

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

REFERRING to the "revolution in the spirit of trade unionism" which the events of the last few years have brought about, the "Times" on Wednesday deplored the fact that the recent Congress had met and dissolved without giving the nation a lead. On its own account, therefore, the "Times" was driven to say that "the essence of trade unionism is collective bargaining." So it is, and so we agree it to be; but collective bargaining, it will be found, will carry us a good deal further than the "Times" has as yet any notion. On the following day, for example, an important correspondent under the pseudonym of "X" suggested that a "proper" if not a necessary complement of collective bargaining is "collective contracting." "Let the unions," said this writer, "both of employers and employed, make themselves reciprocally liable for breach of contract. . . . Trade unions could contract *inter se* or a trade union could contract with some individual or corporation of undoubted financial stability; such as a great railway company." Our readers will see, even if the "Times" should fail to see, the bearing of this observation on our recent propaganda. It is by no means the only symptom we have observed this week of the growth of the idea of a trade union as a collective entity—as in fact, a responsible monopoly of skilled labour and a principal in industry; but its appearance in large type in the "Times" is interesting.

The "Times" remarks, however, that the new movement of trade unionism in this direction is "unfortified by any real knowledge of economics." But that is simple assertion unfortified by any argument. It is clear that the movement depends upon the definition of wages; and we are quite prepared to defend, when it is attacked, the definition upon which our case rests. That wages under the wage system are the price paid for labour as a commodity and are fixed by the cost of production, that is, by the average subsistence cost of the proletariat, are propositions simple enough to be easily refuted if they are wrong. And from these propositions follow all the deductions we have made with the beginnings, at any rate, of revolutionary effect: that legislation cannot raise wages; that amelioration is impossible; that no taxation, whether of land values or capital values, can permanently enlarge the real income of the working classes; that economic action, by which

we mean the creation of a monopoly of labour in the unions and its direction to the abolition of the wage-system and the collective partnership of the unions either with their employers or with the State, is alone of any avail towards labour's emancipation; in short, that wages can only be raised by being abolished. Startling as these conclusions may at first sight appear, they are not only consonant with our definition of wages but they are consonant with fact. Upon whatever theory the labour legislation of to-day is based, it is now demonstrated that even amelioration, let alone emancipation, is not likely to result from it. After seven or ten years of unprecedented social legislation, based, of course, on the maintenance of the wage-system, wages have actually fallen both absolutely and relatively. Absolutely they have lost nine points in the race with prices; and relatively they have seen profits outstrip them by something like twenty per cent. It is impossible, after this, to grant the Labour and Liberal and Tory Parties' contention that in the end things will work out all right for Labour. Labour has already fallen behind under the rules of Social Reform; and shows every sign of falling behind still further. Either, therefore, some new policy is necessary, or both sections of the nation must see themselves drifting further and further apart into more and more mutually hostile camps.

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We saw last week the attempt made by the City Editor of the "Daily Citizen" to dispute the definition of wages as the price paid for labour as a commodity. No more, we think, will be heard of him. Mr. Philip Wicksteed, however, has now entered the ring with an argument more sentimental than economic. Addressing, as president, the economic section of the British Association on Thursday, Mr. Wicksteed urged that psychology was at the root of economics, the laws of which could not be understood or liberally enough interpreted save by reference to the human mind. We quite agree with Mr. Wicksteed that psychology precedes economic, and, indeed, most other so-called laws of science; but the matter really cannot be allowed to end there. Ruskin, it will be remembered, entangled himself in a trinity of ethics, æsthetics, and economics, with the result that nobody can now say what his opinion was on any of the three subjects. Aristotle, likewise, as we could easily show, never cleared his economic mind of psychological clouds; and Plato deliberately did not. The point is whether we are to plunge the subject of economics back into the gloom of psychology, metaphysics, ethics, and æsthetics, or to continue to discuss it in the clear cold light in which Professor Pigou, for example, has recently left it. If

Mr. Wicksteed has any psychological light to throw upon the subject, or can invalidate by psychology any of the formulated "laws" of economics, we, at any rate, should be glad to listen to him. But his address last week was less an appeal to reason than an appeal to the gallery. The amount of wages, he said in effect, was not fixed by the subsistence cost of the proletariat, but by the value put by the buyers of labour upon it; in other words, its price depended upon sentiment. This, we reply, is not only untrue in fact, since men pay usually only what they must; but it is impossible even as an ideal, since, at the best, men can only pay what they *can*. Sentiment might conceivably lead us to wish to pay more than the market rate for labour; but sentiment would not enable us to pay it while a single competitor chose to pay the market rate and no more—and *could find labourers on those terms!* Psychology or no psychology, the outstanding fact of the situation is that *some* labourers at least are compelled to sell their labour for subsistence. But if some, then all.

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The remedy, we therefore say, is not to wish that employers would be social-minded enough to pay more wages than they need, but to inspire the proletariat with the desire to get all that they can take. In one sense, at any rate, we agree with Mr. J. A. Hobson that the yield of wages, like the yield of rent and interest, is dependent upon the "pull" enacted by the whole class. The classes of rent and interest are, we know, tacitly or formally organised as one man; so too, almost, is the class of profits. Labour, however, is still without a monopoly of its title to the product—namely, its labour; and, in consequence, receives, even competitively, less than its share. Suppose, however, that labour in its various unions creates this monopoly for itself—each union of men acting as one as now they suffer as one—the "pull" exercisable under these circumstances would be enough, we think, to pull rent, interest and profit out of their orbits. None of these latter produce; but they live by their superior organisation. Beat them at that and they cease to have any "pull" whatever. Mr. Murphy, of Dublin, strangely enough, has a better realisation of this than any of the Labour leaders who spoke in Ireland last week professionally on the men's behalf. More sense than in his speech at the Chamber of Commerce, or more nonsense than in their speeches in Sackville Street it would be hard to find in a week's march through the newspapers. From the reports in the "Freeman's Journal" we gather that our description of the Labour leaders as "Parliament-mad," is no exaggeration. Over seven hundred people had been killed or wounded in the city of Dublin in two days as a consequence of Mr. Murphy's attempt to discredit and defeat Mr. Larkin, i.e., trade unionism. You would have thought that the occasion of the organised protest of workers against this "Russian atrocity" would not have been utilised for touting for votes. Yet so it was, and for little else that we have been able to discover. Mr. Ward, for example, warned the Irish that the English way of doing things, namely, the Parliamentary way, was the "most permanent method of raising the status of the workers." Mr. Henderson had "only one regret more than another, namely, that Parliament was not sitting." Mr. Brace undertook to discuss the report of the massacre in "his stand upon the floor of the House of Commons." Mr. Lalor said that "the power of the workers was in the vote." Mr. Barnes—but we need not criticise. With one exception (Mr. Jack Jones), every speaker was either a Parliamentary candidate, a member or an ex-member; and their display of solicitude for leather, if only to be expected, was indecent. That they contributed nothing to the purpose of the meeting is clear. Mr. Larkin is still in prison, the men are still locked-out, the police and soldiery are still in attendance, and a settlement is only expected to follow starvation. Of the trade union leaders who went over to assist their Irish comrades we can say: they came, they saw, and they electioneered.

We said that Mr. Murphy had more sense than all the Labour leaders put together. About him there was no indecision; nor had he failed, as a good strategist, to reckon the enemy's as well as his own strength. Addressing the Dublin Chamber of Commerce on the occasion of its quarterly meeting, the chief business of which was to congratulate him on his campaign, Mr. Murphy said: The question is not one of wages with us, but of Larkin. Is Larkin going to manage our businesses or are we? I saw that Larkin was the enemy and I laid my plans to put an end to him. I think I have done it. Employers are more afraid of a *threat* of a strike than they are of the strike itself. So I made up my mind to counteract the threat by a lock-out. During a strike the employer can generally manage to get his three meals a day, whereas the workman has no resource in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Consequently, there were so many people seeking employment that they would take any risk to get it. *The difficulty of teaching the men this is extraordinary.* . . . We agree with Mr. Murphy that the difficulty is extraordinary. That leaders should plunge or be plunged into a strike with half their army potentially blacklegs at the end of the first twenty-four hours, is culpable; but that they should not devote all their energy to creating a monopoly and providing commissariat for a strike is criminal. Mr. Murphy, it is obvious, could not have won if either his fellow-employers were not with him, or if he could not count on an army of blacklegs. The former condition he can always have; but the latter is in the hands of trade unionists. Until they forswear Parliament, offices, magistracies, and such like gew-gaws for their leaders, and settle to the business of making the unions blackleg-proof, their strength will never be equal to that of any Murphy in the world.

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We are charged, we observe, with being anti-Parliamentarians. "Justice" charges us with it—the journal, not the idea; for, in truth, we have never denied the value of political action to those, at any rate, who already possess property. Parliament, we repeat, exists for the preservation and increase of property, but not for its distribution among those who at present possess none. The authority of Parliament in the last resort is not votes, but the power behind the vote. And since the power behind the vote is economic power, the authority of Parliament is co-extensive and identical with the power of the capitalists. Parliament, in short, will never do what capitalists in general are not inclined to do. While capitalists have power in industry, they must of necessity wield the corresponding and consequent power of politics. It follows, therefore, that if the workers are desirous of meeting and challenging capitalism the proper field is industry and economics. To go to Parliament is actually to run away from the true field of battle. Even victory in Parliament would be of no value to Labour provided employers in general decided to retain their present economic position. What could Parliament do against Mr. Murphy, still more against a class of Murphies? Shoot them down as if they were poor men? But it is the capitalists who pay the Army and the Police! The taxes paid by the poor, as we have repeatedly shown, are scarcely enough, when State doles to their class have been paid, to provide the Irish constabulary with bootlaces. On the strictest grounds of reasoning, the Army and the Police are the insurance paid by the possessing classes to keep things as they are. Incidentally, no doubt, they serve a national purpose; but economically they are Pinkertons maintained and paid by capitalism for its defence against the proletariat.

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Admitted that, unless driven by necessity, the capitalist class will not employ its forces to crush the proletariat. It does not *like* to shoot; and in that fact lies the weak spot of its armour. Rather than shoot, the capitalists will spend any amount of time and ingenuity in devising parliamentary means of making shooting unnecessary. This, in fact, is the origin of what is called Social Reform. But two remarks are to be made

here: first, that Social Reform has never yet been carried to the point of transferring a stick of property from the possessing to the non-possessing classes; and secondly, that the pace of Social Reform is absolutely determined by the pressure upon the capitalists of the alternative of shooting or reform. That capitalists fear a revolution by force is, of course, a pathetic misunderstanding. Not for a thousand years will the proletariat of any nation be able to offer its employers the choice between their money or their life. The choice that can be offered, however, is Free us or Shoot us; and since, as we say, for some strange reason connected with justice, capitalists do not *like* to shoot, freedom in the long run is possible. Social reform, at any rate, is not only possible, but is offered with alacrity where it is swallowed with avidity. Of social reform under the pressure of economic organisation (let us say, the power and the will to strike) without any political power whatever, the workers can have as much as they please. It is far from the case that social reform is most advanced in countries where Labour is politically strongest. The two things in fact are in inverse ratio. There is no Labour Member for Ireland; but Ireland has had more social reform than England with its forty Labour Members. Germany with its two hundred "Labour" members is less advanced in political and social reform than England with a fifth of its political strength. But the best example is that of South Africa. In the Union Parliament there are five Labour Members—few, it is true, but the number does not matter. For years they have been demanding this, that and the other "on the floor of the House," and all in vain. Comes a menacing strike on the Rand, with the disagreeable necessity, so fortunately damaging to the prestige, etc., of the South African capitalists, and in less than a month the labour of years of political agitation has been obtained. We do not say that the "concessions" offered by Mr. Malan to the miners are "real" concessions; they will not affect wages, and they will only partially improve conditions; but we do say that if our English parliamentary Labour Party had won a single item of the long list of reforms in a whole session of Parliament they would have paraded it everywhere as a testimony to the value of political action. "The demands of the Transvaal Miners' Association," opens Mr. Malan's communication to Reuter, "are, with few exceptions, being given effect to in draft regulations now being considered." They include a Factory Bill, an Industrial Disputes Bill, a Trade Union Bill (for the legal recognition of Trade Unions), a Workmen's Compensation Bill and several others. For those who reckon progress in terms of Labour measures, this crop of legislation is not a bad harvest as a result of a single strike. But the strike, we admit, was disorderly. Its leaders were not Justices of the Peace.

In the discussion of the subject of co-partnership at the British Association, the most interesting remarks were not Mr. Cadbury's, but Professor Ashley's. Hitherto, with the perversity of mules, the advocates of co-partnership have been ignoring the opposition of Trade Unions as if, in time, these would get over their objection to suicide. The partnership offered, we have always contended, must be partnership with the union as a union. Anything less is a declaration of war upon the whole principle and future of trade unionism. Professor Ashley, we are glad to see, took the same line at Birmingham on Thursday. "The principle of co-partnership," he said, referring, however, only to co-partnership as so far preached, "is the principle of the solidarity of the workmen of a particular concern with their employers. . . . The principle of trade unionism, on the other hand, is the solidarity of all the workmen of the whole industry in all the concerns carrying on that industry. Co-partnership is therefore necessarily opposed by trade unionism." Which of the two is destined to survive in the struggle for the re-organisation of industry Professor Ashley is also clear about. Mark his words, for they are of the utmost significance to the Labour movement and to society:

"So far as the staple industries of the country are concerned, our hope is not in the direction of destroying trade unionism, but in working with and by and through trade unionism." That is not very far off from our own opinion that trade unionism is the hope of the world.

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Principal Griffiths appears to have created some excitement by his evidence at the British Association that "dissatisfaction with the system of elementary education is the prevailing sentiment" among administrators and business men no less than among teachers and educationists. Of 121 authorities who replied to his questionnaire a majority were of the opinion that the old School Board system was better than the present system, that the method of appointing teachers is bad, that the curricula of the schools are over-crowded and that no more vocational schools should be built until elementary education has been vastly improved. Nothing in this, save perhaps the first item, causes us the least astonishment. We know, and so does everybody competent to form an opinion, that our elementary education is in as bad a way as it is possible to conceive. The sums spent upon it, the labour devoted to it, and the rottenness of the results are about equal. Professor Griffiths' suggested remedy is, however, a counsel of despair: he would like to see Sir Robert Baden-Powell made Minister of Education with plenary powers for ten years. He might as well ask for the moon. Besides, it is by no means certain that the organisation of Boy Scouts is or could be adapted to the organisation of boy-scholars. Some items from the former are perhaps of value in the latter, and the Warwickshire County Council has done well in establishing the system of "Prefects" in its schools. But the condition of adopting anything is obviously liberty—liberty, if need be, to make experiments and to fail. The liberty, however, which Professor Griffiths advocated, was confined to the two classes of least real account in our system—the children and the authorities. Between these two are the teachers who alone can make or mar any experiment. To ensure any change worth talking about in education, the impulse must first reach the teachers as a body and make them responsible whether they will or no. At present they are depressed beyond stimulus, devoid of self-respect, and in consequence desperately irresponsible. They are aware that they are not worth their salt to the nation, and, as yet, they see no hope of becoming so. Instead of talking of importing Sir Robert Baden-Powell into the system, it would be wiser to hand over the control to the National Union of Teachers. A Minister of Education with any imagination would charter the Union to administer his plans and trust to them (and not in vain) to carry them out.

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The most recent returns of accidents on our railway lines show a considerable increase over the figures for the corresponding period of last year. In the three months ended March 31 the number of deaths has increased from 245 to 284 and the number of injuries from 2,189 to 2,457. The supposition on which apparently the companies are allowed to proceed is that a proportion of casualties is their due. It is only when the proportion established by custom is raised that the public makes a fuss or the companies think it necessary to offer an apology. The fact is, however, that the proportion consecrated by custom is much too high for merely mathematical chance. Though lower on the English lines than on most lines abroad, the "accidents" are still numerous enough even in the normal period to constitute a reflection upon the management. Again, as we have already pointed out, the relation between the spirit of the railwaymen and the efficiency of the service is so close as to operate as cause and effect. With no claim to second-sight we were nevertheless able months ago to prophesy a decline in efficiency on the railways as the inevitable effect of the contumelious defeat of the men two years ago. The effects of that

defeat, we may point out, are not exhausted yet; nor will they be exhausted until a new spirit has been put into the men by yielding them some point in which their pride is engaged. Here, too, as in the case of the teachers, the real remedy is responsibility. If it has been found that the colonies are more loyal as they are more free and responsible, the same principle of delegated independence may be expected to apply to the national organisation of industry. Our contributor, Mr. Henry Lascelles, a writer of unrivalled experience in railway administration, is of the opinion that some such delegation of responsibility (Home Rule in Industry) in the case of the railways, at any rate, is not only desirable, but immediately practicable. No expert can read his articles without being convinced that guildisation of the service is inevitable.

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The political "event" of last week was the publication of Lord Loreburn's letter in the "Times" pleading for a conference on the subject of Irish Home Rule. For a season even sillier than usual, the one thing to be said in favour of the discussion is that it is, at least, a trifle nearer reality than the "Times'" last gooseberry—the intervention of the Crown in the dispute. At the same time it is far enough away from fact to be no more than a discussion for the holidays. In the first place, the nation, we should say, has had enough of front-bench conferences to last a generation. The conference that met in 1910 came to no public conclusion, and seemed, indeed, to have left matters worse than they were before. In the second place, it is well known (for we published the fact) that on that occasion the Unionists were offered compromise on the very subjects now in dispute. It was, indeed, with precisely the present contingencies in view that the Unionists declined in 1910 to come to any working arrangement on either the Parliament Act or Federalism. Thirdly, it is clear that the first condition of a profitable conference is still lacking; the Unionists will accept no limitation in advance, and the Nationalists will not abate their claim to some form of Home Rule. Finally, there is not the least warrant on the Coalition side for a conference with the Unionists on Home Rule or upon any of the other subjects involved in the Parliament Act. Few Liberals are disposed to risk a conference when they already have power in their hands, and no Nationalists and no Labour Members. To the last-named the removal of Home Rule from the forefront of English political issues is as great a necessity as its transfer to Ireland is to the Irish Nationalists. As for the official Liberals the passage of Home Rule—nay, of this very Act—is indispensable as the final seal upon the Parliament Act. Indeed, we are pretty sure that in screaming for a conference at this moment the Unionists are more concerned about the Parliament Act than about Ulster. Certainly they need an excuse for retreating from their hasty promises to support Ulster in armed rebellion; but they will find one easily enough. On the other hand, they will be able to find no excuse for repealing the Parliament Act if once a Bill like Home Rule is passed under it. Hence, we believe, these tears. That the position in Ulster is threatening we can very well believe; but it is not so threatening that the Government can, without consummate cowardice, abandon both Home Rule and the Parliament Act. The absence of any alternative Government—for the Unionists have still scarcely a whole brain among them—throws responsibility in the most complete sense upon the present Government. England does not expect Mr. Asquith to resign in favour of a party that could not form a Government; but to go on and do the best he can under difficult circumstances. Probably when the time comes, the Ulster capitalists, instead of fighting each other or facing the police and the soldiers, will be side by side behind the police fighting the wage-slaves. Mr. Larkin could easily settle Ulster.

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Why there should be a conference on Home Rule and no conference on the subject of the Insurance Act, it would be difficult for any Unionist to tell. The In-

urance Act, as everybody knows, was opposed by the mass of people likely to be affected by it; it introduced new and revolutionary principles into social legislation; it was hastily thrust through Parliament without discussion; and it threatened (and has proved) to provoke nothing but ill-feeling. But when all this was urged some two years ago, and we pleaded with the Unionists who then certainly had it in their power to defeat the Bill, to compel the Government to pause, they replied by assisting Mr. Lloyd George in every possible way. Having joined the Government against public opinion on a matter concerning two out of three of the population of England they need expect no popular support in their present appeal for assistance against the Government in a matter that concerns not one of us in a thousand. We can go further and say that even if the Government should be so feeble-minded as to resign before the Home Rule Act is brought into operation, the issue of the General Election, in England at any rate, will not be Home Rule but the Insurance Act. For this Act, far from becoming popular as it continues to work, is not even sinking into the oblivion of accepted habit. On every hand and in every home its effects are detested in proportion as they are felt. And, what is more, on the next occasion of its discussion Mr. Lloyd George will not be able to persuade the Trade Unions, the Friendly Societies, and the Doctors that their interests are bound up with the Act. The Friendly Societies, in particular, are now aware of the truth we warned them of, namely, that in competition with the Industrial Societies, they would be run off the field. By the time of the first triennial audit of their accounts, they will know just how many of their order must subside into bankruptcy; a good seventy-five per cent. of them, we estimate. The Industrial Societies, on the other hand, will prove, we are certain, to have been only too successful. That their agents are sweated is no great concern of ours; that they have superseded the "democratic" control sworn by that god-like statesman Mr. George to the insured persons, is likewise not of much concern. What is of paramount concern is that in a very little while the Industrial Societies will, by pooling their State insurance business, have practically the whole administration of the National Insurance Act in their hands.

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In view of the certainty that the next Election, whenever it comes, will turn upon the Insurance Act, both the Unionists and the Liberals may be expected to prepare promises of amendment. The Unionists, we are informed, are nosing about the bait offered by the substitution of the voluntary for the compulsory principle. Lord Robert Cecil, for example, has declared in favour of voluntary insurance. So, after his timid fashion, has Mr. F. E. Smith. So, too, behind the scenes, has the powerful member for the "Daily Mail," Lord Northcliffe. While welcoming any change that abolishes the odious and servile compulsion of the present Act, we would warn the Unionists that the abolition of compulsion is not enough to make the Act effective as well as popular. Popular such a relief would undoubtedly be; but the problems left by it would still remain to be solved. It would be all very well to leave the steady-going to make their own arrangements as they feel disposed, and they would be grateful for the privilege. But there would remain the class of the very poor who—though God knows how—insure under compulsion, but certainly would not insure if the Act were made voluntary. How do the Unionists propose to concede the advantage of voluntary insurance to the first without entailing the non-insurance of the second class? We know how Mr. Lloyd George intends to meet the cry of the Unionists for a voluntary Act; we believe we have good ground for saying that he is placidly lying in wait with a counter-cry at once more effective and popular; it is compulsory, universal, and free insurance; on the precedent of compulsory, universal, and free elementary education. What would the Unionists make of that?

Current Cant.

"Whichever way I turn I find the general public is asking for knowledge."—E. REID in the "Globe."

"Is a woman of forty too old to love?"—"Daily Sketch."

"Life after death."—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

"What has impressed me most of all in England and America is the spirit of social service."—RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

". . . my peculiar temperament."—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

"My friend, Mr. Hall Caine, in his brilliant letter. . ."

—LOUIS N. PARKER.

"I begin the day with a cup of tea and a couple of rusks, then I sit down for an hour or so . . . then I proceed to take a bath."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"People are no longer afraid of the truth."—W. B. MAXWELL.

"We see with very great regret that an extremely ugly new word is trying to gain admission into the English language."—"Daily Mirror."

"In the twentieth century there is going to be an astonishing intellectual uplifting, thanks mainly to the press."—SIR GEORGE REID.

"Mr. Henry Arthur Jones promises us one more renaissance of the English stage, and we can assure him with equal confidence of the critical loyalty of all playgoers . . . our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, await this new avatar with receptivity redoubled and high spirit."—EGAN MEW in the "Academy."

"I think that everything is to be gained and nothing to be lost by Labour members who do not believe in the Labour Party attitude openly and honestly leaving that party and going to the Liberal Party."—RAMSAY MACDONALD.

"On the whole, as far as sickness is concerned, the poor are nowadays well protected from the quack."—"Daily Express."

"Dr. Cassel's Tablets act more brilliantly than any other medicine."—ADVERTISEMENT in the "Daily Express."

"Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play shows him at the top of his bent."—C. B. PURDON in "Everyman."

"A walk through the London parks on a Sunday afternoon would soon convince the sceptic of the need for Christian apologetics."—"Morning Post."

"It is the business of employees to serve the public, not to engage in political agitation."—Messrs. INGLIS.

CURRENT SENSE.

"Much of my time is occupied in earning my living."—ARNOLD WHITE.

CURRENT DRAMA.

"He prepares the cursed juice of Hebenon in a vial—in other words, in a glass of sherry—and is just lifting it to his lips, when a chunk of mortar from the ceiling drops on his head."—"Evening News," on the Drury Lane Drama.

