

# THE NEW AGE

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Too much preliminary booming spoiled the effect of Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Bedford. We were led to expect something desperate, whereas all we got was a little mild Fabianism. Reading between the lines, it is easily inferred that Mr. George has found himself embarrassed by the strong Whig influence in the Cabinet and the multitude of "experts" on his land commission. Nothing must be said to antagonise the section led by Mr. Lewis Harcourt, whilst it was politic to drag in some point urged by each "expert." The resultant of these forces, so far as practical politics is concerned, is a vague proposal to offer a ladder of advancement to the thrifty agricultural labourer. He is to get higher wages, somehow, somewhere, somewhen (God helping); then he must have a bit of garden. "Hours of labour must be so ordered that leisure shall be left him for cultivating his garden." The scheme would therefore seem to be to provide leisure for the labourer, not for leisure but to augment his income. The meaning of leisure, in the agricultural sense, is apparently overtime. The dog's food is to be increased by a gradual curtailment of his tail. If the labourer can physically survive, then the garden may grow into an allotment. Subsequently, at the age, say, of sixty, our dear friend Hodge may secure a small holding of fifty acres. If he continues thrifty and enterprising, then at the age of ninety he may "look forward to taking his position as one of the substantial farmers in the community." When our labourer has thus graduated through the garden and the small holding to an actual farm, he will at the age of one hundred and twenty discover that "the folds shall be full of sheep, the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." The singing will be by Welsh choirs, entrance threepence, front seats sixpence. At long last we are to enjoy "rare and refreshing fruits," with a sing-song thrown in.

Shorn of its verbiage and rhetorical lures, the speech proves that our forecast last week was correct: the Government has discovered that in agriculture an increase of wage will obey the law of increasing returns. Professors Pigou and Spooner had previously warned them that in manufacturing industries any further wage-increase would obey the law of diminishing returns but that they might safely adopt an agricultural policy that would force up agricultural wages. How this is to be done remains to be discovered. Mr. George gave us no guidance on the point, and we venture to assert that he does not know. To augment wages by garden products is not to increase the rate of the labourer's wage; it is merely to take more out of his physical reserve. But the Government wants the farmers' vote, and this they cannot get if they propose any increase in the rates of wages. Last week we remarked that wages had not advanced since the time of the Flood. Mr. George tells us that the farm-labourer's wage had not risen since the time of Henry VII. Thus are we gradually educating our rulers. But it is evident that they still have much to learn as to the nature of wages and whilst they are agreed that wages in agriculture must be raised they are puzzled how to set about it. The only fund available for the purpose is that now assigned to rent, interest, and profits. Mr. George emphatically asserts that the present property rights of the landlords must not be touched. That means that rent and interest must remain a charge upon the land. The profits now go to the farmers and the dealers. The scheme, therefore, would seem to be to induce the farmers to pay higher wages, backed by legislation promising increased productivity—laws more stringently governing the preservation of game and limiting amenities—laws giving greater security of tenure, and so forth. But to obtain this great increase of productivity demands a huge increase of capital outlay. The farmer must look to his bank. But the banks never give advances beyond the next harvest. Will the Government lend its aid by extended credit? Mr. George hints at nothing in this direction. Meantime, out of what fund is the labourer's increased rate of wage to come? Mr. George is probably looking to Providence to help him out. Nobody else will. The landlords will naturally button up their fobs; the farmer's capital is already distributed on his present farm; the banks are limited by urban demands which pay them better. The crux of the problem is not merely farm-wagery but farm-finance.

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Running through the speech, it was interesting to observe the recurring emphasis laid upon land as a

monopoly. And monopoly is not only property, but responsibility, stewardship. We do not quarrel with this conception, of course; but oddly enough, Mr. George never once seemed to realise that the real counterpoise to the monopoly of land-ownership is labour-monopoly. Mr. George quite rightly insisted that farm work is highly skilled. "A good labourer is the work of years. It requires no end of skill and experience to be a good labourer. . . . There is no labour that is as productive, there is no labour that is as essential to the community. It is the oldest labour of all, and this skilful labour, requiring years of training in the most essential of all industries, this most serviceable, honourable labour—it is the oldest aristocracy in the world—we pay it the lowest wages, we give it the longest hours, we house it in the worst dwellings." Mr. George cannot be consistent for a quarter of an hour on end. A little later he was gaily anticipating the immigration of town-bred artisans to the country to do work which he had just previously declared required years of training. He was forced to this inconsistent conclusion because it was vital to his argument to state that there were reserves of labour for the proposed increased acreage of productivity. We shall watch with interest what line the Labour Party takes on this question. We have already tabled our proposals. We assert that the way out is by the organisation of all agricultural labour culminating with an Agricultural Guild. The most profoundly disquieting feature of the present position is that everybody seems content to let the State become a foster-parent of the agricultural labourer instead of encouraging him to organise and fend for himself. In our "Open Letter to the Trades Union Congress" we there suggested that it would positively pay to spend £250,000 upon thoroughly organising agricultural labour. The Congress voted £500. We understand that the Congress has practically no funds, but its example should be speedily followed by every trade union in the kingdom. If we are to have a tearing, raging, land propaganda, it is surely evident that the various interests affected will each fight for itself. It follows that the best organised will secure whatever plunder may be available. We do not think that the Government will succeed in detaching the farmers from their present economic affiliation. We may reasonably expect rent, interest and profits to stand together in this struggle. If so, what chance has the labourer? He may get a few crumbs thrown from the table, but precious little more. If the leaders of the Labour Party had an ounce of brains amongst them, they would cease their political chatter and spend every available pound and every available minute in organising an army of agricultural labour that would be powerful enough to inaugurate a new era in our national economy.

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We hear rumours that the Dublin struggle may terminate sooner than was anticipated. If it be so, then we have little doubt that A. E.'s letter to the Dublin masters will have proved an important factor. It is in its way an historic document, for it is one of the very few impassioned appeals that has really changed an industrial situation. It is known that speeches in Parliament rarely influence votes; in like manner, literary appeals seldom influence business policy. But A.E.'s contribution was so essentially true and timely that it in fact modified Dublin opinion to such an extent that a considerable section of the employers were touched with shame. The letter, throwing as it does such a flood of light upon capitalist psychology, warrants more permanent record, and we accordingly reproduce it in this issue. Our readers will hardly fail to notice its endorsement of our own article, "The City of Perpetual Hunger." Even more important than the Dublin lock-out, is the frank recognition, in an obviously inspired article in the "Times," that the railway directors cannot solve the psychological revolt of their men. A few weeks ago we asserted that the problem of service on the railways had become psychological, and that this was known to those who

direct railway policy in this country. Now the cat is out of the bag. The "Times" correspondent admits that "new conditions have come into existence lately and these have created, or are creating, a difficult and dangerous set of problems." A strike is prophesied unless "the companies see the men's case as it is, the men to see the companies' case as it is, and the public and Parliament see both sides." We are next told that "the big fight, if it comes, will rage mainly round the question of union recognition." It is admitted that the claim for recognition is based upon very solid grievances. The Conciliation scheme is not working smoothly; promotion as a system is practically non-existent; the work is harder, and there has been "a great deal of speeding-up." What's to be done? But we must have regard for the companies' case. They are subject to laws and regulations; they are bound to accept all goods and passengers; to maintain an uninterrupted service; they cannot put up their charges without State sanction. They, in fact, have not the freedom to bargain with trade unions enjoyed by ordinary employers. They cannot lock out their men without breach of the law, and therefore—a gorgeous non sequitur—they cannot grant recognition, and the men ought not to strike! On such an important point we must not risk even a suspicion of distorting the argument, so let us quote: "As they are bound to maintain a regular service, it follows that their men should be bound not to strike. It thus becomes a serious question whether or not a railwayman has any right to be a trade unionist. The companies, deprived of the power of the lock-out, are justified in declining to deal with an agency that possesses the power of the strike." Nevertheless, the companies are far from happy, and, in fact, do not know which way to turn. Curiously enough, whilst our hearts are wrung with sympathy and pity for the poor companies who are thus burdened with heavy legal responsibilities, one little factor in the situation is not mentioned. The companies possess a monopoly. Why, then, should not their men? We have repeatedly urged the unions not to strike except for a fundamental change in their wage-system. If the railwaymen mean to strike for recognition, then we implore them to import some real meaning into the word. The only "recognition" worth a thought is the recognition by the monopolistic companies that their men also possess a monopoly—the monopoly of railway labour. Let these two monopolies, each recognising the other, lock horns and see which can survive. We suggest to the railway union a policy that makes for victory. Let them go on for another year gathering in all the non-unionists. Then they can issue their ultimatum: seats on the directorate and a division of profits; half to dividends and half to the labour monopoly. The half to labour must not be dissipated in dribs and drabs. What is wanted is a good fat cheque to the organisation as such. After that, the Transit Guild is not far off.

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We are glad to see that the proposal of the Miners' Federation to counter the employers' latest combined move by a fighting federation of trade unions is being taken up sympathetically. We are told that the capital of the employers who have organised themselves to crush trade unionism is £50,000,000. It sounds fearsome, but in reality it does not amount to much. It represents an inappreciable proportion of industrial capital. It is, however, of first importance that the trade unions should promptly provide for a continuous food supply. The way to do this—the only way so far as we know—is to reach a working agreement with the Co-operative Wholesale Society. And if we are to have an industrial struggle, it is just as well to be prepared with plans for the campaign. More than a year ago, we outlined a working campaign, in our chapters on "The Transition" in our Wage-System series. Briefly, we proposed that every available penny should go into rations, to be distributed according to the size of each family affected. We suggested that this should be arranged with the C.W.S. We further proposed that

from the declaration of a strike or lock-out, no rents should be paid in the area of operations. If the employers (capitalised at £50,000,000) have succeeded in concentrating attention upon these practical problems, then they have our gratitude. An army marches on its belly; the commissariat is of first importance.

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We congratulate very heartily the "Daily Herald" upon its "rally" last Friday. An enormous audience, enough to fill the Albert Hall, came to protest against the madness of this naughty world and incidentally to see and hear Mr. James Larkin. The whole thing went with a swing, and should encourage our contemporary to persevere. There were some significant incidents. Mr. Larkin tried to get a cheer for Mr. Keir Hardie. He got a perfunctory hand-clap. Mr. Snowden's name was received with groans. The Labour Party met with jeers and raucous notes of angry disappointment. The temper of the meeting was distinctly anti-political. It is not possible, of course, for busy journalists to arrange everything beforehand. Doubtless, after last Friday's experience, a little more thought will be devoted to the quality of the speeches. With the exception of Mr. Dyson, their excellent cartoonist, the speeches were simply shocking, utterly lacking in perception or in the true meaning of revolt. "We are rebels," shouted all the speakers, one after another, but not a glimpse was vouchsafed of what they were rebelling against. Now, when you bring many thousands of men and women together, the substance of the speeches is far more important than the personnel of the speakers. What, for example, was the Countess of Warwick doing there? The speaker before her had proclaimed the class-struggle, at which the audience shouted approval. The dear Countess followed and blandly remarked that this was no class fight! Her entourage clapped, but the rest of the audience chuckled with obvious amusement. This woman would never have been asked to speak except for her social position. But we can easily understand the lapse. Not once during the whole evening was the wage-system and the necessity of its abolition mentioned or hinted at. The working hypothesis of the Editor and his staff seems to be that the "Herald" umbrella covers those who call themselves "rebels." Therefore was Mr. Wedgwood, a member of the Liberal Party, welcomed on the platform. His "revolt" is single tax. But we know also that he is something of a knight-errant, and we understand. Now we suggest to the "Daily Herald" that the real common denominator is not vague rebellion, but wage-abolition. The whole mass of the proletariat is in bondage. It is therefore invited to rebel. What must it rebel against? Obviously, against the thing that keeps it in bondage. What is that? Wagerly, of course. A plain statement of what wagerly is and how to abolish it would have been priceless at that meeting. "The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed." In the expectation of appearing cantankerous, one more note of warning. The new movement wants no more hero-worship. It has been the curse of every democratic movement since the Chartist days. It killed Chartism; it killed early Socialism; it has killed the I.L.P. Unless we are quite frank about it, it will kill the industrial movement in Ireland. Mr. Larkin has done splendidly; he earned a warm and hospitable reception. But the written panegyric, which the chairman read in introducing him, was not only fulsome, but palpably exaggerated and untrue. "Make no more giants, but elevate the race at once," sang an impatient poet of the Victorian era. As for us, we do not know who built York Minster. Nor does it matter. We hope that before long, the "Herald" will finally concentrate upon the thing immediately to be destroyed—wagerly: and the thing to be constructed—the Guild.

If often happens that the succession of incidents, apparently trivial in themselves, points a social truth not otherwise easily to be discussed. Such a series of minor happenings last week taken together has a major meaning. There was the detention and threatened deportation of Miss Marie Lloyd and Mr. Bernard

Dillon, on their arrival in New York; next the arrest, punishment, and threatened deportation of Mr. Harry Kemp at Southampton; previously had occurred the proscription by Messrs Tilling of such of their men who wore trade union badges—a bad example followed last week by the tramway authorities in Nottingham. There was also the case of the Cornish Clay strike, during which the magistrates refused bail to a young man charged with wounding a policeman. There was also the refusal of bail to Mr. James Larkin and Mr. James Connolly in Dublin. At the first blush, there seems no connection between these varied and widely separated incidents. But first let us briefly state the facts. Miss Marie Lloyd went to America to fulfil certain contracts. She was accompanied by Mr. Bernard Dillon, who had been cited as co-respondent by Miss Lloyd's husband. They, in fact, did not disguise their relations. The immigration authorities actually charged Dillon, aged twenty-five, with bringing over Miss Lloyd, aged forty-two, for immoral purposes. Miss Lloyd was charged with "passive consent." They finally had to give a bond to leave the Holy Land by March next. The case of Mr. Harry Kemp is different. He did, in fact, attempt the stow-away dodge to get to England, and probably he is not whining at twenty-one days' imprisonment in consequence. But the magistrates have recommended deportation after serving his term. Mr. Kemp has roughed it in the Western States where travelling as a hobo is not regarded as a very serious offence. He is something of a versifier, though not a poet. Of our own personal knowledge, we emphatically affirm that he is not a criminal, not even remotely. Why, then, this vindictive deportation order? It was stated in evidence, irrelevantly and cruelly, that he was the co-respondent in the Upton Sinclair divorce suit. The magistrates of Southampton (where sailors ashore frequent only prayer meetings) were inexpressibly shocked. In the interests of Southampton morality they have recommended deportation for this very harmless and rather foolish versifier. In the case of Tillings, it was assumed that to wear a badge was something so immoral as to warrant instant dismissal. In the Cornish Clay strike, a young man fired off a loaded revolver and wounded a policeman. It is doubtful if he intended it, and, anyhow, the policeman is recovering. Bail was offered and refused. After the strike was over, the magistrates allowed bail. Now the law as to bail is perfectly clear. In committing a man to stand his trial, the magistrates in accepting bail have only to satisfy themselves that the prisoner will duly appear. They were clearly exceeding their duty, either in refusing bail during the strike, or accepting it after the strike. The young man's case was unaffected either way. Mr. Connolly had to hunger-strike for a week and then was allowed out on his own recognisances. Mr. Larkin had to apply to the High Court. There was never the shadow of a doubt that both would appear at their trial.

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So much for the facts. But how do they all come under the same category? Miss Marie Lloyd, Mr. Harry Kemp, the young Cornish clay worker, Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Connolly have all been guilty (without trial) of breaking bourgeois morality. In other words, both in England and America, economic power, knowing the value of this particular brand of morality, does not hesitate to use the law, extra-legally, if not illegally, to punish those who disobey it. No Atlantic liner ever enters New York without bringing some couple who are living together without the sanction of marriage. But Miss Lloyd is "no class" and so is punished. Mr. Kemp is in a like case but is a much more innocent sufferer. We may at least hope that the Home Office will not issue any deportation orders in his case. We do not appeal to its sense of honour; we are content to appeal to its sense of humour. In Southampton, we had the police pandering to the magistrates' "respectability," identifying themselves, in fact, with their masters' morality. In the proceedings in Cornwall, a new psychological development was observed.

The police, in giving evidence, spoke of members of the public as "civilians." They evidently regarded themselves as a class apart, bought by the employers to do their share in breaking the strike. An observer of this particular strike, and himself a barrister, puts his finger (in the "Nation") on the spot:—

"When a strike breaks out in a district like this the whole administration of the law is at once inspired with the idea that a striker is already potentially a criminal. He is watched by the police like a dangerous beast; he is threatened long before he does anything; he is made to feel that the law is in hostile hands; not so much a force representing the organised will of a community, of which he is himself a part, as a weapon in his employer's hands, a net spread for his feet, a bludgeon for his head."

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What have our Labour critics to say to all this? In each case cited, it is painfully evident that economic forces dominate our political system. Do they imagine that a large increase in the Parliamentary Labour Party would particularly modify the biased administration of the law? We suspect that in each of these cases, the sympathies of the Labour Party would be entirely on the side of the administration. Mr. Pointer, we remember, expressed the opinion that jail was the right place for Mr. Tom Mann. Mr. Snowden is so harmless that he was asked to be the guest of a bishop at the recent Church Congress. We can hardly imagine Mr. J. R. Macdonald drawing the Premier's attention to these unimportant details whilst playing golf with him at Lossiemouth. Mr. Arthur Henderson would probably point the moral of each case at a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon in some Methodist chapel. If Mr. Hardie were asked to intervene he would probably reply that the Labour movement stands primarily for morality. As for Mr. George Barnes! Unless we watch it, we shall find ourselves moving into a period of sumptuary laws magisterially enforced.

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With the blowing up of the Gamboa Dyke, the penultimate stage of the Panama Canal construction was reached. Thus we draw near the close of a gigantic experiment in Guild organisation—so gigantic that it was too great either for private or State capitalism. We have told the story in some detail in two of our chapters on the Guilds, but it is worth while briefly to recapitulate. The private company, financed by France and managed by de Lesseps, lost £70,000,000 over it, to say nothing of the loss of human life. Then the American Government took it up, bought the plant and railway stock of the French company and proceeded to wonder how it was going to do it. Private contracting was out of the question and the usual governmental methods of subcontracting proved equally inappropriate. President Roosevelt accordingly fell back upon the U.S.A. Corps of Engineers, Colonel G. W. Goethals being appointed Engineer-in-Chief and Chairman of the Isthmian Commission. Throughout the whole belt *pay* has been the system, *wages* having been found as inappropriate as subcontracting. Colonel Goethals has worked for £3,000 a year, performing a task, and proud of it, which no European profiteers would have undertaken for £10,000. Nothing has been done at a profit, the catering, the drainage, the houses—everything at net cost. Further, the £75,000,000 required has almost all been found out of the gold reserves of the Washington Treasury and the Canal opens practically free from debt. Amongst the hierarchy and the men a Guild spirit has prevailed. Everybody concerned has worked *con amore*, and a magnificent example has been afforded of what a properly organised Guild can do. The Isthmian Commission has been the governing authority. At first it was run by politicians from Washington, but gradually Colonel Goethals quietly elbowed them out and insisted upon every member of the Commission doing some useful work. Thus did economic power dominate the politicians to the advantage of the work, rent, interest and profits having

been eliminated. This Commission had many political tasks to perform—law, police, health, relations with the neighbouring Republics. Being composed of men imbued with the Guild spirit, it did far better than the politicians and the diplomatists. It is an entrancing study of the coming form of industrial organisation and an outstanding proof of the efficiency of the Guild.

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Of the dispute between the United States and Great Britain (France and Germany also intervening) very little need be said. The "Times" correspondent at Washington announces that President Wilson intends to fall back upon the spirit of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. It does not really matter much either way. A few Canadian lumber magnates on the Pacific coast are adversely affected and that, we think, is about all. Of the merits of the case, we might perhaps remark that technically, at least, America is in the right. The treaty was made on the assumption that the Canal was to be constructed through Nicaragua. In that region, Great Britain had something to bring to market having a more or less defined protectorate over the Mosquitoe Coast. It was afterwards assumed that the same considerations applied to Panama. America's mistake was in not notifying Great Britain earlier of her changed intentions. Morally, therefore, we were right in assuming the validity of the treaty. It would certainly be a graceful and politic act on the part of Washington to revert to the previous understanding. The passage of the Home Rule Bill into law would probably clinch the matter.

