would howl the heavens down with protest against my "misrepresentation." But they, also, were contemporaneous.

Mr. Maynard says that I have a new Christological theory. The phrase betrays his ignorance of the subject, for the esoteric and exoteric idea of religion is about as old as religion itself. It is specifically stated by Christ himself in his explanation, previously quoted, of his reasons for speaking in parables; and I am really amused to find Mr. Maynard, who is so concerned to correct me about John the Baptist, attributing to me the words and ideas of his Lord.

Mr. Maynard cannot tempt me to leave my "congenial thistles," the Gospels, and to consider the Epistles of Paul. I decline to follow any red herrings: the subject of discussion is the economics of Jesus, and Mr. Maynard has not yet said a word about it. I am waiting for the refutation.

Mr. Hare, in spite of his violent language, has really nothing to say. He says that he "did not write as a Christian, but as a critic." I happen to know that Mr. Hare is, or was, the editor of the "Quaker Socialist Quarterly," or some such periodical; and, knowing this fact, I know the value and meaning of his vituperation. The statement that he wrote "as a critic" has its peculiar humour for me. This man corrected my wrong attribution of a phrase, but was so incapable of criticism that he never quoted a text that I might have found difficult of reconciliation. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," might serve as a Christian definition of the meaning of Christianity. But Christ never used that phrase: it is only Paul's gloss on the esoterics of Christianity. Mr. Hare's claim to be a critic is based really on one remark, the statement that I "ought to be tarred and feathered." The subject is the economics of Jesus, and all that Mr. Hare can do in the way of refutation of my argument is to "ask the writers on Guild Socialism their opinion of Mr. Randall's artful exegesis." Mr. Hare's claim to be a critic is a flimsy one.

Mr. Hare tells me that the non-correction by Christ of a given judgment does not make him responsible for it; and, of course, tries to "side-track" the subject into a discussion of myself. Let us be quite clear what we are talking about, for none of your correspondents dares to quote the Gospels. In my article I quoted the parable of the husbandmen to show that Christ had "proclaimed" the awful consequences of Syndicalist confiscation. The attribution to Christ of the "proclamation" was an error, and I corrected it myself, with this addendum: "As Christ did not correct the judgment, and elicited it by a leading question, we are justified in accepting it as Christ's judgment." But no reasoning of mine will avail with this correspondent, who seems to be as mad as a Loftus Hare about my article; so I will quote the remainder of the parable for his discomfiture. Following the statement of the crowd that the Lord of the vineyard will miserably destroy the husbandmen, etc.: "Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes? Therefore say I unto you, *The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.* And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder" (Matt. xxi, 42-44). My italics. That passage needs no comment; but it supports my contention that we are justified in accepting the judgment of the crowd, in this instance, as Christ's judgment.

I think that I had better leave Mr. Hare to argue the esoteric meaning of Christianity with Mr. Maynard. My subject is the economics of Jesus, and all your correspondents seem to be very shy of it. They prefer to discuss the personality of Mr. Randall, which is certainly a subject of some interest, but is not the subject of this discussion. I have already stated that I do not intend to travel beyond the limits marked in my article, and all their red herrings will not lure me off my ground. I have been very generous in the matter of germane quotation, much more generous than your correspondents have been; and they may accuse me of tearing phrases from their context, but they cannot prove the accusation. A "Wesleyan Methodist," for example, arguing that Christ did not approve of usury, quoted the text: "Do good and lend, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be children of the Highest." I notice that Mr. Arthur Kitson, in his pamphlet on "Usury," says: "The injunction in St. Luke, 'Lend, hoping for nothing again,' stood as a barrier against the practice of usury among Christians for ages." Yet, curiously enough, if we quote the whole text, we find that it means nothing of the sort. It is this: "Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be children of the Highest: *for he is kind to the unthankful and to the evil.*" My italics. That last clause throws a totally different meaning on the text: it reveals the promise that "your reward shall be great" as a deliberately illusory promise, and it shows Christ, as I have said before, as a much subtler person than he is represented to be. If your correspondents were to quote more and argue less, we might arrive at some conclusion; but as my argument is stated in the words of Christ, I can understand their hesitancy to quote. But my article on the economics of Jesus has yet to be refuted.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

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## HEALTH FOR INTELLECTUALS.

Sir,—I beg to thank "R. M." for his simple rule for the cultivation of self-confidence. It is profoundly useful, and as reliable as the laws of nature. If the intellectual diet for intellectuals is more important than the material diet, it is not more necessary, and being necessary, its quality should not be ignored, as it often is, being the mud of the lotus. Long-continued errors in material diet have upset the balance of good characters, and distorted the judgment in the most pitiful way. An excessive indulgence in tea, for example, taken by Hazlitt habitually, to allay the craving for alcohol, which he had relinquished, had such an acrid effect upon him that he turned from all his best friends, and, honestly, could not see in all their loving kindness to him anything but ill-will and malevolence. The intellectual of all men should be "full of health, candour, and sweet blood," for if he is not, and ill-humours intervene, he is still articulate, and his pains are reflected in his work, and the public suffers. Intellectual work also suffers when it proceeds from an ill-balanced, crotchety disposition, and the cultivation of a well-balanced character is a factor in intellectual health; so are climate and weather, society and solitude, the state of the affections, and the progress of one's general activities. Roughly speaking, anything which lowers the vitality and depresses the spirits is bad for the intellectual.