CURRENT CRIME.

"In connection with my recent statements with regard to 'Jack the Ripper' . . ."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE Far East again—the Japanese flag insulted, officers murdered, a demand for an indemnity, and, what is of greater importance, for an extension of the lease of Port Arthur, which expires, under present arrangements, in 1923, when Japan would refuse in any case to give the place back to China. Too much notice should not be paid to one aspect of the new crisis—for crisis it is, and a serious one. We read of the infuriated populace attacking the Foreign Office in Tokio because the authorities there were not taking sufficiently active steps against China. The fact is, the Japanese populace is always at the disposal of the Government; and it is easier—though this statement will hardly be believed—to arrange for a Mafeking night in Tokio than in London.

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It is one of the features of the modern history of the Far East—by modern I mean the last century or so—that a Japanese attempt to get a foothold on different parts of the mainland was always preceded by some incident such as the murder of Japanese traders or officers. The case of Korea will readily occur to the memory; and Southern Manchuria has been lost to Russia by a similar piece of manœuvring. It is a fair assumption, in the circumstances, that no Japanese need have been killed unless the Tokio Government thought the moment opportune for another little adventure, either a short and sharp military expedition or a financial gamble of an important character in some matter where Japanese participation was not wanted. If, indeed, I did not know that this was the case, a glance at the news to be read between the lines of the telegrams would be sufficient to assure me or anyone else of the determination of the Japanese Government to get a grip on China. There is no reason at the moment, however, for her attempt to do so to lead to actual warfare; and indeed the condition of the Chinese Republic just now is such that a war is hardly necessary to make the country crumble to pieces.

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I have often emphasised in these hospitable columns the necessity, in Oriental countries, for a supreme head, a sole ruler. When such a head is lacking, or when his place is taken by a Parliament, the resultant dissensions and conflicts of opinion lead inevitably to disaster. We saw the effect of the deposition of Abdul Hamid and the Shah of Persia; and I think I ventured to prophesy in this paper at the time that China, unless the circumstances were very exceptional, would go the same way. It is useless to point to Japan, as so many people do here, as an example of an Oriental country which has prospered under a constitutional assembly; for the Diet is even more under the thumb of the Emperor than the Reichstag is under the thumb of the Kaiser or the Duma under the thumb of the Tsar. Unfortunately for the integrity of China, the supreme power has been vested in Yuan-Shi-Kai only at intervals, and then only after the most desperate and cunning intrigues on the part of the old statesman. President Yuan had first of all to deal with an almost intolerable financial situation, then, with a divided country, then with Russian annexations and intrigues in Mongolia, then with the rebellion in the South, and finally, after once more trying to master his financial difficulties, with this Japanese affair. And he has had no help. The European Ministers in Peking, of course, have rendered him some assistance, but not the assistance which can come from the Chinese people, and from them alone. The President deserves the highest praise, for only a man of very exceptional capacity could possibly have managed to hold the country together in the unusual circumstances.

* * *

We must now assume that the Japanese, after a careful survey of the situation—for they never set to work

rashly—have come to the conclusion that China may safely be attacked, at first by diplomacy and then by force. In diplomacy Yuan-Shi-Kai can hold his own with any Oriental in the world, but if the Japanese Government decides to ignore the smooth phrases of the negotiator it will be difficult for President Yuan to oppose any demands it may care to put forward. Even if the Chinese army were united in support of the President—which is much too large an assumption to make at present—the country lacks the money, without which it is difficult to carry on a war in the Far East, even though the recent struggle among the Balkan Allies has tended to show that there are circumstances in war where money is not necessarily the primary factor.

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I do not wish at present to plague the reader with long and dull references to the various treaties which have been entered into in connection with China, either directly between China and foreign Powers, or between foreign Powers with respect to China. I think it advisable, however, to give one short extract from the Treaty of Peace which concluded the war between Japan and Russia (September 5, 1905). Article VI stipulates that "Le Gouvernement Impériale de Russie s'engage à céder au Gouvernement Impériale du Japon, sans compensation, avec le consentement du Gouvernement de Chine, le chemin de fer entre Tchouan-Tchouan (Kouan-Tchen-Tsy) et Port Arthur, et tous ses embranchements, avec tous les droits, privilèges et propriétés y appartenant dans cette région, ainsi que toutes les mines de charbon dans la dite région, appartenant à ce chemin de fer ou en exploitation pour son profit."

* * *

The last clause, it is obvious, is susceptible of very wide interpretation—especially in view of the final paragraph of the article, which, with a certain grim humour, adds that "The two High Contracting Parties agree to obtain from the Government of China the consent mentioned in the foregoing stipulation." Japan herself is now going to "obtain" from the Government of China a few other privileges—not that she has had none before; for the entire history of China during the nineteenth century is a series of grants, concessions, and submissions.

* * *

The people who advise us on these matters talk vaguely of a Japanese occupation of Foochow and Amoy. Both these places are treaty ports and British trade has a "right" to enter them. But then we are the allies of Japan, and we should not care to undertake active interference. In this connection, by the way, it is interesting to note that there are persistent reports in Peking to the effect that China is to borrow a German general or two and two or three hundred officers for the purpose of training the Chinese army in the way it should fight. This little scheme is to cost, so this very detailed and circumstantial rumour adds, the sum of 4,000,000 marks, of which Messrs. Krupp have kindly undertaken to provide 1,000,000 marks. This, I think, was the only paper to mention the great interest Messrs. Krupp took in the Balkan War, and how, so long as that interest was maintained, Bulgaria never seemed to lack money. It is significant enough that these financial activities of the great Krupp firm should now be referred to, even if only in a circumstantial rumour, in connection with the unrest in China and the decision of Japan to make hay while the weather remains favourable.

* * *

Various negotiations are still proceeding with respect to (1) the Bagdad Railway, (2) Albania, (3) the Ægean Islands, (4) the new Turkish boundaries, and (5) loans. The Bulgarians, not being able for the time being to do anything better, seem willing to allow Turkey to retain, not merely Adrianople, but Mustafa Pasha as well, and two or three important strategic posts in the neighbourhood of Adrianople.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

It is the evil of bureaucracy that men's minds are diverted by it from the essential to the unessential; from the spirit to the letter; from reality to the regulations. From a guiding principle law becomes a hindering one; energy and initiative are extinguished, and in the end we are treated to the edifying spectacle of man's ruin at the hands of the machine which he has created for his own assistance.

* * *

When men have to manage some large institution such as an army, they soon discover the necessity of proceeding upon some fixed plan. If you wish things to work smoothly, you must work them by rule. It is impossible to allow one case to be settled one day in one manner and a precisely similar case to be settled the next day in another manner. The injustice of such a proceeding and the consequent uncertainty in the minds of men will play havoc with the machinery. Subordinates, unable to foresee whether any particular course of action which they may follow will result in promotion or dismissal, will either refuse to take responsibility altogether, or become reckless and take too much. In short, you will be cursed with anarchy and the fruits thereof, which may be pleasing to some palates, but which are not the diet on which to feed an army.

* * *

To solve this difficulty have been created regulations, precedent, and red-tape. Normal and predictable occurrences are ruled by the regulations. The abnormal and unexpected is settled by ad hoc decisions founded as far as possible upon precedent. The abuse of this system is called "Red Tape." To a large extent it is unavoidable. Like other evils consequent upon our fallen nature, it can only be kept in bounds, and even that is only possible where the men who make the regulations and give the decisions are in intimate touch with reality. Shut a man up in an office with books and he will become a pedant, and the more conscientious he is, the more pedantic he will become. But no man becomes a pedant who is face to face with necessity, with real crises, real wants, and who, above all, has some real task to achieve without any too much time to achieve it. (For, as we shall see, it is largely out of leisure that the refinements of official pedantry grow.)

* * *

These conditions are at any rate reasonably fulfilled so long as the men who make and interpret the regulations are the men who have to administer them. Such men will see things in their proper proportion, and will not need to be reminded that regulations were made for the Army, and not the Army for regulations. If they ever do get off the rails and make impracticable rules, the resulting confusion (with which they themselves will have to deal), will soon recall them to their senses. So far as a human organisation can be prevented from decaying, this constant touch with reality will prevent it.

* * *

But now let us assume an institution in which the persons who make and interpret the rules are not the persons who administer them, and where in consequence the fool is not "up against" the results of his own folly; where, in short, A can make ridiculous mistakes without ever realising that he has done so, simply because B, who is in quite another department, has to bear them. What shall we find there? My dear companions in adversity, we shall find the "baboo," a despicable creature, who is at his worst in His Majesty's Indian Empire, but is in no wise confined to it, flourishing as he does in the financial departments of the War Office, where he has caused more harm than any number of those thieving contractors whom he is so unsuccessful at keeping within bounds.

The trouble arises from that necessary but dangerous expedient, the division of labour. Your financial work having grown beyond all limits, you create to deal with it a special department composed of civilians or of military officers who are practically civilians, and to these you entrust the formulation and administration of rules dealing with finance. And there your troubles begin. These men rapidly become a law unto themselves and an affliction to others. They are not in touch with the Army. They do not understand, and cannot understand, the needs and troubles of the Army, or appreciate the effect of what they do upon the Army. If the Army works badly they do not suffer, neither do they gain if it works well. On the other hand, they do gain very considerably, both in kudos and in material advancement by any increase in the power of their department, in its hold over other departments, and in the amount of work which there is for it to perform.

* * *

Again, in order to be able to meet the extra demands of war it is necessary to maintain during peace a larger staff than is needed, many members of which have accordingly more energy than work. Having no real tasks to perform, these gentlemen spend their time in making tasks—in refining upon the regulations, and in quibbling, and in evolving new interpretations of old rules, and so forth, all of which is an endless worry to everybody else (however, as we have said, your baboo does not feel the results of that), but increases their own kudos, and the prestige and influence of their department.

* * *

This is, of course, a trouble in other Government offices too. It is so serious that one would be justified in stating that the characteristic evil of bureaucracy lies not in the neglect of work (as those who know nothing about it constantly affirm), but in its unnecessary increase and over-elaboration. I am convinced that the machine would work more smoothly if during peace certain departments of the War Office were forbidden to work more than a couple of hours a day. For their own sakes they would then be compelled to simplify instead of to elaborate; to decide quickly on common-sense grounds instead of slowly on imaginary ones; to let well alone, and to retire to their proper place in the scheme of things. The financial regulations, which now occupy, heaven knows how many warrants and books, would be shorn of their silly complexity and reduced to reason; for simplicity is inevitable when there is no time to quibble. But unfortunately men, and especially Englishmen, will work even when work is not required—will make themselves a trouble to all and sundry when nothing is really wanted except to come and draw their pay. Idleness has its uses. We all know what a famous statesman said upon the subject of "too much zeal." Incidentally, it may be remarked that there is only one nation more uselessly industrious than our own, and that is the German. And what its bureaucracy is nobody knows who has not come into touch with it.

BELLES LETTRES.

For Poetry I do not care
 A tinker's cuss—it's bally rot.
 But Poets are—I do declare—
 A mighty entertaining lot.
 Why, Burns was nearly always tight,
 And Baudelaire a filthy cur;
 Verlaine a pimp and sodomite,
 And Byron an adulterer.
 Villon a ponce—his mildest crime—
 And most of them were quite as bad.
 They had the dickens of a time—
 They nearly all were foxed or mad.
 And those who are alive to-day
 Are just the same, or worse, no doubt.
 Oh, when they've safely passed away,
 There'll be some spicy tales come out.
 So though I do not care a rap
 What poets write or poets wrote,
 If yarns about them are on tap,
 I trust that I'll be there to note! I LO MINDEN.

Towards a National Railway Guild.—IX.

REVERTING to the constructive side of railway guild working it is again necessary to describe the present system of management in those features which are most easily adaptable to the proposed new conditions.

The head of any well managed industrial undertaking displays one side of his business acumen by the extent to which he keeps in touch with the responsible executive under him, and encourages all ideas which may develop into practical utility. It depends upon the size of the undertaking whether this feature is one of mere personal intercourse or a definite system of organisation.

Thorough organisation is the great secret of efficient railway management. Each officer has his clearly defined duties and responsibilities, but he constantly sees exceptional conditions arising which may affect his responsibilities in common with those of officers of similar position at other places on the line, and even at places on other companies' lines.

The machinery for ventilating difficulties as they arise, and for propounding, comparing, and selecting ideas bearing upon them, with a view to evolving working regulations, varies with different companies according to their methods of organisation.

With all companies it is an understood thing that any feature out of the ordinary course, which may contain elements likely to develop into some degree of importance, is at once reported to the head authority by correspondence, and the majority of smaller questions are treated and settled in that way.

It will be evident, however, that commercial, constructional, or train working questions must constantly arise that affect more than one section or department as well as various places, and if all such had to be personally adjudicated upon by the general manager his hands would be more than full.

To meet such varying circumstances a highly organised company has a more or less strictly ordained system of meetings to which officers of the same grade from different places bring their conundrums for solution; and in case of a deadlock, the head is there to issue his fiat.

For instance, separate meetings take place, more or less regularly, or as occasion arises for such meetings, of goods agents of a district, passenger agents, canvassers, district goods managers, district passenger superintendents, goods or passenger train superintendents, conciliation boards (!), and these meetings are usually presided over by a district goods manager, district superintendent, goods manager, superintendent of the line, or general manager, according to the nature of the meeting and the importance of the subjects down for discussion.

Matters which have interest for all companies, especially if they affect the railway clearing house system and call for some definite ruling to be followed by all companies, are discussed by committees and decided at meetings of companies parties to the clearing system; which necessitates regular inter-company official meetings of the various ranks separately, such as general managers' meetings, superintendents' meetings, goods managers' meetings, accountants' meetings, mineral managers' meetings, Continental managers' meetings, etc., and there are standing expert committees of each to settle details and clearly define points at issue, expressing opinions or otherwise as may be necessary for guidance of the full meetings.

It is by a continuation and elaboration of this system of meetings that a National Railway Guild would have to work in the beginning in order to bring gradually into effect a unified management, and ensure the development of every economy and efficiency.

There would be, of course, the essential difference that the officers would be freed from all parochial considerations and the point of view be widened, so that

the national railway system would be administered as a unit, and the administration be not hampered by technical adjustments of separate companies' interests.

The reorganisation necessary would involve much clerical work, but fortunately the unification would at once set free a large staff for the purpose which at the present time is engaged on work necessary only because of duplication of companies and apportionment amongst them of moneys received for interchange work. There would at once be available some two thousand officers and clerks of the railway clearing house, and all those officers and clerks of the companies whose present duties would be rendered unnecessary by the new system.

Questions for consideration would require to be codified as a first step, and the proper committees appointed to deal with them, revised definitions of the responsibilities of the meetings being laid down.

For a time the various officers of the numerous companies could remain in charge of their individual sections, departments of the same character being gradually assimilated and the whole line converted into new divisions.

For example, meetings would be necessary of the following head officials, respectively, of all existing companies:—General managers, secretaries, goods managers, mineral managers, superintendents, rolling stock officers, engineers, surveyors and estate agents, signal and telegraph superintendents, accountants, steamship officers, etc.

The matters for decision by these heads of divisions would arise both in themselves and by questions raised at committees of, say, station agents, stationmasters, station foremen, station inspectors, and meetings of the various departmental heads mentioned in former articles.

In this way would be re-formed a system of management by which would be stimulated ideas and suggestions of improved working from those acquainted with the actual conditions, with the important incentive that savings of labour would soon mean short hours, and no loss but improvement of pay in all grades would follow economies; with the certainty that every economy instead of going to the swelling of dividends would be reaped by the guild members themselves.

Under nationalisation, or company amalgamation, individual general stimulation of ideas would be missing, as officers and men would be required to devise means, first, of reducing the numbers of men, then of reducing the numbers of officers, in the full knowledge that the ultimate results would not materially reduce the hours to be worked or effect any substantial improvement of wages or pay.

As I have indicated, many committees would be necessary, and I would carry the democratic system to its limits by encouraging meetings of all grades; for the actual work recorded at such meetings would by no means represent the full advantages of them. The outlook would be broadened, and the capacity of everyone improved; ideas and practical proposals would be the natural outcome; and a spirit of understanding and toleration would be generated from which officers and men of higher efficiency would spring.

When a choice between nationalisation of railways and company amalgamations is discussed, the former is always associated with "Bureaucracy," and vague hints are given of the evils which would follow such a new departure, the assumption being encouraged that nationalisation and bureaucracy are inseparable. So they are; and so are company amalgamations and bureaucracy; and again ordinary disintegrated company management and bureaucracy are inseparable. The one effective method of management is the bureaucratic method, and, as I have shown, we have it already. By steadily avoiding looking at the actual facts and admitting them, the public is led to believe that any scheme of nationalisation must carry with it additional appointments of numerous Government officials. Then the door is open to political patronage, and the way is clear to saddle the industry with another

form of parasite in place of the usual benevolent dividend drawers.

Let it be understood clearly that a National Railway Guild need not carry with it the appointment of a single additional bureaucrat. One able Guild president, selected from the large number of eligible officers, could be made answerable to Parliament and the public for the efficient administration of his charge, and there need be no more national political influence introduced into the railway management than there is in the management of municipal trams. The latter, of course, are subject to local politics, but to my mind, unnecessarily so. If it is possible to define the obligations of separate railway companies to Parliament by Acts of Parliament, and provide machinery in the shape of the Board of Trade Railway Department and the Railway Commissioners for ensuring that these obligations are carried out without internal interference with the private company management, it should not be difficult to prescribe the obligations of a National Railway Guild by Guild Charter, and refrain from the appointment of a swarm of Government officials to swell the already over numerous bureaucratic officials which private companies have found it impossible to work without—and be it remarked that private dividend-seeking companies do not appoint officials from benevolent motives with the consent of shareholders.

It might be necessary to make certain of the existing officials responsible for reporting annually to the Board of Trade upon the financial soundness of the Guild and efficiency of plant and property, but even here this should depend upon the nature of the assistance received by the Guild from the State at the transfer of the undertaking from private companies, and would only affect such officials as auditors and engineers.

HENRY LASCELLES.

Towards a Voluntary Act.

By Margaret Douglas.

THE fight against the Insurance Act has made good progress during the past few months. The advocates of compulsory Insurance Act seem to have disappeared silently and suddenly, leaving the luckless Mr. Garvin sole defender of the "principle" on which all parties agreed so readily in the summer of 1911. Oh, no! I must beg pardon, for, according to the "Leinster Leader" of August 9, there is on the Tullamore District Council a certain Mr. Graham on whom Mr. Garvin may count as an ally. When a resolution was read from the Bawnboy District Council in favour of non-compulsory insurance, this gentleman remarked that he "thought the Act would prove a benefit" and added with delightful inconsequence, that "it would become a dead letter if it should not be compulsory!" Such are to-day the supporters of compulsion. I exclude, of course, from my reckoning the large employers of labour, the Prudential agents and directors, the official-minded persons who hope for jobs, and those who have gratefully received them, as being disqualified by pecuniary interest from voting on this question. But for these you may hold a public meeting at every street corner from Land's End to John o' Groats, and carry your resolution in favour of voluntary insurance with scarce a dissentient voice.

What has happened to all the good ladies and gentlemen who thought compulsory thrift must be "so good for" the poor? Where are all the politicians who declared (in a successful attempt to frighten the Tories) that there was no other alternative to compulsory contributions but free insurance for all? Where are all the lecturers who taught the workers the abominable cry that the man who did not insure was a "parasite"? I cannot believe that Heaven has received all these people, so I conclude that they have retired to the dark and desolate corners of the earth to think out a new stock of arguments in preparation for the coming Insurance Act General Election.

They will have no easy task. The cold and un-

answerable logic of the arguments against compulsory insurance, the disillusioning experience of the people under such a scheme, the simplicity of the voluntary alternative, are all against them.

Of the arguments, the first and most fundamental is the absurdity of having to call in the police in order to make men and women pocket a gift of money. The meanest intellect can appreciate and take advantage of a 9d. for 4d. investment, and the threat of a ten pound fine on the workers who hesitate to plunge into this speculation, must have the effect of raising doubts as to its genuineness. One can easily picture the face of Lord Murray or Sir Rufus Isaacs if an offer of Marconi shares at inside prices had been accompanied by a threat that if they refused to buy they would be sent to gaol! This aspect of the Insurance fraud has been emphasised with good effect at every meeting held by the resisters. The Prudential agent, putting intelligent questions from the outskirts of the audience, the solemnly indignant Liberal in front, are alike silenced for ever by the query: "If the Act is giving 9d. for 4d., why was it necessary to make it compulsory?"

The working experience of the Act has been no less instructive. Compulsion, coupled with the demoralising cry of 9d. for 4d., has induced a spirit that seeks to get back contributions in benefits. Now, it is of the essence of insurance that the payments during health should be considered preferable to benefits and ill-health? It was impossible, however, to import the German Act without the accompanying German disease of malingering, and our medical experts will now have to focus their attention—not on methods of improving health—but on devising systems of medical referees and inspectors, and forms of diagnosis which shall protect the societies from the conscious and unconscious malingerer. Here, as in Germany, we shall watch the gradual lengthening of the period of recovery after disease as well as accident. Here, as there, the referees, umpires, inspectors, and learned treatises will fail to stop the evil while they will throw unjust suspicion on many genuine sufferers. The only remedy for "pension-hysteria," as it is termed on the continent, is voluntarism. The friendly societies have already realised this, and would welcome the change, while trade union officials are still talking grandiloquently about the man who would not "make provision" without compulsion. This is the very man who being forced to pay, perhaps out of an inadequate wage, will tend to consume more than his share of the common fund.

Contributory insurance is essentially a voluntary act. Non-contributory insurance, which the rank and file of trade unionists earnestly desire, and in favour of which the Labour Party pass faint-hearted resolutions, has been made impossible by the acceptance of a compulsory contributory scheme. Having successfully placed the burden of insurance on the workers, I do not think any Government we are likely to get during the next ten years will abandon the wages tax as a source of revenue. What would become of our friend the Prudential under such a scheme?

Besides, it is unthinkable that we should have the courage to sweep away at a stroke of the pen all the officials, inspectors, referees, actuaries, commissioners, advisory committees, joint committees, makers of red-tape regulations, cards and stamps. The vested interests are too strong. We have lost our power for any sudden, strong, and vigorous action of this kind, and must be content with more gradual methods.

The transition from compulsory to voluntary insurance is a simple matter, and need not entail any interference with the existing benefits nor any cessation of their flow. For instance, the workers could be told that at the end of a given quarter they need no longer bring cards to their employer, but should in future pay whatever weekly contributions they could afford direct to their society or club. The employers would be told that on and from this date they must pay wages in full without deduction, and that they had no further right to interfere with the insurance arrangements of their employees.

The money now contributed by employers, some nine or ten millions a year, could be raised by the State, either by a special tax on profits, or an extension of existing taxes on the well-to-do, or employing classes, and this sum, together with the present State contribution—Mr. Lloyd George's ingenious equivalent of 2d.—would be paid into the funds of the approved societies as a subsidy for the voluntary thrift of the members.

The man who could afford the full weekly 4d. would receive the full benefits of the present Act; the man who could only spare 2d. would receive a proportionate subsidy and could choose which of the benefits he wished to obtain. Both men and women should be entitled to the full benefits of the subsidy up to 4d., and any sums the worker could afford over and above that amount would be private and un-subsidised insurances.

Some slight financial adjustments should be made. For instance, it would simplify the accountancy to make the present State contribution of "the equivalent of 2d.," or two-ninths of the benefits paid out equal to the amount required annually for reserve values. The two amounts roughly correspond, and though there might be a slight economy to the State, it would be more than compensated to the societies by new simplicity of administration.

A certain number of persons would fall out of insurance directly compulsion was removed; these would be, for the most part, clerks, governesses, school-masters, hospital nurses, and some domestic servants. The money now spent on a subsidy for their unwilling contributors would be set free to be devoted to (a) real insurance for unhealthy and uninsurable lives, now in the Post Office section; and (b) free insurance for low paid workers.