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Nothing has happened during the past week to change our considered view that Ulster must stand in with the rest of Ireland. Mr. Churchill's speech did not close the door against a conference, but it is doubtful if his own party would tolerate it. Meantime, it is increasingly evident that the Carson movement is collapsing. Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith have returned to the Law Courts, where shekels await them, and their tone is now as soft as sucking doves. They have seen Mr. Bonar Law; Mr. Bonar Law has been to Balmoral. There is generally a balmoral somewhere.

#### DO STRIKES PAY?

(HENRY V BEFORE HARFLEUR.)

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more!  
No—back! We have this day fresh reck'ning made  
And we do find that this our foolish warfare  
Holds in its grasp no promise of that filth  
For which we struck; our couns'llors do agree  
That these stiff sinews, this hard favour'd rage,  
This overhanging brow, this tiger's action;  
That pageantry of warlike mien to which  
We erstwhile did adjure your English mettle  
Are out of place. Now must we tune our words  
To mitigate the fierceness of that wrath  
To which ourselves did urge you. Now forget  
Those images with which we stirred your blood;  
Relax those features grim; be mean and base;  
Let modest stillness and humility  
Control you; lend the eye a mild aspect,  
And imitate the action of the cow.  
We spake of English dead, all unaware  
That living men are of much greater worth  
Than bloody corpses. Now devote your minds  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compass our present aims, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. There stand the walls of Harfleur,  
Which must achieved be ere this our claim  
To the fair lands of France can be enforce'd.  
Let us then cogitate. Shall we dispatch  
Ambassadors with words of sweetest honey,  
To flatter, coax, and fawn upon those Frenchmen,  
And blandly ask them to deliver up  
Their town and lives to our soft mercy?  
Or shall we play the scaramouch, disguising  
Our new-found prudence with a swelling port,  
And breathing forth the most bloodthirsty threats  
That man's mind can devise.  
But soft! here comes the dusk; let us retire;  
Perhaps the dawn will see the walls of Harfleur  
Flat on the ground. Perhaps!

BARTHOLOMEW HEVELLYN.

## Current Cant.

"How to be a philosopher."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"London is full of music."—"Daily Graphic."

"Our photographer found Mr. Lloyd George sitting quietly reading the 'Daily Sketch' for the truth."—"Daily Sketch."

"Wages went up in 1912 . . . the movement is continuing."—"News and Leader."

"The people of Great Britain have always, since the electoral duty became general, preferred to bear their own burdens and deal directly with their representatives in Parliament or Council, and have never been able to tolerate the idea of having their affairs managed for them by professional politicians."—"The Referee."

"Under the inspiration of the Bishop of London and his Cathedral staff, the Church life of the City is making itself felt."—"Morning Post."

"Let the cobbler stick to his last, and let us help him to do it."—"Daily Express."

"One of the difficulties awaiting the next Cabinet is the insidious growth of indiscipline, disloyalty, and poisoned Socialism in the Civil Service."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Trade Unionism is cutting the ground from under its own feet."—"A LABOUR MAN" in the "Daily Mail."

"There is no Ireland."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Politics is one of the most consuming passions in life; to men of middle-age at least, it becomes an even more powerful passion than that of love. And like love, it is also one of the noblest of passions even when it is distorted."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Arnold Bennett defends Human Nature."—"Public Opinion."

"There is not an editor in London who is not anxiously searching for writers with something to say."—HAROLD BEGBIE.

"How to become a writer."—"Everyman."

"Sir Hubert Herkomer is a Master of Arts, an Honorary Fellow of All Souls', and an Associate of the Institute of France . . . as a film actor, Sir Hubert is judicious and restrained . . . the most interesting thing about these Herkomer Films will be that the public will see a Royal Academician playing in dumb show for its delectation."—FRANK DESPREZ in "The Era."

In order to prove that the Salamander, contrary to tradition, is an animal painfully affected both by fire and heat, the "Eclair" film company have shown upon the cinema a picture in which live Salamanders are placed upon a grating over Bunsen burners. They are also placed in strong acid and obviously tortured."—"Eclair" Film, seen last week in Chelsea.

"It is noticed that the King, if he has any distance to travel, never begins his visit on a Monday. Thus his stay with Lord Spencer commences to-morrow instead of to-day. The reason is, of course, to obviate the necessity of travelling on a Sunday, to which his Majesty has a great objection."—"Daily Sketch."

"By accompanying the King on the Army manoeuvres this week the Queen has created a new record, since upon no previous occasion has the consort of a British sovereign been present at military operations of this character. Her Majesty is not so greatly interested in the tactical operations, which, truth tells, will be rather uninteresting to a non-military spectator, as in seeing the manner in which 'Tommy' lives when in the field, and what arrangements are made for his comfort and for tending him in case of sickness. Her private motor-car has been sent to Althorp from Buckingham Palace for her use."—"Daily Sketch."

"Honesty is the backbone of business."—"Christian Age."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE have been rumours of a Naval Conference, but nothing definite has yet been decided. Our Colonies (for I don't think we have yet got into the habit of referring to "our Dominions") have given the home authorities to understand that a conference is desirable; but they have not, as one or two papers have stated, actually asked for a conference. It would not be impossible to hold a conference in London this winter to discuss the naval affairs of the Empire at large; but such meetings, if they were held, would not be regarded with very great interest by the general public, and only a few members of the Government would take part in them. Yet the proximate inauguration of the Panama Canal will make a Naval Conference necessary in a relatively short time.

At present it is probably correct to say that the public is chiefly interested in Labour unrest, not merely because the forces of Labour constitute such a vast proportion of the entity we call the public, but because all classes have of late years been affected by Labour disputes and are ready to show more sympathy with the workers than they were a generation ago. The Government, on the other hand, is naturally interested in turning the attention of the public from Labour unrest—a really important matter, as we all know—to some things of less consequence, i.e., Home Rule, the Land, Welsh Disestablishment, and the House of Lords, in the order named. But our Colonies, let us remember for a moment, are not particularly attracted by any of these things. Canada, Australia, and, above all, New Zealand, are preoccupied with the Panama Canal; and India has troubles of her own.

Like many another reader of THE NEW AGE, I have taken a great interest in the articles contributed by Mr. Grant Hervey, President of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Young Australian Party; and even at times when I have felt myself to be bespattered by his mud-slinging I have not altogether resented the experience. Criticism is always valuable; the difference between the old and cultured world and the new and raw world is to be found in the method of applying it. When Mr. Hervey threatens us with Germany (if my recollection is right, he has also threatened us with the United States), he is, I suppose, joking; and I notice that, in THE NEW AGE of October 2, a correspondent called our attention to this. One must presume that if Mr. Hervey's party comes into power there would be some sort of alliance between Germany and Australia; if we take it for granted, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Hervey is not joking. Or perhaps between Germany plus United States and Australia? I do not profess to know. But I should like to call the attention of the Young Australian Party and its critics, in THE NEW AGE and elsewhere, to another aspect of Australian politics which is at present forming a subject of very keen discussion in those circles in London where Home Rule, the Land, etc., are not regarded as being of any great importance.

By arrangement with the present Government of the Commonwealth, numbers of English naval officers were sent out to assist in the formation of the new Australian navy. Their tasks were difficult; and it is to be regretted that they have been rewarded chiefly with ingratitude and snubs. Their efforts to raise the standard of discipline—which was exceedingly lax, as it always is in new countries like Australia and the United States—were not merely thwarted by the insolence and unwillingness of the men under their charge, but also, which is far more serious, by the disposition of the local authorities to support the "slackers" and to punish the offenders, when the offenders were punished at all, with exceedingly light and trivial sentences. In consequence of this attitude

on the part of those who now rule the Commonwealth, many officers have sent in their resignations, and many others have expressed their dissatisfaction with the conditions under which they are expected to work.

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I do not say that this has anything to do with the Young Australian Party; but it is a state of things with which, presumably, the Young Australian Party should be acquainted, and I should like to know what they say about it. It is, of course, difficult to secure definite names and evidence. English officers are not accustomed to grumble in public; and the complaints which have come to light are not widely known. But many private letters which have been received from Australia within the last twelve months or so make interesting reading.

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The Young Australian Party has merely threatened us with Germany. The Australian Liberal and Labour parties, however, are suspected in official circles in London—mind, I do not say more than suspected—of being even less patriotic, Imperially speaking, than Mr. Hervey and his friends. For Mr. Hervey's followers would appear to be willing to give us a chance. "Do this, or . . ." We can at least understand that language. But we frankly cannot understand the attitude of the Labour Party and the attitude of the Liberal Party. Both these political organisations have shown as much unwillingness as can well be imagined to "meet" the wishes of the Home Government, and chiefly so in all discussions connected with the fleet. The Australians have always demanded that any fleet for which they pay, either in men or in money, shall be kept in Australian waters. The home authorities naturally enough, want all the ships of the Empire to be under some common command. Without some such arrangement, indeed, the result at a period of crisis would be little less than anarchy. We should not know, in time, on whom we might rely; and, to speak frankly, the suspicions of many influential people at home are that we should not be able to rely upon Australian assistance, whether in the form of men, money, or ships.

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And now a word on this question of an Australian navy. Australia would not be safe from Japan—Japan is the bugbear—or, if you will, from the United States and Germany, unless she had a fleet at least as large as that of Japan, and a fleet as well manned and equipped and trained. Difficulties of population alone render such a fleet impossible for the Australian people. The only hope, then, for Australia, if she wishes to feel safe from the Japs, is reliance on the help which could be afforded by some strong nation, no matter how far off. If the Japanese, for example, chose to attack quickly, as they have always done, the fleets of the United States and Germany would be as useless as the British Fleet. But the British Fleet, it may be said, should station a strong squadron in Australian waters, or the United States may do so and thus afford protection from Japan.

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Now, this is a subject for discussion. The opening of the Panama Canal will not find us unprepared: we are already strengthening our naval station at Bermuda and revising our strategical arrangements to fit the new conditions. But it may as well be stated at once that neither Germany nor the United States can be relied upon to "defend" Australia. It would take the whole American fleet to do that, and if the American fleet were stationed in Pacific waters permanently the way would be open to Germany to carry out her colonial designs in South America; and she would carry them out. Germany, on the other hand, would never dream of sending a strong fleet to the Pacific, especially when France has three super-Dreadnoughts in course of construction and others on order. One hint to Mr. Hervey and his friends: how would they, as statesmen, deal with a German-Japanese alliance? That is at least as likely an event as the rise of the Young Australia Party to power. My compliments to Mr. Hervey.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE immediate importance of Ulster's preparations will be exaggerated or belittled according to the temperament of the critic and his knowledge of Irish affairs. But they have another importance which is in reality far greater, although for the moment it is being overlooked. They mark the end of "law and order," the commencement of an epoch where violence—and what is more, deliberate organised violence will be openly regarded by men as a method of adjusting their differences.

For nearly two hundred years civil war has been unknown in England, and its possibility has almost ceased to be contemplated. "Law and order" had apparently become part of the national character, hypnotising the populace into submission to anything. But Ulster has broken the spell. Whether the Ulster army be serious or a piece of bluff scarcely matters. The fact remains that in this United Kingdom persons, considering themselves to have a vital grievance, have deliberately, and of set purpose, organised an army and prepared for civil war; and that where one has started, others may follow. In future it will be of no use telling starving labourers that they must starve in quietude for "Law and order's" sake. If people may take up guns and fight in order to defend the rather vague and unsatisfying privilege of damning the Pope, they may certainly take up arms to prevent a gang of obscene blackguards starving their wives and little ones to death. What is sauce for Belfast is sauce for Dublin, and sauce for Manchester and Liverpool, and even sauce for London at a pinch. The old "Law and order" lie will never really hypnotise again.

It is, therefore, opportune to consider the chances of an insurrection. At first the conditions of a modern State might seem to render such a thing impossible. Organisation and communications might appear too good. Even as late as 1745 pretenders could land in remote spots (such as the Highlands) and gather a considerable army from the disaffected before so much as the news could reach the Royal forces. But to-day the telegraph would rouse every military station within the hour, and in a couple of days the railway would concentrate sufficient troops at the point of danger to nip the revolution in the bud. It would, therefore, seem as if no hope could be placed in that species of insurrection which requires time to gather force. The revolt must be as sudden and decisive as the measures used to quell. It must spring fully armed upon the scene like Minerva from the head of Jove. And that is practically impossible, since no one can organise and arm a modern army in secret under the very nose of the law.

But as a matter of fact the insurrection's prospect is not as bad as this. After all if your modern State is a very terrible and efficient machine, it is also an extremely delicate one. It is centralised to an abnormal degree. It depends for those efficient communications which render it so formidable upon a limited number of nerve centres such as power stations, railway junctions, viaducts, and the like. Those seized or destroyed its terrible limbs are paralysed. Obvious possibilities suggest themselves.

Another important factor is the comparative impotence of the modern army when faced with urban insurrection. No hastily raised and badly drilled force of rebels could meet, say, the mobilised divisions of the Expeditionary force in the open field. But they might feel more confidence behind the barricades of a sympathetic city, and that for a variety of reasons. Your modern army marches up to the rebellious city and camps outside its gate. Its ideal course will be to use its artillery to bombard the place into subjection; but that involves immense destruction of life and property, from which all but the really desperate shrink, especially when they reflect that the material loss will

fall mainly on the governing class to whom the property belongs. And few modern Governments are desperate or even averagely strong-minded. Men like Gallifet are not found among the rulers of the average modern State. McKenna and Samuel are more the type. The chances are, therefore, that the army will not bombard. It will attempt to subdue the insurrection with bayonet and rifle. And then its troubles will begin.

The city is, let us assume, two or three miles square and contains about a million inhabitants. Your army numbers about 150,000. If it initiates a siege with the view of reducing the city by starvation, it is obliged to distribute itself around the perimeter and loses its numerical advantage by making itself weak at all points and strong at none. It may, therefore, be defeated by a concentrated sally of the defenders, and in any case, must be prepared to sit still for a considerable period whilst revolt and demoralisation are spreading and those of its own party within the city are starving side by side with the defenders. If, on the other hand, it keeps fairly concentrated and tries to fight its way into the city in several large columns (thus ending the revolt at a blow), it will be faced with a difficult task. Its modern rifles will lose their advantage of range in the narrow, winding streets, and as they advance their owners will be subjected to a pelting fire of projectiles from the houses on either flank. Foes lurking in by-streets, houses, and subterranean ways, will spring up and close in behind them. Every block of buildings will be a fortress to be taken by assault. Such difficulties have often vanquished well-organised troops in the past, as in Paris in 1830, 1848. There is no reason why they should not do so again in the future.

But an insurrection on these lines would have to be sudden and universal. It might well develop from a successful riot in the street. But in any case, unless practically the whole population were united in spontaneous and desperate resistance, discipline and organisation would prevail. Half measures are no use against a modern State.

## An Examination of the National Guild System.—III.

By H. Belloc.

OF the two types of Proletarian Guild—that is, of “autonomous associations for the regulation of labour existing among men dispossessed of capital and working with the capital they may not own”—we have seen that the first type (that in which the State was the owner of the Capital) was in effect a negation of the Guild idea.

So long as that type, which I have called type No. 1, truly exists, so long as the State effectively controls the means of production for which the Guild worked, so long those human needs for which a Guild is called into existence are left unsatisfied. For the members of the Guild cannot in any test case control the conditions of their own labour if their supplies of food and instruments of toil are in the hands of the politicians. Whenever a conflict might arise between the Guildmen's conception of what they should do and the conception of those who controlled the capital used in their trade, the Guildmen—having no food and no tools—are at the mercy of those who control that capital. If in a struggle they defeated the State, then the Guild had ceased to be a Guild of the first type, and had changed its character altogether. It had become a Guild of the type I have called type No. 3, a Co-operative Guild owning its own capital.

Let us next consider the second type of Proletarian Guild which I have called type No. 2. In this type the Capitalist class continues to own the capital with which the Guild works—just as it owns that Capital to-day in England—and the Guild consists in no more than an association of proletarians organised for the supposed autonomous control of their hours and methods of labour.

The examination of this type is of particular importance because it is obviously the type to which we can approach most immediately in the present condition of industrial society. Indeed most of those who propose the establishment of what is called “Guild Socialism” speak as though an immediate consummation of this sort—“The Guild working in conjunction with the Employers”—were the object they had in mind.

I shall not here discuss how far the achievement is practicable. The whole question of what is and what is not practicable, and of what is most easily practicable, I shall deal with in the latter part of these papers. I am considering only the necessary consequences of each particular type of Guild as an ideal type. In other words, let us first set up such and such a type of Guild by hypothesis in order to discover how far it satisfies the human end for which Guilds are imagined. Only thus can we discover which type should be our ideal. Then, when we know which type is the satisfactory one, we can proceed to examine how far our ideal is practically realisable.

Now it should be evident—I would almost call it self-evident—that a Guild the members of which controlled in theory nothing more than their own labour, while their instruments of production and their stores of food were controlled by a Capitalist class, would be no advance whatsoever towards the Guild idea and would be as much a negation of it as the first type in which the State was the owner of the capital. For you have in this second type exactly the same dilemma as you have in the first; either the Capitalist class owning the machinery and the stores of food, fuel, clothing and the rest really controls these or only nominally controls them. If it really controls them, if that all-important point of *Property* resides in the Capitalist class, then the Capitalist class can always and necessarily dictate its terms to the Guild.

You may reply just as was replied in the case of State Ownership that in point of fact the Capitalist class would be beaten in any such struggle once Guilds of this sort were established.

“The Guild having the monopoly of labour,” you say, “can by refusing its labour bring things to a standstill.” Whether it can do so or not concerns the practical and not the theoretical part of my discussion: it deals with the question “How Guilds may be made,” not with the question “Which Guild is good.” But it is obvious that if the Proletarian Guild, by refusing its labour, can force the Capitalist owners to capitulate, then the Guild has passed from type No. 2 to type No. 3. Before its victory it was a Guild of proletarians working under Capitalist masters or—if the word “under” be offensive to muddled brains, then—“in association with” Capitalist masters; after its victory it will have become a Guild controlling its own capital, and will be a Guild of what I have called the third type, that is, a Guild the members of which hold corporate property in its means of production.

Let us take a concrete case. The Miners' Guild is working with machinery owned by the Capitalist class. It has a monopoly in the labour of mining which certainly no man can learn at a moment's notice. It is “black-leg” proof. It informs the Capitalists through its officials that the men propose in future to work six hours less in the week. The Capitalists reject the proposal. There follows what is called a *strike* to-day, but what I suppose to be called when these Guilds were working “in association with” Capitalists, a painful disagreement. The Capitalist class is also in control of the Food Guilds, the Clothing Guilds, the Housing Guilds, the Railway Guilds, at least in so far as material objects are concerned. (I know that this is a highly theoretic way of putting it, and that in practice there will be plenty of leakage and plenty of opportunity for the proletarians of the Guild to accumulate small stores for the purpose of a fight. But please remember that in this first part of my discussion I am carefully keeping to the ground of pure theory.)

It cannot be denied that in such a struggle the proletarians would be by definition entirely in the hands of their Capitalist associates for the simple reason that they could not eat so long as the struggle endured. Strikers can eat to-day while the struggle endures because our laws have not established Proletarian Guilds of this kind with the corresponding control over material objects vested in a Capitalist class. One may say that such is the rough plan of society, but the plan is most imperfect, and our Trades Unions, though virtually proletarian, can accumulate to a small extent. Our laws preconceive property as a general right and as an universal institution (though in point of fact it has ceased to be so), and the proletarian groups *can* own a little and are secure in their control of that little. But in the pure theory of type No. 2 you have Capitalism in theoretic absolute control and the Guild wholly proletarian.