F. WHELDALE.

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## ART CRITICISM.

Sir,—Let me explain my view of landscape to Mr. Jevons, and perhaps the meaning of my remarks in the original article will be plain to him. To my mind, that which concerns the artist in any medium, is quality. He is drawn to things and to people whose qualities attract him; he is out for quality. By virtue of the limitations of human nature, however, he is restricted in his hunt for qualities, because he knows only those to which by constitution he can respond, or which he himself possesses. A landscape, then, to the true artist, is more than a piece of land lighted in a particular way, and covered with a particular kind of vegetation. It is a scene which suggests a particular quality to him, say—serenity, repose, savagery, business, cheerfulness, gloominess, or peace. For the moment he may be full of the particular quality he sees in the spectacle before him—so full of it, indeed, that he may invent or augment its image in the effect of the trees and hills, in the presence of which he is standing. But if his *état de l'âme* happens to be sufficiently consonant with the quality revealed by the landscape, he will scarcely be able to help himself, and will pick that quality out, and make it the keynote of his picture.

Likewise, a sky may be angry, bellicose, stately. It may be full of surprises; it may be indefinite, or it may be sullen. Three people looking at its representation in paint may see it in three different ways. A., who is not an artist, and not necessarily out for quality, will say, "I have seen a sky like that before"; B., who is artistic, will say, "I have often felt in such and such a mood on a day like this one." C., who may have got beyond B., will say, "This painter invites you—nay, eloquently urges you—to share in his discoveries in this scene—how tragic are his trees! how grand and sympathetic his clouds, sailing low to share in the world's vicissitudes on such a day!"—or what not! In any case, some human quality will be picked out, will be eloquently told, and will be

readily seized by those as are able or prepared to respond to such things. Landscapes of this sort come into the category of art—all other kinds are fit only for plutocrats' drawing-rooms, or for auctioneers' catalogues. This is what I mean when I say that a sky must reveal some interesting *état de l'âme,* or contain some message.

Mr. Jevons in his first letter, said :—"The intrusion of the personality of the painter into a portrait of some significant sitter we should all properly resent." That is not so, Mr. Jevons! *You* might resent it; but I should not. You certainly *would* resent it. Don't trouble to answer this question, because I am quite sure you could not enlighten me; but let me ask, how do you suppose that the full quality of the sitter is to be appreciated, understood, seized, and represented, unless the painter himself can respond to, or actually possesses, those same qualities, and can, therefore, depict them? Don't you know that the first principle of good portraiture is that the artist's personality should be in a position to intrude? Only when he does not understand, where he is *beneath* his sitter, is this intrusion a thing "we should all properly resent."

Now, but one word more, in justification of my original criticism of Mr. Bishop's skies. It was because, try as I might, I could discover no particularly interesting quality about them, that I questioned the advisability of their being given such an important amount of space in the general composition of the picture.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

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## FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