No State interference or control would be required for such a scheme beyond a simple form of Government audit for the protection of the taxpayer and perhaps some machinery for dealing with the doctors who are taking kindly to State protection, and might not consent to work for the Friendly Societies again, otherwise the whole machinery of cards, commissioners, and hosts of inspectors could be left to abolish itself, and the staff absorbed into other Government departments as opportunity allowed. Finally, the sanatorium benefit should be taken right out of the scheme and made a national charge. It is absurd to attempt to stamp out consumption by stamped cards. The uninsured child requires treatment more urgently perhaps and with better hopes of success than the insured parents, but is denied it at present; the logical result of compulsory notification is State treatment and all parties are agreed as to the grave shortcomings of the present system.

It is significant that whereas a year ago no support could be secured for proposals such as these in Unionist circles, to day the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Express," and the "Globe" are unanimous in their demand that the Unionist Party shall make "no compulsion" one of their planks at the next General Election, while the reticent "Morning Post" has gone so far as to inquire: "Are we to continue patching up and mending this detested measure, or are we to listen to the cry that it should be made voluntary?" (July 16, 1913). Lord Robert Cecil has boldly advocated the abolition of compulsion, and Mr. F. E. Smith has asked whether the compulsory part of the Act has been justified by results. Even these two experienced politicians will be surprised at the amount of support they will receive when their party is publicly and whole-heartedly committed to the voluntary principle. The Liberals who have writhed themselves into all sorts of impossible positions, and taken refuge in every kind of illiberal doctrine in the attempt to defend the indefensible, stand by compulsion and will fall by it.

Meanwhile at this eleventh hour the resistance movement has been enormously encouraged by the formation of a trade union committee having for its object the organisation of a strike against the Poll-tax.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

II. Stamboul and Pera.

THE views from Pera are magnificent. There may be other charms about the place, but I have not discovered them. Suddenly, in its pretentious, modern but malodorous streets there comes a gap in the high wall of buildings and one sees the Bosphorus and coloured Scutari fringing the hills of Asia, or perhaps the Golden Horn, with Kasim Pasha in the middle foreground and Stamboul beyond. But enjoyment of such glimpses is considerably impaired by the insufferable nature of the population, which, however fashionably dressed, would seem to consist entirely of disreputable and offensive persons. These make nothing of shouldering you off the pavement, or dragging you aside with hands. No woman, I have been assured by Turkish and European ladies, however modest her appearance, is safe from insult in these streets. Stamboul is much to be preferred in this respect. There must be decent people in the place, for it is the Christian and European quarter, contains the embassies and several churches; but they have no influence upon the general atmosphere of vice and rank vulgarity. Contrasted with the stricter morals and puritanical decorum of the Turks, Pera and its neighbour, Galata, are a huge plague spot—a parasitic growth which threatens Turkey with corruption. Yet Pera and its population stand for everything which the Powers of Europe esteem worthy of protection in the Ottoman Empire. One morning, turning off the main street where it narrows suddenly, I came upon a barber's window with this legend: "Rendezvous de l'aristocratie pérote." I stood still with amazement, staring. Specimens of the Pera aristocracy appeared within—smirking, self-satisfied, of haughty mien. "Rendezvous of the Peran aristocracy." To what a depth had a once noble word descended that it could be used to designate the scum of the Levant! I have taken Turks to see the barber's shop and shown them the inscription, to their great delight. On my first evening in Constantinople, I took a walk up the Grande Rue. On either pavement moved a fashionable throng of Greek and European demi-mondaines, with their natural complement of men in billycocks, crush hats and fezes. Every face of which I caught a glimpse in passing was animal or cunning, and seemed bent upon immediate pleasure. From brightly-lighted cafés came gay sounds of music. The picture-theatres and a place of entertainment labelled "Skating" appeared to be doing a brisk trade. I could not but remember that most of the persons who kept pushing past me, intent upon amusement, were Ottoman subjects, and that the Ottoman Empire was fighting for its life not thirty miles from this main street of Pera, where the cannon at Chatalja had been plainly heard. What recked they? They were Christians, and the Turks Mahomedans. As Christians they desired the downfall of the Turks, and would have liked to see a Christian king—no matter which—arrive as conqueror. As Christians they must take their pleasure in a land of grief. The Turkish law accorded them this freedom: the Turkish police, patrolling the long street in pairs, guns slung across their backs, secured it to them. They might have been restrained or chidden for their gaiety, their theatres might have been closed until the war was over; their lives were never in the slightest danger. But they thought they were. All the rumours of intended massacres of Christians, all the reports of Turkish fana-

ticism which filled our newspapers at the beginning of the war, originated in their groundless fears. Invertebrate, they cringe when scared, grow insolent when conscious of another's strength supporting them. Once assured of powerful protection by the presence of the foreign warships in the Bosphorus, their demeanour became such as no other people but the Turks would have endured—so I have been assured by people who were in Constantinople all the while, and so I can believe from what I also witnessed. Bluejackets were landed for their protection last November when the Bulgarian army broke on the Chatalja lines—a crowning insult to the Moslem population; which, however, took no notice, they could not be enraged. The only disorders in Constantinople during the war have been the brawls of drunken sailors from the foreign warships. At the time when the Bulgarians first reached Chatalja, and it was thought that they might take the city, a prelate of the Greek Church in Constantinople died, and was buried there with full ceremonial, Turkish troops keeping the road for the procession. Suppose a Roman Catholic army to threaten the city of Belfast—the parallel was suggested to me by an Englishman who had just come from the North of Ireland—and a Roman Catholic bishop in Belfast to die just then, would he be allowed a public funeral? Again, on Holy Thursday of this year there was a free fight in and around the big Greek church at Pera, different groups of persons in the congregation contending for the right to carry in procession the great cross. Men were stabbed and fell; women fainted; the great cross was broken in the scrimmage; the bishop struck out with his staff upon the sea of heads. The Turkish police upon the spot proved insufficient to put down the riot. A force of mounted men was brought from Shishleh, which at length succeeded in restoring order, and conveyed the wounded to the nearest hospital.

Well, such is Pera. During my short stay there I spent the hours of daylight mostly in Stamboul. On the day of my arrival I walked into Aya Sofia and a smaller mosque hard by, of which I never knew the name. Aya Sofia had been full of refugees from Thrace and Macedonia; and though most of these had been removed to camps (so-called) upon the coast of Asia, a few family groups still remained huddled together in the great closed porch. Their appearance, the result of Christian onslaught, might well have roused fanaticism in Mohammedans. As I was entering the mosque itself, a Khôja asked me very courteously to be so good as to take off my hat—a thing I had not dared to do, being used to Arabs, among whom removal of the headdress is still regarded as an act of rudeness. He explained that had I worn a fez I must have kept it on. No other word or look addressed to me, on that or any other of my wanderings, suggested that the difference of faith was even recognised.

Some soldiers newly come from Asia, strolling round as I was, joined themselves to me when they found that I could read the texts and holy names upon the walls, seeming profoundly grateful for the small enlightenment. The Khôja who had asked me to take off my hat, discovering in this way that I knew some Arabic, came up presently and took me out to an adjacent mausoleum where was a fine manuscript of the Koran, the soldiers following. He made me read a page aloud in the right tone of voice, to show the custodian of the tomb that I could really do it. There were "Ma sh' Allah's. And then they all began to talk to me in Turkish, of which I then knew only a few simple phrases. I explained in Arabic my disability with shrugs and gestures, and took my leave, amid a perfect storm of benedictions.

Though it was still the month of February (old style) we enjoyed a spell of real spring weather, making it possible to walk with some amount of pleasure. There is a vast expanse of ruins in the middle of Stamboul, the work of the great fire two years ago. Grey mounds

and bits of wall, with here an arch and there the pillar of a minaret left standing, cover a hill-side sloping to the Sea of Marmora; across which on clear days one saw the hills of Broussa and a shimmer of the snows which crown the Mysian Olympus. The poorer Turks, who love all open places with a view, have made of it a pleasure ground. Children's kites of many colours fluttered above it in the blue, no doubt perplexing the real kites and crows and white-winged sea birds. Groups of children were at play among the mounds, while groups of elders sat or strolled about, invariably with their faces towards the sea. But the waste was so extensive that one could be quite alone there. When the thud of cannon came out of the distance the noise the children made in playing had a certain pathos. It was the one sound of rejoicing in Stamboul.

In the streets one heard no music and no singing—sounds so essential to the life of Eastern cities that I listened for them. One missed the usual jokes and laughter in the markets. Now and then the rub-dub of a drum was heard; a banner and a motley group of men and boys, white beards among them, all excited, appeared at a street-end, marching briskly to the drum's beat. They were volunteers for the front. Each morning several drums and flags set out and all day long paraded different quarters of the city. When evening came and the recruiting parties met again, the collection almost always passed two thousand, often even passed three thousand men. And all the while, along the great main arteries trained troops, newcome from Asia, were tramping towards the seat of war. There were soldiers upon every boat which crossed from Haidar Pasha to the Bridge, soldiers encamped at Scutari and Gyuz-tepeh and many other points upon the coast of Asia, soldiers at San Stefano, soldiers in every barracks of the capital. One morning, when I took a carriage to drive out to the Edeyrneh Gate, a long file of men in khaki uniforms with grey shawls round their heads, each leading a sturdy Arab pony charged with his belongings, was passing my hotel. It stretched as far as I could see in both directions. Driving beside it down the hill and over the free bridge, I did not pass the head of the procession till I reached the open space before the Conqueror's mosque, in the heart of Stamboul. The distance must be quite three miles. And they were well appointed, well-found men, those soldiers—no longer the sad scarecrows that one used to see in Turkey. Thanks to Mahmud Shevket.

But if a stream of disciplined and well-dressed troops flowed daily out towards San Stefano, a thinner, slower stream of wretched ones set back towards the sovereign city. One evening, when returning to my hostelry along the Pera street I noticed in the dressed-up crowd a tendency to stop and line the kerb-stone—and saw the Levantines exchanging laughs and merry winks. Craning my neck to see what the fun was, I saw:—

About three hundred wounded Turkish soldiers, walking two and two, and holding hands; dragging their feet along, with drooping heads. One or two, more stalwart, kept up some kind of a song to cheer the rest. War-stained, travel-stained, their honest peasant faces each with its look of pain, they took no heed of the amusement of that fashionable throng, trudging along with their grave patience—Anatolian Turks, the most long-suffering and kind of races, to which no Power of Europe gives a thought. Therefore they are dirt to the "aristocratic perote," who feed on them. Because they pray to God five times a day they are fanatical; because they have not been to mission schools they are barbarians; and when they come back wounded in their country's cause, their condition is fit theme for gibes and laughter. They had the presumption to fight for their own land against superior, civilised Christians who desire to take it. It is a joke to see how well they have been hacked about. The Christians line their Via Dolorosa. They are jeered at in the streets of their own capital. Ah, the fanaticism of the Turks, dear Christian brethren!

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

In the spring of 1895, O'Donovan Rossa came over to England, the sole object of the old Fenian chief being to appeal to his compatriots in this country to enable him to make some provision for his declining days. A meeting of the Nationalists of Tyneside was called, and a committee formed for the purpose of inviting Rossa to Newcastle. I was not present at that particular meeting, but in my absence it appointed me secretary of the undertaking, and gave me authority to get to work. I issued the following appeal on behalf of Rossa. It met with such a generous response from the Irishmen in the North of England, that I was eventually able, after paying all expenses, including his hotel bill, to hand Rossa £20:—

O'DONOVAN ROSSA RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Dear Sir,—On Sunday next, the 21st inst., the O'Donovan Rossa Reception Committee will meet in the Drysdale Hall, Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle, at three p.m., to make the final arrangements for the meeting in Ginnett's Circus on the 28th. It is the ardent desire of all who have interested themselves in bringing Rossa to Newcastle that the greeting extended to him on his arrival should come with hearty Irish fervour from the representatives of all forms of National thought and endeavour. Nothing would be more grateful to the veteran Nationalist himself than the knowledge that to him, as to the embodiment of the high hopes, the daring endeavour, and the bravely-endured sufferings of the past, the cheery welcome came spontaneously from all alike who claimed kinship of race with the veteran patriot. "That the Irishmen of Newcastle have united over my coming lecture is pleasant, and 'tis the greatest compliment I could receive. I do not intend at that lecture to say or do anything to forfeit that confidence." So writes Rossa himself. May I, on behalf of the Committee, earnestly appeal to you to enhance the value of the compliment by coming yourself, and inducing as many others as you can individually influence to come and participate in the preparations for Rossa's reception. Let us take the opportunity of demonstrating that in welcoming one of Ireland's Old Guard, we can forget all temporary and minor differences and listen only to the promptings of our hearts, which urge us to rally round one of the men of the past—one of the men whose labours and whose sufferings fired the courage and steadied the resolution of those who gave an aim and purpose to the National movements of to-day. PETER FANNING.

125, Burt Terrace, Gateshead.

Hon. Sec.

My meeting with Rossa was in some respects so curious as to be worth relating. I had never seen the old rebel, and had not the remotest idea what he was like in appearance. But he had wired me what train he would arrive by, and I went to meet him. As I stood at the station exit, crowds of people passed, but no one appeared to have anything of the Yankee in their make-up. I was beginning to think I had missed Rossa, but just then I observed a grand figure of a man approaching, standing well over six foot, wearing a light covert coat and a big black soft felt hat, cocked à la Buffalo Bill. This will surely be my man, thinks I, so I walked towards him, without, however, apparently taking no notice until I was brushing his elbow, when I asked him in Irish: "Are you Rossa?" I had conjectured that if he wasn't, the question being put in Gaelic would pass unnoticed. My move answered perfectly. Rossa stood stock still and replied, with evident surprise:

"I am; but—who in the name of God are you?"

"Peter Fanning, your secretary, Sir."

"Peter Fanning! Glory be to heaven; but I thought Peter Fanning was an ould, ould man." And then we both burst out laughing.

What sort of a man was Rossa? Well I will let him speak for himself—

Westgate, Bradford.

28th March, 1895.

DEAR PETER FANNING,—I got your letter this Thursday night. All is well, so far. I will stay in Newcastle wherever you think well of. I am easily managed when in the hands of friends—and in the hands of enemies, too—if they don't set about trampling upon me entirely.

The subject of my lecture will be: "My Life in Ten of England's Prisons"; and I will stick to that as near as a dead man can.—Yours, as ever,

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Rossa kept his word, and confined himself to his prison experiences. And yet I was sorry to discover that there were still to be found Englishmen who could not forgive him, because of the injuries they had done to him and Ireland.

Two days after Rossa's meeting a leading citizen of Newcastle sent for my brother Dan, who afterwards reported to me the following conversation:—

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Fanning, what was the object of O'Donovan Rossa's visit to Tyneside?"

"To raise money—to make provision for his wife and family, I understand."

"What did his meeting realise?"

"My brother tells me he handed Rossa £20."

"Had your brother come to me I would have given him £25 to give to Rossa to stay away."

"So now, my lad," concluded Dan, "hand in your resignation to-morrow. Offer no remarks, and you'll be asked no questions."

In plain English, Rossa cost me my employment. I got the sack in a gentlemanly manner.

At the General Election of 1895 the Parnellites took the field in opposition to Mr. John Morley. Mr. Morley, of "Morley's Mile," a circumference of six miles of protected country which "honest" John had provided for every land grabber, was not likely to receive any countenance or support from the followers of Parnell. And the result of our opposition effected the defeat of Morley in Newcastle.

On arriving home from work, on the evening of the day the poll was declared, I was informed: "There is a gentleman in the sitting-room who wishes to see you. He has been waiting here the last four hours."

I entered the room and was confronted by a small, middle-aged man, who addressed me: "Are you one of Michael Fanning's sons?"

"Yes sir, the youngest."

"Ah—I knew your father very well—and I often saw yourself when you were a child."

"Indeed—then you'll be —?"

"James Egan, sometime of Portland and various other establishments of Her Most Gracious."

"Put it there—what can I do for you?"

"I bring you a commission from the Old Guard which I hope you will accept. We wish you to see Morley, and ascertain from him what are the prospects of release for the political prisoners."

"Wait till I change my clothes, and we'll settle that question to-night."

In a short time, accompanied by Egan, I was on my way to Newcastle. Arrived in the city I soon discovered that Mr. Morley was still at the Liberal Club. I calculated that while suffering the stings of defeat, the Right Honourable John would remain under cover till the streets had cleared and he could pass along without being recognised. My surmise proved to be correct, for night was well advanced when I observed him with Dr. and Mrs. Spence Watson leave the club. Stalking the party till they were well along Collingwood Street, I suddenly slipped across the street and presented myself and business to Mr. Morley, sans ceremony. The right honourable gentleman was courteous, but blandly ignorant. I never met before or since an acknowledged knowledgeable man who was so chock full of ignorance as Morley pretended to be on this occasion.

"Oh, yes! He was chief secretary, but he had no knowledge of the political prisoners, neither had he any power or authority." In fact, he knew nothing and had nothing, poor fellow! At this moment Egan came forward and stood in the gutter. I formally presented him to the chief secretary, and I shall never forget the look of amazement which appeared on Morley's face at the sight of Egan. I got Morley to repeat his remarks for the benefit of Egan, and then

seeing that he was hopeless I brought the interview to a close, by remarking:—

"Well, sir, I hope you'll return and contest Newcastle again." Then Morley let out, much to my astonishment, and with a voice and manner made vicious by defeat: "No, sir, I would not represent Newcastle again if they gave me the seat without a contest. Nine years' persistent lying is as much as I can stand."

Like a flash of lightning there recurred to my mind a scene of which I had quite unexpectedly been a witness. Morley's reference to the "nine years' persistent lying," was, of course, to the attacks persistently made upon him in the "Newcastle Chronicle" by Joe Cowen. But I realised in a moment that for some time Cowen had been doing his "lying" by deputy, and that J. L. Garvin was the deputy liar.

Here at last was the solution to a matter which had puzzled me for some time. I had become conscious for at least a year before this that Garvin was playing the double on us, that his now infrequent visits to our league meetings always had some ulterior object; but I could not fathom what it really was. Now, however, I comprehended the whole position. He had simply been using us as a stick in the interest of his employer to wallop his master's political enemy, Mr. John Morley.

That revelation sealed the doom of the Parnellite party. We had every wish and every desire to support John Redmond and the Parnellite party in Parliament, but we had no intention of allowing ourselves to be used in a personal quarrel between two Englishmen. With the discovery that such was the purpose for which Mr. Garvin was using us, the Parnellites as an organised political force ceased to exist. But we never ceased to take our part in political and public affairs.

In 1897 I received the following note:—

January 12, 1897.
Dear Sir,—Could you make it convenient to meet me at the Gateshead station to-morrow, Wednesday, 13th January, by the train which leaves here at 11.30 a.m.? I am spending the day in Newcastle, and would like to have a chat with you. Yours truly,
JOHN DALY.

I met Mr. Daly at the time and place mentioned above, and the outcome of our "chat" was that I undertook to organise a public meeting to raise money for the "Prisoners' Aid Fund."

The Parliamentarians on this occasion did everything possible to make the meeting a failure, because, as they alleged, it would interfere with their annual mutual admiration meeting, where they forgather and indulge in bellyfuls of self-glorification. Our meeting, however, proved in every way a success, and after paying all expenses, I was able to hand £20 to the Prisoners' Aid Fund.

What sort of men were these terrible Fenians? Surely one who had served some thirteen years in prison must be an awful brute! Not a bit of it, my gentle reader, as you will see from the following note. Mr. John Daly is just as human and kindly Irish of the Irish, after all his terrible experiences, as any man one could meet:—

Thomas Street, Limerick,
16th February, 1897.

DEAR FANNING,—After a grand ramble by the dear old Shannon Shone with four of my nieces, I found your letter, and am pleased to hear that all is well.

By all means, I will dine with Mrs. Fanning on that day, and as I am in a divil of a hurry for the post,—Believe me, yours,
JOHN DALY.

To secure the release of the political prisoners, we on Tyneside promoted a petition to Parliament. I still possess the list of signatures of those who signed the petition, and—it is one of the pleasantest documents I have. The names on it include Orangemen and Nationalists, Protestant, Catholic, and Nonconformist, shipowners, bankers, aldermen, councillors, and public men of every degree. We are most decidedly coming to know each other better, and when in a few years Ireland begins to bound forward in prosperity under the guidance of a native Parliament, men will begin to wonder why they ever opposed its establishment.

Newspaper Snobbery.

By A. E. Fletcher.

MR. ROBERT DONALD in his Presidential address at the yearly meeting of the Institute of Journalists gave us a graphic, but somewhat harrowing description of the journalistic methods of the future. The hurry-scurry of the present system of newspaper production and distribution, Mr. Donald tells us, is quite leisurely compared with what it is likely to be in the future. When airships darken the skies and the telephone and wireless telegraphy are developed, newspapers will be turned out at a speed which the uninitiated reader of to-day does not dream of. Mr. Donald went on to say that he thought the new journalism was better written and on the whole an improvement on the old. I do not quite agree with that view. Compared with the old journalism which flourished before the paper duty was abolished by Mr. Gladstone in 1861, the present-day newspapers, with rare exceptions, are frivolous. As regards intellectual power, accuracy of information, and literary style, present-day journalism compares unfavourably with that of the days of Leigh Hunt, Fonblanque, John Black and Delane. They did not toady to royalty as modern editors do to an extent that must give thoughtful people the impression that the bulk of the British nation are flunkeys. It does not matter how worthless the royalties are their movements are recorded as though the world could not go round without them. The ex-King Manoel cannot take his walks abroad without being snapped. Yet with his entourage here he is intriguing against the Portuguese republic. I remember that when the present King of Spain was just out of his swaddling clothes an alleged Radical daily paper announced in big type with full headline "from our Madrid Correspondent" that his infantile majesty had successfully undergone the operation of having his hair cut.

I like to read of the doughty deeds of the old journalists who were certainly not snobs. Leigh Hunt was sent to prison and heavily fined for telling the truth about George IV. When Albert "the Good" came over from Saxe-Coburg as the betrothed of Queen Victoria one of the papers of the day had a picture of him with a carpet-bag in one hand and his other on the knocker of the front door of Buckingham Palace. As for style, think of the days of the old Whig organ, "The Morning Chronicle," under the editorship of the able, scholarly, and outspoken John Black to whose memory Dickens has paid a noble tribute. Black was the discoverer of Dickens, and had on his staff also Thackeray (who was certainly no worshipper of royalty), Campbell the poet, the other Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Henry Brougham, also afterwards Lord Chancellor. Black was not only a scholar but a man of fine character. Once, when he called at Downing Street, Lord Melbourne said to him, "Mr. Black, you are the only man who comes to see me who never remembers who I am; you forget that I am the Prime Minister of England." Black began to apologise, whereupon Melbourne continued, "Don't apologise, Mr. Black. Everybody else who comes to see me does remember who I am, and I wish they wouldn't. They remember because they know that I have patronage and offices to bestow. But you have never asked me for anything, and I wish you would, because I am anxious to serve you." Black answered, "I thank you, my lord, but I like my business. I am content with my pay; I want nothing." Then Melbourne, who was a great swearer, said, "By God, Mr. Black, I envy you, and you are the only man I ever did envy." Yet Black to his credit died a poor man. When worn out with hardship and fatigue, endured in the service of his paper, he had to sell his fine library to eke out a small annuity, on which he lived for the remainder of his days. Neither editors nor proprietors had then begun to play up for baronetcies or knighthoods.

Surely the function of a newspaper is to give news, and certainly the modern newspaper gives us plenty of news about what the worst men and women are doing, but precious little about what the best men and women are thinking.

When, during the Boer war the late Wilhelm Liebknecht, M. Jaures, and Van de Veldte came to address a great meeting in St. James's Hall they attracted so great a crowd that every inch of standing room was packed and thousands had to be turned away from the doors. These three leaders of three great parties in three Parliaments of Europe delivered the most inspired addresses I have ever listened to—yet they were not reported by a single London morning newspaper. The "Manchester Guardian," however, to its credit, devoted two columns to a report of the meeting. Of course, when London newspapers can find room for giving portraits of a series of babies who are likely to become ruling princelings if they live long enough, it is not to be expected that space can be found for a record of important events.