Even suppose that the Guild wins, whether because the system was not ideally perfect (as of course in practice it could never be) or because men in the Food and Clothing and other Guilds revolted successfully and were able to help their fellows in the Miners' Guild. Why then, the Miners' Guild, as an association of Proletarians working "in conjunction with" the Capitalists, the Guild which I have called type No. 2, would be transformed into something quite different. It would have become a Guild of the type No. 3. For if you can beat the Capitalist on one question you can beat him on another. If your monopoly of labour enables you to say how and when you shall work it equally enables you to say what proportion of the total produce you shall have, and naturally you would ask for as much as you can get and the Capitalist will be squeezed out. But if the Capitalist is squeezed out and the Proletarian Guild steps into his shoes then that Proletarian Guild is no longer proletarian, but has become a Guild possessed of corporate ownership in its means of production: that is, it has become a Guild of the third type.

I know very well that this self-evident and deductive reasoning will seem terribly jejune to the fine, confused thinking of our time, and I am a little ashamed to set down at such length a process of reasoning so exceedingly simple. It is none the less necessary, though it sound repetitive in the ears of the intelligent and though its conclusions be fairly obvious from its premises.

It is necessary to go through this elementary process because, until we are quite clearly fixed upon our first principles, we perpetually tend to sentimental or vague expressions the essential quality of which is an attempt to combine two contradictory things.

Let me for the sake of illustration leave my theoretic method for a moment and put the matter actually, that I may drive home my conclusion.

I say that a guild of type No. 2, a Proletarian Guild working "in association with" Capitalist owners, fails to satisfy the human needs for which a guild is to exist. Those needs are the choice by the workman of the conditions of his work and the control by the workman of his own life: the escape from a sense of dependence and exploitation and the enjoyment of a sense of economic freedom. Now put yourself into the shoes of an engine driver in the Railway Guild. He has had cause to complain to his officials of the quality of the coal supplied to him. He is given coal which subjects him to a perpetual anxiety because he is never certain how long he can keep up his head of steam and his fireman is under a ceaseless strain of stoking which interferes with all the other work on the foot-plate. Both men are discontented and unhappy; they feel they are living in a fashion which they certainly would not live in if they had anything to do with the supply of coal. There is already behind this strain and unhappiness, a larger foundation of discontent in the fact that they cannot live unless they receive their weekly wage, and that predisposes them to worry even over trifles, because it is an inhuman condition.

I will admit for the moment that if the Guild supplied the coal and controlled it the engine driver, as a member of the Guild, would feel that he had some power (I only admit this for the sake of hypothesis at this point). Well, he goes to his official and he complains. The official, being an official of the Guild and not of the Capitalist, sympathises and says he will see what can be done. The request is passed on, and ultimately it must come before some person who speaks and acts for the actual controllers of the coal, the people in whom the coal is vested as property by law, and whom the armed forces of the community protect in the exercise of that property: that is, the Capitalists. If they decide that the coal is "good enough"; if they—not living the engine-driver's life and not caring much whether he suffers or no so long as they can just save the breaking point—refuse to change the coal, and if the Guild supports the engine driver (a large admission which I again make for the sake of hypothesis), then there is a strike. Take the matter as one of principle and let each side fight it out; the Capitalist controllers of the coal are as much the masters as they were before any Guild came into existence. They control not only the coal but the food by which the man and his family live, and they can shut off supplies. If, in point of fact, they give way and if the rule about the coal is changed permanently, then in that section of the means of production the Guild is the controller for the future. The official of the Guild will only have to report "bad coal," and to refuse it, for other coal to be supplied him. In other words, who happens to sign the cheque for the coal or to send the order to the colliery, is indifferent. It is the Guild official who creates the demand and who can effectively obtain the supply. And to that extent—in the one matter of the coal—the Guild has entered into possession of its Instruments of Toil. If it thus superseded the Capitalists in a few points the Guild would still remain under type No. 2 as the dominant type, and upon most matters the engine driver would still remain an unsatisfied and therefore unhappy proletarian. His Guild would not be fulfilling the function of giving him a sense of control over the conditions of his labour. But if the Guild were to supersede the Capitalist on very many such points of command, then it would mean that the dominant type had passed from Guild No. 2 to Guild No. 3, and that the Railwaymen's Guild was more the master of its instruments held in corporate property than the Capitalists were.

But so long as the effective control of the means of production and of the store of food, etc., are to a determining extent in the hands of a Capitalist class, and so long as the Guild remains Proletarian, that Guild does not satisfy the human need.

The truth is that neither Guild No. 1 nor Guild No. 2, neither the Guild whose capital is owned by the State, nor the Guild whose capital is owned by a Capitalist class, are really Guilds at all. Neither is a solution of our economic difficulties; to call such organisation "Guilds" is in the case of both merely substituting pleasant for unpleasant words; while those who tell us that such "Guilds" would lead to a better state of things which they proceed to describe, are merely telling us that they do not make either of these Guilds their ideal and their object.

No one can seriously support the Guild idea unless he has for his ideal and his object one of the two remaining types of Guild, one of the two *Owning* Guilds as I have called them, and the serious part of our theoretical discussion must turn upon which of these two is theoretically satisfactory to the human needs we are attempting to supply.

Does the Guild which is in corporate possession of its means of production, or the Guild whose members are possessed of several property, whether in their own Association or elsewhere, best fulfil the Guild function and best supply in theory the human needs which are crying out against the Capitalist system of to-day? That is the question which I propose to approach in my two next articles.

## Quantity and Quality.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

(Translated by R.H.C. from the "Figaro" of October 7, 1913.)

THE newspapers have been discussing during last month a problem of fiscal policy which has recently arisen between France and Germany. It concerns the more vigorous application of one of the French fiscal regulations, the purport of which, if I understand it, is to require that objects made abroad shall also bear the mark of the country that imports them, thus:—"Imported from so and so." Germany, it seems, is not in favour of so precise a regulation; and doubtless the matter will be settled by mutual concessions after the manner of all those problems in which only limited conflicting interests are at stake. There are, it is true, enough preoccupations of a graver nature at this moment to excuse the public from reflecting much upon the general bearing of a trifling tariff question. All the same, questions of this kind conceal a considerable social importance beneath their modest aspect, for the gravest current problem of modern industry is involved in them.

Modern industry has succeeded in multiplying the production of commodities to an extent that would appear fantastic to a man of the eighteenth century. From the point of view of quantity, as a philosopher has said, we have performed prodigies. But from the point of view of quality, modern industry threatens to make of the world one colossal mystery. It so mingles and confuses models with imitations that very soon nobody will be able to tell one from the other. You imagine, for example, that you are buying Indian or Japanese articles. But they have been manufactured in such and such a factory in Europe. Parisian goods, English wares, etc., etc., are made anywhere and everywhere. The characteristic souvenirs which Oriental travellers bring home are nearly all made in Europe. In Lombardy, for instance, they manufacture and export to the East a good many Smyrna carpets. The problem of origins becomes even more mysterious in the sphere of luxuries over which chemistry wields its magical wand—perfumes, liqueurs, and so on. Speaking for myself, I cannot conceive a more curious conversation than one between men who knew modern commerce through and through, and were at the same time disposed to let us into its little secrets. The devices employed to-day to palm off on the public as of a superior quality articles of no more than a cheap quality, are certainly incredibly complicated and refined. How much genius has been spent in inventing these thousand and one mystifications!

A phenomenon of such magnitude is not the effect of mere chance or of any inexplicable vagary of the human mind. It is intimately bound up with the whole movement of modern civilisation which has everywhere seen quantity triumph over quality. Sooner or later, however, it will be necessary to put some limits to this licence to practise mystification on the public; at least if we do not wish to see the sense of beauty and the desire for perfection utterly extinguished in our epoch. We laugh readily enough at men who ask, before judging whether a thing is beautiful or not, whence it comes, and who made it. This blind confidence in mere ticketing seems so absurdly superstitious that it justifies in the eyes of many people the men who unscrupulously exploit it. Yet is not the question necessary to enable us to learn to distinguish between the good and the mediocre and the bad? The majority of men are not born with an instinct sufficiently certain to make this distinction by themselves; they become capable of making it by comparing many objects among themselves, and against objects which serve as a standard

of measurement. The blind confidence in certain labels, with which people are reproached, only shows their need of a standard of value by which to judge the quality of things.

Of course, the perfection of those objects that serve as a model is not absolute. It is obvious that neither Japanese porcelain nor Persian carpets represent a level of perfection which can never again be reached or even surpassed. They are only models of relative perfection, like all the other works of man which have acquired, by dint of prolonged effort, a great reputation. But for this very reason they serve for a time the purposes both of a standard by which to judge objects of the same kind and as incentives to do still better. They are, therefore, one of the most important factors in progress. But they cannot play this important rôle if they are constantly being falsified as they are being to-day. The good and the mediocre, I repeat, are now so mixed that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. Hence it comes that quality is judged by price instead of price by quality. In American journals one already finds advertisements which recommend their goods because they are the most costly. Is it necessary to point out the dangers involved in adopting this standard of value for the quality of things?

The countries and the industries which have created models ought therefore to defend their authenticity, not only in their own interest, but in the great interests of civilisation. Giving mankind the means of distinguishing the genuine from its imitations is a contribution to the most exalted conception of progress. But the task is far from easy. The resistance offered to so simple and modest a remedy as the declaration of origin is a proof of it. Modern society is such a network of conflicting interests that even the countries whose goods are most generally imitated have great difficulty in organising an effective defence. The spirit of the age favours cheap imitations. And this state of affairs can only be improved by modifying certain ideas which to-day are very popular. It is necessary to give a little more importance to quality in respect of everything, even, and above all, in matters economic.

Nations have too readily submitted, perhaps, to the blind tyranny of statistics. Take, for example, the statistics of relative exports. Usually it is only the figures that are compared. When these increase there is progress; when they fall, it is decadence; and the nations that can point to the largest figures are supposed to march at the head of civilisation. But these judgments, taking account as they do of quantity only, seem a little too simple and expeditious a test. Undoubtedly quantity is a power; it has always been; above all it is a power in an age like ours which tends everywhere to exploit large territories and to organise formidable armies. The nations that to-day can produce much and quickly, enjoy advantages which no age has ever before known. Even the nations that have inherited the traditions of old civilisations find themselves compelled to reckon with the new situation. But quantity, though a force, and a great force, ought not to be the force, unless indeed men wish to be transformed into simple wealth-producing machines.

It would be desirable, therefore, to analyse a little more carefully than we usually do our statistics of industry and commerce, and to see what composes them. The exports of raw material and the exports of manufactured goods may equally enlarge the figures of the returns; but they have a very different moral and social significance. Among the manufactured goods which nations mutually exchange there are also considerable differences. Native industries, which are the result of long national effort, ought by no means to be confused with the industries of imitation, for the former alone are the manifestation of the real creative energy of the nation. I do not understand why any nation that sells its native original products for a hundred millions should consider itself inferior to a nation that sells imitations of the same things for twice or thrice that sum.

## Pragmatic Patriotism v. Words.

PHILOSOPHERS, eminent publicists, even, and particularly super-eminent politicians, all find it difficult to express the only unbiassed truths of their own, or their Party's, quasi-national and quasi-imperial predilections in current English, and, ipso facto, in un-British (as it happens to be) and unnational political phraseology. As a matter of fact, the only political nomenclature permitted and popularised by the associated factions of an obsolete system makes it impossible either to think (for we think in words) or speak clearly of any British (not English) national problem which exceeds the bounds of a mere junta's privileged and always only local monopoly.

In this connection, I am assured by two editors—one a Socialist, the other a Conservative—that Imperialists generally aim at no more than some closer form of co-operation, a closer union, between the only five actual States of their own sovereign British race. But this section of self-styled Imperialists, in that they exclude six-sevenths of the people of the Imperial British Empire, and include only the States and white citizens of their own historic national (not Imperial) expansion, in fact, the States of this kingdom (not "country") in its expansion—our own people of our own race and history and patriotism, in five countries (not of five "nations"?), surely are not Imperialists—are greater than Imperialists, in that they are British Nationalists? For, after all, the ultimate power of, and over, this Imperial Empire is the Sovereign Nation and its Crown. They forget that the empire is subject to this sovereign Power. They think of an *English* Empire, over, and with, a "greater" British Empire, without perceiving clearly the essential difference between the two words English and British, and when they should think of their own in truth greater National sovereignty which is supreme over its subject empire.

But still, an overwhelming majority of leading and—as Brougham would have put it—"proper" Imperialists unquestionably are Empire Nationalists, or (the same thing) Imperial Nationalists, or, to use a more common phrase, Imperial Unionists. In the words of a leading Imperialist daily (and I could quote many leaders, including prospective and ex-Ministers, to the same effect) this stronger section desire—"the independence of Great Britain, and the political unity in which is comprised the United Kingdom and the Dominions, including the Empire of India and the protectorate over Egypt." It does not matter that in this "unity" British subject negroes, for instance, will outnumber Englishmen. Any kind of Imperialism, for that matter, in all its inglorious run of forty or more years, still resists, as it must, economic and terminological analysis, as well as public discussion, argument, or criticism. Nevertheless, in this case, all depends on what is meant by the word "unity," and whether the phrase, "the independence of Great Britain," subconsciously or otherwise, postulates *English* domination. Here we have two kinds of Imperialists, each speaking of unity though aiming at different "ideals," each even among themselves, confused with and supporting the other, but both (and this is the point which I am trying to make clear) imbued with the extraordinary hallucination that unity, either national or Imperial, can carry with it any form (preferably "English") of domination together with its corollary subjection.

Usage, I am further told by two other pre-eminent leaders of "the back slums of Fleet Street," together with the inconvenience of trying to express political thought in other than an admittedly inaccurate, though popular, terminology, is the reason why speakers and writers label things which are predominantly British, English. Two years ago the Colonial Secretary refused to define the word "Imperial." To-day no party statesman dares to question any interpretation either of that word or the word "Nation," or offer a precise description of either British or National patriotism. As a matter of fact, no responsible statesman could authori-

tatively pronounce any judgment in these matters, for the very simple and sufficient reason that, in the absence of any National authority—Executive or Parliamentary, and because Sovereignty has devolved from one to five divided States (the four Dominion States exclusively govern two-thirds of the Empire's territory, and one-fourth of the sovereign nation) there is now, with inter-State, and inter-Party jealousy, no machinery left in any State through which a National pronouncement can be obtained or suggested without risking a charge of intolerance.

Yet, at this time, as every informed thinking man is aware, there are two grave questions involving practically every considerable measure within the now restricted jurisdiction of the Parties, which should overlap all the hubbub of this partisan and unnational localism, but which, nevertheless, are entirely swamped in the silly frenzied struggle for Party supremacy: (i) Can the natural or any resources of little Britain provide an adequate remedy for her social problems? (ii) Can Britain alone, drained as she is first of money and then of men, no longer pre-eminent even in her foreign trade and foreign markets, in fact, relatively, indubitably, and inevitably retrogressive in both wages and trade, preserve that prestige (and security) which has been the privilege of British citizenship, which is the right of each State of the sovereign nation, as well as our sole inter-State warrant of Empire? Look where you will for impartial evidence, there is but one answer to both these questions. Nor is this a pessimistic conclusion. We are greater than we know. Britons can still hold their own without fear; though Britain must fail, and though "England" and the "English" admit their equitable part in a greater inter-State sovereign nation and kingdom.

Let me now briefly touch on some causes that indubitably make for the curious political waste of our unprecedented inter-State National (Imperial, is a wrong term) resources and opportunities, and which, I submit, are due to the economic disunity caused by our utter failure to appreciate the real value of words or the true history of British National (not Imperial) expansion. Speaking at Newcastle recently, an Under Secretary, Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., said: "It is because I am a champion of small nationalities that I am a Home Ruler . . . wherever one race has power over another race there is danger of injustice." In this case, race is nationality, or rather a sub-British race, professing British nationality and British patriotism, is given the title. But I could quote other and more eminent authorities who variously claim that country, or Government, or history, are each main factors in nationality. Which precept is made to predominate depends almost entirely on Party bias, localism, and the exigencies of a transient argument; while National expediency and history are wholly ignored. Anyhow, if I take another of these authorities, the "Morning Post," I find that that paper admits that there are thirteen "nations" of the "British race" in "England" and in the four Dominions. But it does not admit (nor can it deny) that all these are, in fact, the one sovereign Nation of one British kingdom, a sovereign State of five States. Nor will it admit (or deny) that this Kingdom and this nation stand supreme as the sovereign Power over, and apart from, the subject empire.

Now I claim (i) that the inclusion of the subject empire in what is fundamentally an economic problem of British unity bars all progress, is wrong from every material point of view, and simply adds chaos to chaos. Furthermore, I believe (ii) that, in these days, nationality must include statehood, recognition, and its own patriotism, an exclusive patriotism. The sovereign Power of this Empire, like, and because of, British patriotism, is national. It follows that communities of the British race and patriotism, and the peoples of the Empire, who are not of that sovereign nationality, perforce are subject—subordinate, inferior—to it. The "Post" claims that usage makes it correct to label the British of Britain "English." Consequently, Canadians and Australasians should ask themselves whether they

are subject and inferior, or subordinate, to the "English." If they really are separate nationals, and if they agree with the late Prime Minister of Australia that they are "subordinate" nations, then they are not subordinate to, or "within the Empire," which obviously is not a Power, but to a sovereignty and to a nationality which, according to the "Post," is English.

A nation is the greatest political combination. British sovereignty is in nationality and its patriotism. The bulk of the resources and real wealth of this Nation, the future of this Nation as a Power, is not in Britain, but in, and with, the Dominions. But, in my opinion, if the British of the Dominions are encouraged, as they are, to persist in their claim to separate nationality, the end can only bring a clear title to that claim, which is sovereignty with independence. This would mean, of course, the finish of British prestige and the fall of another Empire. In other words, Imperialism is still and always the chimera of sentimentalists or worse; English localism, in turn, disregarding the sources of all wealth, is an argument, of a kind, against the established economic advantages of combination; while Nationalism, with, in our case, inter-State co-operation of one people of one common patriotism, is the proper basic solution of most of our problems.

A. G. CRAFTER.

## A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

VI.

### Views of England.

ONE evening when I was returning from Stamboul, I got on board the boat some time before it started. Choosing a seat whence I could see the mosques and the old palace looking down upon the sapphire water gay with little boats, I began to glance through the columns of an evening paper I had purchased on the quay. As it happened there were sitting near me two old gentlemen, also with evening papers in their hands; who presently began discussing the report therein contained of a meeting of pro-Turks in London to protest against Great Britain's Balkan policy. I had read the notice of the meeting in my journal, so knew at once to what their talk referred. It ran like this:—

"It seems we have some friends there as in France!"

"Aye, as in France precisely—a few exalted souls like Pierre Loti, who are persecuted and derided! The English, like the French, are full of words—toleration, humanity, liberty, and so on—but when it comes to deeds those words are seen to be quite empty. The common people are exceedingly fanatical, and common people in those lands control the Government. Please God they will be punished for their perfidy. India is not contented with the course affairs are taking."

"They say that England has decided to give up India to the Russians some day."

"I don't give five paras for that opinion. England will give up nothing she has laid her hands on. The Anglo-Russ alliance is but temporary, as against the Muslims. It is a pure product of fanaticism. As soon as Persia and the Guarded Realms\* have been subjected altogether to a Christian yoke, England and Russia will fight furiously for the spoils."

Their conversation soon meandered off to other topics, while I watched the city growing dreamlike as the sun sank. The view of modern Europe as old Christendom, united by a fanatic hatred of Islam, was nothing new to me. All Muslims hold it more or less, and they are justified by the whole course of recent history. The feeling towards us English, who have not been among the active persecutors, would not have been so very bitter among Turks, who are extraordinarily philosophical, were it not for our self-righteousness: the way our diplomats, our missionaries and many private individuals in Turkey have of talking

as if England were a perfect country, with no political or social evils, invariably animated in its foreign dealings by motives of humanity and abstract justice. Many will object that to assert the contrary would be disloyal and to "give away" one's native land. Such objectors are the very persons that I have in mind and by that very thought to "give away" admit hypocrisy. An Englishman once lectured me for three-quarters of an hour in an Egyptian train upon the superiority of England and the English in a most offensive tone under the impression that he was talking, as he put it, to "an intelligent native." I am glad, for the good name of England, that eloquence for once was thrown away upon a fellow-countryman. Personally, having a great dislike to bombast of the sort, I am not above confessing imperfection even to an African. Our self-righteousness is principally to blame for the horror which has filled the East upon the recrudescence of the wicked old crusading spirit in our midst, duly reported by the Turkish and the Indian Press, at a time when Turkey was deserving of all human pity. We had talked as if fanaticism were extinct in England.