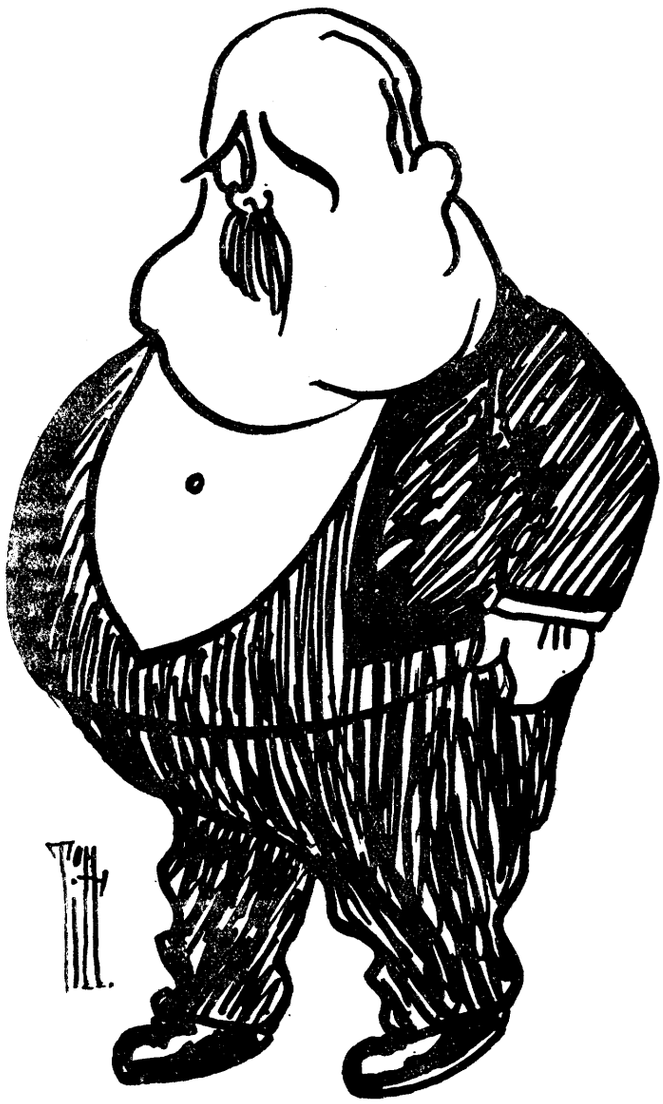
Sir,—In the interval of considering what we may be when we are truly womanly, I may pass to yet another folly of women which, in my opinion, expedites the decline in marriage. I refer to the neglect of hospitality. I have been astonished to find that one's average English friends—I am London born, but have lived in a leisurely land—really fear to "intrude" upon one for more than two days together. Does one truly mean them to stay for a week or two? But these are the pick of acquaintances. For the most part, the London woman is simply terrified at the notion of staying anywhere for longer than the shortest possible week-end. While professing the most shrieking interest in you and all your concerns, she is frenziedly wondering what she may be missing elsewhere. She does not want to make a good old-fashioned visit; she does not care one scrap for founding a friendship; she takes all one's trouble for granted, and will return one an invitation to tea as a sort of tip, I suppose, for services rendered. She will wire you something about "weather permitting," and leave you to order your extra cream and things "if fine." This typical London lady has always scores of mysterious engagements, and, if even only half of them are not stupid little lies, she must never have time to exchange an agreeable, leisurely hour with a mortal soul, but must run from spot to spot like a mad hare. You may be quite sure that this lady is no good to society, but certainly helps to disintegrate the social life without which my sisters cannot pursue their natural avocation of getting married. It is true enough that the woman who really can cadge enough invitations to spend three-quarters of her life in restaurants, cabs, theatres, and "crushes" maintains a thrilling as well as a very cheap existence, for so long as she lasts at it. But it commonly does not outlast her, and, if she is unmarried, she drops out of the gay crowd to swell the number of resourceless females to whom her temporary success has meant emphasised neglect. Regarding the uncommon woman who succeeds both in securing a husband and a life of gaiety—which must include endless men admirers—I have only to say that she is immune, invincible, and—a positive recommendation of women in men's eyes—men try to marry her dearest friends; she is a joy, and, if innocent of conceit, never belittles us by making a public appearance.

For the existence of my pet aversion, the ungifted gad-about, inhospitable women are greatly to blame. Mothers seem to think they have done quite enough nowadays if they invite young men to an intimate family dinner once a month, with no women guests afterwards to challenge comparison; or if they take a party to some subscription dance, or arrange a perfectly crazy home affair where the newest glides and hugs are permitted. As for the first, which is, of course, commonest in just those circles where it is fatal, no greater mistake is made than to try to evade the rivalry of foreign females with daughters. The surest way of getting a troop of daughters married (I mean, if the family is permanent anywhere) is to fill the house with rivals—one gets the other off in the subtlest unconscious way. Young men will always flock where there is a great tribe of friendly girls. If I had daughters, I should never be without two or three girl visitors, if I were obliged to hire them to come in. The subscription dance is a deadly thing, and must become more and more inimical to marriage, as men grow accustomed to meeting strange girls willing to be entertaining on the barest of introductions, and with no necessity of following up the acquaintance. Parties at these public balls are not always "mamma's." I know personally a certain countess who rakes the middle classes for safe young ladies to dance with her party of men at fashionable subscription balls. She is really a great enemy both of her own class and of ours. But the girls go, and their mothers let them, snobbishly and most cheaply pleased.

The wedding-glide and bunny-hug in a drawing-room are things I am happy to know only by hearsay. From what is told of the scene, I should say that many middle-class women have gone quite cracked. Is it to be supposed by any but the imbecile that a man will seek in life-long matrimony a female "bunny"? It is certain that these girls want to marry, and that their mothers want to get them married. But marriage takes time to arrange, and a young man with morning reflections of a perspiring wretch all bust and posterior, will surely think that sort of spectacle a tolerable lark, but no promise of domestic security. The fact that girls of reputable family are indulged in such dances, while their mothers are hunting down the prostitute, is one of the things that sometimes make me think I overrate Puritan women. They appear to have parted with even the intelligence to seem what they are not.

One bad result of inhospitable women is to make men very stingy. It is so simple just to return a dinner for a dinner, a box of chocolates for tea-cake. Like regular and moderate gambling, this sort of really unfriendly hospitality works out for a man to about equal winnings and losses. The old-fashioned masculine return for the old, thoroughly offered hospitality was to marry somebody, understanding that he had got a great bargain! How is it that this has all vanished? One reason is the "bachelor" girl who thinks that she is doing something very clever and independent in refusing to live at home; but in removing the terrible ogre, Papa, she is removing Charles's guide to honourable intentions. She is cheaply hospitable—and so is he—and there it all ends! Another reason is the convenience of trams and tubes. We are fatally accessible, fatally easy to leave. If we ourselves never on any account used the things, we should still be to seek. But here is a third reason: we do not squirm at all nowadays at the thought of travelling five miles for a cup of tea offered by telephone!

BEATRICE HASTINGS.



SIR JOSEPH REID.

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