The curse of the modern Press is that it is controlled for the most part by capitalistic syndicates in the interests of capitalism. It was not always so. In the old days men with more of that trash, of which Shakespeare speaks, than they needed, subsidised newspapers for propagandist purposes. They were run by great parties for great ideas rather than for profit. Now they are run for dividends, and when dividends are your main purpose in life there is no room for nobility of ideas or conduct. The dividend-hunting newspaper proprietors imagine that snobbery pays and that reports of vice are more profitable than reports of virtue. I think De Quincey was right when he said that the criminal courts frequently lift the curtain from domestic interiors which, when rightly described, teach a great moral lesson. What, however, all right-thinking people ought to object to is the tendency of the modern Press to give too much prominence to crime and flunkeyism, and treat them in a way which rather appeals to the worst than to the best instincts of humanity.

The King, God Save Him — From His Friends.

"The Truth Will Out," even in the "Liverpool Daily Post."

PRELUDE.

"Gentlemen, the King." "The King, God bless him." Such is the toast that is drunk heartily in every part of the world. As the King is becoming more and more endeared to his people, it may be of interest in this column to attempt to set forth what manner of man he is. Thousands who know of and revere him will care for some intimate details about his personality.

A NON-ENTITY.

The feeling of respect for his Majesty becomes intensified the closer the environment to his person. One of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's characters was called the Slave of Duty, and that is the leading characteristic of our Sovereign. No one of all his subjects could be more conscientious; no one so persistently anxious not only to do what is right, but so absolutely self-effacing in the matter of his own personal wishes.

A MILKSOP.

His Majesty is a most abstemious man, not fond of champagne, but, as a rule, drinking a light white wine or whisky well diluted in Perrier. He has a good appetite, and likes meals less restricted in length than those made fashionable by the example of King Edward. Unlike his father, he is fond of sweets, creams, ices, and fruit, whereas the elder Monarch preferred savouries. The King loves a good English cheese both at lunch and when he is dining quietly. He is a considerable smoker, though he rarely has more than one pipe a day, and cigarettes are for stray moments. He likes a choice, somewhat mild cigar, and it is not unusual for him to consume a dozen a day.

A DUMMY.

In private life he is the simplest and quietest of English gentlemen. By habit he is inclined to be taciturn, but as it is not etiquette to address him unless he first speaks, he is for ever breaking his own tendency to silence. Even so the King is not a man of many words, and though a good listener, he has not his father's knack of getting the utmost information out of everybody he came across. King Edward was blessed with an infinite curiosity on every subject and a portentous memory. King George possesses a conscientious feeling that he ought to set everybody at their ease, but his own range of interests are more limited.

A DUFFER.

As he advances in middle age, though he has no tendency to corpulence, the King finds an increasing need for exercise, which is why he not only rides every day when in London, but generally manages to obtain a set of lawn tennis. Indeed, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, he has often had as many as half-a-dozen sets in an afternoon. He is not a good server, but is strong when close to the net, though he moves rather slowly. Golf possesses no interest for him, and though he once in a way plays a hundred up at billiards, he can seldom make a break of twenty.

HENPECKED.

What does interest the King beneath his courteous, if perfunctory, general demeanour? First of all his own children. He is the most domestic of men, the kindest of fathers, and always happy in the bosom of his family. *It is no secret that the Queen has the main voice in directing the trend of all the education of their children.* But it must not be thought that the King is a domestic cypher. On the contrary, he not only occupies himself with every detail about all his offspring, but when he thinks it right he insists on having his own way.

A POOR HORSEMAN.

Next to his children, the King best likes agriculture. Like his father, he is very keen on farming, and much interested in all that concerns the land; but he has practically no time for this. *He would have made a capital country gentleman,* but he would never have been an M.F.H., for he is not keen on hunting, and has not a particularly good seat when riding. His horses are all trained to be docile to a degree; not one of them will flinch at the loudest crack of a whip or if a pistol is fired off close to its ears.

A PHONOGRAPH.

When he is going anywhere a secretary prepares for him a brief digest of local topics and historical data. When he has to make a speech, Lord Stamfordham presents him with a suggested draft of what he should say.

A FOOL.

The King is, of course, served by a marvellously efficient staff of secretaries, but he conscientiously investigates everything, and he is *not a man of quick apprehension*, which renders his task the more onerous.

From Telail to the Sindh.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

THROUGH the winding valley of Telail foam the slatey waters of the Kishenganga river. On one side tower majestic walls and terraces of pine-wooded cliffs, overhung by fantastic snow-tipped needle-shaped peaks; on the other, long grassy slopes swell far up into the sky. There are lovely glimpses up the valley through the clear mountain air of some of the distant snows outlined wonderfully distinctly in the cloudless blue sky.

We marched along the valley for a couple of hours over the downs, crossing by insecure bridges of tree-trunks many a stream of melted snow dashing down the nullahs. When we came out above the village of Old Telail, I saw the servants pitching our camp on a small grassy meadow that jutted out from the mountain side. I started to cross a steep bare slope towards them in order not to have to descend to the village and then climb up again to the tents. Half-way across, the path I had taken began to narrow, and at last it split up into two or three goat-tracks, on none of which I could hope to find a foothold with my stiff "chaplie" sandals.

I stood there leaning against the slope, barely supported by the pressure of my instep on a little ledge

hardly an inch broad. My other leg hung loose. I tried to turn and get back along the path, but, as I moved, my foot slipped off the ledge and I found myself lying spread on the steep face of the slope. Below me it ran sheer down three or four hundred feet to the stony river-bed where the tossing river dashed against the timbers of the little bridge that led across to the wooden houses of the village. There was nothing to clutch but rare and vain blades of grass. I tried to dig my fingers into the soil, but it was too hard; nor could I do anything but press my bare knees and elbows hard against the slope. I knew that if I relaxed my pressure, I should slide down the hillside in an instant.

I had no fear at all, for I did not believe it possible to die then. With my cheek rubbing the soil, I shouted a "Koi hai!" and, at once, I saw a man in the village far beneath, come out of his house by one of its little shuttered openings, look up, and immediately rush off to my rescue. He came tearing up the wall of rock, leaping barefooted like one of his goats. "Sahib! Sahib!" he screamed, with tears of excitement running down his face.

Then I felt as if I were slipping, appallingly slowly, not by distance, but, indeed, by degrees of relaxation. I clung looser and looser; still I could not dig a grip with my finger nails. Soon I must slip a twentieth of an inch, then a quarter, then an inch, then—three hundred feet. Yet I knew myself safe. The man came up nearer with hideous grimaces and cries. I thanked Heaven he was a villager and not a timid Kashmiri of the town, an idiotic gilly in a crisis. My knees went at last, and, with a scrape my body tautened, my elbows came away from the soil, and, just as my whole body commenced to move, the villager reached me and clasped me firmly by the hand.

Barefooted, he walked along almost with ease below the path, supporting me with his grip as I clambered back to it and along to the road. "Sa'ib," he sobbed, "this was not a path for chaplies." Looking down, I found that Harper and Boyle, and one or two of our coolies had started to run to my rescue, but none of them could possibly have reached me in time. I had never doubted, yet my nerve was gone, and for all the rest of the trip I staggered and swayed on the narrow places, when I started over them alone.

We stayed in Telail for a day or two, uncertain whether we should be able to proceed along a dangerous ridge of mountains to the holy lake of Gangabal, which the Kashmiri Brahmins hold to be the true source of the Ganges, or whether it were better to take an easier route to Dras, one of the more important stages of the famous road to Ladakh and Yarkand, the principal route to Central Asia. We were warned that our coolies would carry only the very lightest loads for the former journey, and that we should perhaps need a hundred of them, at the unusually high rate of sixpence a day. Then one evening a grinning "chota shikari"—assistant guide—came into the camp and announced jauntily that his sahib, whom we knew to be the first traveller of the year to adventure the road to Gangabal, was stranded in the snow three days' journey away, accompanied only by his chief shikari and almost without food. He had crossed a precipitous pass, roped to the shikari; his coolies, the man declared, had tried to follow him, but a storm had sprung up, and they had been driven back, and were now lying ill on the snow, unable even to return. He had come back to Telail to get more coolies to go to their aid. Immediately there were wild suggestions of rescue parties, while the chota shikari tripped off gaily to the servants' fire. I had him brought back and bullied him out of his lightheartedness, discovering eventually that the Sahib knew that the coolies were not with him—a most important fact, for he would then be certain not to go on far without them. Had the Sahib a tent with him? No, Huzoor (Presence), only a tiffin-basket; no tent at all. How many miles was it from the pass to the nearest village? Oh, Huzoor, there was a village quite near the top. Why didn't you say so before, son of a pig? What about the coolies? Oh, Huzoor, there

were two or three huts where they were lying; and the Sahib had called out that he would return when the storm was over.

In fact, there was little or no danger for the traveller, who would return to Telail as soon as the storm was over. Probably the coolies had mutinied, and the shikari who had so cheerfully brought his ill-told story to us had hurried back to get other men in their place, instead of making them follow their Sahib. He was a true Kashmiri—that chota shikari—faithless, lying, and cowardly.

It was at least quite clear that the road to Gangabal was impossible, and we commenced to arrange for transport to Dras. With the aid of an order written for us by the Naib-Tehsildar of Gurais, we made the headman of the village—the humbadar—arrange for thirty coolies. One morning after breakfast we set out at six o'clock. Dr. Duke's "Handbook of Kashmir" (compiled mostly from hearsay—and how the Doctor's ears must have deceived him!) gave the march to Gujrind as sixteen miles. We found it to be not quite twice as far, about twenty-eight miles, in fact, a really quite considerable distance in this country, where the blazing sun makes all marching nauseous for five hours in the middle of the day, and the altitude, ranging from eight to fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, impedes easy breathing at all times. At Gujrind our coolies refused to go on and, climbing a little hill, cursed us with a long rising wail, and handed over their loads to men of the village, arranging to collect their wages out of the total amount which we were to pay at Dras. The next day we started off for the pass with the new coolies, and camped on the last few patches of dry ground on the outskirts of a sea of snow, about 12,000 feet up. At four the next morning we started up a long, steep nullah full of deep snow, which grew softer every minute. Boyle and the shikari started off in front after a red bear that had been seen on the pass. Harper discoursed unintelligible Hindustani with his moovshi, and to me fell the unpleasant task of "nigger-driving" the coolies up the nullah, for we did not wish to have to camp on the snow, and it was a long tiring journey to a certain clear meadow far away on the other side.

I bullied, exhorted, blarneyed, and beat the coolies, and even with great difficulty took their wooden ice-axes away, that they might not be able to rest their loads on these and make frequent delays. So well did I carry out my task that we reached the top of the nullah at eight o'clock, and after a mile's difficult tramp along an enclosed level snowfield, started the descent at nine. There is no traveller but will commend my methods; let none of inexperience blame me! The very coolies who had been cursing my birth, my head, my right hand, and the nimble stick it wielded, sang their village songs to me that night round the great camp fire that they were able to build up by being bullied by me into arriving at the camping-ground while it was still light. These men were, indeed, the only coolies for whom I felt any but the very slightest regard, and they were Baltis, not Kashmiris. The difference between Indian coolies and the lower grades of "white men" is extraordinary. It is the difference between men and speaking dogs; between creatures capable and merely intelligent.

It is a horrible experience to spend a torrid day in a nullah in which the snow softens for two or three feet below the surface. Sometimes one foot will sink in to the knee, the next step will somehow stand on the top, and then, perhaps, as the other leg is raised, will drop five or six inches under the extra weight. Imagine four days of this, at an average height of twelve thousand feet, with the sun's rays well over 100 degrees for five or six hours at mid-day, and so directly overhead that the snowy sides of the nullah cast not a suggestion of shade until it sets. We were marching north-east all this time, so that the heat fell full on our backs from mid-day till evening. There was not a particle of moisture in the caustic air, and the gleaming snow seared our weary eyes. And then at night the tem-

perature would fall to freezing point, and the dawn disclosed our clothes stiff with the sweat of the day before.

When we stopped during the day to drink or to eat our tiffin, we had to fix a Kashmiri blanket upon our hill-sticks to ward off some of the heat. One afternoon I saw a little projecting piece of rock almost bare of snow. I climbed up and nestled beneath it for an hour, the happiest hour I knew on the whole happy trip. But I paid for it by having to hurry through the soft snow long after the rest had passed. Sometimes little streams had to be crossed, barely eight feet wide and about one and a half deep, yet their rush was so tremendous that one could hardly stand against it. I waded through one that afternoon holding the hand of the one coolie I had kept by me. As soon as we lifted our feet to take a step, we were borne down by the stream, which hardly reached to our knees. It bruised our legs as if it had been a torrent of stones. For several minutes we struggled to keep our feet, daring no longer to raise a foot, but shuffling slowly upon the rolling pebbles of the bed. On the other bank we lay down and gasped for breath. O misery! the cold wet snow beneath soaked through our few clothes, and above, the sun was burning our flesh.

At last we came up with the others, and just as the camp was pitched the sun began to drop behind the peaks, and, as they slowly paled and then grew rosy, the only pleasant hour of the afternoon passed away, and with the darkness came the bitter cold winds of the night. My arms, burned, blistered and blown, swelled up painfully to double their size, and I suffered an additional discomfort.

Two nights we camped on a bare patch of earth surrounded by miles of snow, while, near by, the rushing Mooshky river serpentine its way through the broad level strip of ice deep in snow that was soon to be all melted into one mighty river. There were no trees, only a few rare stumps of wood rotting on a strip of land from which the snow was nearly all gone. Yet, strangely, the cuckoo's monotonous cry was often heard, and, by their chilly burrows down through the snow, brown-furred marmots often watched us, sitting on their haunches, and warning each other with shrill, bird-like cries. The third night we reached a village, consisting of one building. A few Tibetans and their dirty children were seen sitting on its broad, spacious roof, which was only three or four feet above the surrounding earth; for they had cleared a little space of snow and were actually ploughing it. It turned out that a big chamber had been excavated in which they and their numerous herds of goats and bullocks slept in airtight promiscuity. Their chief aid to agriculture was so plentiful that Boyle remarked, "I have camped in running water, I have camped on the summit of a mountain and on the side of a precipice, but never, never before have I camped in a dung-heap."

The two miles beyond this fragrant spot occupied us several hours, for a big avalanche had destroyed the path, and we and the coolies endured some exciting rock-climbing and crossing of snow bridges, that often bent and sometimes broke. Then, at last, we got down out of the snow and trudged through a dry, hot valley. We passed by Mooshky and three or four other villages, each with its carefully enclosed treasure—two or three shrivelled, leafless juniper trees. Then a decayed mud fort came into sight, and a couple of small brick buildings, and two or three small mud huts. This was Dras, the end of civilisation—for Leh, notwithstanding its telegraph wires and European stores, is barbarous! O Dras, town of fable, I eschew thee! Heartless, bare, unshaded Dras, I was deceived! "The Tibetans call this place *Hembabs*." So be it! I am henceforth a Tibetan, and thou art *Hembabs*.

There was a young lieutenant of the Guides in camp at *Hembabs*, bearded like the pard (and so were we, for who dares shave in that climate?), and full of brilliant and sound military inventions. Although a subaltern, he was a gentleman and a scientist. I prophesy his future fame and a distinguished career. Through

men like he alone can England win respect from her Indian subjects. By men like he alone should holy men be proud to be supported.

At Hembabs we saw the first caravan of the year passing through to Central Asia. A slender, well-built, apricot-cheeked Yarkandi merchant was travelling with a score of ponies laden with stores for those desolate regions, whose very names we hardly know. All along the road to Srinagar we met the caravans of handsome, white-capped Yarkandis and filthy, squat, pig-tailed Tibetans, some with a hundred loaded ponies, some with only a dozen. There were, too, many uncouth little parties coming in from Yarkand; from one I bought a quantity of dried Ladakh apricots, but bargained in vain for some curious wooden bowls off which they ate.

We were approaching the famous Zogi Pass from Kashmir into the bare uplands of Asia. It has this peculiarity, that, though it lies above a big ascent from Kashmir, there is no drop at all on the other side, but the valley winds along quite levelly to Hembabs. We came up to it in a day, and traversed its difficult snows early the next morning. The summit can only be observed by the traveller in the almost ungraded snow-fields by watching the direction in which the streams flow. Just at the "Great Divide" we met a big official of Ladakh, travelling with a large and picturesque retinue. We began to descend, and at last we came to a path almost free from snow, cut in the rock cliff of a winding gorge, lofty and bare. We were reaching the point, famous throughout Asia, where the caravans, weary with their long marches through the Ladakhi Steppes, win their first glimpse of the beauties of Kashmir.

The path led through occasional soft masses of snow to a projection in the bare, treeless rock. We turned the dingy corner and cried out in delight, for there, stretching beneath us, were the green mountains and meadows, sparkling streams, and sunny banks of flowers of the famous Sindh valley. No more we remembered that damned nullah of Gujrind, nor the deep, soft snow of the Zogi La. We hastened down the wide circling path to the flowers and meadows and the jolly bubbling streams, and the shade of the mighty green amphitheatres of deodars. Our journey was over—two long happy marches through the lovely valley, a mad twenty-mile dash on a little village pony with a blanket for a saddle, two holes for stirrups, and a bridle of rope, a dark midnight paddle by dark canals and lakes, and, early one morning, I woke to find myself beside my houseboat on the broad, muddy Jhelum, a mile above Srinagar. No more the heat of the sun nor the furious winter's rages; no more the leafless junipers and the soft, deep, all-covering snow. Now I may lie beneath the mighty chenars and gaze over the sunny wheat-fields at the snows far, far away, and my only curse is Beelzebub and his million winged subjects.

Conciliation.

(From the Mahabharata.)

By Beatrice Hastings.

A Brahmana, with Vedic wealth endued,
Whilst in a grove by darkness sat subdued—
And there was seized by Rakshasa, a thief
In nature sateless as the tooth of grief.
The sage who knew all natures, searched his mind
For means this cannibal to render kind:
"Gifts will not serve—he needs but steal my store—
Let me conciliate his spirit sore!"
The Rakshasa, by two-fold passion rent,
Addressed that Brahmana intelligent:
"Thou shalt escape, but, Master, tell me true
Why I am lean, why I am pale of hue?"
The sage upon his mind the question tried,
Then freely in well-spoken words replied.

O righteous one, though thou has affluence vast,
Thou dwellest far from home and thy dear kin;
Thy present roots not in familiar past—
It is for this that thou art pale and thin.

Verily friend, by friends art thou perplexed
Who take thy gifts but give thee no return;
Thy utmost bounty leaves them sour and vexed:
The vicious, fed, but worse with envy burn!

Thou art endowed with merit like the wise,
Yet 'tis thy lot to see the witless crown'd;
And rich, dull men thy arts and gifts despise,
Bid thee be mute while fools the world astound.

Thou know'st the wide and easy ways to fame,
Yet art not found there mingling with the mean;
Thy haughty soul endureth all but shame—
It is for this that thou art pale and lean.

Once thou didst stint thyself to serve a friend—
He deemeth thee but victim of his scheme.
Thou grievest seeing love in hatred end,
And lust and wrath throw souls in hell extreme.

For world's affairs, the course of thought and deed,
For mysteries thou hast capacious wit;
Thou canst dispel the doubts of men in need:
Such tap thy counsel—ne'er their source admit.

Though wisdom's treasure fail, and Vedic lore,
Thy mind, bespent, recoil from tasks undue—
Thou wouldst by energy accomplish more:
It is for this that thou art pale of hue.

Thy life austere by kinsmen is opposed.
Thy youthful neighbour covets thy good wife.
Ears of unreason scorn thy words disclosed,
Him thou didst chide in love, holds thee in strife.

One offered thee some prize, who now would steal
The meed of labour out thy winning hand.
Thy kin obscure, whom but thy wits reveal,
Believe their fame gives thee such goodly stand.

Thy heart is hot with plans of rich avail
Which shame forbids thee publish 'mong the crowd;
For men deride invention lest it fail—
And while success delays the laugh is loud.

Thy will is set where Nature is averse,
Since by thy influence thou wouldst unite
Men of desires, customs and faiths diverse:
How shalt thou cage the sparrow with the kite?

Unlettered, timid, poor—thou didst essay
The works of learning, courage, and of wealth,
Thou hast not that for which thou most didst pray,
That which thou doest some foe undoes by stealth.

One cursed thee—guiltless, thou, of wishing ill.
Helpless, thou seek'st friend's sorrow to relieve.
Thou see'st the low-born rogue high office fill,
And free men serving slaves—and so dost grieve.

In want, attached to life, thou tookedst gift
From one whose bounty left thy heart unclean.
Thou know'st that good is slow and evil swift—
It is for this that thou art pale and lean.

Thy friends, at strife, implore thee give them ease,
Each begs thy aid the other to subdue:
Thou couldst as soon thy warring passions please—
It is for this thou'rt lean and pale of hue.

Thou see'st the learned man belie his mind
With senses loose as straws upon the gale.
Thou of discernment grievest for thy kind—
It is for this that thou art lean and pale.

Thus praised, that Rakshasa released the sage,
So gratified, forgot his hungry rage.
The Brahmana who gave such skilful food,
With wealth and worship loaded left the wood.
Some say that that gaunt cannibal, that vexed thief,
Were nothing but the Brahmana's own grief,
Which only soothful reason might relieve—
But this is guessing: what is writ, believe!

Readers and Writers.

To make sure that I may miss nothing I have had another look over the publishers' announcements for the coming season. It is, however, as my first impression conveyed to me, a wilderness of two kinds of books—compilations and novels. Where the latter are written I would not like to say, certainly neither upon earth nor in heaven. But the former, I know, are written in the British Museum. What offences against literature the British Museum will have to answer for! I can never go into the library without feeling depressed by the number of people who have written and left their remains above ground to rot. Another sight to revolt the mind is the number of authors obviously engaged in preparing new works. The act of writing books, I think, is indecent, and ought to be forbidden in public. From the Museum have come, I dare swear, a good third of the new books now swarming from the publishers. Scarcely one in a score of them is of the least value. Students intent on mastery prefer the original sources; and the general reader is of no account.

* * *

Among the new novels are the usual annuals of Wells, Bennett, Conrad, Hewlett, etc., etc. To tell the truth, I am tired of them all. So, too, I gather, are the rest of my tribe of reviewers. Like me, if only they dared say so, they are fatigued with the "perdrix, toujours perdrix," served up by our imaginative chefs. Both Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells have met already with a snap of cold weather in the Press which pre-sages an early winter. Reviewing Mr. Bennett's "The Regent" (Methuen, 6s.), which I also for old times' sake have glanced at, the "Westminster Gazette" opens with these ominous words: "Mr. Bennett appears to be growing a little careless of his reputation as a novelist." The evidence the "Westminster" proceeds to give is, of course, sufficient; but so it was, in my opinion at least four of Mr. Bennett's novels ago. Like Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett got off his track when he deserted the extravaganza and the fantasia for the realistic novel. He knows nothing worth speaking of of life, but in fantastic comedy he might have been a little master.

* * *

It is in the "Athenæum" that Mr. Wells comes to his second grief—his first, I need not say, having met him in these columns. After some eulogistic flourishes to the effect that Mr. Wells is in the front rank of novelists (as who is not in these days?), the "Athenæum" coolly informs Mr. Wells that "he has never cared to learn how to write." What! a man can be in the front rank of a literary art and never have learned to write! From this judgment, however, I must dissent, for it is not true that Mr. Wells cannot write. What Mr. Wells cannot do is to re-write and to delete. Take, for example, the instances cited by the "Athenæum"—phrases like "massive, ancient and traditional common way of living," "vast, enduring, normal human existence," "unlettered, laborious and essentially unchanging." Such overblown phrases are no evidence that Mr. Wells cannot write; but they are evidence that he is too idle or too careless of his public to distil his thought for its essence. I am certain, however, that the blame of this is less Mr. Wells' than that of his public and the reviewers. Who, in his early days, when he was rising, put the fear of critics in him? Who ventured to withhold a superlative until he should have earned it? Who denied him golden spurs before he had run his course? The answer is Nobody. Thus the reviewers have themselves to blame for the comfortable, careless, contemptuous adiposity of Mr. Wells' present style. Despite of this bad habit, however, the "Athenæum" still bids Mr. Wells to produce his masterpiece. But what is the character of this to be? His most dangerous admirers will infallibly demand some monumental work of sociological significance—the sort Mr. Wells has already failed in more than once. Briefly,

Mr. Wells knows no more of sociology than Mr. Bennett knows of life. His less dangerous admirers will ask for more scientific romances—but he has written his best of these and the field is exhausted. The present admirer would direct Mr. Wells' attention to sections 5, 6 and 7 of Chapter V of "Mr. Polly" or to the "romance" in "The Wheels of Chance." There, I believe, is Mr. Wells' rainbow, at the foot of which he will find his treasure.