Just when the shore began to glide away, the steamer backing slowly from the landing-stage in search of room to turn amid the crowd of boats, a man I knew came up to sit by me. Seeing him salute the two old critics of the English, I begged him to present me to them. After some demur, for he declared that they were quite old-fashioned and uninteresting, he complied.

Referring to their former conversation about England overheard by me, I tried to tell them what I thought the truth, that the English people who reviled Mahomedans did so from sheer ignorance, fostered by the Press, in which the Turkish point of view was never even stated, while long diatribes in favour of the Balkan States were published daily. I asked them to say frankly whether they themselves in these conditions would not have sided with a league of Muslim States (supposing such existed) against a Christian Power accused of persecuting Muslims, at once, without a second thought of right or wrong? To this they both assented very readily.

"But what do you mean," they asked, "by saying it was not permitted to state the case for Turkey in the newspapers? Was it by order of the Government? The Opposition would submit to no such order." There was no Opposition where foreign affairs were concerned and in every case it was probably more apparent than real, I confessed, and tried to show the comic side of party government. (My hearers chuckled, saying that they had observed the same phenomena at home in Turkey.) As for the boasted Freedom of the Press, it had ceased to be a factor in our national life, through the fault not of the journalists themselves, but of the proprietors of journals who, desiring honours at the hand of one or other of the two great parties, were amenable to party discipline. Touching the order against publishing pro-Turkish matter, I could not say whether it emanated from the Government, or from some huge financial interest, but that such an order had been laid on the whole party Press for many weeks was a fact well known to every Turcophil in England. The friends of Turkey numbered many thousands, and were mostly to be found among the educated classes. But they had never been allowed a public hearing. As far as I was aware the only paper in all England which had published anything like a full statement of the case was *THE NEW AGE*—a weekly independent journal much too honest to be widely read.

"Mash' Allah!" they exclaimed with a short laugh. "Then your country is not perfect, as they always tell us. There are faults and drawbacks in existence there as here!"

"Exactly," I replied, "and also crime and ignorance. Our leaders are not always of the first intelligence. They sometimes make mistakes, and dare not own them. Our people are tenacious of old prejudices. We are upon the whole a most unamiable nation, composed of quite well-meaning individuals."

When the two old gentlemen perceived that, though

\* Memâlik-i Mahrûsah: i.e., the Ottoman Empire.

my tone was flippant, I was really earnest in apologising for my country's failings, they at once began to differ from me, pointing out instances of British uprightness, intelligence, pluck, amiability, and what not, evinced in past affairs of Turkey, and the more I harped on our infirmities, the more enthusiastic they became. When I parted from them in the crowd at Haïdar Pasha they were chattering together eagerly, vying with each other in pro-British ardour. "If England—the people, not the Government—will stand by Turkey we are saved. It is England's turn to Russia that has been our death-blow. There is no other country in the world where public opinion is so free and so powerful. If only the English would behold us as we are, a people struggling to be something noble in the world, they would befriend us though we are Mahomedans. They are not really such fanatics as the Serbs and Bulgars. And they would find us grateful, far more grateful than the Christians."

Those were some of the remarks to which I was obliged to listen. And they were spoken earnestly, not in the smooth and flowery language of convention which (supposing that they had not felt inclined to fight) would have hailed a loud performance on the British trumpet. In the train I came again upon the friend who, having performed the introduction, had sat listening to our conversation, helping me with words when needed. He beckoned me to come and sit beside him, and at once began:

"What you said to those two old efendis was pretty; but you know as well as I do that your Government is very clever, and does not take part against the Muslims from stupidity. Look at Sir Grey, for instance! Is he not a very clever man?"

I said that I had not the honour of his personal acquaintance, but was assured that he came of a very good family, and was considered to maintain the best traditions of the House of Commons in his speech and bearing.

He chuckled and looked hard at me a minute.

"Well," he said, "you will not deny that the Liberals are the fanatics, the Conservatives the progressive and enlightened party in your country. The Liberals hate the Muslims and would welcome their extermination. We have seen it many times in my remembrance. Therefore it is a great misfortune for the Muslim world that a Liberal Government should have held the power in England at this great crisis of our fate."

I wished some Liberals at home in England could have heard him.

The Liberals, I answered, might be called the English as opposed to the Imperial party (he interrupted with: "I told you they were fanatics"), that is, they gave to home affairs the first place; and, while not neglecting colonial and foreign business would not allow it the importance which Conservatives ascribed to it. In fact they hardly viewed the British Empire as a whole, but as England and a number of dependencies. There was something to be said for that opinion, since England still was head; and at a time when, as at present, she was on the verge of a great social revolution, the Government might be excused for being deeply occupied with home affairs. Having assigned the Foreign Office to a highly respectable man, beloved of the Opposition, thus precluding trouble in that quarter, they had hoped to hear no more of it. The Balkan war had been a great distress to them, and there was not a man among them capable of dealing bravely with the greater problems which it raised. Their so-called policy had been to drift along from day to day, trimming their sails to every wind that blew or seemed about to blow; and through it all they had been hampered by their old tradition, which had made of the Bulgarian and Armenian massacres a party cry to rouse fanaticism—a fanaticism which still lived, and which they could not now control.

"That is precisely what I told you. They are the fanatics," said my friend. "Now listen! They are doing untold harm to England, senselessly. It must be clear to everybody of intelligence that Turkey is no danger to any Power of Europe at the present time.

But Russia will become ere long a general danger. Why support her in her great crusade against us, and help her to increase her power? There is another danger which you know, as well as I do. Not until the last Muslim Power has fallen under Christian rule will the Islamic world be reunited in a league of life and death, and the great revolt begin. We do not want this. We consider it would be a great disaster for the Muslims and the world at large, which should advance towards peace and universal toleration. But Europe seems to wish to force it on us. . . . I wonder how much Russia spends upon your present Ministry!"

I said that I believed our Ministers to be examples of integrity. He only shook his head and sighed: "Who knows?"

"We need the help of Englishmen," he said after a pause, "not of the British Government, but Englishmen, in our endeavour to raise up the people. Your individuals are splendid, there is no denying, and we could trust them to deal fairly with a given charge. But the British Government is treacherous, as we have seen a hundred times. It may be, as you say, the natural consequence of a democracy; but your Government is faithless, inconsistent."

I said that there was probably no living Englishman who did not in his heart distrust the British Government, even though it represented his own party views, although for foreigners we all upheld it from a sense of patriotic duty.

"I admire that!" he exclaimed. "Would to God our people did the same thing when abroad. Instead, they grow enamoured of the country they are visiting and pour contempt upon the name of Turkey." My friend, I may remark, had never been to Europe. "When they come home again they are insufferable. They would alter everything, upon the model of the country they admire. They have no idea of the value of national character to a people struggling for existence. They confound patriotism with fanaticism, a boneless cosmopolitanism with enlightenment. The cause is in the lack of education—not mere instruction out of books—but education in the strict religious sense. You English have preserved it; you are very wise!" He paused for half a minute and then sighed: "Give us a dozen of your young administrators for a term of years!"

I asked what cause he had for thinking that Englishmen would serve the needs of Turkey better than any other Europeans. He answered that the men of other European nations when employed by Turkey remained the servants of their Governments against the Turks; whereas it seemed to be a point of honour with the individual Englishman (from what he could hear) to be true to his employer against all the world.

"But Frenchmen make as loyal mercenaries," I contended.

"Yes," he agreed, "they would not cheat us on a bargain. But the French, my friend, have this peculiarity: that every Frenchman is a missionary of his country's language, irreligion, social chaos. The English, less attractive and less amiable (saving your presence), are the better educators. They do not make their pupils wish to become Englishmen, but by means of discipline, and the natural opposition it arouses, enable them to develop strong character."

"And the Germans?" I inquired when he had finished speaking.

We had by this time alighted from the train and were walking in the twilight down the avenue of fine acacias which led past both our houses to the sea.

"We like the Germans" he replied with a short laugh. "With a little practice and instruction they make quite good Turks. But they are too pervasive. We are much afraid of them, desiring, as we do, to keep our country."

Upon a pause he added: "Has it ever struck you that Germany and Russia have a secret understanding? Think it over!"

With these words he left me, turning in at his own gate.

## Theory and Practice.

By Duxmia.

No attentive student of the times will have failed to notice the growth during the last half century of what a great authority (Professor Chump in "The Modernist's Year Book") has styled, "Thought for thought's sake." "Up till about that time," the well-known professor remarked, "our intellects were hindered by constant contact with the realities of daily life. The recurrence at frequent intervals of war and civil tumults, the ever present necessity of earning a livelihood at some commonplace trade—for as yet there was no money in the Higher Thought—tied us by the leg. Our speculations were those of ordinary individuals on a slightly more elevated plane. We understood the vulgar and were understood of them: our opinions rested upon a sound basis of real experience. The higher and more beautiful forms of fatuousness were impossible to a class which was part of, and obliged to make itself comprehended by, common folk. Hence the distressing sanity of so much of the thought of that epoch.

"But," the Professor went on, "in this wonderful twentieth century nous avons changé tout cela. The development of our urban life, the comparative absence of social disturbance, the endowment of science by the wealthy, have all permitted the segregation of the thinking class and its evolution upon lines designed to satisfy, not the multitude, but itself. Unfettered by the demands of reality (which indeed we have almost excluded from our existences), we have entered upon the hitherto virgin fields of hallucination and delirium: we evolve ideas that have no reference to things as they are, and are not meant to have. 'Thought for thought's sake' is our motto. Thought is deed in the highest and truest acceptation of the term, and the recognition of this truth may be held to absolve from the execution of ideas whose practice, to put it plainly, might land us in almost irretrievable disaster."

Such, in the Professor's words, are the principles underlying the production of so many gems of contemporary ratiocination. To the thinker all things are permitted—except the practice of what he thinks. It was to the neglect of this sovereign maxim that the impartial observer must attribute the decline and fall of the infant Renaissance of the South Suburban Area, which in its turn will be found to have dated its inception from the unfortunate catastrophe to Dr. Klaptamovski and the Associated Supermen of Upper Tooting, whose history is related in this article.

The trouble arose with the introduction of the publican Bounce. This individual, whose essentially coarse, plebeian nature had been still further degraded by three and twenty years in the ranks of the British Army and by a lifelong indulgence in beer, should never have been admitted to the gatherings of a society devoted to the discussion and propagation of the Higher Thought, but his position as landlord of the Scipio Road Assembly Rooms (where the meetings were held), and as supplier of the excellent Medoc at a shilling the bottle, upon a constant supply of which their success was felt to depend, gave him claims that the qualities of his mind and heart could never have substantiated. Already his ungentelemanly description of Nietzsche, the tutelary deity of the society, as a "b—y lunatic" had suggested his expulsion, but the dislike of unpleasantness natural to Supermen had prevented this being executed in time to avert the fatal blow which killed so promising a movement at its birth. Upon such trifles does the future of our race depend.

It fell during the course of the 132nd weekly meeting when the President, Dr. Klaptamovski, was engaged upon the reading of a brilliant and scholarly paper entitled, "The art of seduction: or the Superman's moyens de parvenir." The doctor disserted at length and with elegance upon the theory of an accomplishment without which no real Superman can consider his education completed, and it was the universal feeling

that a fresh chapter was being added to the literature of a movement which was travelling, in the words of its most eloquent exponent, "beyond good and evil to something sweetly and luxuriously disgusting." The Doctor had just reached that passage where, with peculiar subtlety, he describes the pleasures and efficacy of cruelty in subduing the female mind, when Bounce, whose coarse and material intellect remained impervious to the serene and horrible beauty of the Doctor's conception, and who, like so many of his kidney, remained in bondage to the dogmas of an obsolete and servile theology, exclaimed, "Seduce! You little — worm! An' 'oo are you to talk abaht seduce? There ain't one of you 'ere would 'ave the courage to seduce a b—y clothes 'orse." Mr. Bounce then went on to refer to "chicken-earted little blighters mouthin' filth that none of 'em would 'ave the guts to perform," after which he rose and left the room. Of such were those who persecuted Galileo and Copernicus and opposers and obstructors of progress in every age.

It would have been more prudent, it would have been more worldly, it would have been more wise had the Superman treated these manifestations of the publican intellect with that contempt which the higher rightly feels towards the lower at every age and in every clime: but the natural mettlesomeness of the thoroughbred, intensified perhaps by an average of at least three-quarters of a bottle of not very much diluted Medoc, suggested a course that cooler wisdom would have deprecated or disallowed. Springing to the platform, Dakapple, whose reputation as a dashing immoralist has penetrated to the Putney Futurists and was not altogether unknown even among the Progress Societies of Hammersmith and Turnham Green, called loudly upon the excited gathering to disprove this deliberate insult to the virility of a proud and heartless brotherhood. "Seduce!" he bellowed. "I say to you that in expiation of this indignity I will seduce not a clothes horse, nor yet one living female, nor yet fifty, but a thousand and ten! Virgins shall be violated in assertion of our supermanity: flappers shall be deflowered that Bounce, the publican, may be brought to nought! Balham shall be sweet with blood! Lovely, fair, and terrible things shall be enacted after dark on Clapham Common. There shall be tears in Tooting! Goroo! Goroo!" Here Mr. Dakapple repeatedly kicked the small boy kept by the society for the especial convenience of members wishing to relieve their supermanity, and the rest of the meeting quaffed great draughts of red wine, gurgling "Gore!"

And thus it was that, starting from the next morning the Associated Supermen began that series of heroic attempts to put their principles into practice, which resulted, alas, in the collapse and discredit of the movement, and the decline and fall of all the infant Renaissance of the South Suburban Area. Sed resurgat. Sweet folly is immortal. As general reporter to the "Brixton Times" and Clapham correspondent of the "Stockwell Sentinel," I found myself summoned by telegram at an early hour to attend the preliminary meeting of the Supermen before setting out upon their various roads. The scene, so beautifully portrayed by the inspired Cubist, L'Artichaut, in his famous tableaux "Klaptamovski's Farewell" was solemn and impressive in the truest sense. In a room thronged by his followers, the author of "The Art of Seduction" stood gracefully apart and bade a cheerful good-bye to each of his fellow Übermenschen: his eyes, peering uncertainly through his gold-rimmed spectacles, spoke better than words to those who knew him of confidence, and hope, and the strange, unearthly beauty of the South Suburban Renaissance was adequately symbolised in the flask-like contour of his shoulders and the creases in his boots. "Is all ready?" he inquired, and upon receiving the affirmative, passed to his doom through the double row of Press photographers as quietly and proudly as ever he had passed from his bedchamber to the eggs and bacon of breakfast. The details of his subsequent attempt to vindicate the brutality of the

Association by pulling Mr. Bounce's nose were fully related at the inquest.

The scene of the next act in the drama of that remarkable day lay in the Nightingale Lane, where that fair flower of evil, Dakapple, attempted the forcible abduction of Miss Rosina Cale, a prominent lady resident in that neighbourhood. "Marriage by capture," Dakapple had said, "is the only species of sexual contract worthy of Supermen," and now he showed that he was ready to act up to his opinion. Halting the hireling taxidriver at the gate (for his nervous and romantic temperament, unsuited to equitation, prohibited the employment of the traditional horse), the Futurist knight in a burst of übermenschlich savagery, effected the breach of an area window; but—such is the uncharity of fortune—the passage of his body through the aperture thus created derived an added difficulty from the attachment of a bulldog to those softer regions surrounding the extremities of the Dorsa Magna from which it can usually be separated only by the application of heated iron. The same artificial impediment precluded a return to the cab. At this point the advent of the guardians of a servile morality put a term to a situation which would have been uncomfortable to any man, but which to a Superman was double humiliation. The subsequent fine of £5 and costs was borne with greater equanimity than the observations of the magistrate, a totally uncultured person whose daily contact with the lower classes had deprived him of any vestiges of sympathy with the misfortunes of a highly strung and romantic temperament.

Ludovico Sforza Banks, conceiving his will to find its highest expression in the elimination of the unfit, set out with a hunting spear and half a dozen bloodhounds upon the chase of those unfortunates whom he supposed to be resident somewhere in the north-easterly direction of the Walworth Road. However, upon reaching Camberwell he was set upon by three drunken navvies near the "Pint Pot" public-house and all his bones were broken. Scarcely more fortunate was the experience of the three Bawley brothers and the Tripe Girl, who, inspired by Dionysos, stripped naked and ran up Bedford Hill, crying that they were Bacchantes and waving thyrses hastily constructed from pea sticks and hair ribbon. For near St. John's Episcopal Church they found the road up, and, their bare feet proving unable to cross the flints, they were rounded up and captured in the front garden of number fourteen by the police and crowd. The unfortunate proximity of the central establishment of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, suggesting as it did a solution only too welcome to the unscholarly intellect, resulted in their immediate incarceration during his Majesty's pleasure amongst a crowd of other supermen (including King Solomon and the Knave of Spades), in whose segregation an obscurantist world had found the only effectual method of silencing teachers whose message it was unable to hear.

Mr. Baldwin Stace, who stood for Tooting as the incarnation of the master's "beautiful blonde beast," resolved on polygamy and a start with seven wives, the which he obtained by luring into his residence that number of flappers from Miss McMurphy's select establishment for the daughters of gentlemen in Beverstoke Road. The bait employed was cocoanut ice. The nuptial ceremonies were inaugurated by a dance around an improvised statue of Priapus (represented for the occasion by an uprooted pillar-box) which Mr. Stace had set up in his back garden. Upon a revelation, however, of the deity's attributes the flappers' attitude changed. They placed the reviver of an ancient cult beneath his own god as beneath an extinguisher, and turned the hose on through the slot: thus disproving the ridiculous assertion of the romanticists that "many waters cannot quench love." The unlucky polygamist was only released by the appearance of Miss McMurphy herself, who decided in the interests of her establishment to hush the matter up. The ground which she advanced that he was "more fool than knave" was not contested by the victim of feminine fickleness, in whom the lowering effects of  $H_2O$ , as supplied by the

Metropolitan Water Board, had induced more temperate views regarding his relative importance in the scheme of things.

A great initial success awaited Mr. Goldenburg, who found the practice of amorality a great help in his business relations, until it penetrated to his clerks. The elopement of his cashier with the contents of the safe was the most striking of a series of incidents which caused him to waver in his opinions, and finally to forsake the Society.

Such was the glorious failure of the Associated Supermen of Upper Tooting. Further details will be found among the contributions of "Our special correspondent" in the "Stockwell Sentinel" and the "Brixton Times." In that failure were involved the Dulwich Dare-devils, the Putney Futurists, the strong men of Sydenham, and in short all the infant's Renaissance of the South Suburban Area. Thus ever throughout the history of man the higher is worsted by the lower, the better by the worse. They were before their time. Only the complete disappearance of reality from the world will permit the practice of those beautiful and airy theories for which Dakapple was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment without the option of a fine—and Klaptamovski died.

## The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

### VII.

BREVITY is the one virtue that our writers do not need to learn from the French. It is the one virtue which the French writers persistently refuse to acquire. I do not mean that England has no writers who should learn to write less. And the French, on the other hand, may produce an occasional writer who does not write too much. There is the stock example of Rimbaud.

But Rimbaud is not really an exception, he did not learn to produce little. He simply quit writing. I drag in Rimbaud because he is a difficult case. He does not belong in a discussion of living writers except on the ground that the living writers in Paris might have learned certain things from him. As an actual fact I think Rimbaud was probably more right than his critics, when he wrote:—

Que comprendre à ma parole?  
Il fait qu'elle fuie et vole!

However, one cannot neglect a poet who has written:

Tendent leurs oreilles risibles et têtus.

Aux femmes, c'est bien de faire des bancs lisses  
Après les six jours noirs ou Dieu les fait souffrir!  
Elles bercent, tordus d'étranges pelisses,  
Des espèces d'enfants qui pleurent à mourir.

Yet Rimbaud's work, or at least a great part of it, is perhaps more comparable to the beautiful forms made by chance in some process like the oxidation of silver crystals than to figures carved by an artist. As one often finds, in very early work of one's own, chance hints of things that are only reacquired with great labour, so one might find in Rimbaud's work promise of things that the rest of the French writers have scarcely yet acquired. One is not forced on this account to consider Rimbaud as their teacher, or as a man born before his time.

In "Tête de Faune" he has produced an almost perfect example of almost exactly the sort of beauty that we are, in this particular month and year, in search of. I am not sure that we would notice the poem if we had not come, by our own route, to this precise desire.

For what it is worth, Paris had Rimbaud's work. Certain things had been done haphazard. Paris might have learned from this work a certain sort of conciseness. Yet Rimbaud's work is presented in such a way that I am not sure that anyone could or can be expected to learn from Rimbaud anything that he has not already found out for himself.

By that I mean that Rimbaud should neither be under-

estimated as a poet nor over-estimated as a factor in the development of the art.

As for prose-poetry, I suppose no one will deny that it is at least as old as Ossian. Rimbaud's "Aube" and "Vierge Folle" do not need any charm of novelty, and things like "Villes" are a great comfort. It is true that they are bitten with the pox of rhetoric, but a knowledge of them enables one to take the wind of many later sails. "Des groupes de beffrois chantent les idées des peuples" and all that fashion of speaking. Yes, it is often a great comfort to know that bad artists have not even that flavour of novelty upon which they pride themselves. From amateur mystics and from all rhetoricians and more especially from amateur French mystics and from French rhetoricians "Good Lord deliver us!"

Rimbaud does not belong in either of these categories. It is true that he can scarcely ever let out a noun unchaperoned, but in return we must remember that his own faults so displeased him that he left off composing. He has left some things perfect and some things instinct with vigour and some of curious interest. I mention Rimbaud in this place because I think certain English readers and critics are apt to estimate present-day poets in France without taking due count of his pre-existence, and because they seem to give credit for certain discoveries to those who have not really made them.

2.

There remain numerous writers whom one might discuss at some length. I shall not write of Verhaeren, for everybody writes of Verhaeren, οὐδὲ κελεύθῳ χαίρω, τίς πολλοὺς ὧδε καὶ ὧδε φέρεῖ. Besides, what in heaven's name can one say of Verhaeren? I believe him the sincerest of men. When he writes as in "Les Pauvres"

plus lourds de peine et de fardeaux  
que les toits des cassines brunes,  
parmi les dunes.

or :

aux gestes las et indulgent

he is a very fine poet, and when he speaks of the Flamand country he speaks as hardly anyone has been able to speak since Wordsworth, and when he writes about "le bondissant tocsin des vérités vivantes, etc., etc.," he is just a hopeless rhetorician, with great "nobility of soul."

3.

And there is M. le Prince des Poetes, Paul Fort, with a delicate, ironical and kindly temper.

"Pourtant, à la même heure, ou peu s'en faut (dites-moi, qu'est une heure devant Dieu? un jour? un mois? un an?—un an, voire, ce n'est pour lui le temps de manger une poire), à cette hour donc, Warwick, qui s'était avisé de retrôner Lancastre pour s'immortaliser," and so on. One must read Fort aloud, or hear him so read. He is delicacy and charm, and he is much more civilised than we shall ever care to be and he is what they call "The Last Bohemian."

To exhibit Paul Fort to a foreign public by means of criticism! It would be like trying to exhibit butterflies with a threshing machine.

Ce soir, on vend des fleurs sur le Pont au Change. L'air par bouffées, sent la tubéreuse et la poussière. C'est demain Sainte-Marie. Une heure dorée coule au fond du ciel occidental et sur les quais, et jette un éclat fauve au milieu de la foule. On voit le mouvement trouble de la plac du Chatelet.

Sept heurs vont sonner à l'horologe du Palais. L'occident, sur Paris, est comme un lac d'or plain. Dans l'est nuageux gronde un orage incertain. L'air est chaud par bouffées, à peine l'on respire. Et je songe à Manon et deux fois je soupire. L'air est chaud par bouffées et berce l'odeur large de ces fleurs qu'on écrase. . . On soupire en voyant de frais courants violets s'étirer sous les arches du Pont-Neuf qui poudroie sur le soleil morant. "Tu le sais, toi, Manon, si je t'ai bien aimée!" L'orage gronde au loin. L'air est chaud par bouffées.

It is as natural as that. I give part of a strophe and one whole strophe from a poem containing five.

I do not know that he has given a name to his system of metric. We shall probably adopt the Greek system of quantitative verse in English before we try this subtle combination of accords. Also the Greek system is probably more germane to the nature of our speech.

I shall not preach Paul Fort in these islands for I do not think these islands want him. Poetry is not like an economic idea, there is no reason why any person, or nation, should accept the kind of poetry it does not like.

Or perhaps this is a misstatement; perhaps I should say that it is in the nature of economic ideators to try to make nations and persons accept distasteful ideas.

The difference is that good poetry is free; it is at the disposal of anyone who wants it; and wealth is not—hence the difference between the position of the critic of poetry and that of the economic ideator. It is the function of the art-critic to bring his public, as expeditiously as possible, to those works of art in which they may take pleasure.

4.

I shall not write of Paul Claudel until I have had further opportunity to read his prose as well as his verse—and then Claudel has the cry. Perhaps he will have a craze like Maeterlinck and Bergson, and then I shall not have to write about him.

5.

Among the men who are neither old nor young, André Spire is well worth attention. He has learned not to slop over. The quality of his charm is perhaps best presented by quotation. "Dames Anciennes" begins with him in his attic, "le poêle de faïence blanche," etc.

Mère, le printemps aux doigts tièdes  
A soulevé l'espagnolette  
De mes fenêtres sans rideaux.  
Faites taire toutes ses voix qui montent  
Jusqu'à ma table de travail.

Ce sont les amies de ma mère  
Et de la mère de ton père,  
Qui cause de leurs maris morts,  
Et de leurs fils partis.

Avec, au coin de leurs lèvres,  
Ces moustaches de café au lait?  
Et dans leurs mains ces tartines?  
Dans leurs bouches ces kouguelofs?

Ce sont des cavales anciennes  
Qui mâchonnent le peu d'herbe douce  
Que Dieu veut bien leur laisser.

Mère, les maitres sensible  
Lâchent les juments inutiles  
Dans les prés, non dans mon jardin!

Sois tranquille, mon fils, sois tranquille,  
Elles ne brouteront pas tes fleurs

Mère, que n'y occupent-elles leurs lèvres,  
Et leurs trop courtes dents trop blanches  
De porcelaine trop fragile!

Mon fils, fermez votre fenêtre.  
Mon fils, vous n'êtes pas crétien!

In the earlier work "Et Vous Riez," he writes with a deal more eagerness; with a rather fine, embittered impatience, first with his literary friends because they persist in concerning themselves exclusively with their craft, instead of attempting to uplift the proletariat; second, with the proletariat because it won't let him civilise it, and won't civilise itself in three weeks. The book is a sort of autobiography of the modern Faust in pilgrimage. The modern Faust does not wish to conquer the world; he does not desire to dominate the whole province of knowledge; he desires to arrange the equitable social order. It is a finer ambition. And then, no one has conquered the world—to his own satisfaction, and no one has attained to universal knowledge. So Spire says they told him to sing for the people, dance-songs for their children, etc.,

and "cris pour ses colères," and then he met the best sons of the people.

Les sombres militants, plus tristes que moi-même.  
Ils m'ont dit . . .  
Assemble les oiseaux . . .  
Et chante leur.  
Mais tenter d'exalter ces hommes sans désirs,  
Ce peuple qui se traîne!  
Tu n'as donc pas encore regardé ses yeux vides?  
Viens avec nous,  
Rythme-nous des injures pour fouetter son dos mou.  
Par crainte de nos coups il lèvera la tête,  
Et, nous le lancerons contre ceux qui l'oppriment.  
Il n'a pas relevé la tête.  
Il a gémi:  
"A quoi bon ces grands cris sur mes épaules lasses.  
Mes yeux regarderont toujours mes pieds trop lourds.  
J'ai cru longtemps, j'ai cru me posséder un jour.  
Mais, chaque fois qu'un peu de sève m'est donnée,  
L'un de vous me la prend, pour s'en faire homme."

I think Spire is honest and that he writes from himself. Among the younger men Jouve seems to me to show promise and Apollinaire has brought out a clever book.

## 6.

M. Henri-Martin Barzun has an idea that we should write poems like orchestral scores with a dozen voices at once. The page would look not unlike the page of Jammes quoted in last week's essay. People do read orchestral scores. I suppose one could learn to read five or ten lines at once or at least to imagine that the five or ten sounds represented in the different lines were all going on at once. There are in this plan both opportunities and dangers. One might save a good deal of time—in dispensing with descriptive passages of the novel for example. One might represent the confusion of metropolitan life where too much does certainly happen all at once. M. Barzun offers a mode of synthesis that is not to be despised. Of course there are any number of objections. If you insist in being all apperception and all sorts of apperception at once you are in danger of paralysing thought; of bringing all your other faculties to a standstill. Art is, at least to some extent, selection. If you merely drape an idea in this complicated paraphernalia you have not much advanced. At the same time there is no reason why solos of clear thought or emotion should not emerge like arias from the grumbling of M. Barzun's orchestration.

M. Barzun's "Hymne des Forces" moved me, although I thought it rhetorical. It seemed to me significant that the voice of the mass should have come so near to being coherent. M. Barzun is nowhere near being content with the book above-mentioned. The polyphonic method will be justified when a great work is presented through it. In the meantime there is no use blinding oneself to the fact that the next great work may be written in this manner. It is not an impossibility, and M. Barzun is not altogether an imbecile.

## 7.

It is not possible for me to discuss all the fifty-three authors contained in Van Bever and Léataud's anthology. There are a host of younger writers who will doubtless receive fitting recognition at the hands of Mr. Flint. My intention at the outset was to write in conversational tone of my personal adventure; of such French poetry of to-day as had seemed of interest to one as easily bored as I am.

A curious objection has been brought forth that I breathe "too freely in the atmosphere of Paris for great respect." Now the good artist is not a mastodon nor the lion of Androcles that one should be constrained or ill at ease in his presence. The good artist is a person whose intelligence functions—at least in certain directions—exceptionally well. As intelligence is as rare as it is charming, one takes delight either in the presence or in the works of a good artist. One is only constrained in the presence of a good artist when he happens to possess very bad manners, and bad manners are not inseparable from the good artist. Of course,

bad manners in anyone but a good artist do not make one ill at ease—one merely passes the other way; but with a good artist one's interest in him and his work may have led one into an exposed position, one may have displayed this interest rashly or in such a way that his display of bad manners is sudden and disconcerting.

Wherever an artistic standard exists one does not demand constraint, one does not demand that the artist be a member of the London County Council, or Sir Dash, or Lord UnTel, in order that one may respect him. Where a scientific standard exists we demand of the scientist only that his discoveries or his knowledge be sound and interesting. Where no artistic standard exists a man's work is judged by his respectability and his social position. Only in a state of Victorian darkness can the oversquashing "Great Figure" exist. Intelligent respect does not afflict one's respiration.

My contention was that Paris is rather better off for poets than London is, or if you like, "that Paris is twenty, at least twenty, years ahead of the other worlds of letters." This is perhaps a rash statement. I have no intimate acquaintance with the state of literary affairs in Tibet, or in Kiev, or in Umhatuungam. It is possible that London is not second or third, but ninth. Still, I do not think Madrid or Rome will enter the contest, nor yet Budapest. Let us, however, be safe; let us say that Paris is better off at the moment than London.

Dante defined poetry as a composition of words set to music. With the passage of the centuries poetry has been gradually divorced from the art of music, as the term "music" is generally used, i.e., from melody of pitch-variation. The art of music which still remains to the poet is that of rhythm, and of a sort of melody dependent on the order and arrangement of varied vowel and consonantal sounds. The rhythm is a matter of duration of individual sounds and of stress, and the matter of the "word melody" depends largely on the fitness of this duration and stress to the sounds wherewith it is connected.

In determining the relative state of art in Paris and in London, one would consider rhythm, word melody, and the composition of words, of words that is, considered as language not as sound.

As to rhythm, I doubt if there is in England at the time of this writing, anyone whose rhythm and word melody are comparable to those of Remy de Gourmont or of Paul Fort, or of De Regnier in the "Odelettes." I think there is no one who writes English as well as De Regnier writes French, or whose work has the quality of seeming so *modo pumice expolitum*. Neither have we a satirist comparable to Laurent Tailharder, nor yet a poet who delineates his time as clearly as does Francis Jammes.

Nor, for that matter, can I see about me any young man whose work is as refreshing as Romain's. It is true that there are a few writers who are attempting a simplification of structure, somewhat like that attempted by the crowd gathered about "L'Effort Libre"; but for the most part both writers and critics in England are so ignorant that if a man attempt these finer accords and simplicities there is hardly anyone who can tell what he is up to. Neither do I believe that the excellences referred to will appear in English writing until at least twenty years after their respective appearances in France. And with that I rest my case.

## Readers and Writers.

MR. HEWLETT'S "Bendish," the hero of which is modelled on Byron, has been commercially lucky enough to provoke a discussion of the legitimacy of real figures in fiction. Lots of people, raw hands in literature, will buy the book merely to come to some conclusion on the subject. The conclusion, however, to which Mr. Hewlett's handling of Byron will bring them will be superficial in the extreme; for his failure by no means proves that what he has tried without success may not

be tried with success. Everything depends, of course, on the choice of subject and on the fitness of the writer to deal with it. In the case of Mr. Hewlett the personality of Byron is, I should say, a sealed book to him. He could not even write a good biography of the man, let alone play in imagination with Byron's potential or only half manifested powers. The same thing is true of Tolstoy, whose figure of Napoleon in "War and Peace" is a dummy to illustrate a tract. Tolstoy had simply no point of contact with Napoleon, and could not have brought himself even to record the bare incidents of his life. My own opinion is that real personages, so they be within the compass of a writer of fiction, are not only legitimate, but they are excellent materials for dramatic invention and imagination. No hero's life has ever exhausted the sum of his gifts. There remain still in him, when all the calls of circumstance have been made, powers of response which artless circumstance has never evoked—powers which a real creative imagination in dramatist or author might divine and make manifest. To be sure such a supplementary portraiture of a great man would appear, on the surface, different from the man as revealed by chance events. It might contain, in fact, none of the incidents of his real life with which the world was familiar. Profound students of character, however, would know that the fictional and real were complementary. Xenophon's Socrates and Plato's are, after all, the same. The method, on the other hand, is not one to recommend to any novelist. Most novelists, I fear, are too blind to realise even what a great man has done, still more to visualise what a great man might have done.

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"The Unexpurgated Case against Women's Suffrage" (Constable, 2s. 6d.), by Dr. Almroth Wright, has proved to be disappointing to a public recently fed on White Slave meat. In the private glossary of most of the Press "unexpurgated" could relate only to sex. In consequence they expected a treat from a book with what they now denounce as a "catchpenny" title. I have read the book and my conclusion is that Dr. Wright was unaware when he chose his title of the kind of expectation it would arouse. At any rate, there is not the smallest trace of self-consciousness in his pages, nor, of course, anything remotely salacious. It is a proof, by the way, of the obsession sex has made of itself in the West that many such words as "expurgated," originally of a wide connotation, have come to be confined popularly to sex matters. Virtue, continence, chastity, licentious, sensual, passionate, lust—the list might be indefinitely extended. Those words, I fancy, owe their degradation to novelists and women, in neither of which classes is the brain the centre of intelligence.

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A correspondent, still a little puzzled by the unique contempt of NEW AGE reviewers for the work of Mr. James Stephens—notably his "The Crock of Gold"—asks me to look at Mr. Stephens' sketch in the "Nation" of October 4, and to pronounce it bad at my peril. Well, the risk is not great, as I could prove if space would allow a long commentary. Mr. Stephens is one of those copious writers who can never march on from idea to idea, but must needs stop to elaborate each as if he were in doubt what the next should be, or whether his readers were following him. In the sketch referred to the opening sentences of the first four paragraphs are as follows:

- (1) He was one who would have passed by the Sphinx without seeing it.
- (2) He was sex-blind, and, so, peculiarly limited by the fact that he could not appreciate women.
- (3) He could be brutal at times.
- (4) Even his mother was an abstraction to him.

Apart from the redundancy contained in the second of these openings, the four sentences, I contend, are sufficiently sequential and comprehensible to form the exordium of a "short study." But Mr. Stephens must

fiddle in explanatory details of a quite superfluous character. After (1), for instance, he writes:

He did not believe in the necessity for Sphinxes, or in their reality, for that matter—they did not exist for him. Indeed, he was one to whom the Sphinx would not have been visible. He might have eyed it, and noted a certain bulk of grotesque stone, but nothing more significant.

Now, is there anything in this that adds to the information contained in the opening sentence? Plainly there is nothing. It is simple repetition, and does not advance the interest of the "study" by a single idea. The same treatment, however, is given the next and the third and the fourth, and indeed each of the succeeding paragraph openings. The second is a particularly bad example of literary rattle. "He," we are told, "was sex-blind," and hence "could not appreciate women," a deduction, of course, which we could not draw without assistance! Mr. Stephens then continues:—

If he had been pressed for a theory or metaphysic of womanhood, he would have been unable to formulate any. Their presence he admitted, perforce; their utility was quite apparent to him on the surface, but, subterraneously, he doubted both their existence and their utility. And so on for another twenty lines. I ask my correspondent whether this is writing to some purpose or not mere penny-a-lining. I am content to leave the decision to anybody.

\* \* \*

It is not merely the indelicacy but the imbecility of advertisers that is remarkable. Only the other day THE NEW AGE received an unsolicited offer of a couple of pages of advertisement of a notorious encyclopædia on condition that the advertisement should appear in the middle of the paper. Apart from the unconscious offence against taste involved in this proposal to break the form of THE NEW AGE (for each issue is obviously as carefully constructed as a sonnet), the business instinct of the suggestion is conspicuously missing. What, I should like to know, would be the attitude of readers of THE NEW AGE towards a publication whose presence was intruded into the midst of, say, these notes? I trust that they would swear never to look at it, never to tolerate its name in polite society, never to think of it without wishing it dead. Only by refusing to buy articles that are vulgarly advertised shall we bring advertisers to their senses. For my part, an impudent advertisement warns me of an impudent commodity.

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Of the English edition of Gobineau's "Renaissance" (Heinemann, 10s.) the best thing, I find, is Dr. Oscar Levy's Introduction. This, as my readers may remember, I had the privilege of reading before the text of Gobineau's work was available. I regret now that I have read Gobineau himself. He would have been so much more attractive left as Dr. Levy left him in my mind. "The Renaissance" consists of five "plays" or sets of dialogues, each concerned with one of the chief figures of the period of the Italian revival. They are as follows: Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, and Michael Angelo. In the section devoted to Savonarola are some thirty or forty scenes, distributed between Rome, Florence, Milan, etc.; and in each scene we are presented with a dialogue between two or more of the contemporaries of Savonarola, occasionally with Savonarola himself. To my mind the conversations which Gobineau makes to take place between these historic personages are either trivial or ranting. He contrives, no doubt, to keep close to his book and in some instances to incorporate into his report the details as we know them of his characters' life and works. But the effect is far from enabling us to supplement our knowledge with a fresh insight. On the contrary, his figures dwindle under his treatment and become little more than platitudinous puppets. Look, for example, at the conversation (pp. 16-17) between Michael Angelo and Machiavelli. They may have talked like this, but a priori it is incredible.

MACHIAVELLI: Ah! my friend, I have come to tell you

quickly what it is that fills my soul with joy. The French will be here in a few hours.

MICHAEL ANGELO: As friends? As enemies?

MACHIAVELLI: Nothing is known. Negotiations are being carried on; if friendship cannot be established, we shall resist like men and defend our country. But there's more to come! Piero de Medici commits nothing but follies. Fra Girolamo has come over to our way of thinking, and is joining the popular party, so that the coming of the French will cause the fall of that haughty house whose pride stifles our liberties.

MICHAEL ANGELO: I owe everything to the father, and will not be reckoned among the foes of the children.