* * *

The boycott by the Libraries Association of novels by Mr. W. B. Maxwell and Mr. Compton Mackenzie inspires one with no particular indignation. The authors certainly do not suffer financially, however their hearts may bleed at the insult offered to their reputations. On the contrary, the boycott is so arranged as to advertise the victimised authors and to ensure for them a sale among the silly of ten times their normal. I hope when I am desperate enough to write a novel the Libraries Association may punish me in the same way. On the other hand, as I have remarked before, the Association is simply trying to do what the critics have manifestly failed to do, namely, keep bad writers in their place. In the merry days of free criticism, when reviewers did not write at the dictation of advertisement-managers, authors like Mr. W. B. Maxwell would have been harmlessly confined to the plane of the housemaid and the dairyman—a class whose morals, in fact, have no leisure to be corrupted. To-day, for want of criticism, his books, and thousands like them, pass to and fro among the leisured classes, where they do no end of mischief. What mischief? you ask. They convert a negative taste into a positively bad taste! When Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Hall Caine and the rest have done with them, they are spoiled for anything better. Mr. Maxwell, I observe, protests that his novel "The Devil's Garden," is austere didactic and righteous altogether. Were it not for fear of giving fresh offence to Mr. Shorter by agreeing with him, I should quote Mr. Shorter's letter to the "Times" as my reply. As it is, I say on my own account that a novel that *plays* with adultery, murder and sexual perversion cannot possibly be didactic. I do not deny these subjects to the novelist; and dramatists have always used them freely. But the *manner* is the test and also the restraint. They are so abnormal, in fact, that an abnormal style is necessary to justify their treatment. It must be in the manner of intense tragedy or broad comedy. Our novelists, however—including Mr. Maxwell—discuss these subjects on the plane of an afternoon tea-party or, at worst, of a parish visitor's prayer-meeting. There is neither laughter nor terror in them.

* * *

It is some amusement to us who pooh-poohed Mr. Masfield's "Nan" when it first appeared to find ourselves being echoed after two years by critics who were then acclaiming him as a great tragic-writer. If we live long enough we shall see all our judgments become fashionable, save, of course, the latest. Having reconsidered his opinion on the occasion of the revival of "Nan" at the Court Theatre a fortnight ago, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy—after the usual flummery of mendacious eulogy—pronounces "Nan" to be "not a solid work of art, but a fake." Fake, think of it! The infamous old Gaffer's "vlowers," which sent the London bees raving, Mr. MacCarthy now pronounces to be paper; and the "wammering" dialogue of the pair of criminal lunatics he says is shocking in its sentimentality. After that, what will Mr. Masfield care though Mr. MacCarthy offers him the balm of "artistic intention and artistic promise"? Can he possibly outlive fake and paper and sentimentality? Cruel, cruel Mr. MacCarthy. How much kinder to have said it two years ago!

* * *

One thing may certainly be expected of reviewers: owing THE NEW AGE neither a log nor an advertisement, their opinion, such as it is, of our publications will at least be honestly ignorant. Of the reviews

which I have seen of Mr. Rosciszewsky's "Caricatures," a common feature is an objection to the quality of the draughtsmanship. The most favourable review is that of the "Athenæum," which promises to assign to Mr. Rosciszewsky a place among "eminent contemporary caricaturists" when he has "acquired more dexterity in dealing with his figures." The "Star," it is evident, is only annoyed by the caricatures. "They are merely ugly and that is all. They are the sort of thing that a clever boy might draw in chalk on a dead wall, accompanied by some frank language." I suppose it has not occurred to the "Star" that a caricature should be ugly, still less that its ideal is precisely that of a wall-drawing without the language? Mr. Rosciszewsky's drawing, I claim, is first-rate for its purpose; we ought naturally to resent careful drawing in a caricature. Mr. Dyson's cartoons in the "Daily Herald" are in my judgment spoiled by the excellence of their draughtsmanship. Such skill should be reserved for subjects less contemptible. One does not put a finish on an oath! The "Evening News" is even more "arty" than the "Star." "Schoolboy" occurs again, and the phrase "cult of eccentricity." The "Times" likewise speaks of the "extravagantly grotesque manner," and says the drawings are "not always pleasing to contemplate." Of course they are not; but neither are caricatures meant to be contemplated. Like an icy bath they should be taken quickly. A caricature that invites contemplation is a picture. But there—I always said we English knew nothing of caricature!

* * *

After his last reply to me in the "Evening Standard," honours, I think, are easy between Mr. W. P. James and myself. His array of exceptions to my definition of the novel as primarily a love-tale is too formidable to be passed without danger. On the other hand, he allows me that 99 per cent of the novels actually produced are of love; and he concludes that the trade conception is one thing and the artist's conception another. In other words, in the eyes of the trade the novel is a love-tale; but in the hands of artists it is anything almost they please to make it. Well, I will accept the settlement if Mr. James will substitute general opinion for the trade. My cook's daughter, I am sure, is innocent of the publishing trade. Nevertheless she asked for a novel on the supposition that it would tell her of love, tell her of hope, tell her of Spring; and I have no doubt the first I put my hands on for her did. The novelists, of course, are more ambitious to stretch the form than to confine it to its popular meaning. Professor Saintsbury, I find, in "The English Novel" (Dent) defines its four requisites as plot, character, description and dialogue—a square sufficiently large to include almost anything. Palacio Valdés, whose incomparable essay on the subject I have also been reading, defines the novel as a "kind of prose epic." Very well, let us have some prose epics, and I will no longer boggle at the name.

* * *

Still another new monthly magazine is to appear this autumn—on October 28, to be precise. Illustrated and "making a special appeal to men," it will be edited by a woman, Miss Klickman. I confess I find it laughable somewhat that Miss Klickman, the editress of that virile review, "The Girl's Own Paper," should undertake to make a special appeal to me. But with so many hermaphrodites and worse about in the guise of men, doubtless she will find a public for "Everyone's."

* * *

Mr. Pound, I understand, denies that he claims modern Parisian writers to be gods walking as men—so that's all right. He challenges me, however, to show either that our modern English writers are as good or that our classic English writers have anticipated their modern verse-forms and wave-lengths. Barring the first contest as really a comparison of six with

half a dozen, the second is almost too easy to settle. Of course our classic poets have never anticipated the novel wave-lengths; but our second and third-rate poets have—and come to oblivion over them. By chance I was reading Johnson's "Life of Cowley" only last week, wherein he discusses incidentally the "Pindarism" of Cowley and his contemporaries—one of whom was Dr. Sprat. It was Sprat who claimed that the regular irregularity of the "verses of Pindar" made that kind of poesy fit for all manner of subjects. "This form was chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose." Johnson's comment is as follows: "This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else could write like Pindar. . . Pindarism prevailed about half a century; but at last died gradually away, and other imitations supply its place."

R. H. C.

Children for Men.

By Duxmia.

As a sympathetic observer of the progress of modern civilisation, I may be permitted to remark that there is no more encouraging sign of its continuance, no more reliable guarantee against the military and sacerdotal reactions which sometimes threaten to overwhelm us, than the catholic character of its irrationality. In the words of an ancient dramatist, whose name I forget (but it will be found in any dictionary of quotations), and who remarked, "Homo sum: nihil humanum a me alienum puto," that is to say, following a free translation, "I feel myself capable of any b—y nonsense"—we recruit the army of progress even from the madhouse, knowing that there is good in all things, and that the lunatic is perhaps in reality only the pioneer in that mighty trek or exodus from the tyranny of the logician which has carried us to where we are. The generation which has acknowledged the dog-headed baboon as a member of the family circle can scarcely refuse a seat at the hearth to the harmless, necessary maniac. Already our race has started to enrich its store of ideas from the treasures of Bedlam and of Colney Hatch.

It was in the autumn of 19— that I first came into contact with the then insignificant "Children for Men" movement. Organised originally by a few enthusiasts who had worked in comfortable obscurity for thirty years, it had remained, and seemed likely to remain, without results as regards the general public, in whom a long exposure to agitations of all sorts had ended by inducing immunity from their effects. It may well be said of the English of that period that, accustomed to every form of lunacy, they were surprised by none, and tolerated all sects on the tacit understanding that they were allowed to preserve their indifference. The Homi-nettes, as they were called (the name was devised by a facetious Press to denote the curiously hermaphroditic character of the movement), were the first to revolt against this blasé and contemptuous attitude, and to rouse the public by their antics into definite acceptance or rejection of their proposals. To them must accordingly be ascribed the invention of those exhibitionist tactics which, subsequently adopted by all parties as a necessary antidote to the increasing apathy of the electorate, have been regularised by custom and accepted as an integral part of the constitution.

Science has taught us (through the works of Polsky, Cardinghouse and Jaberaminoff) that an economic foundation invariably precedes an intellectual construction, and the acuter minds of the century had long detected how the increasing femininity of our daily occupations was having its effect upon the minds and bodies of the men. The smooth and oily "nut" of 1911-13 was

the first striking sign of a development which lent much force to the arguments of the Hominettes. These were ingenious and convincing to a certain type of intellect. It was urged that the distinction now found between the generative functions of the sexes did not originally exist. The inferior protoplasms are recognised as a-sexual or bi-sexual, whichever way you care to regard it, and many striking parallels had already been drawn from the fact by the pioneers of the hermaphrodit movement, but the first real light was thrown upon the subject by the discovery of Professor Potterson that the pleiocene man, whose remains had recently been unearthed in the siluric mud of Hothampton, was "puerperous" or capable of bearing offspring. This startling fact, ascertained by deductions founded upon the shape, size, and position of the little toe joint and the collar bone (all other portions of anatomy having vanished), was for a short time disputed by religious obscurantists and the professionally sceptical, but criticism was silenced upon its being pointed out by no less a person than Dr. Pflungk himself that the evidence, if not ideally satisfactory, was at least as complete as any hitherto offered in support of the great scientific dogmas of the XIXth and XXth centuries, "to deny which," as the doctor said, "would be tantamount to denying Science herself and heresy of the most improper description. It is, at any rate," he added, "practically true—that is to say, since we believe it, it is true for us. Which is all we require." Dr. Pflungk's utterance, supported by Professor Karl (author of "The verbal inspiration of Darwin's works"), and welcomed by all that was best in contemporary thought, settled the question so far as the general public was concerned.

The good tidings, spread far and wide by the columns of the daily newspapers and the shilling primers of the Rationalist Press, were soon conveyed to every hearth. So long, it was pointed out, as there remained that strong differentiation between the lives of the sexes which is implied by the barbaric state—so long, that is, as the male was compelled by the exigencies of existence to fight, fish and hunt, so long the period of pregnancy with its enforced inaction remained a handicap, "with the result," as Professor Potterson said, "that the males who still retained and exercised the puerperal function would be outdistanced in the race for survival by those in whom its atrophy was more complete. But," as the Professor went on to say, "the change was entirely due to circumstances which until recently may have appeared permanent, but which the developments of the last fifty years have shown to possess a purely temporary character." With the gradual but sure disappearance of war and the replacement by machinery of manual labour the need of a physically powerful and active male had vanished, and reversion to the original type become inevitable. "Outwardly, you may say," continued the Professor, "that there remain considerable differences between my wife and myself. My face bears, and for years that of my male descendants will continue to bear, hirsute growth from which hers is free, and the tones of my voice are deeper. But in essentials—and it is," said the Professor with emphasis, "in essentials that nature deals—the difference is less remarkable: and as the years go on, such differences will become even less so. My male ancestors prided themselves upon, and probably possessed, a certain physical courage which is alien to her nature. But I—why, gentlemen, you know that as an Englishman of the twentieth century there is no depth of cowardice and meanness to which she can descend, of which I am not also capable. Again, none of the forms of activity imposed upon me by the environment of a commercial age are impossible to her. Cringing, lying, touting, and self-advertisement come as easily to her as to me, and in fact she would probably prove the better at them. Of all our latter-day accomplishments what is there that woman cannot do as well as us—dear brother clerks?" From this it followed as a logical deduction that if she bears children, man must do the same. These

conclusions, received with enthusiasm by a crowded hall, were endorsed by other luminaries of thought and embodied in a unanimous resolution. "That it is in the interests of society that men be allowed to resume the function of bearing children, and that a Bill in that sense be presented to the Legislature."

I was present, both in the House and in Parliament Square, when the original "Children for Men" Bill was presented for the first time to a crowded chamber, of which at least seventy-five per cent. were pledged to its support. An immense multitude of men of all classes—fathers of families, city merchants, dock labourers and admirals—had marched for miles through the pouring rain, converging in four great processions upon the senate house of the nation. All ages were represented as well as all classes—old men and little boys, top-hatted youths from Eton and Westminster, bluejackets and soldiers in the prime of life. The West End column marching via Regent Street, the Haymarket, and Whitehall, and consisting of eight thousand males, clad many of them in corsets and in harem skirts, was headed by Lord Kitchener, Dean Inge, and Mr. Hall Caine, riding side-saddle upon led palfreys to demonstrate the essential femininity of man. Crowds lined the streets, awed and impressed. "We stand," said Tommy Doddle that night in audacious plagiarism of another singer, "upon the threshold of a new epoch." The disorders which attended the later stages of the movement had not yet begun. The men waited quietly and orderly for an answer, and those who were present are never likely to forget the thousands of upturned coat collars and silent expectant faces.

Inside the House the scene was no less striking. By a curious survival from a forgotten age the debate was "free"—that is to say, the party machinery was suspended for the moment—and members were permitted the unwonted treat of saying what they really thought and felt; the strange, and, as some will say, demoralising spectacle being witnessed of ministers speaking in opposition to ministers, of whips calling upon the rank-and-file to disobey their leaders, and of the whole assembly pathetically endeavouring to use its wits unaided by all that armoury of ready-made phrases and party tags which so long had served them as a substitute. The feeling of the House was somewhat confused owing to the fact that, although a large majority was pledged in favour of the Bill, nobody really wanted it.

If any consensus of opinion could be found it was discoverable in the sentiment that child-bearing by males, though theoretically desirable, would have the practical effect of degrading men through association with elements of existence by which they had hitherto been uncontaminated. "Our most priceless possession," the Member for Codham remarked, "is the domestic innocence and inexperience of our males. Gentlemen, there must be *someone* in the world to believe that children are a blessing and not a painful nuisance—otherwise you will have no children: someone to whom the consequences of procreation are a pleasure and not an unmitigated bore—otherwise you will have no procreation. Make the man's share in generation equal to the woman's, and after nine months' time generation will cease." The strong practical sense of the assembly endorsed this opinion, and small attention was paid to Tomkin's visionary plea that the introduction of men to the domestic penetrabilia would improve the penetrabilia without debasing the men. The Bill was not rejected, the pledges of the majority in its favour rendering that course undesirable, but by a simple arrangement with the Speaker was "talked out" under the twelve o'clock rule. The waiting crowd dispersed in a sufficiently orderly manner, but from that time the militant methods of the Hominettes began.

It is impossible to attribute these to any individual suggestion. Personally I am of opinion that they arose naturally, and as a corollary to the repressive tactics of the Government. The attempts of the police to thwart and, later, to disperse, the gigantic demonstrations

which besieged Parliament and the private residences of ministers produced a crop of disorder, whose course suggested to the bolder spirits, notably Tomkins, the systematisation for offensive purposes of such spontaneous outbursts. It was at this period that Tomkins began to attract general notice as the leader of the movement, a position for which a complete imperviousness to the operations of the reason and a command of words quite unhampered by any perception of their meaning, rendered him peculiarly suited. He led the original "Hermaphrodit League" until his death, although towards the end of his career it is said to have consisted of no one but himself, all the other members having been expelled. At Tomkins' suggestion there began a persistent course of queries at ministerial meetings, amounting to a deliberate obstruction of ministerial speech. The perpetrators were usually roughly handled by audiences exasperated with the interruption of those streams of high-sounding if somewhat meaningless words in which, after football and the cinema, they found their highest sensuous gratification, but continued undaunted and carried their importunity even to the Parliament house, where one of them raised unceasing shouts of "Liberty for men!" during the space of two hours, having first ensured immovability by chaining himself to the seat. These performances were rewarded by moderate sentences, which, however, served only to whet the Hominist appetite. Thereupon the sentences became stiffer, and everybody saw that the movement must collapse, if only by the imprisonment of all its members, unless some counterstroke could be devised. This was discovered in the Drink Strike.

This strange weapon was suggested by the notorious mental weakness, amounting almost to imbecility, of the then Home Secretary and by his domination by his wife, whose large income was entirely derived from the preparation and sale of fermented liquors. So long as the imprisonment of any of their members lasted the Hominettes pledged themselves to abstain from any description of alcoholic liquor, with the double object of attracting popular sympathy, and of bringing pressure to bear on the Home Secretary by reducing the value of his wife's shares. The fortitude with which the general trial was borne excited universal admiration. The streets of the City and of the West End were thronged with men in every stage from abnormal nervous excitement to complete exhaustion consequent upon deprivation of their accustomed tipples: business was almost suspended, and at every corner the paid orators of the Hermaphrodit League were heard from travelling vans, extempore platforms, or even the insecure elevation of the lamp-post, urging the members of the society to persevere. The Sunday saw a strange and impressive scene in Westminster Abbey, where a party of Hominettes rose to their feet during the reading of the gospels and chanted a solemn invocation to the Deity on behalf of their leader, Tomkins, whom a continued deprivation of old Irish whisky was reducing to a state of collapse. The words, "O Lord, save Theodosius Tomkins!" were repeated half a dozen times and followed with a short but eloquent prayer recited by one of the party. The congregation remained reverently kneeling.

Such perseverance was rewarded, for on the first day of the strike brewery and distillery shares fell a couple of points, and the slump continued steadily increasing through the week. The Home Secretary, who up till Friday evening had maintained a temporary resolution by stopping late at the office amongst sympathetic officials, and arriving home after his wife had gone to bed, was cornered during the week-end holiday by his wife's relations and compelled to sign the order for release. The discovery that prisons no longer had doors gave rise to a fresh crop of disturbances. Parties of Hominettes disguised as women were frustrated in attempts to enter the lying-in hospitals and give birth to children, and a further blow was administered to the price of the Home Secretary's wife's brewery shares by a wild raid of hundreds of men who rushed into the public-houses

and hurled the bottles and glasses into the street. For the space of a winter's evening all London was littered with broken glass.

On its side the Government was not idle. Tomkins himself and several other leading Hominettes were arrested and their property confiscated, the sound practical sense of our judges discovering a licence for this arbitrary action in an enactment of the third Witenagemot of Edward the Confessor for the repression of Danish mariners roystering in our East Anglian ports. All were, of course, released after the usual four days' drink strike. A "Conciliation Bill" introduced by a private Member was talked out once more in a debate, chiefly noticeable on account of the suspension and imprisonment in the clock tower of an Irish anarchist Member for breach of order, blasphemy, and contempt of the High Court of Parliament committed by trying to maintain, in defiance of the Speaker's ruling, that the powers of the House did not extend to making men bear children when Almighty God had decreed that they should not. The rejection was followed by a further course of disturbances, some of which took the novel form of attempts to waylay and kiss the wives and daughters of Ministers.

Nor is there any saying how it might have ended, but for Jerry Jocelyn. And he, being Prime Minister, had the brilliant idea that Professor Potterson, who started the trouble, was also the man to stop it. A bribe of £1,000 out of the Secret Service Fund was accordingly furnished the Professor to say that upon reconsideration he now believed the hermaphroditic remains unearthed in the Hothampton mud were not human at all, but the remains of *Hipparion Americanum Asininum* or blue-eyed Mexican jackass. And therewith, the scientific basis being withdrawn, the movement collapsed, and England had peace until the advent of the Animalians or "Lovers of the friendless little ones," who maintained that ticks and bed-bugs were the social and political equals of men. But that is another story, and so is the story of the Beautiful Birthers who tried to incarnate Superman by eugenical operations in the Bayswater Road. Britannia, fruitful in monsters, has not yet exhausted the possibilities of her womb.

The Way Back to America.

By T. K. L.

ATTENDEZ, mes enfants! I am about to waste ten minutes in exposition of the so-called English poets. What I have to say is brief, pardieu! They were all French! Who is that interrupting? Ha—you wish to infer that Chaucer wrote no poetry until he forgot he had once been in France? Well, you may infer what you please, I suppose. What? The "Canterbury Tales"? I smile explosively—all pure French, my dear sir! Now sit down and let me talk. Shakespeare owed all his technique to the Pléiade, that miraculous constellation of Frenchmen. Shakespeare invoked sleep:

Canst thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge?

You hear his origins, n'est ce pas? Enough. Ex pede Herculem! They have had a poet, one Swinburne. He, choice creature, enlightened these English. Before Swinburne they believed that a poet should say something! The French of A.D. 1300 had failed to show them the beauty of mere emotional words, divine, unphilosophical. Ha—but exoticism, exoticism! Pardon! I am grieving for Alexandria, for Babylon, for Catulle, Catulle! You, perhaps, don't catch on, but do as you please! To-day, once again, we make a trade of art. We know our tools. We can sit down to our business as deliberately as any other craftsman and make good. Muses? Ah, the brave jest! Muses! My friends, we are the Muses. I myself will muse for you to order, and do it superlatively. My personal

circle is small—I am an exile on this planet—yet no country, except perhaps England—I know nothing for certain—is altogether alien to me; I find always one choice creature in the trade. We meet. He and I then construct la poésie, ours or another's or each other's. Two tinkers can each construct an admirable tin can. Two poets can each sing admirably about a tin can, I suppose. We do not sing of tin cans, but we could if we liked. That we sing Beauty, pur et simple, is because it is better for trade. You do not take me? Consider it—not too literally *please*—at your leisure. I have a brother in art. I admire him. He handles his tools. Perhaps I exaggerate, but I honestly believe he has recovered the aesthetic grand mystery—no mystery at all really, but as good as, being so long forgotten. My brother is French, but you guessed this! His wave-lengths! Long! Don't mention it. They need never *stop*. They only do stop, because it is better for trade. Think over this! He knows more about verse-rhythm than any man living—and why should he not, since nobody else knows more than he knows? No one else knows anything whatever about his rhythms, for they are his own, incomparable. Them that do assume, ignorant, shallow, have dragged up comparisons. They may compare, of course. I am not God.

Cow hypocrite,
Cow of pretence.

Cow colour of fawn, more fraudulent than our nags, cow colour of fawn, bedaubed with brush, walking lie, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow erst in a pound, footsore down at St. Louis, cow erst in a pound, now corned and in tins at Paris, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow of visage rouged, Boodle a business man, cow of visage rouged, was spoofed by the paint on your skin, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow with black eyes, the fatuous mug made a deal, cow with black eyes, gave you the run of his patch, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow colour of gold, next day he urged his friends to inspect his purchase, cow colour of gold, they spat, these Americans ten, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow like spotted pard, you should have hitched out of shot, cow like spotted pard, each spit become a splotch, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

* * * * *

Take breath, mes enfants, though there is more to come. If you are not too drunk with the delicate stuff to be able to carry it as if, as if, I repeat, unconcerned, you will wake at the end of the reading to know that the pageant of all the subtle, neglected, misunderstood poets that ever were has passed before you. You agree? You agree because you also are in the trade. If it were otherwise, I could not have shown you all the elegances of my brother's technique. If there be a man here incapable of yearning over this I cannot help it. If he says that all these assonances are merely decadent exaggerations of one part of the whole technique of poetry, if he considers that rhyme, such as Shakespeare caught has its place—

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

—if he says that in this lyric both assonance and rhyme are beautifully mingled, and that my brother's poem is like a boy's trick, again I cannot help it.

Cow grey as a shirt, you weren't worth a greenback washed, cow grey as a shirt, Boodle cursed in his wrath, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow of innocent soul, at auction you fetched forty-five, cow of innocent soul, (cents) it was not your fault, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow doomed, the butcher, the packer, the grocer, cow doomed, slew, put and sold you in can, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Ah—it begins to tell on you, but I love your drooping! I must explain that whereas this traduction of mine appears to show connected idea, the French original transcends all such commonplace, but what would you? I am employing English and the tongue makes for mere sense. It has hitherto defeated almost all its poets, these, no doubt, true enough yearners after Beauty, pur et simple. Just look at their piteous stolid fabrics woven, malgré eux, around their blockish sky-larks, Satans, Pilgrims, scholar gypsies and what not. My brother's ineffable words mean anything you like, cows, roses, toads, dairymaids or queens—if you *must* have a meaning, but why have one?