MACHIAVELLI: You have a heart; but remember that the interests of your country come before your own. All is in ferment; the water is hot, burning, boiling. The whole people is working itself into a frenzy. Ah, Michael Angelo! what a glorious moment! I am going to see liberty, settled order, wise government elsewhere than in the dead pages of old books and in the abstractions of my dreams. . . .

This may, as I say, have warrant in the hints Machiavelli gives us of his real passion for liberty; but I cannot imagine his ever saying it, least of all to a Michael Angelo. To be blunt, it is the kind of stuff Marie Corelli would make these figures spout. Nor is Gobineau, I think, on a higher level in dealing with the other great characters. They all talk a damned sight too much and too much as if they were playing to the gallery of a popular theatre.

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I have now read the copy of his "Passionate Friends" (Macmillan, 6s.) which Mr. Wells has had sent to THE NEW AGE. It is not a masterly work in any sense of the word, but, on the contrary, as loose and incontinent a production both in style and idea as could well be produced by an habitual writer. Usually, as is well known, an author becomes more real, defined, and concrete as his discipline of thought and writing invigorates his mind. Ruskin, for example, who began as a windbag, ended by nearly writing perfect good sense; in time, he would have written, perhaps, as simply as Swift wrote or as passionately to the point as Demosthenes spoke. With Mr. Wells, however, the case is just the reverse. He began by writing of definite persons, things, and ideas, and he is now writing indefinitely of anything. In fact, he appears to suppose that indefiniteness is a virtue, a quality characteristic of the best intelligence. To obliterate the natural or acquired distinctions between the sexes, for instance, is for him a kind of duty to civilisation. When his heroine, the Lady Mary, talks of living her own life and of belonging to herself, not only does the fool hero, Stephen, assent to her claim of these male privileges; but Mr. Wells pleads for the view with an almost personal appeal. But such chatter on the part of a woman like Mary, incapable of supporting herself for a day, is chatter and nothing more; and if Stephen were not the "complementary male" spoken of by Dr. Almroth Wright, he would have either laughed at her or turned and left her. That, I hope and believe, is what young men are to-day doing with the apes of the wives of Ibsen's and Shaw's eunuchs and baby-husbands. But just as Mr. Wells is no longer able to discriminate between a man and a woman, and would have it that a woman can possibly be as "free" as a man, so, I find, he is no longer able to discriminate between economic and spiritual affairs, between democracy and aristocracy, between one form of government and another, between Socialism and aimless amiable Social Reform. On all these subjects in the course of interminable digressions, Mr. Wells exfoliates to marvel, but he never by any chance drops a seed. I did not note in my reading a single observation fit to be placed at the head of an essay or demanding a moment's reflection to open it. This, which would be no defect if the story were continuous, is a damning defect in a story deliberately interrupted to admit reflections and observations. The book, as my readers will gather, irritated me. It did more, it disgusted me. There is not a sign of passion (which is intelligent single-mindedness) in the "Passionate Friends" from beginning to end. What Mr. Wells

calls passion is nothing but lust. All the chief characters are as promiscuous as they can hang together. There is neither charm nor virtue in one of them.

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The decision of the Southampton magistrates to recommend the American versifier, Mr. Harry Kemp, for deportation as an undesirable alien is possibly no more than a reply to America's tomfoolery about Miss Marie Lloyd—as that, in its turn, was poetic justice on her own expressed approval of the boycott of Jack Johnson. Such games at international tennis do take place, and I hope the matter is no more serious for Mr. Kemp than to play ball for a day or two. Deportation of *one* poet is merely invidious. I have seen in manuscript a good deal of Mr. Kemp's occasional verse, and it strikes me as being quite up to the level of most current English work. In fact, it is better than the verse of several of our stars. If these were sentenced to be deported with him for their mutual criticism I have no doubt they would all return one day good citizens; but alone, as I say, his selection is invidious.

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It is probable that a more truthful book on public-school life will never be written than "The Harrovians" by Arnold Lunn (Methuen, 6s.) Mr. Lunn appears not only to have remembered his impressions vividly, but to have succeeded in the more difficult task of recalling his feelings as a boy and of explaining them as a man. Hitherto the life of the public school has been without its realist. The pleasant romance imported into it by Talbot Baines Reed—whose "Fifth Form of St. Dominic's" nevertheless still pleases me—was balanced by the unpleasant romance of Mr. Kipling. Between them the real boys and the real life of the public schools remained generally esoteric. Mr. Lunn's treatment of the subject is neither sentimental nor crudely realistic. His boys are undoubtedly boys, and as undoubtedly they are boys at Harrow.

The "Nineteenth Century" under Mr. W. Wray Skilbeck has sunk very low in its judgment when it accepts an article on "Some Recent Notable Novels," by Mr. Darrel Figgis. Mr. Figgis is undoubtedly taking some pains to learn to write English, but his style is still little better than a babu's. Listen, for example, to this:—

The emptying of a full flood of passion into a book does not alter that fact, does not woo away its central ineffectuality.

or to this:—

Passion remains passion, even when it is meretricious. What on earth does the first sentence convey to a merely English reader or the second to a mind capable of seeing a self-contradiction? Passion remains passion, even when it is not passion! I suppose Mr. Figgis would be quite prepared to defend that nonsense! However, I console myself by reflecting that most of the novels on which he exercises his weird vocabulary are worth it.

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Another writer in the same issue of the Review asks and answers the silly question: "Is the present neglect of Pope merited?" By whom, I should like to know, is Pope "neglected"? That Pope is not as popular as Masfield or as often mentioned in "T.P.'s Weekly" as Mr. Haldane Macfall is certainly true; but Pope would not regard the omission as neglect. As many people read Pope to-day as read him in his own day; and that is always the way with classic writers. Their audience of *readers* is small, but it is constant. Only at intervals does some whim enlarge their audience and then not for long. Another marvellous discovery has been made by some greenhorn to the effect that my namesake, Congreve, anticipated the opinions of Mr. Shaw, particularly on the subject of women. Congreve, we are told though not informed, held the view that women run after men, a view so strange as to have lain dormant all these years until Mr. Shaw rediscovered it. The ignorance this kind of research implies of English literature is something prodigious.

R. H. C.

## The Gypsy's Point of View.

I FOUND old Joshua Gray seated on the ground in the shade of his ornate caravan, mending a chair. He greeted me in the Romany tongue.

"Sa shan, my Râni! (How do you do, my lady.) The missus and I was only talking about you this mornin'. We thought you must be offended with us."

"My Romany Pal (gypsy brother) should know me better than to think I could be offended with him," I said, as I handed him my cigarette case. "Where's Mrs. Gray?"

"She's gone into the town. She'll be back afore six. Plenty o' holiday folk about, but not much doin'."

"Very little fortune telling?"

Old Joshua shook his head.

"Them town palmists have taken the bread out o' our mouths. The police is down on the lot o' us becos o' them. The missus ha' got to be careful. 'Tis only by sellin' somethin' out o' the basket she can do any dukerin (fortune telling). I tell her that more than half of the gals have jined them sufferget women. They don't want to know nothin' about future husbands. They haven't no use for them."

"Don't you believe it, Mr. Gray. Most women desire husbands, whatever they may say to the contrary."

"That's just what the missus will have," said the old gypsy, laughing. "She say, them that haven't got a man want one bad, and them that are tied up don't feel satisfied—want to change over for somebody else's property. There's some very queer folk about, my Râni. Gals are bred different from what they used to be. Nowadays the women aren't happy if they don't live gadabout lives and dress theirselves up in all manner of bird-scarin' cloes. They want to do everything except stay at home an' have babies. Men aren't men neither, else they wouldn't put up with it. What are wives for if——"

"Look, look!" I interrupted, "here comes a flying machine."

I showed more excitement than the sight of the aeroplane caused me to feel, fearing the subject of wives and their duties might prove embarrassing.

We watched the aeroplane fly over our heads and disappear out of sight.

"Would you like to fly, Mr. Gray?"

Old Joshua shook his head.

"Not if you was to give me a thousan' pounds, my Râni. I don't see no sense in exasperatin' the Lord Almighty. It's askin' for judgment. If we was meant to fly, nature would have given us wings. Flyin' is fool-hardy pluck, and only fools encourage it."

I wanted to point out to my gypsy friend the opinions held by the Army and Navy, but knowing his conservative mind I suppressed the inclination.

"'Tis the same sort o' pluck that folks have who look up spirits," he went on contemptuously.

Not being able to follow his train of thought, I nodded understandingly.

"Folks who see them by chance is not to blame. But there's them that'll rent a haunted house on purpose to see the ghost. Standin' up, I call it, to the Almighty. There's some things we poor mortals aren't meant to see into—folks are gettin' more and more too big for their boots. What with flyin' and motor cars and then religions."

I laughed outright at his unexpected classification.

"What about the religions?" I asked.

"There's far too many on them," was the reply. "At one time there was only church and chapel. Now there's a dozen different kinds at least. An' the parsons, instead o' learnin' the people from the Bible, the Almighty's own book, they preach out o' their own heads, which, if size count for anything, don't hold much. I haven't no opinion o' parsons. Show me one who'll share all he ha' got with them that haven't anything, who never think about what he shall eat and drink, who'd preach the gospel for nothin', and I'll shake hands with him."

"But there are good parsons as well as bad," I protested, feebly.

"It aint their livin' in big houses with servants to work for them on Sundays as well as weekdays that make me angry, Râni. I believe in a man havin' all he can get. 'Tis pretendin' they are followin' Christ that's bad: takin' the Almighty's name in vain. I can look up to a man who do things for money in a straightforward manner. 'Tis human nature to like money. But these parsons—I ask you, Râni, how many on them do you think would try and stop a poor gypsy bein' sent to prison if he was caught poachin' a rabbit?"

"O! many of them would, I am sure," I said.

The old gypsy laughed sarcastically. "Ah, my Râni, I aint no fool. I know what I'm talkin' about. Parsons are often magistrates, you know. And there's some hard ones doin' that business. I tell you this, and 'tis the truth: we poor gypsies, spat on by servant gals and them that ha' got no breedin', live more accordin' to the Book than most of them that's got learnin' enough to preach about it. We poach becos we enjoy a bit o' sport. And there aint no wrong done. I don't say we don't do in the landowners and farmers when we can by gettin' off early without payin' for a night's camp; an' that aint a big sin to my mind. We are very hard pushed when we steal; an' though that mayn't be quite right, we can't let our children starve. We pay the price if we are caught. There wouldn't be nothin' to pay if we was judged by what the Book say. We never interfere with nobody. When all's said an' done we're as good as we can be. You can't say the same about folks who haven't no excuse for bein' bad. The gâgôs (Gentiles) say gypsies are liars. I don't deny we tell lies. We have to tell 'em to earn a livin', same as other people; only we haven't got the learnin' how to tell 'em and not be found out like the rich. They cheat becos they like cheatin'; an' they make money out o' their friends. It aint becos they's frightened about tomorrow's bread. They want to grab everything. The more they get the more they want, and then they aren't happy. I don't like their ways. Cuttin' up the roads with their motors and spoilin' the pretty flowers with their dirty leavin's. The trees have to be cut down for them and all the tall, beautiful hedges. They'd choke the songs in the little bads' throats if they could. They spoil all the pretty country. Nowhere now where you can put up a bit o' tan (tent), and make a fire. As for lettin' the gri (horse) help hisself to a bit of grass off the roadside, you'd have to pay for it with a good-sized fine. There aint the feelin' for horses like there used to be. How any sensible gentleman can want a motor when he can have for the money a pair of beautiful bays is a puzzle. And what's a prettier sight than to see a lady on horseback, dressed neat with high-topped boots—patent ones?"

"I don't know that the boots matter," I said, laughing, "but I agree with you that a good horse and a good rider make a pretty picture."

"Oh! it make me angry to think o' them noble creatures an' the use there was for them. Soon they won't be bred at all. What wi' one thing on top another, the world'll soon come to a stan'still, an'——"

Old Joshua stopped suddenly and broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"Dordi, my Râni," he cried out in Romany, "tuti dik trashed. Tuti is pening, to her kokero have lesty jal'ed dinlo, rokerin' so bôt. Mandi am sâ tatcho, chavie."

("Faith, my lady, you look frightened. You are saying to yourself, has he gone mad talking so much: I am all right, child.")

"I have been layin' down the law, haven't I? As bad as a rashi (parson). But it do me good to get things off my mind. An' you know when I talk about gâgô's ways I don't mean my Râni, my Romany Râni. You is like a true gypsy, not like a gâgô."

It was old Joshua's highest compliment. He had paid it many times before, but his words never fail to thrill me with pleasure.

BEATRICE M. DUTT.

## Time Recorders.

ACCORDING to a very ancient tradition—though I am afraid it is no use looking for it in the Talmud or other Rabbinical writings—for the first two or three years after the expulsion from Eden, Adam had no sort of delusions about the nature of the punishment which he had brought upon himself. To earn his bread in the sweat of his brow was decidedly a curse. It never occurred to him either in his private reflections or his conversations with Eve to regard it as anything else. But when Cain and Abel had grown old enough to take an interest in things there came a change. In whatever state of weariness Adam crawled into the home at nightfall he started to make a point of pulling himself together in the presence of the children. On these occasions he no longer complained of his lot—his simple spouse grew accustomed to such phrases as “excellent moral discipline” or “the need for an interest in life,” until gradually her limited intelligence grew aware that by some curious process the primeval curse had swung round into the most unqualified blessing ever conferred on humanity. And by the time that Cain and Abel had come to years of discretion and were in some danger of forming their own opinion on the matter, the well-known doctrine had been explicitly formulated. The slightest symptom of revolt brought down on the young men from the patriarch—whose own task by this time lay mainly in the supervision of those of his two sons—an immediate discourse on the Essential Amiability of Labour.

Thus (according to the tradition) arose the doctrine which has been preached with such persistence by those in authority ever since. But humanity's students have noted that neither in the East nor the West has the employer of labour ever put very much faith in the doctrine, “simple of itself,” as a means to getting a given amount of work done by somebody else. It needed reinforcing—in the East by the taskmaster, the lash and bastinado, in the West by the attitude which has culminated in and is typified by the time recorder. In point of humanity the discerning will perceive that the East has the pull. There must needs be something human and corruptible, by gold or perhaps even friendship, about a taskmaster. Whereas there is obviously nothing to be hoped for from a creature whose general appearance resembles that of a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine and whose bowels are of stamped steel.

Therein, of course, lies its chief recommendation to our conquerors, the employers of labour. They ordered this matter better in England in the days before America discovered our unhappy island. A timekeeper, a man and open to the friendly impulses and imperfections of men, sat in a little hutch and set down each workman's time as he came in the morning. But this had serious disadvantages. So much turned upon the man you installed in the hutch. For example, there was a certain ironworks in the North which had for a space a then obscure youth called Phil May to supervise the comings and goings of its hands. The result (as recorded by May's official biographer) was that after a brief period of the completest astonishment at the sudden and quite unparalleled punctuality of their entire staff the lords of the said ironworks sought out and installed at their gates a new timekeeper.

But perhaps I go too fast. There may be those who are unacquainted with the time recorder and, as Mr. Belloc would say, “all that the term connotes.” The time recorder, then, is the last word in the mastery of matter over mind. It stands for all that perverted ingenuity has yet accomplished in the way of turning human beings into well-behaved machines. (This endeavour, I believe, is gracefully described as “the speeding up of industry”—a process with which, we are assured, is bound up the advancement of civilisation.) The time recorder is sold by misanthropic individuals who are, I suspect, ex-warders and hangmen

dismissed for undue severity, and bought by gentlemen with sandy moustaches, no chins, and pale, protruding eyes, who are hoping to detect in themselves resemblances to the Napoleonic features of the ideal business man as displayed on the backs of the business magazines. The workman humbly presents himself before it as often as his particular employer decrees and it mechanically registers the times of his movements. It has added a new verb to the mother tongue. The workman “clocks on” when he arrives, he “clocks off” when he departs. He clocks off and on for meal times, and in some cases at the beginning and end of a given job. In the necessary intervals he is busy completing in monotonous sequence, some small, intermediate, and extremely uninteresting stage in the manufacture of a finished article which he will never handle in a finished state, nor, indeed, in any save that which he is persistently employed on. To this add his knowledge that his proper output is being calculated to the sixteenth part of a penny by an elaborate costing system—also from America.

It is an engaging picture. And one can see that it is only the workman's regrettable habit of leaving the premises at night which stands in the way of including him in the annual inventory under the heading of machinery and plant. This difficulty will probably be overcome shortly by the more enlightened employer. The compound system suggests an obvious way out of it. Meanwhile—like the young gentleman who assured, I think, Dr. Johnson, that he had tried hard to become a philosopher “but cheerfulness kept breaking in”—the human impulse occasionally intrudes. And your workman, beginning to doubt whether he possesses a soul, goes on strike to discover it and to secure for himself a further shilling a week to spend on disordered living, cheap cigarettes, and sporting editions of the evening papers. I am told that there are people who wonder at this.

But the time recorder has its conquests in other directions. It has invaded—not with very much success up to now—what was once known as the counting-house, that region which at one time had a certain air of gentility about it, where the well-behaved occasionally worked their way right through from office boy to junior partner, and even to the great Panjandrum's private office. (All this, of course, in the days before the limited company had evolved itself and taught the present generation of vipers to replace master and man by “employee” and a few thousand dim, irresponsible shareholders.) In that world the time recorder goes hand-in-hand with the card index, the vertical filing system, and all the other interesting devices for the complication of labour, whereby the creation or care of any document becomes an elaborate ritual, and a subsequent reference to it a miracle of unnecessary research. It is on the strength of these and similar devices that the trading classes of this country, spurred on by the maxims of certain American monthlies, have lately taken to persuading themselves—and attempting to persuade the intelligent sections of society—that “business” is now a profession, and the application of the sacred principle each for himself and the devil take the hindmost a pursuit which might very appropriately engage the noblest intellects of the age. A rather grubby, but eminently shrewd middleman of my acquaintance keeps a poky office up three flights of dusty stairs, jabs his letters on a stick file in the order he receives them, and for many years now has had his hands deep in his neighbours' pockets to an extent that would turn many of his “professional” competitors pallid with envy. He, on his part—when he pauses to consider that type of competitor at all—likenes them to children “playing at shop.” It is no part of an honest man's concern to defend the methods of one rogue against those of another, but I confess that the comparison seems a tolerably apt one.

For whatever may be the debatable advantages from some of these devices, I am afraid that the time recorder is not of much practical use in an office. To

some types of employer it may have its points—it is extremely irksome, for instance, and inflicts a certain amount of salutary dishonour on the clerk. But there its advantages end. For it is a harder matter to estimate and control the amount of work which should be done by a clerk than it is to estimate and control that which should be done by a mechanic. When Lavengro waited upon the Mid-Victorian man of affairs, he records that this worthy paused in going through the counting-house, "looked into the book in which the foreign-visaged clerk was writing, and, seemingly not satisfied with the manner in which he was executing his task, he gave him two or three cuffs, telling him at the same time that he deserved crucifixion." It is not a particularly edifying incident, but as a way of getting someone else to do work to one's own satisfaction there is a good deal to be said for it. The contemporary man of business, faced by the same problem, buys a time recorder and retires to bind cold towels about his head lest it should swell beyond recognition at the thought of his own successful cunning. He was probably induced to take this step by an advertisement which assured him that if he paid twenty clerks at a rate, let us say, of a shilling an hour, and each clerk came ten minutes late every morning, it meant a loss of twenty twopences, or three and fourpence, daily. This, a final flourish would explain to him, meant a loss of exactly twenty shillings a week, or fifty-two sovereigns in the year. It is an ingenious proposition, but no one except a business man would be deceived by it. For it is based on the pathetic assumption that to have twenty clerks safely caged within four walls is necessarily the same thing as to have twenty clerks working at the top of their powers, and that each of the twenty will begin toiling the instant after the time recorder has secured a record of his arrival—a fallacy so tremendous that even Satire softens at the spectacle of such pitiful credulity. Lavengro's business man was not an amiable character, but he had more sense than this. Plainly, the intelligence of our trading classes has not increased during the last sixty years.

No—the time recorder, at present at any rate, does not press very heavily on the clerk. The workshop is its proper province. And there, God knows, it is fearfully established.