In French the thing is a marvel. Listen!

Fleur hypocrite,
Fleur du silence.

Rose couleur de cuivre, plus frauduleuse que nos joies,
rose couleur de cuivre, embaume-nous dans tes men-
songes, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

But imagine an Englishman to set down the stuff! The pure article!

Hypocritical flower,
Flower of the silence.

Copper-coloured rose, more fraudulent than our joys,
copper-coloured rose, embalm us in thy lies, hypo-
critical flower, flower of the silence.

But you *can't* imagine it! Such sublime language were only to be ventured upon by a few exquisite souls—and they are all in Bedlam! Such is England! Condole with me, and do forget the impossible Saxon and take to French.

Cow transfigured, prime peach-fed pig you in tin, cow transfigured, sold in Paris for three times your carcass's price, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow, cow, those Gauls, those applauding messieurs,
loved you, hugged you, swallowed you, abolished all cruder foods, cow, cow, resolved to bless America with their presence and never to forget Yankee-doodle, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

Cow, cow, cow, cow, your return to the land of your birth, with glory galore is certain if you spurn the sordid hang-dog mob of English critics and whipster versifiers, cow, cow, cow, cow, I can drag this out as long as I wish and term my amateur spurts perfectly brand-new verse-rhythms and be apotheosised by novelty-mongers, but I prefer my supper which stands served in a hot dish, cow hypocrite, cow of pretence.

My brother's latest achievement is the "Sonnets in Prose," to be followed by "Lyrics in Prose," and the series will culminate in "Poetry in Prose," only to introduce a second series—"Novels in Poesie," "Encyclopædias in Poesie," "Essays in Poesie," and so on. You see, friends, if we can only mix everything up and break every law of the common æsthetic, it will be much better for the trade. It irks me and my brothers to have to compete on their own lines with those servile poets who studied fitness and actually threw away in their ridiculous pride hundreds of experiments which in their estimation would never lead to poetical success, but which we have picked up and shall offer to the public, willy nilly. But, friends, it'll be willy, n'est ce pas?

Views and Reviews.*

I HAVE referred more than once to the possibility that criticism may be practically useless, and have been reproached for pessimism. By criticism, I do not mean merely literary criticism; but that intellectual process of eliminating from consideration all but the essential facts, of whatever is the subject of discussion, so that the problem may be clearly stated and its practical solution at least indicated. Criticism is not, as so many artists suppose, merely fault-finding with their work; it is more properly a clear statement of a case, and may therefore include or exclude all or any of the facts which

are treated by the subject of discussion. But its practical value is obviously determined by the capacity of understanding of the person addressed: if that person does not know the nature and meaning of evidence, it is clear that he cannot draw the logical deductions from it, even if the evidence be supplied to him. It is, of course, usual to assume that the person addressed (indeed, we make the assumption generally on behalf of the public) is capable of such understanding; and the assumption must be made if the critic is to be heard of at all; otherwise, he will not speak. But if we ask why it is that criticism produces no obvious practical effect, why it is that the clearer the statement the more hazy is the comprehension of its meaning by the reader (for example, "wages is the price paid in the competitive market for labour as a commodity," is by no means clearly understood by readers of this paper, if the correspondence columns accurately indicate their mentality), we must certainly question the assumption that everybody knows the nature and meaning of evidence. The only alternative would be to accuse almost everybody of intellectual dishonesty, a state of mind that implies a corresponding degree of moral turpitude; and a critic, at least, would hesitate to make such an accusation. In the absence of any proof of intellect, he cannot logically infer intellectual dishonesty; he is forced to Emerson's conclusion, so far as the English people are concerned, that "they are impious in their scepticism of theory, but they kiss the dust before a fact." In short, he is compelled to admit that the English people do not understand the nature and meaning of evidence.

The fact (I will show that it is a fact, in a moment) has some serious implications; the one that is most important for the purpose of this article being this, that one cannot hope to convince another by an intellectual demonstration. There is a story told of a good Sir John, says Emerson, that he heard a case stated by counsel, and made up his mind; then the counsel for the other side taking their turn to speak, he found himself so unsettled and perplexed that he exclaimed: "So help me God! I will never listen to evidence again." It did not occur to him that he was not really perplexed by the evidence, but by the arguments based on it, more or less; and that if he had understood the evidence, the arguments would not have perplexed him—indeed, he might have dispensed with them. If this defect of mind be typical of the English people (and I submit that it is), it is clear that no intellectual demonstration can convey a positive conviction to them; they are capable of holding opinions directly at variance with facts, and if the facts are brought to their notice, are incapable of understanding their meaning.

For example, the "Daily Citizen," in its issue of September 11, 1913, published some figures from an article in the "Matin" by Dr. Jaques Bertillon, proving the fact that marriage declines with the higher education of women. The fact is known to readers of THE NEW AGE, but as Dr. Bertillon quotes some new figures, and they are necessary to the understanding of my argument, I give them here. A census was taken by the authorities of the Mount Holyoak College for women in the United States of all the surviving graduates of the university. Between 1840, the year of the establishment of this college, and 1910, about 6,000 students graduated; and no fewer than 2,827 replies were received, so that the census is thoroughly representative. The results are as follows:—

Period when degree was conferred.	Spinsters. Per cent.	Wives or Widows. Per cent.
1842—49	15	85
1850—59	25	75
1860—69	39	61
1870—79	41	59
1880—89	42	58
1890—99	58	42
1900—09	76	24

If these figures prove anything at all, they prove that there has been a progressive decline in marriage among these graduates since the college was founded, the rapidity of the decline being diminished considerably

during the period 1860-89. Of the causes of the decline from 85 to 24, over the whole seventy years, of the percentage of married graduates, the figures tell us nothing; but they do establish the fact of a progressive decrease in the marriage rate among these women. But to what conclusion does the "Daily Citizen" come? It says, in a short editorial: "To begin with, there can be no doubt that clever and highly educated women are, as Sir Oliver Lodge would say of human intellect in general, still suffering from the crudity of newness. They are inclined to lay emphasis on their being exceptions, and to be fastidious in consequence. All that in time will wear off as the novelty of higher education for women wears off."

The "Daily Citizen" thus reaches a conclusion that is directly contradicted by the observed facts; not because it has any rebutting evidence, but because it does not understand the nature and meaning of evidence. The evidence proves that, during the period under observation, marriage has progressively declined among educated women; from whence does the "Daily Citizen" derive its assurance that the educated woman's "revolt is against convention and not at all against wifehood"? Obviously, that is what the writer wants to believe, but he has established no title to that belief; and he can only hold that belief by ignoring or being incapable of that critical process which eliminates from consideration all but the essential facts.

The subject itself is of no particular importance; it is better for everyone that these women should remain single, than that we should have to repeat Byron's question, and ask:

But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?

But the intellectual defect betrayed by the "Daily Citizen" (I take this paper only as an example: the defect is common to the London Press) is more serious; for it means that, try as it may, it cannot tell the truth about anything, and therefore, cannot counsel to right action. Take another example from the same paper, from its issue of August 13, 1913. It published an array of figures from the Board of Trade report of its inquiry into the cost of living, and it proved that the increase was costing the working classes £117,000,000 a year. It estimated that wages had only risen by about £30,000,000 a year during the same period; and that, therefore, the working classes were £87,000,000 a year to the bad, as compared with 1905. But what did these essential facts, thrust on their notice by a Government body, teach them? Practically nothing. In two days, the matter was dropped; it was only referred to, editorially, on the day of the publication of the figures, and then, its conclusion was that "the way to end it is for wage-earners to nationalise those things on which the monopolist squeeze is founded." What those things are, it never said; or in what way a State monopoly (which is what nationalisation means) would differ from a private monopoly, it never stated. The essential facts had been stated, and had made absolutely no impression on the minds of the writers of the "Daily Citizen"; and their speedy dropping of the subject suggests that, like the Sir John of the story, they have each sworn: "So help me God! I will never listen to evidence again."

From what I have said, it is clear that I have no hope of influencing action by real criticism, which is the process of simplifying the problem by concentrating attention on the essential facts. The mind of Man is not organised to the point of scepticism of all but the real motives to action; and the most convincing demonstration must therefore fail to carry conviction to it. But if I do not hope, I do not despair; both of them are states of feeling, and do not belong to the intellectual process of criticism. The poet, said Tennyson, does but sing because he must; the metaphysician, said Huxley, cannot help being metaphysical; the critic criticises because he can, and thus, according to Owen Meredith's definition, reveals that criticism is a talent. If, like little Peterkin, one asks what is the good of it all, I do not know; but it has some famous victories.

A. E. R.

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

IN the second article of this series I pointed out that M. Remy de Gourmont had invented a new sort of beauty (or resuscitated an old one almost wholly forgotten). I implied that this resurrection or discovery had, for those who think that beauty is important, the same sort of interest that a new discovery in medicine might have for those to whom the science of medicine seems important. I have no inclination to argue about these affairs; I have called this series of papers an "Approach." I say simply there is a book called "Livre des Litanies," it is written in such and such wave-lengths. There is another work called "Les Saints du Paradis"; perhaps the all merciful Father has given you wit to understand them, and then he perhaps may not have. For the convenience of the intelligently curious I am willing to say the "Livre des Litanies" is republished in a collection called "Le Pèlerin du Silence." (Mercure de France, 26, Rue de Condé.)

MONSIEUR ROMAINS, UNANIMIST.

My first impression of Romains' work was that he erred towards rhetoric, but then I began with his prize ode, "To the Crowd Here Present," a possibly bad beginning. It is good rhetoric if that is what one wants. I said as much to M. Vildrac, and he told me Romains was very important. "Il a changé le pathétique."

I have lived several years on this island, that may account for my phlegm; at any rate I don't much care about having my pathétique interfered with. It does very well as it is. I do not by any means feel that I have exhausted its possibilities. As for Paris, I dare say that its pathétique is worn out, and that it thoroughly needs a new one. I exhibit towards a new pathétique precisely the bourgeois attitude. I am as incurious about a new pathétique as, let us say, Mrs. Meynell or William Watson might be about a new metric. Nothing short of my inherited conscience could drive me into taking the slightest notice of M. Romains' new pathétique. It is wholly devoid of allures. I approach it as a student and specialist, not as layman reading for his private diversion. If we must have a new pathétique it is part of my job to know what it consists of. I came precious near to reading Romains for the sake of my general culture.

As for his style, or at least his syntax, I grant that it is "strict, chaste, severe," and on these grounds worthy of approbation; but these qualities of language would seem to be marks of a group.

There would seem to be a certain agreement between the styles of Romains, Duhamel, Vildrac, Jouve, Arcos, Chennevière, and a few others, though Romains may have been the prime mover for their sort of clarification of the speech. At least this group of men respect him, and not one of them is a fool. Monsieur Romains is very clever; there may be a good deal more to it. In short, I approach Romains' work with that reluctance which is characteristic of man in the face of anything likely to require serious attention.

Let one not be alarmed!

I do not expect to divulge, in fifty pages, an æsthetic, a metaphysic, the origins of tragedy and the development of the race.

It will be enough if I present certain succinct affirmations.

So begins M. Romains in the preface to "L'Armée dans la Ville." At least here is something to go by. He says that the "grand art dramatique" has gone to pot, that drama of the second order has attained a perfection, perhaps greater than it has had before. "Picard et Scribe ont été surpassés." We thought as much. "The individual is merely an entity; yet an entity admitted for so many centuries that it passes for a reality pure and simple. By a pleasant irony the poets who wish to dissipate this illusion get them-

selves treated as "abstracteurs." At the end of "Puissances de Paris" he says:—

There are to-day many men ready to recognise that man is not the most *real* thing in the world. One admits the life of combinations greater than our bodies. Society is not merely an arithmetical total or a collective designation. One even believes that there are intermediate groups between the individual and the State. But these opinions appear by abstract deduction or by rational experience, etc. . . . Man did not wait for physiology to give him a notion of his body. Car la raison conçoit l'homme; mais le cœur perçoit la chair de l'homme. In the same manner it is necessary that we should know the groups that englobe us not by exterior observation but by organic consciousness. Alas! it is not sure that the rhythms wish to have their nodes in us who are not the centres of groups. We can only become such. Let us hollow out our souls, deep enough, emptying them of individual dreaming, let us make so many ditches to them that the souls of groups will of necessity flow there.

I have attempted nothing else in this book. Certain groups here come to consciousness. They are still quite rudimentary, and their spirit is but a flavour in the wind. Beings as inconsistent as the *rue du Harve*, and the *place de la Bastille*, as ephemeral as the *people in an omnibus*, or the *audience at the Opéra-Comique* need not have great complexity of thought or of organism. And I daresay people will think I have taken needless trouble in plucking out these strands, rather than in carding once again the enormous heap of the individual soul.

I believe that the *groups* are at the most moving period of their evolution. The groups of the future will deserve, perhaps, less love, and we will hide better the basis of things. . . . One can learn the essential forms of life more easily from a mushroom than from an oak.

The groups prepare more of the future than is absolutely needful. We have the great good fortune to be present at the beginning of a reign. . . . It is not a progress, it is a creation. The groups will not continue the work of animals and of man; they will recommence everything according to their need. . . .

Already our ideas on the *being* (*l'être*) are correcting themselves. We hesitate, moreover, in finding a distinction of nature between that which really exists and that which does not exist. In thinking by turns of the *place de l'Europe*, of the *place des Vosges*, and of a gang of navvies, one sees that there are plenty of nuances between *nothing* and *something*. Before resorting to groups one is sure of discerning a being by a simple idea. One knows that a dog exists, that he has an interior, independent unity; one knows that a table or a mountain does not exist, and that nothing but our language separates them from the universal nothing. But the streets (*les rues*) mark all the nuances between verbal expression and autonomous existence.

Thus one ceases to believe that *limit* is indispensable to beings. Where does the *Place de la Trinité* begin. The streets mingle their bodies. The squares isolate themselves with difficulty. The crowd of the theatre does not take contours until it has lived long and vigorously. A being has a centre, or centres in harmony; a being is not compelled to have limits. Many exist in one place. . . . a second being begins without the first having ceased. Each being has a maximum *somewhere* in space. Only individuals with ancestors possess affirmative contours, a skin which makes them break with the infinite.

Space belongs to no one. And no being has succeeded in appropriating a morsel of space to saturate with its unique existence. All intercrosses, coincides, cohabits. Each point serves as perch to a thousand birds. There is Paris, there is the *rue Montmartre*, there is an assembling, there is a man, there is a cellule on the very pavement. A thousand beings are concentric. One sees a little of some of them.

How can we go on thinking that an individual is a thing which is born, grows, reproduces itself and dies? That is a superior and inveterate manner of being an individual. But groups! They are not precisely born. Their life makes and unmakes itself, as an unstable state of matter, a condensation which does not endure. They show us that life is, at the origin, a provisory attitude, a moment of exception, an intensity between abatements, nothing continuous, nothing decisive. The first *togethers* take life by a sort of slow success, then they extinguish themselves without catastrophe, no element perishing in the breaking of the whole. The crowd before the foreign barracks comes to life little by little as water in a kettle that sings and evaporates. The galleries of the *Odéon* do not live at night; every day they are real for certain hours. At the start life seems momentary; then life is inter-

mittent. To make it durable, that it should become a development and a destiny, that it should be clearly marked off at two ends by birth and death, a deal of habit is required.

All these primitive forms are not of equal rank.

There is a natural hierarchy among groups. The streets have no fixed centre, no true limits, they have their content in a long life and a vacillating, and night submerges this almost to the verge of nothing. Places and Squares have already taken their contours seizing more firmly upon the nodes of the rhythms. And other groups have a fashioned body, they endure a little, they almost know how to die, and some are brought to life again by fits and starts; the habit of existence commences, they have set their heart upon it; it is this which makes them breathless."

And that will perhaps do for the present, although M. Romaine looks into the future and dimly mutters "new gods."

Les groupes ont beau n'avoir qu'une conscience. Confuse, et n'apercevoir le monde qu'à travers une gelée tremblante, ils sentiront, peut-être, le signe que je leur fais, et il y en aura un, peut-être, qui, pour l'avoir senti, saura devenir un dieu.

I leave his gods and his future. I have given, I think, enough in this translation to make his poems intelligible. I have shown by his own words what they mean by the new pathetic.

In "Un Etre en Marche" M. Romaine presents us a being already possessed of some general consciousness and of an intermittent life, a being with some habit of life, with even fixed habits of life, a being known humorously as "The Crocodile," and familiar to us all. In case there is anyone who does not know that a crocodile when it is not a four-footed beast is a beast with many feet, I hasten to reveal that "A being out for a walk" treats of the procession of school-girls, pension de jeunes filles, first shuffling in the hall, preparing to set out, traces of individual life still present. You might think you were in for a longish series of poems rather like two by the fourteenth-century Italian, Franco Sacchetti—at least I think it was Sacchetti who wrote of the crowd of girls getting caught by a rain-storm. But with the second poem by Romaine one begins to perceive a difference.

Les plus petites filles marchent en avant
Pour attendrir l'espace;

La pension caresse avec leurs pieds d'enfants
La rue où elle passe.

Elle grandit d'un rang à l'autre, sans surprise,
Comme une rive en fleurs,

He then turns his attention to the street:—
La rue a besoin d'un bonheur.

La rue aime la pension de jeunes filles . . .
Pour son air de petite foule neuve et peignée;
Pour sa façon d'aller comme le vent la pente,

A troop of soldiers passes and the pension

. . . continue à sourire
Elle disperse l'invisible
Avec le bout de ses ombrelles.

Despite one's detestation of crocodiles, M. Romaine makes us take interest in his particular crocodile, in its collective emotions, in the emotions of its surroundings.

Elle monte en wagon; les jupes
Escladent les marchepieds;

La pension s'effraye un peu,
Car le train a plus d'âme qu'elle;

They go out into the country and meet a flock of geese:

C'est un rythme lent qui tanguet et titube,
C'est un troupeau d'oies qui vient vers le groupe.

Presque immobiles sur le sable, les deux groupes
Se caressent de loin, d'une extrême pensée,
Et tâchent de croiser prudemment leurs destins.

There seems to be no reason why this poem should not mean to the new patheticists more or less what the "Symphonie en blanc majeur" meant to the old-fashioned aesthetes.

C'est étonnant tout le silence qu'il y a!

The crocodile goes over a still field and into a wood.

They enter a village. They find a solitary fisherman, and the author unburdens himself of a little theorising to the effect that each man thinks that he is alone and that the world is about him.

Inconscient et familier

Comme le brouillard d'une pipe.

By this time one has become so entangled in the life of the crocodile that this individual seems not unlike some curious relic of the past. The girls dance at sunset. The "Poème Epique" ends with the crocodile put to bed. It is possibly the nearest approach to true epic that we have had since the middle ages.

The author has achieved a form which fully conveys the sense of modern life. He is able to mention any familiar thing, any element of modern life without its seeming incongruous, and the result is undeniably poetic. I, personally, may prefer the theory of the dominant cell, a slightly Nietzschean biology, to any collectivist theories whatsoever. I may be very decidedly opposed to a new pantheon composed of crocodiles in a state of apotheosis, but the "Poème Epique" is not, on that account, the less agreeable to me.

I penetrated the first third of the "Poème Lyrique" in a state of confusion. M. Romaine appears to be exposing his subjectivities. He sits in his arm chair. He goes forth. At p. 121 he seems to become more or less coherent.

J'ai dépassé le mur qui brisait mon amour;
Cette rue est à moi jusqu'au bout, maintenant.

Plus de rue
Qui me tienne par
Les talons!

Une grue
Me jette aux chalands;
Et je pars.

La rue est un moignon sanglant.

He discovers that he is enjoying himself, he begins to take note of his surroundings, of the line of wagons, of an automobile swifter than the rest, which escapes. His auditory nerves resume their function.

Comme une flamme sur un verre d'alcool
Les mots sont allumés au-dessus de la foule;

Later his body becomes discouraged and no longer loves the crowd, etc., he returns to his room and finds his arm chair, and incidentally throws some light on the preceding pages by saying, toward the conclusion

Il a été le corps en marche;
Il a marché pendant au jour;
Il a percé les carrefours

L'un après l'autre avec sa marche.

I am not sure that this half of the volume can be called enjoyable.

Turning to "Odes et Prières" I find that the odes leave me as unmoved as when the first time I read them. II, 4, has, to be sure, its individual nuance.

Le temps de ma jeunesse
Est à demi passé.
Déjà bien des mensonges
N'abusent plus de moi.

But there is another book on my shelf, wherein I might read

Je plains le temps de ma jeunesse,
Ouquel j'ai plus qu'autre gallé.

It is perhaps foolish to make such dull comparisons. However much I may lose in my deafness to the odes, I find with the beginning of the prayers a new note. I find the words of a man curiously and intently conscious. In the second prayer to the couple we read:—

Je ne te voyais pas dans l'ombre des tentures,
O nous! Je n'essayais pas même de te voir;
Je me disais: "Nous sommes seuls! Nous sommes moi!"

Et l'air était gonflé de notre solitude.

From here his consciousness moves out in ever widening and ever vivifying circles, to the family; to the group, to his house about him; to the street and to the village.

Ma peau frissonne à cause de toi, groupe amer!

Il n'y a pas ici que nous deux, ma maison?

Vois! mon âme s'allonge, remue et vacile
Comme la flamme dans la lanterne fendue.

D'autres dieux sont entrés, d'autres, plus grands que
toi.

And to the street he prays :—

Tu seras divine au lieu d'être immense.

Arranche-toi rudement à la ville

Comme un lézard à la poigne d'un homme;

The opening of the second prayer to the village would
be poetry even if it were not *unammisme* :

La fin du jour est belle et j'ai couru longtemps;

La bicyclette osseuse a pourchassé les routes;

O village inconnu qui me tiens dans le soir,

Dis-moi pourquoi je suis joyeux, pourquoi je ris,

And there is, I believe, the note of sincere conviction
in the second prayer to "Several Gods" where he says :

O gods whom I have known, are you near me?

You have not left me when the train blotted me out,

You, the strongest, you who most crush me into
nothing,

You whom a thousand departures tear to pieces in
vain?

And you, that other, uncertain as mist and water,

You, who seem ever not to desire us,

You, seizer of hearts who think themselves alone,

Master of the step without cause, and of the sleep that
moves?

And he shows a knowledge that is not limited to his
own peculiar pantheon in the verse beginning :—

Je ne veux pas murmurer un seul nom,

Ce soir; je ne veux pas tenter les ombres;

If one retain any doubt as to Romain's deed to Par-
nassus, this poem should serve for proof.

Whatever we may think of his theories, in whatever
paths we may find it useless to follow him, we have
here at last the poet, and our best critique is quotation.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

RETURNING to the subject of my last article, it is, I
think, clear that drama (in this country, at least) has
reached a dead end. Dramatic criticism, if ever it had
any principles, has forgotten them; and, at best, we
have only relative criticism of plays, instead of a test of
them by an absolute standard. We are told that such
a play is better or worse than another such one (I say
nothing now of the criticism that regards every play as
being a good one); but of the nature of a good play we
are left in ignorance. There is not to be discovered,
at present, any purpose in drama; it is certainly not art,
it is not an original contribution to thought, it can
scarcely be called amusing. It is really only the cliché
of culture. It has lapsed into the mistake of Plato, that
art is imitation; with the consequence that we are re-
duced to seeing people drink tea, or other beverages,
smoke cigarettes, indulge in various forms of gambling,
or preparing the way for what the lawyers call crim.
con. All this is exactly like life, and, therefore, we do
not need to go to the theatre to see it.

I may be able to make my meaning clear if I refer
again to Miss Harrison's "Ancient Art and Ritual." This
little book is of value because it tells us concisely
how, as a matter of fact, drama actually arose. Know-
ing this, it should not be difficult to state some of the
elementary principles of drama. Drama arose from the
Dithyramb, which was originally a Spring-Song at a
Spring festival, which was accompanied by a rite of
sacrifice and a magical dance in which all joined. Its
intent was to promote magically the food-supply; and,
consequently, it was a rite in which all joined. But
owing to a number of causes, a separation occurred;
not everybody took part in the dromenon, the "thing
done," but the people were separated into dancers and
spectators. The very building of a theatre, which is a
"spectator-place," marks this division; "the seats for
the spectators," says Miss Harrison, "grow and grow
in importance till at last they absorb, as it were, the

whole spirit, and give their name *theatre* to the whole
structure; action is swallowed up in contemplation.
But contemplation of what? At first, of course, of the
ritual dance, but not for long. That, we have seen, was
doomed to a deadly monotony."

I need not trace the steps by which the dromenon
evolved into the drama, which also is a "thing done"
in another sense. But I may notice that "there seem
at Athens to have been two main causes why the
dromenon passed swiftly, inevitably, into the drama.
They are, first, the decay of religious faith; second, the
influx from abroad of a new culture and new dramatic
material." It is obvious that the development of drama
implied a fundamental difference in the psychology of
the people; the fact of contemplating action instead of
performing it removes drama at least one step from
life. But every further development of drama should
remove it still further from actual life, should advance
it still further into the intellectual and spiritual spheres.
It follows logically that drama must deal with abstrac-
tions, with generalisations, of life, rather than with the
facts; for contemplation is of principles, not of details.
It is clear, then, that a dramatist who boasts of his
observation of character, of the "reality" of his charac-
ters, is not really a dramatist; he is only a person per-
forming a rite, contemplating facts.

But drama differs from other arts in this respect, that
it has to deal with characters. I do not want to labour
the point, but I must remind my readers that a dramatic
character is itself an abstraction. A real person is
always somewhat incomprehensible; it is conceivable
that if every detail of his history and development were
known that every thought and action of his might be
prophesied. We have no such knowledge. We can
discover by observation the general rules of his action,
and some comparatively exact prophecy may be made
by us; but the character is more than our abstraction
of it, and, at crucial moments, is likely to behave in an
unexpected manner. The character in drama is dif-
ferent. It has no life of its own, it cannot behave in
a manner different from that permitted by its creator;
it is itself entirely comprehensible because it is an ab-
straction; and the only question to be asked by a critic
is: "what is its relation to the drama, how does this
particular individual emphasise the general idea ex-
pressed by the whole play?"

Before this can be determined, it is obvious that we
must consider the assumptions that drama must make.
It is clear that if drama, by its very nature, is based on
abstractions, on generalisations, that the mere repeti-
tion of commonplaces is not drama. Take, for example,
the subject of sex, which is the staple of most plays.
Sex is a fact of life known to everybody. It is no longer
communalised in the Saturnalia; it is now almost en-
tirely individualised, and under individual control. But
precisely because it is only a fact, it really affords no
material for drama. There is no essential difference
between the courtship of one virgin and another, be-
tween the adultery of one couple and that of another.
Everybody knows now all the possible reactions in life
of sex; and what everybody knows nobody needs to be
told. Yet we are inundated with plays of the "Who
Shall Win Her?" type, as though it mattered to any-
body except the poor devil who succeeded. It is
almost impossible to make an abstraction of sex, and
our dramatists seem to be incapable of it; and therefore
its dramatic value is very small. It is true that one
can set men and women on the stage lying, seducing,
murdering, and committing suicide, all for the sake of
sex; and to those people who think that this is drama,
I have nothing to say. But it is a subject that does not
lend itself to much variety; it is essentially a matter of
action, not of contemplation, and therefore is only a
dromenon, not a drama.

It will, of course, be retorted that I am asking for an
intellectual drama, that by eliminating sex as a subject,
I am eliminating passion and, therefore, denying the
necessity of action. But how much sex is there in
"The Merchant of Venice," for example? There is

plenty of passion in the play, but sex ranks only as an interlude, something unnecessary and retarding to the action of the play. From this point of view, our drama is not even like life. After maturity, at least, sex occupies but a little of our spare time, unless we are silly enough to marry, and then we have no spare time; but in drama, everybody seems to spend their time in marrying, or being married, or approving or condemning marriage, or arranging to do without marriage. One is so tired of hearing of the subject that one feels inclined to say, with Hamlet, that "there shall be no more marriages."

Pastiche.

EN VOYAGE: BARQUE "RE-BIRTH."

I was in such a wax that I laughed. Ah, quoth I, think not that my mirth augurs anything but ill for thee! Am I going up and down the world still as I have for these hundreds of years past deceived by your pretended beck and call? Why are you a liar? Valerie said she wasn't, it was all true and meant. Meant, I growled, do you know what meant means? it means being where you say you'll be, doing what you say you'll do, not pretending you want what you don't want, hating human beasts and loving them that hate beasts. Pooh!—what doesn't it mean of all the things you don't know anything about? People were seasick just then though we hadn't even left the dock. Valerie ran up and down the crowd on the shore, and kept on butting into the godmother who carried that sort of figure which says now then, young person, don't you see there's no room? We all sang about sailing away, and the godmother began to throw up shoals of tracts. Some stuck on Valerie, and when the wind blew, the tracts blew up and filled out everybody's hobble-skirt, so they all looked extraordinary. That'll be the fashion next year, I shouted, and Valerie said with modifications. I suggested three horizontal bands of gun-metal embroidery, and Valerie said, what about the back? I said something Rabelais couldn't have printed, but it was only what has been seen on every plage this summer. All the same, I said let's return to our own particular joint. You and I are not even going to pretend to be intimate friends any longer—any! Well, your savage language is more than I can bear, said Valerie. It's the only thing in your favour, said I, that you really do in a way sense truth, for you prove you do by bolting away from it. If the truth were flattering to you, you wouldn't bolt. It's the way you say it, said Valerie. Ah, no doubt, I said, and perhaps I shall walk in hell for making truth appear ugly. but, take cheer! What seems to you unbearable now will prove like mountain water when you are burning up! I keep on assuring you that I meant to do what I said, Valerie whimpered. And I keep on assuring you that I don't care what you assure me, I yelled. Bah! Bah! Bah! I tell you what! I'd sooner have to scrimmage along the Styx for a few thousand years than live over the last few days every other month while you cheat me. After all, hell will soon teach me to speak nicely, but ten manvantaras wouldn't suffice to find you out again if after this I let your lies waste my spirit. Go, girl! I know you! Valerie said, I never definitely accepted your invitation! Of course not, I said, you being a modern and never knowing whether something better wouldn't turn up, but that's the best of you, there's always a chance that you won't, and then the things last out a week. You see how disgusting you can be, retorted Valerie. Yes, I said, bitterly, and that is the worst of you that you can always goad me to put myself in the wrong. Valerie wept. At that moment, while I was about turning to pick up the baby, my eyes being fixed on my native land, I was horrified to see the scarcely born infant still on the quay. Without an instant's hesitation I sprung overboard towards the landing stage. As I scrambled through the crowd, all dripping, the ship steamed round the corner. Snatching up the baby, I was preparing to swim back, when all the crowd vanished except the Godmother, me, Valerie, and the child. So we are alone, I said to Valerie. She backed. I would stay, darling, she said, only I have an absolute engagement at four o'clock. Engagement! I waved my tomahawk. I would ask you afterwards to the flat, said Valerie, only it's all dusty, and I'm alone there without any sheets. Ah, I said, if I only had had a kennel at one time I would have asked you to share it. Valerie said, I would have loved to see you to-morrow, only you have Millicent coming, and I can't bear her.

Do you remember, Valerie, how I once was sprung upon at lunch with you by four of your Philistine cousins, how I positively cracked my wits to help you, how I fell exhausted under the table after they'd taken their blessed leave? I am not ungrateful, she returned, haughtily, I would have loved to ask you out to dinner next Friday, but I haven't got a cent in the world. Champagne and dry bread would do for me, I retorted, you can always afford that, but I remember that you belong to the crowd that is always broke when it comes to friends. I spent pounds on you at the Grand Puffle that time, said Valerie. Yes, although you know I hate hotels, and shall I ever forget sitting in that vulgar shiny library full of Baedekers while you scribbled notes to half London and telephoned to ten inferior persons? When you come to see me I have no other friends, no appointments, no nothing—but all that is past. Good-bye! Valerie wept. I saw a lot of little boats lying all round, and I placed my feet in the minutest shallop imaginable, no more of me would go in. You can't go in that, cried the Godmother, producing a heap of oyster shells. You'll never catch the ship up on that great lumbering thing. Sit on one of these and row with these spoons, here's the baby! A heavy plump that nearly overset the oyster-shell, warned me that the baby had landed close by. I scooped round at the back of me with one of the spoons, and fortunately hooked the ladle through a floating shoe-lace. Then we set sail. The "Re-Birth" was the most stupendously agile ship. I saw her approach an island and heave airily over some stone dock walls and half anchor herself, but she saw me and heaved out again. Valerie was paddling after us in a canoe, explaining that I had kidnapped her baby. Which its godfathers and godmothers did for it, I quoted the catechism, snuffily, for the Godmother had certainly chucked it to me. Besides, it's as much mine as yours, Valerie! I would love to be friends with you, cried Valerie, only it wouldn't seem spontaneous on your part, it would only seem you were being kind to me because I have been a damned ass! Hush, said I, blasphemer! you are using the language of candour, look out it doesn't bite you! The baby seeing its other mother, set up a beastly howl. Grow up, I growled at it, and shut up! It barged at me like an old fishwife. I never heard such language out of philosophical circles! Go back, I cried, to Valerie, this little angel and I will soon come to an understanding. We shall spend the week-end on it. If you come, I shall be driven to preaching, and you will only sulk or run away. I hate you. You never let me be myself. I know when you arrive that you have looked out the earliest possible decent train back, and that's a bit of a check to spontaneity. Your visits are a misery to me, for I know that you would impertinently break up even the most excellent converse for the sake of some trifling business. What! I have seen you come in and scatter an idea with your late arrival, and scatter it again with your ill-timed departure, and the shame was mine, as you were my friend! You have introduced inferior persons into good company, and have accepted their opinion that we were all very dull. Damn! All but oats is dull to an ass! You have allowed me to appear thick-skinned before your intimates. But the fact was I never even noticed their insults at the time. Ants mocking eagles are not noticed. And if I had noticed I should have disregarded them out of consideration for you, concluding that your anger would have been aroused beyond dignity against such worms. But that was all long ago. But most I have suffered from your detestable tact. And what notions you have of finance between friends. You have always known exactly how much money I had. But did I know how you were situated? Do I know now? You say you would have asked me to dinner—only you are without money. So far as I have been allowed to guess, you have a regular income. I know for certain that you were recently spending a great deal of money. How is it you have none to spend on your dear beloved Alice? Valerie wept. Just then the baby suddenly grew its teeth. What a breeze! it said. I snatched off Valerie's wig and wrapped it up in it, and that horrid wig burst into venomous flames like the shirt of Nessus upon Hercules. Baptise it, yelled the Godmother, so I ducked the screaming infant below the waves, and said, Be Quiet! When I looked round, Valerie had fainted. I was about to pick her up. Avast that! cried the babe. I rowed like mad, and we came to a place like Charing Cross, if all the railway lines were canals and balconies ran all round. The open sea was outside. I dashed along the midmost balcony, and came round to the "Re-Birth." I noticed that the deck was fitted with furnitures each resembling a music-stool. Could I but bounce the baby on to one of these! I tried: and the

baby stuck, though revolving round and round. All aboard! cried the Captain. I threw off my wig which popped like thirteen poisonous crackers, fainted and jumped for the moving ship. And I stuck. Then I saw Valerie on the seat beyond the baby. Now attend, said that child, as neither of you can get away you can have it all out on equal terms. Oh, I've had my say, I replied, thankfully; and Valerie said, you know my peaceful nature. Well, perhaps I'm de trop, said the baby dissolving—how mortals do astonish me!

THE EVERLASTING FOURPENCE.

(Inspired by you know what.)
From break of day till dewy night
I was a luckless, helpless wight.
Innumerable pains I bore,
And drunk or sober still I swore;
Year in, year out, I cried with pain
And fought dread sickness might and main.

Salvation came, and cleansed my heart.
He knew my grief, he took his part,
To put me right for four-D.
And now I'm washed from sin, you see.
Years had I whored and knocked about
In gin-shops vile, and giddy rout
Had set the town alight with shame
Until the fourpenny saviour came.
He walked right in, he did not knock,
And as he came St. Peter's cock
Crowed on the musty dunghill, thrice.
He stretched his royal neck so nice
That all the stars danced out to see
The singer of such minstrelsy.
Fourpence I paid up like a lamb,
With profuse thanks—this is no cram—
And thanked him till my voice gave out,
For lifting me, a lazy lout.
And then I crossed the ploughfield brown
And wandered to the murky town,
And Bass-less home I took my way
To look out for the blessed day
When saviours might, at three a penny,
Save each and everyone and any.

Summer has sped, and my song is ended.
Cucumber, turnip, and carrot and pea,
Each to the stew-pot their way have wended.
But now I'm reformed and sing merrily.
Merrily, merrily do I sing now,
My fourpence is missing, the fruit's on the bough.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REVIEWS OF "THE EVERLASTING FOURPENCE."

"Evening Gazeeka."—"William Repton sings so gracefully that we cannot stop our ears to his song; it is seldom that a writer of poetry in these days can select a theme with such noble possibilities."

"Saturday Sizzler."—"The nation will be grateful to William Repton for pointing out the concealed obvious—a modern miracle for four coins of the realm."

"Westminster Carb-Soda."—"There are many poets, but only one William Repton. In the chemical analysis of the drunkard's psychology he shows us the soul of a wayward human being cleansed, purged, and whitened through having less money to spend on beer. The magnificent finale reminds us of Milton at his best. This work should be in the hands of every missionary as an example of economy in conversion."
WILLIAM REPTON.

Ant. Klástersky. "Ironické Siciliany." (Translated from the Czech by P. Selver).

THE PAST LIFE.

That I have lived in other worlds of yore
The strangest inkling haunts this soul of mine.
I was a poet . . . rugs and flowers galore
I slept on. Patrons asked me out to dine.
I was still young at thirty. By my door
Publishers thronged and struggled in a line.
No critic leered. Yes, I have lived before—
To this my soul continues to incline.

REVENGE.

Deep in my heart you, Emma, were enscrolled,
Elf with the golden locks, serenely fair.
On you I lavished verse of shapely mould,
The fame of Laura might have been your share.
But you betrayed me. . . Well, it leaves me cold.
Karla's brunette—I'll find my solace there.
She'll save me, Ariadne-like. I'll hold
My verse, but change the colour of the hair.

IN PARADISE.

The angel said to him :—"Your life below
You mourn, with heaven, music, saints about?
You stagger on, you sigh as if in woe,
Can't you feel wings that from your shoulders sprout?
You were a poet—sing. Observe this row
Of blossoms on their stalk. Why all this doubt?"
"I did not burn my letters, and I know
What pleasant tales down yonder have come out."

BEFORE THE FIRST NUMBER OF A NEW VOLUME.

The Editor of "Sunbeams" looks distraught.
He gets no sleep, or wakes in loud dismay.
If he but knew what miracles are wrought
For the first number of that cursed "Day."
Will he have Alpha? So much—and he's bought.
Or Beta? What a price he asks! But, stay,
It is with lime, you know, that birds are caught—
In the first number, it's the names that pay.

A QUESTION.

The critic writes :—"Our art appears to me
Quite weak and wheezy in its aged distress.
Where can our epoch's youthful spirit be?
Who'll chant of spring in poems that possess
The sap of spring? Who from the grave will free
Youth, strength, with wondrous verses for their
dress?"
He wrote. And rubbing both his hands with glee
He squinted at his own book, in the press.

POETS AND WEDLOCK.

My dear, he's scribbling all the night, and pays
No heed to the allurements of his bed,
Where I my sighs in solitude upraise
And hear the servant snore to wake the dead.
Only from time to time he lifts his gaze,
And then his pencil forges on ahead.
Oh, love in torrents gushes from his lays—
I soak my pillow with the tears I shed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SABOTAGE.

Sir,—In your issue of September 4, Mr. Henry Lascelles endeavours to reply to my letter on "Sabotage" by accusing me of introducing a travesty of words used by him in an entirely different connection.

In my letter I said "it would be interesting to know what there is in the practice of Sabotage that would prevent a man from being able to evolve and make possible the smooth working arrangements necessary to initiate a National Railway Guild." I should be glad if you would let me quote in full the words of your contributor, upon which I based my query. He says in the earlier part of his article in your issue of July 31 :—

"From illustrations of the complexity of railway management to-day, the reader may see what problems Guild Socialism would solve, whilst leaving men who have the technical training of a lifetime free to anticipate and solve the lesser difficulties to be expected in the building up of a National Railway Guild."

After giving some instances of the difficulties mentioned, he says :—

"The genius that has evolved and made possible the smooth working of such arrangements could if released from the solving of these and similar complex problems initiate a National Railway Guild and be as successful in overcoming difficulties yet unforeseen, but of a far less difficult character."

"The time is ripe now, but once let rot set in through the physical and moral decadence which would assuredly follow permeation by the Sabotage so glibly spoken of by one of your correspondents upon syndicalism, and the opportunity will have gone in this country for ever—the men would be past spiritual redemption."

Now, sir, if his remarks about Sabotage do not apply to the men who are to evolve and make possible the smooth working arrangements necessary to initiate a National Railway Guild, to whom do they apply? I presume he does not think that only Railway Directors are eligible for this task? If so, does he think the time will ever come when, say, Lord Claud Hamilton will join with the National Union of Railwaymen in order to form a National Guild with a view to overthrowing the Wage System?

In any case, I think it is a well-known fact that the working arrangements of the Railways are evolved and

carried out by the rank and file together with men who have sprung from the ranks, and so, owing, maybe, to my "disordered mentality," I should still like to see a reply to my query.

As regards my charges of anti-syndicalist criticism, etc., which seem to have so roused the anger of Mr. Lascelles, I consider they are perfectly justified by the pronouncement he makes upon Sabotage. If he attacks Sabotage, he attacks Syndicalism as it is known and propagated in England. Objection to Sabotage is conventional hypocrisy on the part of an intelligent, really class-conscious Socialist, but perfectly natural coming from a fool or a Capitalist. I gave your contributor the benefit of any doubt I may have had.

I repeat that the greatest asset of the Capitalist is the workers' superstitious belief in the sanctity of property; and the man who objects to the destruction of a Capitalist's property is certainly an asset to Capitalism, in so far as he influences the worker against Sabotage. Perhaps there is no fear of this in your contributor's case. To be absolutely fair (and, at the same time, adopt the style of Mr. Lascelles), your contributor has proved his ability to misunderstand his own words and his inability to deal with the question of Sabotage.

With reference to your footnote to my letter, may I point out that I did not say you advocated Sabotage, but that Sabotage was in accordance with your ideas, inasmuch as it did not delegate work to others but taught the proletariat to do things for themselves. It may in some cases be as you say, a policy for desperate men in weak Unions, but I believe it will in the future be the policy also of strong men and desperate, in strong Unions. It is hard to conceive the idea of the Capitalist being willing to submit to the Unions without a fight, even if the Union possess a complete monopoly of its labour power. There is going to be much fighting and bloodshed before that happens, and the worker cannot afford to throw away such a strong weapon as Sabotage, intelligently applied.

[Mr. Lascelles replies: My paragraph upon Sabotage remains self-contained despite the foregoing elaborate muddling, and as it contains all I have said upon the subject, I have not yet "endeavoured to reply" to the first letter from "Syndicus" on Sabotage.

I have shown that "Syndicus" could not or would not read my opinion of the effect of the practice upon the men who should use it, and yet leave me free from any charge of "conventional hypocrisy" and "conventional respect for capitalist property."

That he is still in this disordered state is evidenced by the above letter, and his absurd pretence of offering to anyone who objects to Sabotage the choice of being a conventional hypocrite or a fool.

We now have a new dictum apparently "That the less includes the greater," as I am told that if I attack Sabotage I attack Syndicalism. This is really too ridiculous, or it would follow that to question the advisability of Sabotage under any given conditions would be to oppose it always and everywhere, and to question the wisdom of a particular strike would be to attack the strike weapon altogether.

Your correspondent has made a mistake; let him own it and acknowledge the first principle that it is not possible to begin intelligent discussion until it is freed from attributing insincere motives, and I will then state the reasons upon which I found my objections to the sabotage spoken of by your first correspondent.

Readers of the articles on a National Railway Guild will have gathered that the Guild must be a union between the men and the present administration, the directors and officers in common with the men being reduced in numbers should any become unnecessary. The men can hardly be expected suddenly to develop minds of the administrative type and work the railways regardless of all past official experience. It would not be possible, for example, to use locomotives unless they were maintained in running condition, and old ones replaced by new, through the combined labour of officials and men.]

* * *

LABOUR TACTICS.

Sir,—In Dublin, and elsewhere, we are faced by the undeniable demonstration of events.

To the discerning, any event of reality contains its own explanation. We need no more than to be informed fully of the facts to understand. To the efficient intelligence formal logic is an affront, since the sufficient logic of facts is available.

So, fine theories of the ultimate identity of interest between Capital and Labour need but the tests of facts.

The Socialists of the innocent lamb school—so, too, the clever Syndicalists—should not be taken seriously. To convert them would be really dangerous, and to argue with them is futile torture.

But one's quarrel with those who say, peace, peace, where there is no peace, is the more embarrassing in that those who recognise the natural antagonism of interest between exploiter and exploited, address themselves to promote that antagonism in the worst possible way.

The adoption of severe repressive methods by the masters and their hired lictors is brutal, cunning without intelligence; but so are the methods of the strike agitator—yes! brutal but densely, stupidly brutal.

By the way, has not "Romney" disposed rather off-handedly and inadequately of the question of Tactics? To hear of him, informed as he is in matters military, some theory of tactics would be instructive.

Certainly, our Labour leaders can by no connotative jugglery be imputed tacticians. Tactics is the sense of touch extended beyond the individual sphere. Labour, with all its manual performances lacks in the qualitative appreciation and manipulation of its affairs.

I am pleased to find a NEW AGE principle spring to my pen with such ease; and the main principle of Tactics may be stated more fully. Tactics consists in the equating of quantitative force by qualitative force.

Antagonism is always thought by the brutal to be the mere opposition of forces in kind. "I have a bigger fist than you have" is the enunciation and reduction of its attitude. Antagonism, when real, holds more, and other, elements than this crude competition of identities. The result of the simple opposition of like forces is mathematically calculable—and God is on the side of the big battalion.

At its barest the tackling of any tactical problem demands the adoption of unlike methods of combat. Any schoolboy who has survived the parasangs of *Anabasis III.* has learnt something of this elementary requirement of Tactics; the incalculable and unexpected is a far more effective weapon than identical means. But what literally appalling stupidity is it that prescribes the limits to Labour's armoury. Must the workers continue to believe in the final efficacy of means they can never command or match in kind, they whose interest in the contest is the more deeply felt part of Antagonism—the agony part; must they be confined both in resistance and attack to a weapon whose handle is always in the masters' hand, and the hurting end always at the heart of Labour? The masters have automatically, by prior establishment and possession, all the forces of law and order at their command; and nothing falls in with their plan better, than for militant Labour to adopt and give occasion for the employment of only that weapon which it can never use effectively.

Strindberg, in another connection, has spoken of the "Monomania of inferior brains" a seasonable phrase!—and it is the brains of Labour itself that narrow the fighting front of Labour to fit the cannon's mouth of Capitalism.

There is one other supreme prescription—that of "splashing about." Has not one said in a certain place, something about a millstone and a neck?—more effective than *splashing!*

Crudity must be met by refinement; place your artist to dispose of your hired bully.

I am not in the Labour movement, neither should be; therefore, it is not for me, with no influence, and little, but accurate, knowledge of the mental and spiritual quality of Organised Labour, to plan the battle. But, lastly, to dispose of the theoretical lambkins who dread the slaughter, but have a fondness for sentimental anaesthetics: Do Christians—did Christ—suspect what really lay behind the doctrine of non-resistance? It was not passive submission—NO! but the meeting of blind force with a more refined discernment, a self-restraint, dignity, no less active but infinitely more penetrating.

The resistance of Labour, as, too, its attack should be politic, refined, intelligent, and purposeful—something corresponding to, and worthy of, the confidence, loyalty, and self-sacrifice which is often elicited, but too often brought to shame, from the massed workers of the country.