I have a very cherished illustration torn some years ago from a catalogue of time recorders. It shows the entrance hall to some works, a bare, forbidding apartment, walls and floor executed in unbroken concrete slabs. Across the hall runs a barrier of iron railings, no mere trellis work, but six feet high, stout and spear-headed. Beyond the railings the distance of the gaunt hall sinks into gloom and, the impressionable might easily take it, penal servitude for life. The only break in the barrier is provided by four massive turnstiles. Opposite each turnstile stands a great, round-faced time recorder. At either side of the hall are stationed, at strict attention, two men—watchmen, I suppose—in the severest of apparently official uniforms. And over this picture is solemnly printed, in large red capital letters, the legend "An Admirably Planned Entrance". . . .

To such straits have we been brought by the Shalfords of mankind in their pursuit of "Fishency" in business. And with this deeply illuminating glimpse of the time recorder one might very well leave the whole distressing subject. But I am sometimes inclined to wonder whether our captains of industry have not cut away more than they know, whether they have not gravely endangered the efficacy of their ultimate means of keeping their hirelings in submission. Let us say that the workmen at this particular establishment, growing ungratefully weary of the entrance which has been admirably planned for them, go out on strike. Let us say that they peacefully picket (in their own interpretation of the phrase) and break a few heads and all the windows they can reach. What are you going to do with the culprits? I can only suggest a revival of the rack or thumbscrews. Gaol can have remarkably few terrors for their disciplined souls.

GORDON PHILLIPS.

## All except Anything.

By T. K. L.

READER, when I began these articles I had no notion that there were so many Frenchmen! I thought they were doing these things better in France. But, alas, France is swarming: and every second individual is a poet exactly as over here in these chilly, but prolific, islands. Exactly, too, as over here every one of these poets is unique, incomparable, defiant of computation; every one makes his poems his very own; every one challenges in his especial person all the old poets and poetical trappings; every one sings of the commonplace, the ordinary you and the ordinary me, and particularly of the ordinary young female person; every one talks "normally" instead of posing as a Bard; every one prints his Bare Statement of Things in metrical lines. It begins to beat me to know one from another in spite of the fact that they are all unique. Wherein, then, shall I seek and find, as I must, the distinction of the so distinguished Monsieur Jammes? Let me begin by saying what he is not, and what he does not do.

M. Jammes is not a Pindarist. He does not celebrate the Grand Prix by a yell for some god to dignify the "lofty strain." His strains are not "lofty." You may excuse Pindar's invocation perhaps on the grounds which you would allow to an archbishop who should include Jehovah in a religious celebration. Pindar believed in the deities of the Hellenes, actually believed that their aid was essential both in war and in those martial exercises, the Olympic Games. The victor always and everywhere owed his success to a well-spent life under godly direction. Hence the deific invocations! To-day, very few people believe that God is present at the Grand Prix. To be sure you may often hear that congregation invoking every god ever hoard of, and as many devils; but something, *je ne sais quoi*, informs our souls that those Grand Prix deities have another odour than Pindar's gods had for him, or even for the uninitiated Olympic multitudes. Even on secular grounds, Jammes is all there not to imitate the old bards. In days when the bard, Homer, for instance, actually toyed with the plectrum, or flattered the Pythian victor (like Pindar), or presented a tragedy with masks (like Sophocles), someone was probably tickled to death, or their sporting instincts were flattered, or they were paid to attend, like the Paris claque. Anyway, it was the fashion of the time for bards to ramp about. It is not the fashion now, and so Jammes doesn't ramp about. You may say, if you wish to say something, that our own times are full of large event, procession, and catastrophe. I reply that the Poets of our times do not think so. They have a new perspective. The common, the so-called "trivial," is now seen by them to be the one thing that is really poetical. In England as well as in France, in America as well as in Germany and Bengal, we sing now the eternal Trifle. It is not my doing, is it? I merely state the fact that poetical perspective has changed! Not for Jammes, that almighty pose of Pindar—the tongue of Jove! Not for Jammes the Muse, the lofty poet's Lyre of Language, the Singing Robes of inspiration. Jammes knows nothing of these appurtenances, and is not going to pretend that he does.

I may as well leave negativising Jammes and tell you what he does contain. I have shown you Remy de Gourmont, Imagiste; Vildrac, Humaniste; Tailhard, Helleniste; Romains, Unanimiste, and others, each one in his own unique way bent upon clarifying poetic diction, making a plain statement and scheduling his times for posterity. But to Jammes I allot a special niche upon the new Parnassus, for Jammes is more uniquely unique than—I had nearly said—than any other living French poet, but we must conserve our plaudits—any of the above-mentioned unique poets; he makes things more his own than I can express; he has perfected the new perfection of being a man in the street; he is your very ordinary self, your office-boy, your office, your telephone, your insurance card, and

your stamp! He is the great eliminator of the abstract, the general, the universal, the essential, the transcendental—but he is the grand recorder of the Detail! Jammes has written a novel in verse, detailing life in every small town in France. Think of that!

To write a novel in verse as a series of scenes is nothing new or strange. True, it has hardly been done successfully since Püdeser, and even of him a few people said that he tied up his cow's tail with blue ribands and so set folk laughing at the naturally respectable creature. So it is said to-day that Mr. Jammes has made the provinces of France appear absurdly aspiring and precious, the which they are not, but just common, by printing the daily round of their dull histories in metric lines. People will always be saying something. Jammes, nevertheless, writes his novel in verse. He sees, like all modern poets, an immature female person—

This child will be stupid  
As these other folk, like her father and mother,  
And yet she has an infinite grace.  
In her is the intelligence of beauty.  
How delicious! her breast that does not exist,  
Her back and her feet. But she will be stupid  
As a goose in two years from now.

"Elle sera bête comme une oie dans deux ans d'ici." You see I have not absurdly exalted the poet in translating him. One is tempted. There above is no word you or I might not have said to one another. Jammes always uses our language! Consider that miracle of simple and adequate statement in the scene where Madame Larribeau discovers her husband's infidelity with the servant. The poor woman sobs "Gueu, gueu, gueu. . . ." thirty-five times. Jammes writes them all down. It is all exactly like a realistic novel and done to the life. Jammes is a Detailist, and every single one of Madame's noises is to him a natural and mentionable Detail. Now I think of Naturalism. Shall I therefore call Monsieur Jammes a Naturaliste? Why not? He is a Naturaliste. He mentions everything. He is a Mentionaliste. He is a part of our normal life. He is a Normaliste. He produces in his poems the effect of a conversation. He is a Conversationaliste. He says something—so few people do! He is a Somethingaliste. And now, perhaps, we have Jammes. I think I have said that M. Jammes can touch nothing without making it his own. Yes, I have certainly said that. I will say some more about it. It is, I think, the great gift. It is "style" in the fine sense. It is, in the fine sense, literature. Now, perhaps, we have our Gift. M. Jammes makes the famous pilgrimage to Lourdes his own, every detail of it. He looks, sees, and writes down a simple statement. He has the art of the Prosie; he writes prose in metrical lines! Many other poets of to-day do this. Jammes does it as only Jammes can! You must be subtle to discern the difference between Jammes' prosies and the prosies of, say, my friend Vildrac. If you are subtle you will note Jammes' especial and unique use of *rhyme*. A man deaf to all rhyme save cat-and-bat will obviously fail to hear Jammes' rhymes, he will fancy Jammes is not rhyming at all, or he will fancy that Jammes is murdering assonance. I invite to listen them that comprehend the beauty of such tonal delicacies or the delicacies of such tonal beauties, whichever you will, as drapeaux—en or; soit-il mourir; serait-ce que—prieait Dieu—these a few of Jammes' line-endings.

Except for the rhyme, the poem on the pilgrimage would have passed for a mere ordinary prosie—

Les drapeaux,  
se penchaient avec leur devises en or.  
Le soleil était blanc sur les escaliers,  
dans l'air bleu, sur les clochers déchiquetés.

The banners  
hung down with their devices of gold.  
The sun was white on the stairways,  
in the blue air, on the jagged belfries.

These delicate rhymes are as close as I can reproduce those of M. Jammes. But what a plain statement! It is as clear as a "news-story"; it is the plainest prose.

But Jammes prints it in metric. Do not ask me why. I do not explain Jammes. He prints it in metric! With small letters at the beginnings of lines. Eccentric? I repeat that I do not explain. Jammes, reporting, is not a mere reporter. I suggest that the average reporter does not arrange his "news-story" in metric lines, whereas Jammes does. Jammes does and becomes a poet. Your reporter does not, and remains a reporter. The metric line is a recognised property of poets. If the above were set straight along, how would one know that it was a poem? The rhymes alone would not sufficiently mark it; they are too delicate. But I object to appearing to defend Jammes. I put the proposition that one of the laws of poetry may be that prose shall be printed in metrical lines (and called Prosie), and pass on. "I've seen," writes Jammes—

I've seen in old galleries Flemish pictures  
where, in a dark inn, one saw a type . . .  
qui buvait de la bière, et sa très mince pipe  
avait un point rouge, et il fumait doucement . . .  
that sat drinking beer, and his slender pipe  
had markings of red, and he smoked at his ease.  
She gave them some broth, without any bread,  
And whipped them all soundly. . . .

In English this metre is old and sacred to doggerel. But Jammes writes in French! He gives you the Detail, the unadulterated, unsentimental, simple, adequate Detail. Some think of Jammes as the dullest dog that ever wrote anywhere but in England, as of an incessant and pretentious talker, talking in verse, talking of the obvious, talking, talking, talking, dropping his rhymes like a dude dropping his aitches, insisting on his small letters like a provincial insisting on his burr, staring at everything with the greed of a youth making his living with a Kodak, as of a rude, intrusive, eavesdropping, scandalous, relentless bore. Personally, I find that he gives me distinct pleasure. I have seen lots of the details he mentions. I have, for instance, seen just such an inn as he describes. He freshens my memory. I have, also, seen and heard just such a young miss as he celebrates—

"Oh, my dear! Oh! là là . . .  
. . . Just imagine . . . on Tuesday  
I saw him . . . I l-laughed! She talks  
Like that.

Jammes has written "The Life of a Passionate Young Girl," also "The Life of an Ancient Young Girl." In each case he gives us the Detail and abjures the Whole. You might think you were reading Mr. W. W. Gibson; just as in reading M. Tailharde, you think he is Mr. Aleister Crowley; M. Vildrac—Mr. Yeats; M. Romains—Mr. James Stephens; M. de Gourmont—Mr. Arthur Symons. In so supposing you would be neglecting the nuances! I have not, however, said that Jammes is the very greatest living poet. I don't know that I shall do so even now. I don't think I shall ever say another word about him.

## Views and Reviews.\*

HUXLEY once said that every scientific man ought to be pole-axed at the age of sixty, as, after that age, he was incapable of understanding a new idea. I am not denying the value of Dr. Wallace's scientific work when I say that his latest book has reminded me of Huxley's dictum. To most eclectic minds, Alfred Russel Wallace is, or has been, a powerful and beautiful influence; and if his attempt to segregate the soul of man from the operation of Natural Selection led him to a renunciation of science ("Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed," said Huxley), the value of his witness to the miraculous, at that time of day and in those conditions of thought, cannot be over-estimated. But it is precisely because I have this natural affection for Dr.

\* "The Revolt of Democracy." By Alfred Russel Wallace. (Cassell 2s. 6d. net.)

Wallace, because I appreciate his influence rather than accept his results, that I wish that he, like Moses, had been translated while yet "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." It is certain that if anyone were to write of his beloved Spiritualism, or the theory of Natural Selection, with the authority that now attaches to the name of Alfred Russel Wallace, as ineffectively as he has here written of the economic question, that Dr. Wallace would not be the last to offer criticism of such a work. Much as I dislike anything savouring of disrespect to a man who is not only venerable in age and attainments, but is one of my heroes, the meed of criticism is the due of his authority, although the book itself is of little value.

As a scientist, Dr. Wallace must know not only the value, but the necessity, of exact definition of the terms used; yet he writes of "the problem of wages" witho it quoting or offering a definition of wages. This remarkable omission is equivalent to a denial of the reality of the problem that confronts us; it enables Dr. Wallace to suppose that wages are fixed by the good-will of employers. From that he infers that low wages are a proof of little good-will of the employers towards the men, and that the problem can be solved by exhorting the employers to exercise more goodwill. More good-will, more wages, and everything will then be all right; thus I may summarise, without unfairness, the argument of Dr. Wallace. He calls upon the State to set an example to other employers by establishing a very high minimum wage for its employees; indeed, he calls upon the Government to settle the whole problem, and says: "Fortunately, we have a Chancellor of the Exchequer who will know how to raise the money required for the salvation of the destitute from the excessive and harmful accumulations of the very rich." Without considering his other proposals, such as that of the provision of free bread to the destitute (which will give them indigestion) and the introduction of a system of multiple industrial training (which will decrease the economic value of industrial efficiency), we may say that Dr. Wallace is as far from the realities of the situation as an idealist ought to be.

If I wanted to chop logic I should argue that, unless you know what wages are, you cannot know whether it is possible to raise or lower them. To call them the product or proof of goodwill is to do more credit to the heart than to the head. Unless we are merely sentimental about the matter, we cannot suppose that the rise in wages that followed the Black Death, for example, was due to an increase of goodwill among the employers of labour; for we know that Parliament legislated against the increase, and that the landowners frequently complained in Parliament that the Statute was inoperative. In this case, as in most other cases, wages rose, as Dr. Wallace would say, "automatically in obedience to some mysterious economic law"; there was neither exhortation to nor denunciation of goodwill. Employers regretted the economic necessity of paying high wages, but they had to pay them just the same. Labour was scarce at a time when it was most needed, and, in addition, the men had the alternative of self-employment, an alternative that is no longer open to them. If the Black Death practically emancipated the serfs, as Thorold Rogers declared, the employers carefully relieved them of everything but their freedom, as this passage from "Work and Wages" proves: "I have protested before against that complacent optimism which concludes, because the health of the upper classes has been greatly improved, because that of the working classes has been bettered, and appliances, unknown before, have become familiar and cheap, that therefore the country in which these improvements have been effected must be considered to have made, for all its people, regular and continuous progress. I contend that from 1563 to 1824 a conspiracy, concocted by the law and carried out by parties interested in its success, was entered into to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into

irremediable poverty. In a subsequent chapter I shall dwell on the palliatives adopted in order to mitigate the worst and most intolerable burdens of his life—palliatives which were rendered necessary by no faults of his but by the deliberate malignity of Governments and Parliaments. For more than two centuries and a half the English law, and those who administered the law, were engaged in grinding the English workman down to the lowest pittance, in stamping out every expression or act which indicated any organised discontent, and in multiplying penalties upon him when he thought of his natural rights. I am not deceived by the hypocrisy which the preamble of an Act of Parliament habitually contains, and the assertions which are as habitually contradicted by the details of the measure. The Act of Elizabeth declares that 'the wages of labourers are too small, and not answerable to these times,' and speaks of the 'grief and burden of the poor labourer and hired man,' and thereupon enacts a law which effectually makes the wages small and multiplies the labourer's grief and burden, by allowing those who are interested in keeping him poor to fix the wages on which he shall subsist, and to exact a testimonial from his past employers and the overseers or churchwardens when he quitted a service, which he had to show before he entered another."

It is to a State with this history, to a Parliament with these traditions, that Dr. Wallace looks for a reformation of social and industrial conditions. He speaks of our Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Lloyd George) as though his expressed goodwill were of some value in this connection, but he never defines the economics of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George did that himself in a speech in the House of Commons on the "Railways (No. 2) Bill," and Mr. Kenney has quoted the passage in his recent book, "Men and Rails." "We are simply giving the railway companies a right which is now extended to every business-man in the community," said Mr. Lloyd George. "Any other employer could take all those charges into account. If there is a great settlement between colliery-owners and their employees, or great cotton-spinners, or in any other industry which involves a heavy increase in the labour bill, they pass it on, and they are entitled to pass it on." There are the economics of Mr. Lloyd George in that last phrase, and it is clear that if every increase of wages is to be accompanied by an increase of prices, wages will not really rise.

Here, then, we see the futility of Dr. Wallace's grand panacea. The Labour Party, which he adores almost as much as he adores Mr. Lloyd George, is unable to prevent an increase of prices coincident with a supposed increase of wages. It is safe to say that every legislative enactment that is supposed to diminish profits really results in an increase of prices. Mr. Chiozza Money, for example, argued that the employers' contribution to the cost of National Insurance actually raised the wages of every employee by 3d. per week. But in his "Insurance v. Poverty" he quotes Herr Schmidt, president of the German Tobacco Manufacturers' Association, on the actual results of Compulsory Insurance in Germany, to this effect: "I am convinced that when the social legislation was introduced, and for the first time the large contributions for sickness insurance had to be paid, many of us groaned. To-day, however, these contributions, which occur every year, are booked either to the general expenses account or the wages account, for they are in fact a part of wages, and they are naturally calculated as part of the cost of production, and eventually appear in the price of the goods, though perhaps not to the full extent in times of bad trade." If Dr. Wallace will ponder that simple fact he will see how impossible it is to raise real wages by legislative enactment; and he may also discover the necessity of defining wages before making any proposals for their increase. Then he may discover that there is really nothing to be done with wages but to abolish them. If he discovers this, I can promise him a new lease of life.

A. E. R.

## REVIEWS.

**Subsoil.** By Charles Marriott. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

This is not a book about gardening, but a novel. An artist, troubled about his technique, goes to Cornwall and paints pictures with a pickaxe, as one of the characters describes them. He discovers many things as a consequence of this visit; for example, a somewhat ample woman with a boy. Said woman suppresses her physical and mental advantages at home; she is really only waiting for the death of her husband so that she may take London in her arms. Does so, and, of course, instinctively adopts the mode of furnishing most in accord with the new spirit of art. Complications of all kinds, of course, the artist developing more and more in the modern tradition, loses his fiancée, who disapproves of his development and of the fact that the Cornish woman is the symbol and focus of the movement. More development and complications, and then the artist proposes to the Cornish woman. She loves him, but she had also loved a young novelist who had mistaken her in the streets for an improper female; said novelist marries the artist's fiancée. Everything but sex, therefore, between the Cornish woman and the artist; and the new movement in art expresses itself in an imitation of the William Morris factory, with this difference, that there is no autocracy of the artist. The spirit of brotherhood is the theme, and all the arts gather around the Cornish woman to aid in its expression. Moral: go to Cornwall!

**Musicians of Sorrow and Romance.** By Frederic Lawrence. (Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)

These five sketches of Grieg, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, and Wagner, may be recommended with a warning to all young ladies. There is a time of life when we can take the view of music here expressed; but the risks to health and sanity in so doing are considerable. Tchaikovsky, for example, is a vampire when one is in this frame of mind; it is impossible to hear his "Pathétique" symphony without being physically exhausted. Sorrow is a depressant, and its physiological effects when expressed in music by certain people are bad. Wagner is a subtler antagonist; it is only years afterwards that we realise the damage done by the hyper-excitation of the nerves. The whole five of these musicians have something feminine in their composition; they take strength, and give technique, as a woman will give charm in return for the energy transmitted by a man. To approach such composers in the frame of mind of Mr. Lawrence, in that feminine mood of self-surrender, is to ask for trouble and to get it. There are individual works of all these composers that do not have this effect of depletion; no one is weaker for hearing the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," or the "Capriccio Italien"; but what is needed is not this sentimental raving about sentimentalists, but a warning against their seductions until the hearer has learnt the art of self-protection. A compulsory course of Beethoven, as a preliminary, would probably secure most people against the physiological effects of these other composers; but vampirism will always flourish while people are willing to be vampirised.

**Famous Artists and their Models.** By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

By the very nature of its subject, this book could be no more than a compilation. The number of artists who have used models, from Apelles and Zeuxis to Gainsborough, is too large to allow of more than very cursory treatment; and cursory treatment is not really adequate to the subject. True, Dr. Rappoport begins with a couple of chapters on morality and art, and thus introduces the very sense of impropriety that he denounces; and the subsequent biographical sketches have neither psychological nor æsthetic interest. The book is simply a series of descriptions of women who

"exposed their charms" to the gaze of the painter, to quote Dr. Rappoport's cliché, and who had no motive other than that of serving Art by unveiling Beauty. Pauline Buonoparte is one good example, not mentioned, we think, by Dr. Rappoport; and Miss Chudleigh, who became the famous Duchess of Kingston, is another. The truth is that the question of morality ought never to have been introduced; and any relation but the artistic between the artist and the model should have been excluded. The precise value of the model to the artist is not to be determined by any account of their sexual relations; and whether the model exhibited herself for love of art or of the artist, the fact remains that she concerns us not at all except in the picture. Dr. Rappoport has added a value to an otherwise superfluous volume by an appendix of brief biographical sketches of the artists. The volume is illustrated.