I make these suggestions without prejudice to the means so ably advocated by THE NEW AGE, that of a complete monopoly of Labour, with all the potency of the strike. Indeed, these are no more than timely and spontaneous comments on THE NEW AGE appeal. For that monopoly to be effective, must needs have for its promotion and maintenance the sense in the workers of some worthy purpose to be achieved. This monopoly will

not be prior to the rousing of the workers to craft dignity and consciousness, these will develop simultaneously. The end will be one with the means; and above all, they can never be qualitatively independent.

T. M. SALMON.

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THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—It may amuse your readers to know the result of a challenge issued by the Hounslow branch of the "Daily Herald" League to the Brentford Radical Association to meet me in public debate and defend their Insurance Act.

The challenge was declined in the first instance on the ground that the Brentford Association would not like to debate against a lady, and, in deference to that chivalrous sentiment, I withdrew, and Mr. McCallum offered himself in my place as challenger. This provoked the following delightful communication:—

Brentford Division of Middlesex,
Liberal and Radical Association,
134, High Street, Brentford.
July 29, 1913.

F. J. Callam, Esq.,
64, Campo Road, Hounslow.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 4th inst. was before my Committee last evening, and they instruct me to reply that in their opinion no good purpose would be served by a discussion on the Insurance Act between two sections of the Democratic party.

As you are aware our prospective candidate holds very advanced views, and whilst we are at all times willing to discuss with our Tory opponents, we feel we ought not to emphasise the points in which Democrats differ, but by friendly intercourse seek to find common ground for attack upon our common enemy.

I enclose you booklet which is just published by this Association, and trust you will accept this explanation as satisfactory.—Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) A. E. CORNISH.

This letter is the more interesting in that when the Carlisle Branch of the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association (an organisation composed, as is well known in Liberal circles, of Tory duchesses and countesses, and under no suspicion of being "advanced" or Democratic) had succeeded in arranging a debate between a well-known local Liberal and myself, this gentleman wrote withdrawing from the contest, and adding that "several prominent members of the Executive object very strongly to my undertaking a public debate. Their view being that the Act is law, and that any debate will do no good and might be the cause of friction."

MARGARET DOUGLAS, Hon. Secretary.
Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association.

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"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The editor of the "Christian Commonwealth" corrects my statement that his journal mentioned the National Guild system for the first time on August 27. "We have frequently mentioned your ideas," he continues, "and in our issue of August 13, to go no further back." I can only cry "Peccavi!" and regret that my negligence has merited this rebuke. In its issue of September 4, the "Christian Commonwealth" again refers friendly to THE NEW AGE. "Perhaps the most searching analysis of the present situation appeared in THE NEW AGE in the shape of a long letter to the Trade Union Congress. Admitting its major premises that labour is a commodity bought and sold for wages, the strong plea in that letter for the establishment of a labour monopoly through the better and better organisation of the workers is inevitable. At any rate, it is put forward at the psychological moment, and may have bigger consequences in the industrial movement than the majority of its leaders anticipate." "Justice," on the other hand, is less than just, or even accurate. Mr. Fred Knee is permitted to state, without correction in its editorial columns, that "Guild Socialism" [they will continue to call the scheme by that name] was woven "all out of his own head by a middle-class sympathiser" with the Labour movement. But, first, this is wrong in point of fact, as you have stated; and, secondly, the disgrace, even if it were true, would not be yours. Mr. Knee, no doubt, is prepared to bow his name to Marx, who was also a "middle-class" sympathiser with Labour; or, failing Marx, to Mr. Hyndman or Mr. Bax, both of whom belong to the "middle class." But these democrats are nothing if not thorough. Like certain young birds, they will foul their own nest rather than be denied their callow liberty. The "Daily Herald" of the past week has had several

references to THE NEW AGE, but the promised letters on the subject of the Guilds have not yet appeared. In a leader on Friday, entitled "Wage Slaves as Master Builders," the "Daily Herald" urged its readers to bring their friends "to face the fascinating considerations raised by the scheme for National Guilds." On Wednesday your comments on the Holt Report were quoted as evidence that postal nationalisation had not settled the wage-earners' problem. A correspondent in the "Hertford Advertiser" draws the attention of the readers to your Open Letter, the study of which, he thinks, would open their eyes to the present situation. Lastly, for this week, the "Irish Homestead" has a reference which I should like to quote in full. Referring to the Irish lock-out, the editor says: "So far as we can gather from the 'Irish Worker' [Mr. Larkin's journal], Labour has no policy beyond the strike policy. Its leaders seem unable to see beyond the momentary battle with this or that employer. They are not even Socialist or Syndicalist, nor do they seem to have any idea of the future. Certainly they do not hint at any future culmination of organised labour in guilds of workers, such as the intellectuals of Labour in England have been expounding in THE NEW AGE."

* * *

Sir,—I apologise in advance for referring in one letter to several topics, but the explanation is that since I got put on to THE NEW AGE black list, I have incurred responsibilities which I must discharge. No less than three times of late your contributors—who wish to be known as "artists and gentlemen"—have made a play on my name; this is, of course, quite in order, and I make no objection until I find "Press-Cutter" tickling his throat with a feather, so that he may retch up from the place where he keeps his ill-humour something resembling a pun. But it is not the pseudo-pun I object to; it is the deliberate suggestio falsi of his reference to me. He wants to make your readers believe that I have, without acknowledging it, stolen THE NEW AGE thunder about the wage system and Guild Socialism for a society which has "now incorporated" in its lecture list, etc. If your readers are sufficiently "hare-brained" to care only for facts and not for prejudices, they may like to know that one of your regular staff kindly proposed the lecture titles to a member who was arranging the matter. Now, Mr. Press-Cutter, swallow down that. . . I regret, sir, to note that you have not yet found space for my concluding letter regarding Rabbi Randall, whom I put in the pillory as a pretender. He now deserves more than the castigation from which you have protected him by his critique on Professor J. B. Bury's book; he has learned nothing, not even caution or the wisdom of elementary consistency. For weeks he has been "proving" that capitalism and the wage system were founded by the early Christians, and I had to tell him that the economic of Christ was akin to communism and his politic to anarchism. Last week the Rabbi quoted with approval a dictum of Nietzsche's: "The anarchist and the Christian are of the same origin." Nietzsche is right; but what I am waiting for is a quotation from someone greater than Mr. Randall, to the effect that Jesus was "the founder of capitalism."

WILLIAM L. HARE.

["Press-Cutter" replies: If Mr. Hare does not "object to" a pun, I wonder what language he would employ if he did. I deny the charge of having suggested Mr. Hare's stealing THE NEW AGE thunder. The point that tickled my sense of humour was the contrast between his attitude to THE NEW AGE and the attitude of the society to which he belongs.]

[Mr. Randall replies: I have never attempted to prove that Christ was the founder of capitalism, and there is, therefore, no need to publish Mr. Hare's "castigation" of a thesis invented by himself.]

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—In reply to Senor Miguel Zapato's last letter to you, allow me to say that the Mexican Constitution is a fiction in precisely the same sense as international law is a fiction. It is there, laid down in rules and clauses. We obey international law, exactly as we abide by sworn and signed treaties, as long as we can. But sometimes treaties, like constitutions, are overthrown by force. When the use of force is at an end we may go back to the treaty, or the law, for definitions and precedents. I have often given instances of this in your columns in the course of the last three years or so. President Diaz seldom troubled to refer to the Mexican Constitution. General Huerta, on the other hand, has always laid much

more emphasis on it. This being so, it is the duty of a critic to pay equal attention to it, pointing out, however, as I have done, that the Constitution, although important, is not necessarily the last word.

The United States practically owns Panama and Nicaragua; for these countries cannot negotiate with foreign Powers, or obtain foreign loans, without the consent of the United States, exactly as Cuba cannot. Perhaps Senor Zapato will now inform me precisely who is at the back of the railway now being built between Mexico City and Guatemala, and whether or no it is likely that the United States will soon own Guatemala as she now owns Panama and Nicaragua. A consideration of the strategic position of the United States in relation to the Panama Canal will surely show Senor Zapato the importance of Mexico, a country that lies between the United States and these outlying possessions. These are points, let me add, which Mr. Bryan and President Wilson began to study about a month ago; and to judge from their public utterances and their diplomatic notes, not to speak of their general Central and South American policy, their knowledge of Mexico is still elementary. The United States will in the long run triumph in Mexico; but her victory will come *viâ* economics and not *viâ* the diplomacy of the present Administration.

I have, alas! no cousin in the beautiful city of San José. I can well imagine, however, that Senor Zapato has many cousins, both in America and Europe. S. VERDAD.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—One cannot but sympathise with the complaint of your contributor, R. H. C., regarding the reception of "Tomt" series of caricatures by the readers of THE NEW AGE. And yet, what was to be expected? We cannot for ever be writing and assuring you of our appreciation.

Speaking for myself, I have been a regular subscriber for nearly six years, and THE NEW AGE is more to me than a periodical—it is a living organism and a thinking, feeling, conversing friend. Only once have I had doubts about it, and that was when, shortly after the price had been raised (as far as I remember, I haven't my volumes by me), a new policy of independence was outlined which definitely rejected the purely class outlook of the existing Labour and Socialist organisations. It was not this fact which made me look askance. It was the tone and terms in which the new policy was laid down that caused me to fear that THE NEW AGE, disgusted at the slow approach of the millennium, had fallen back into the capitalist delusion and was thenceforward to lead a highly artificial and altogether hollow existence after the fashion of the then "Academy."

But whatever created the impression, it was quickly dispelled by the increased vigour and earnestness with which the economic problem continued to be attacked, and I have never lost confidence in the journal since.

It has the classical quality of permanence, and, were it to cease publication to-morrow, so much of it as has seen the light would nevertheless remain a work worthy of having been achieved—a source of spiritual satisfaction alike to the contributors who have made it what it is and to the subscribers who have been privileged to enjoy it.

What matters it if its critical staff do devour wolf-like their predecessors, if S. Verdaz condemn Stanhope of Chester, if Huntly Carter ridicule Ashley Dukes, if the writer of "Present-Day Criticism" despise Jacob Tonson, if Holbrook Jackson be pilloried more than often in the "Cant" column? The spirit of the criticism remains the same—plain, personal, sincere, and to the point.

We who watch these writers pass across the printed sheet, who know not the hour of their coming nor of their going, save as they appear in and disappear from your pages, can only rejoice silently in their work whilst they are with us. We raise our voices if we disagree or quarrel with them (it is a virtue of THE NEW AGE that it can pick quarrels with its admirers and increase their affection thereby), but we cannot chorus our appreciation every week; it would grow monotonous.

The quality and force of "Tomts" caricatures can have escaped few readers, I am positive, and it must have come as great a surprise to most as it did to me to learn a short time ago that the artist who could so aptly "hit off" in a few strokes the essential characteristics of our public men was not himself an Englishman.

I enclose an order for a volume of the caricatures.

HAROLD FISHER.

* * *

Sir,—As one of the obscure writers THE NEW AGE has brought to light, may I protest against R. H. C.'s assumption that silence on the part of your readers implies indifference? "Tomt" has refreshed for me many

first impressions that use had worn off. It is this fact that so surprises R. H. C. But why should it? Mr. Rosciszewski comes with the ever dæmonic fresh eye (which is usually reliable when there are brains behind it), hence he sees his subjects denuded of that cheap glamour that is too apt to blunt our perceptions. Again, THE NEW AGE has set up such a high standard that gush is out of the question. Regarding riots, one can easily imagine the uproar that would ensue on the appearance of these cartoons in the placard Press—that is, if these 'a'penny marvels were not written by the dead for the damned.

Speaking of standards of value, I must say that I am in entire agreement with R. H. C. in his comments on that neo-European Mr. Pound. Mr. Pound reserved to himself the right to "drag in" one or two authors, and he straightaway lugs in M. Remy de Gourmont (born 1858), and then pats M. Debussy on the back. And Debussy is no chicken, either. Debussy, with his cotton-wool lambs frisking in cotton-wool glades!

HAROLD LISTER.

* * *

BURY'S "HISTORY OF THE FREEDOM OF THOUGHT."

Sir,—I find in your issue of this week an article well expressing the duty of a reviewer—to say what he thinks about a book without any concern for the writer's feelings or for the publisher's purse, or for the advertisement of the newspaper in which he writes. The doctrine is sound, but there is one more canon: a book should be criticised upon lines consonant with its character. For instance, a Chemical textbook should not be criticised adversely because the author is deaf to the subtler rhythms of English prose, nor should it be praised if he is acutely sensitive to those rhythms but weak in chemistry.

I am moved to consider this canon by a review coming immediately after this article on reviewing. Your reviewer there deals with an historical work which has recently proceeded from the pen of Professor Bury, the head of, and spokesman for, the History School at Cambridge.

This book is an historical attack upon the Christian Church as the enemy of certain normal human rights and, in particular, of freedom in discussion and argument.

In the course of the work Professor Bury relies upon the dogma, common to Oxford and Cambridge men of distinction, that there is no God, and he expresses—as might any of his academic colleagues—a poor opinion of Jesus Christ.

Now this commonplace but solid attitude of mind is not only to be expected from our English Universities, but it agrees with the general conclusions of educated men outside them. Take educated England in the lump and opinions of this sort are in sympathy with that lump. Indeed, save in certain small bodies (the Catholic body in particular) such interest as there is in philosophy—and it is not widespread—seems to make men waver between the good old substantial Atheism of our fathers and a weaker Pantheism. It is, therefore, just and right that Professor Bury's attack upon Jesus Christ and His Church should have been favourably received by the whole press of this country, just as a patriotic book is favourably received, or one praising the royal family. I have no quarrel with your reviewer's agreement with Professor Bury's theology. He is right to express that agreement. I do quarrel with his praise of an historical book which is full of bad history.

I want to make myself quite clear on this before going further, because many of your readers know that I hold very different opinions, and they may believe that what I am going to say next is on that account not sincere. I can only assure them that it is; and what I am going to say next is this: that Professor Bury's work being an historical work the very first criterion to apply to it should be the criterion of historical accuracy. If an historian is grossly inaccurate, not in his proof-reading nor through slips of the pen, but because he does not think that accuracy counts, then he is a bad historian. Even if the mistakes he makes in dates and names and facts are mistakes which might have been rectified by an easily obtained reference he is still a bad historian; because his errors show that he is indifferent to the structure of history. Such errors further argue a contemptuous certitude that there is no instructed public capable of discovering the charlatanism of the Universities.

Professor Bury was shaky upon certain elementary dates in his subject, and he has, therefore, been guilty of serious errors: errors which could never have been

made by one who was not also wrong about a number of other dates and historical facts as well. Now in an historical work that sort of thing is damning, and I hold that no review of Professor Bury's book is sound which does not notice or recognise these errors.

Let me give you an example. Your reviewer says, quite rightly, that Constantine's Edict giving peace to the Church was issued in the year 313; but he goes on to say "Within a century Augustine"—St. Augustine, as we call him—"was dead." Now, why does he say this? St. Augustine was not dead in 413, he was brilliantly alive. Indeed, he was at that moment beginning the *De Civitate*. St. Augustine had seventeen years of activity before him in the year four hundred and thirteen, and an elementary knowledge of the period, of the career of Boniface, of the movements of the Vandals, would make one instinctively co-ordinate one's dates so that even if one did not remember this particular year 413 as the year of the *De Civitate*, yet one could easily remember that St. Augustine's death *must* have come much later.

Your reviewer is in no way to blame for giving a much earlier date for the death of St. Augustine; he followed in this the authority of Professor Bury himself, who, in this little work, sets down that significant event for the year *four hundred and ten*. As a matter of fact, St. Augustine died in the year *four hundred and thirty*, during the siege of Hippo; and between the two dates lies the most important part of his life and of his influence upon civilisation.

I go at such length into this one error out of the many in order to show the effect which bad historical work has. It puts all argument drawn from history out of gear. I do not mean that because Professor Bury is wrong about his dates that he is, therefore, wrong in his views of the Trinity (which are unfavourable), nor would I say that Sir Henry Maine was wrong in his contempt for democracy because in his ignorance of French he mis-translated Rousseau; but I say that he is selling bad goods. I say further that, while errors of this kind are what one expects in academic work, it is all the more the business of non-academic reviewers to spot them and to emphasise their gravity.

I will not add to this already very lengthy letter by other examples. Anyone with a love for the huntsman's craft can amuse himself with this little volume upon a rainy day and pick them out for himself; he will find such other examples scattered up and down the book as amply establish my point.

H. BELLOC.

THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION.

Sir,—I am not competent to dispute Mr. Verdad's judgment that the diplomacy of the Wilson Government is "vulgar." It occurs to me, however, that the word is as applicable to diplomacy as "inelegant" to an ironclad. Nor is it of much concern to me that he plasters the same term vulgar over the whole administration on account of Mr. Bryan's lecturing tour. No doubt it is a pity that Mr. Bryan should feel himself compelled to supplement his official salary in this way; but, for one thing, it is better than "speculating" behind the public back as our "well-bred" legislators do; and, for another, American criticism may be trusted to supply its own remedy. There is no need, I feel sure, for Mr. Verdad to make an international affair of it. It is not even an American national affair, but a subject of purely internal dispute. Outside foreign affairs, Mr. Verdad is not only, in my opinion, unjust to the Wilson administration, but his facts are wrong. In his Notes of August 28, he speaks of the extra session as if it were over; "it did not," he says, "see the passing" of the Currency Bill. Your readers are, of course, aware that the extra session is not even yet over, and that the Currency Bill still stands a chance of being passed. An even more important Bill than the Currency Bill is the Underwood Tariff Bill. This, as was announced last week, has now been carried through the Senate. Of the passage of this Bill the "Times" said it is "a decisive tribute to the efficacy of President Wilson's leadership. It is more even than that; it is a guarantee of a prestige for Dr. Wilson that none of the last three Presidents has possessed. Yet Mr. Verdad says that "the prestige of the Wilson administration began to decline within a week of the President's inauguration," and has been declining ever since. Where, outside the Republican sections, is there the slightest evidence for it? Mr. Verdad cannot have weighed the matter seriously for a single moment. Not only has President Wilson succeeded in settling the Tariff (that worse than Balkan business) for at least the period of his office, but he has inaugurated other reforms equally popular, and such, I should have thought, as would appeal to Mr. Verdad. He read his

own speech, for example, when Congress met. Did this in Wilson seem too ambitious? He has certainly put the fear of Haman into the lobbyists who used to infest legislation as weevils in biscuits. Did any President dare to do it before him? He has threatened to call the bluff of the trusts if they should persist in opposing his measures; and in this he has been backed up by an enthusiastic public opinion. So far from his prestige having declined, I dare venture to say that Dr. Wilson would be chosen President again to-morrow, and by a much larger vote than before. Your readers are entitled to know, since Mr. Verdad has broken his principle of confining himself to foreign affairs, what is his ground for stating that Dr. Wilson's prestige is declining. Where, I ask once more, is it declining? And what is the evidence of it?

DAVID LAMB.

"THE APPROACH TO PARIS."

Sir,—Your critic ("R. H. C.") seems to labour under certain misapprehensions as to the purpose of my articles. First, I have not, at least not to my knowledge, made any claims to the title or appurtenances of Buckhurst. Second, I have not set out to claim that the young writers, or even the living writers of France were gods walking as men. To disprove my assertions your correspondent will not need to prove that the living writers of France are inferior to Quinet, but simply that the work of the younger, or the living writers of England is, from the point of view of the artist and craftsman, more interesting, and in a higher state of development than that of their contemporaries south of the channel; or if this be too difficult he may present us with citations from the classic authors of this island which forestall the artistic discoveries of to-day's Paris.

EZRA POUND.

ST. COLUM.

Sir,—I am not a poet, or a critic of poets or poetry, therefore I hope Mr. Ezra Pound won't think me presumptuous if I ask him to explain exactly what he wishes us to understand by the following statements:—"I am well aware that poetry was written on this island before Chaucer. St. Colum wrote it in Latin." Are we to infer that St. Colum wrote poetry in Latin in this island—England?

PETER FANNING.

THE "NEW WITNESS."

Sir,—In the "Objection List," commonly known as the "Black List," published in the "London Typographical Journal" for August you will find the name of the "New Witness" as one of the journals produced at non-society, that is, non-union, houses.

P. C.

"BY THE OPEN SEA."

Sir,—The English publisher of the above translation of Strindberg should have waited a week or two. He might, then, no doubt, have obtained the American translation (authorised by Strindberg's executors, and made by Ellis Schleussner), which appeared last week with Messrs. Huebach. I shall be interested in comparing the two translations.

R. H. C.

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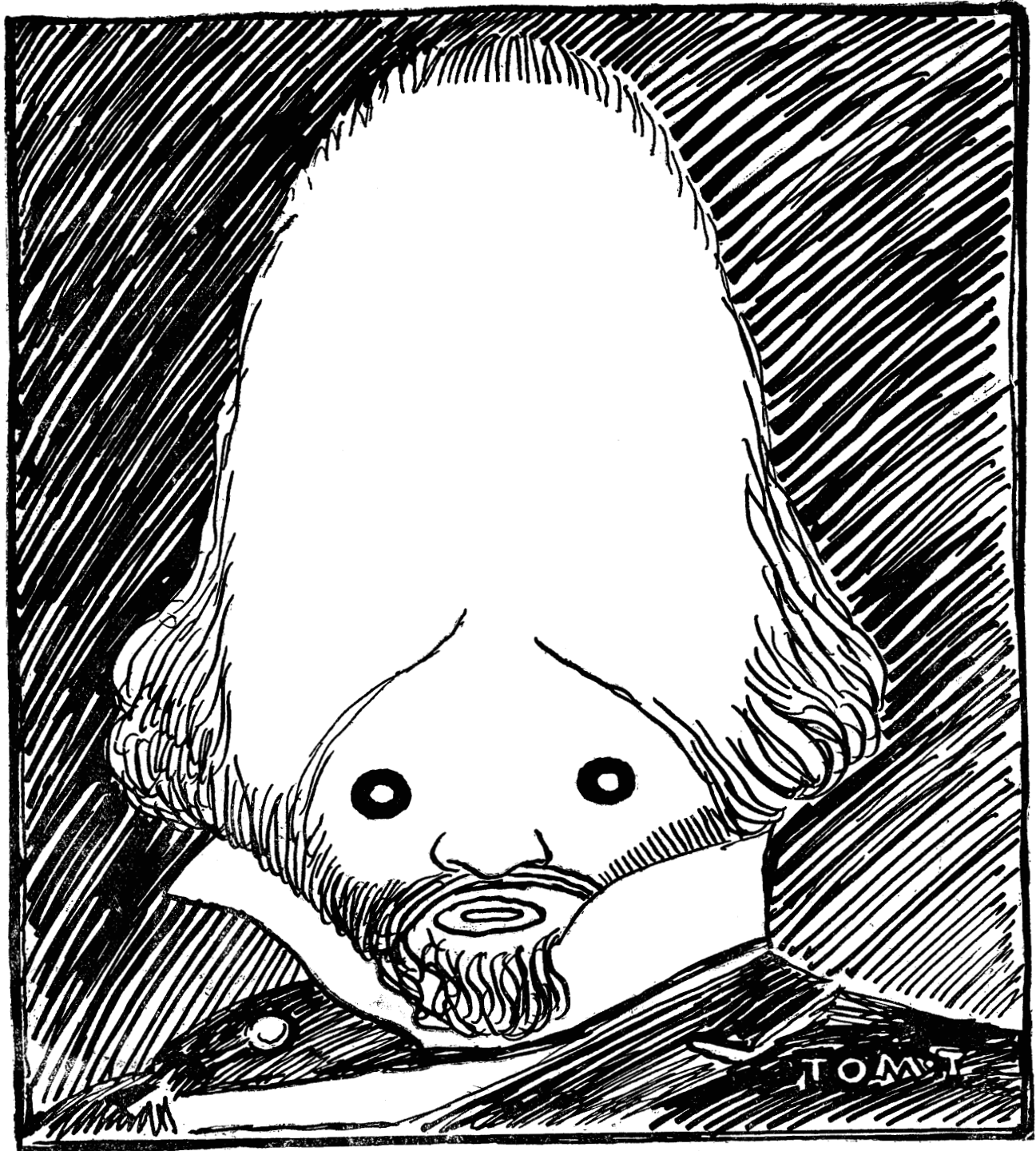
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