**William of Germany.** By Stanley Shaw. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

Somehow this book reminds us of a ribald rhyme that children used to sing of their schoolmasters, which, being adapted, would read:—

William of Germany's a very good man;  
He tries to teach us all he can,  
In reading, writing, arithmetic;  
And he don't forget to give us the stick.

Certainly, Mr. Shaw's friendly portraiture and gentle criticism cannot make anything greater of him than this. A king who reigns "von Gottes Gnaden" (by the grace of a philosophical hypothesis), and, therefore, claims the right to dictate canons of art, systems of education, and to state the whole duty of women, is merely a pedantic person. His objection to the Social Democrats is obviously only a professional objection to the diversion of the spirit of loyalty; and an Emperor who is compelled to give assurances to his Chancellor that he will not repeat his "indiscretions" is not really able to combat that diversion of loyalty. When Mr. Shaw concludes that "with the Emperor time for five-and-twenty years appears to have stood still," we understand that the Emperor, like most other leaders, marches in the rear of his people. There is a good deal of the customary drivel about the Emperor as husband and father, but, on the whole, the book is a fair statement of the life and importance of the German Emperor. But the economic history of Germany is more interesting.

**The Complete Athletic Trainer.** By S. A. Mussabini. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This is a welcome addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Complete" series; for, although Mr. Mussabini splits his infinitives (actually begins his book with one), his directions are very clear and intelligible, and are very sound. He has said nothing of pole-vaulting, discus and javelin throwing, or cross-country running, for the very excellent reason that he has little practical experience of them. But of sprint-running, 200 and 300 yards, 440 yards, half-mile, mile, and long-distance and Marathon (ridiculous term!) racing, he has said everything that a trainer ought to know. There are chapters on track tactics, time training methods, track and road walking, hurdles, the long jump, high jump, hop, step, and jump, putting the shot, and hammer-throwing; while the important subject of shoes has a chapter to itself. An important feature of the book is the schedule of average times for each distance; and the practical hints that Mr. Mussabini gives to the trainer concerning the necessity of judging a man's track-running by his foot-prints, are invaluable. In the main, his chapter on general health hints is valuable, but we question the value of beginning training with a course of "Black Jack." Proper diet and exercise should do more to correct irregularities than any dosing; and purging is not half so sure and sound a method of cleaning the liver as is the Russian leg dance and other exercises prescribed by Mr. Mussabini. Leave the "Black Jack" alone.

## Pastiche.

## LA BELLE DAME SANS BEAUTE.

I tell my novelette,  
As the fashion is,  
In verse.

Well, I sat  
In the Memorial Hall,  
Waiting to hear Larkin  
Speak.  
One chair on the platform  
Was empty.  
Who was it for?  
I forgot about the chair,  
Thinking of Larkin,  
The Man of the Times.  
And then She came in,  
And leered across the platform,  
And took the vacant chair amidst faint  
applause.  
"By George," I said,  
Between my teeth,  
"I might have guessed it.  
Here's a New Man  
Whom  
Everybody's discussing.

Trust the old girl to turn up  
And get in his limelight."  
Then silently I addressed  
Larkin.  
"New Man," I said,  
"La Belle Dame sans Beauté  
Is at her usual games, this time with  
you!  
I pity her!  
I really do feel a spark!"  
Then the spark died.  
"Wretched hag of the nobility,  
Confidant of Rosebery,  
Hostess of Hearst,  
Hostess of the Fat Press,"  
Thus I addressed sotto voce  
That lovely lady,  
That serpent of Old Labour,  
"What the hell are you doing here?  
What would Fat say  
If Mrs. Workingman  
Turned up at their funerals  
And dropped a wet tear  
On their troubles?

They'd search her for dynamite  
Or its equivalent.  
War's war, old lady!  
The Labour leaders  
You tucked in your muff,  
Your somewhat mothy muff,  
Are all dead as doornails.  
Now we've got down to rock business,  
Don't you think you'd better  
Hook it?  
You're a generation  
Too old  
For the new spirit  
That loves go-betweens  
Like hell!"  
Thus I addressed  
That Bad Fairy,  
That sink of  
Many a reputation.  
But again, when I looked  
At the New Man,  
I almost felt another spark!  
She looked so . . . there, poor old  
girl!  
G. WHIZ.

## MAMMON.

Enthroned on mountainous summits of man's greed  
I sit above the world. I am his heaven,  
His sun by day, his moon and stars by night.  
From me his fortune springs, to me returns.

He is the slave within my palaces;  
He lieth with his ear against my door,  
Haggard and fevered, thro' long sleepless nights,  
Listening to catch the whisper of my breath.

He serves my whim. My promise everywhere  
Lureth him onward. If on a sudden thought  
He turn him back, with glitter of savage spears  
I am behind to goad him to his doom.

He makes me sport. To dreams of fabulous wealth,  
Mansions and parks, jewels and rarest fruits,  
Honour and longed-for service, down hard ways  
O'er flints he hurries with pale bleeding feet,  
Past fires that scorch him, barbs that tear his flesh,  
Thro' storms of blinding dust that sting his face,  
Stumbles through quagmires, pants toward his goal,  
Till old and worn, with starting eyes he sees  
Some weakling whom he trampled in the race  
Inheriting his glory. When he prays—

He is cast down. He curses—is enthroned.  
He prides himself—and from desired heights  
To the last depths is flung. He whimpers then,  
Curses my promises, forswears my ways,  
But even while he curses and forswears  
His face is bowed before my throne in prayer.  
Most excellent sport I have of thee, O man!

His god am I. He maketh sacrifice.  
Ever before my altars, day and night,  
The noblest of his kind he offers up.  
My festivals he keeps continually,  
And, in a frenzy of worship, at my feet  
He slays his children, that their fragrant blood  
May steam up to my nostrils lingeringly.  
I smile upon him. The cup of my goodwill  
Feverishly he drains. His blood is seized.  
Wildly, to pleasure me, the dance of death  
Goes surging thro' my temples. With tossed hair,  
Fierce lustful eyes and maniac arms, he runs  
Trampling young boys and girls beneath his feet,  
Whose cries are music to his hymns of praise.  
His worship is not stinted. Million lives  
Yearly to my sole service he devotes.  
In all his cities many thousand women  
Pour out their love and beauty like sweet oil  
Before my image, faithful priestesses.

He boasteth of his grandeur while he serves.  
Free is he?—His undaunted Thought outspeeds  
And laughs at Time. The last confines of Space  
He hath invaded, and, victorious, hailed  
Truth captive, from her strongholds of the night.  
Beauty hath served him as an Handmaiden.  
He sends his heralds thro' the Universe.  
The deep sea opes to him her treasures.  
The farthest stars, their many coloured robes  
Fling at his feet, and naked blaze before him,  
Their beauty firing his undazzled eyes.

The rivers work his will. The vibrant air  
Shudders his mandates o'er the seas. The Earth  
To him reveals herself; her vital heat  
Gives to his hand. The lightnings carry him.  
He is their Monarch—and the perfect slave.  
He serves so well that to his master's use  
He binds creation. Free is he? Nay, but bound  
More surely in the chains of his desires  
Than are the mountains rooted to the earth.  
O perfect slave, who hath himself enslaved,  
Himself his captor, prison, warder, chain!

PALLISTER BARKAS.

THE WORKMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT IN  
GARRATT LANE, TOOTING.

Come let us sing of Death, and let us make  
Flower-crowned altars for his royal throne.  
Imperial monarch, with thy dreadful sting  
Now transformed into arms of sleepy bliss,  
We hail thee, Sovereign, Lord, our Rest, our Hope,  
For life hath killed the dread of thee our King.

I watched the crowd, they passed as in a dream,  
With blood-shortages and faces made for tears.  
This night a week of toil had ended,  
And with a beggar's surfeit with their wealth  
They gorged their senses full in a mad riot  
With beer and shellfish, cheered by alien jokes.  
This, this is the summit of our lovely world!  
Ah me! How beautiful is Death the King  
Who folds up in his black and sable arms  
These poor creations of some lunatic;  
I'll not blaspheme and call them works of God.

For he in pity died an old man, blind,  
In his dotage in a chimney corner.  
At least I'm told by one who came, anew  
To fashion and remould the human race.  
I'll not blaspheme and say that eight-pound serfs  
Or luckier knaves who strut in robes of State  
Are quite their own or yet their brother's keeper.  
These stiff-necked, mean, ignoble and low souls  
Who crawl from day to day with pompous pace,  
Move resolutions, in the lobby tramp  
And talk of Persia, Timbuctoo, and twine,  
And speak of offal to an offal crowd,  
Are too engaged in keeping wide the doors  
Of that fair mint from whence their payment flows.

Away! foul dreams of cesspool politics.  
If Hell were not, it would be wanted quite  
To cauterise this scum before the earth  
Would lie on those who lied above so well.

But soft I sing of Death:  
No sad song shall it be,  
Its minstrelsy  
Delighteth me  
And stabs with joy my breath.

No weary days of toil,  
No passing sighs nor tears;  
His soft arms fold  
My body cold,  
And Life at last I foil.

Let all the earth resound  
With praise of him the King,  
For Life is dead,  
Its spirit sped,  
And never will be found.

WILLIAM REPTON.

#### TOURIST SONG.

The long waves quiver with a lifting shock,  
Calling "Won't you come and taste us for a day?"  
The slow waves shiver and the quick winds mock,  
"Oh, won't you come and meet us for a day?"

Fare thee well—fare thee well—  
Fare thee well my fairest fay!  
I'm off to meet the quiver of the crinkled waves a-shiver,  
And I hope it's going to last me all the day.

Even leave the looming hillside in the stir of clinging  
rain,  
Booming "Don't you be so silly, just you stay."  
Even leave the rattling rillside and the shaken leaves  
a-strain,  
"Oh, so silly, Oh, so silly, won't you stay?"

Fare thee well—fare thee well—  
Fare thee well, my fairest fay!  
Don't you stand here while it's raining or you'll sure get  
wet complaining,  
And I hope you'll never keep me all the day.

The black waves sizzle round the gurgle of the bow,  
Greedy growling "Now we've got you for the day."  
The fiend winds whistle down the blank land's brow,  
"Meet and keep him, meet and keep him for the day."

Fare thee well—fare thee well—  
Fare thee well, my fairest fay!  
I'm off to net in measure from the vasty deeps their  
treasure,  
And I hope it's going to last me all the day—All the day—  
And I hope it's going to last me all the day!

J. A. M. A.

#### SUCCESS.

" . . . . . metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis."—Hor., Car. I, i.

Beneath the canvas of the circus tent  
Fearfully have I watched the horses' heels;  
Gone home well pleased with my illicit feast,  
As morning mouse from supper-table steals.

Not mine a place within the gay parterre,  
I never yet have learned the countersign.  
Not mine the glint of silver and cut glass,  
White napery and ruby-coloured wine.

The wedding garment irks me, and my ire  
Flames out when the host says, "Friend, come up  
higher."  
I hate the jokes, the damned omnipotence,  
The alcoholic breathings and ventripotence.

The crowd of them is one repeated grex  
Or swine of Gaddara that down the steep  
Stumbled at word of Jesus Christus Rex.  
Their gems are priceless but their jests are cheap.

I have a shilling; one unbattered gate  
From hunger-wolf keeps castle virgin yet.  
"Heads," to a beggar; "tails," two days more seige.

"Heads!" Here's a beggar, and—a landing net.

CALEB PORTER.

## An Open Letter to Dublin Employers.

[The following letter by "A. E." (Mr. George W. Russell) appeared last week in the "Irish Times." We reprint it here with acknowledgments to the author and to the journal.]

Sirs,—I address this warning to you, the aristocracy of industry in this city, because, like all aristocracies, you tend to grow blind in long authority, and to be unaware that you and your class and its every action are being considered and judged day by day by those who have the power to shake or overturn the whole social order and whose restlessness in poverty to-day is making our industrial civilisation stir like a quaking bog. You do not seem to realise that your assumption that you are answerable to yourselves alone for your actions in the industries you control is one that becomes less and less tolerable in a world so crowded with necessitous life. Some of you have helped Irish farmers to upset a landed aristocracy in this island, an aristocracy richer and more powerful in its sphere than you are in yours, with its roots deep in history. They, too, as a class, though not all of them, were scornful or neglectful of the workers in the industry by which they profited; and to many who knew them in their pride of place and thought them all-powerful they are already becoming a memory, the good disappearing together with the bad. If they had done their duty by those from whose labours came their wealth they might have continued unquestioned in power and prestige for centuries to come. The relation of landlord and tenant is not an ideal one, but any relations in a social order will endure if there is infused into them some of that spirit of human sympathy which qualifies life for immortality. Despotisms endure while they are benevolent, and aristocracies while "noblesse oblige" is not a phrase to be referred to with a cynical smile. Even an oligarchy might be permanent if the spirit of human kindness, which harmonises all things otherwise incompatible, is present.

You do not seem to read history so as to learn its lessons. That you are an uncultivated class was obvious from recent utterances from some of you upon art. That you are incompetent men in the sphere in which you arrogate imperial powers is certain, because for many years, long before the present uprising of labour, your enterprises have been dwindling in the regard of investors, and this while you have carried them on in the cheapest labour market in these islands, with a labour reserve always hungry and ready to accept any pittance. You are bad citizens, for we rarely, if ever, hear of the wealthy among you endowing your city with the munificent gifts which it is the pride of merchant princes in other cities to offer, and Irishmen not of your city who offer to supply the wants left by your lack of generosity are met with derision and abuse. Those who have economic power have civic power also, yet you have not used the power that was yours to right what was wrong in the evil administration of this city. You have allowed the poor to be herded together so that one thinks of certain places in Dublin as of a pestilence. There are twenty thousand rooms, in each of which live entire families, and sometimes more, where no function of the body can be concealed, and delicacy and modesty are creatures that are stifled ere they are born. The obvious duty of you in regard to these things you might have left undone, and it be imputed to ignorance or forgetfulness; but your collective and conscious action as a class in the present labour dispute has revealed you to the world in so malign an aspect that the mirror must be held up to you, so that you may see yourself as every humane person sees you.

The conception of yourselves as altogether virtuous and wronged is, I assure you, not at all the one which on-lookers hold of you. No doubt, you have rights on your side. No doubt some of you suffered without just cause. But nothing which has been done to you cries aloud to Heaven for condemnation as your own actions. Let me show you how it seems to those who have followed critically the dispute, trying to weigh in a balance the rights and wrongs. You were within the rights society allows you when you locked out your men and insisted on the fixing of some principle to adjust your future relations with labour, when the policy of labour made it impossible for some of you to carry on your enterprise. Labour desired the fixing of some such principle as much as you did. But, having once decided on such a step, knowing how many thousands of men, women, and children, nearly one-third of the population of this city, would be

affected, you should not have let one day pass without unremitting endeavours to find a solution of the problem.

What did you do? The representatives of labour unions in Great Britain met you, and you made of them a preposterous, an impossible demand, and because they would not accede to it you closed the Conference; you refused to meet them further; you assumed that no other guarantees than those you asked were possible, and you determined, deliberately, in cold anger, to starve out one-third of the population of this city, to break the manhood of the men by the sight of the suffering of their wives and the hunger of their children. We read in the Dark Ages of the rack and the thumb-screw. But these iniquities were hidden and concealed from the knowledge of men in dungeons and torture chambers. Even in the Dark Ages humanity could not endure the sight of such suffering, and it learnt of such misuse of power by slow degrees, through rumour, and when it was certain it razed its Bastilles to their foundations. It remained for the twentieth century and the capital city of Ireland to see an oligarchy of four hundred masters deciding openly upon starving one hundred thousand people, and refusing to consider any solution except that fixed by their pride. You, masters, asked men to do that which masters of labour in any other city in these islands had not dared to do. You insolently demanded of those men who were members of a trade union that they should resign from that union; and from those who were not members you insisted on a vow that they would never join it.

Your insolence and ignorance of the rights conceded to workers universally in the modern world were incredible, and as great as your inhumanity. If you had between you collectively a portion of human soul as large as a threepenny bit you would have sat night and day with the representatives of labour trying this or that solution of the trouble, mindful of the women and children, who at least were innocent of wrong against you. But no! You reminded labour you could always have your three square meals a day while it went hungry. You went into conference again with representatives of the State, because, dull as you are, you knew public opinion would not stand your holding out. You chose as your spokesman the bitterest tongue that ever wagged in this island, and then, when an award was made by men who have an experience in industrial matters a thousand times transcending yours, who have settled disputes in industries so great that the sum of your petty enterprises would not equal them, you withdraw again, and will not agree to accept their solution, and fall back again on your devilish policy of starvation. Cry aloud to Heaven for new souls! The souls you have got, cast upon the screen of publicity, appear like the horrid and writhing creatures enlarged from the insect world and revealed to us by the cinematograph.

You may succeed in your policy and ensure your own damnation by your victory. The men whose manhood you have broken will loathe you, and will always be brooding and scheming to strike a fresh blow. The children will be taught to curse you. The infant being moulded in the womb will have breathed into its starved body the vitality of hate. It is not they—it is you who are the blind Samsons pulling down the pillars of the social order. You are sounding the death-knell of autocracy in industry. There was autocracy in political life, and it was superseded by democracy. So surely will democratic power wrest from you the control of industry. The fate of you, the aristocracy of industry, will be as the fate of the aristocracy of land if you do not now show that you have some humanity still among you. Humanity abhors, above all things, a vacuum in itself, and your class will be cut off from humanity as the surgeon cuts the cancer and alien growth from the body. Be warned ere it is too late.—Yours, etc.,

Dublin, October 6, 1913.

A. E.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MR. J. M. KENNEDY ON THE NATIONAL GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—In the "Nineteenth Century" for October is an article by one of your recent contributors, Mr. J. M. Kennedy to wit. As an ex-contributor, Mr. Kennedy deserves, perhaps, some consideration from us, though not more, we think, than his work deserves. That Mr. Kennedy by his later articles in THE NEW AGE was leading your readers to believe that he supported to the best of his ability our propaganda of National Guilds, your readers, we believe, will agree. But Mr. Kennedy, being young, has many changes yet to go through before he

arrives at anything like fixity of belief. Did we not see him cast off Nietzsche and his own work on Indian philosophy at the first challenge? For this reason we were not surprised to find him attacking the National Guild system within a week or two of his attempted defence of it in your pages. In another week or two, if we judge his principles correctly, he may be defending it again. But God forbid that we should hope for it.

The title of his article in the "Nineteenth Century" is "What the Workmen Think." On this abstruse subject Mr. Kennedy claims to possess a more intimate knowledge than belongs to anybody now writing. We have all, it seems, been discussing Labour unrest without having taken into account the most essential element—namely, the workman's point of view. But fortunately Mr. Kennedy is able to supplement our defect. "I venture to say," he remarks, "that my experience of workmen is unusually wide, and that it enables me to judge them with fair accuracy." Marcus Aurelius, it will be remembered, modestly recited at the opening of his "Thoughts" the names of his teachers as evidence that he had at least had the opportunity of learning. Would Mr. Kennedy "venture to say" where and when he obtained his "unusual" knowledge of what the workmen think? For our part, we "venture to say" that what Mr. Kennedy has not picked up from THE NEW AGE he has picked up in Fleet Street, for from every other source of information about the proletariat he has long been shut off. We challenge him to name an occasion when he ever met a trade union leader or attended a trade union meeting or a Labour Congress, or any similar meeting or personage in the Labour movement. We challenge him further to declare his sources of information on any item of his enumeration of the thoughts of workmen. We believe, in sober fact, that not only has Mr. Kennedy never set foot more than once or twice out of London during the last six or seven years, but in all that time his conversation with workmen has been confined to a caretaker or two and the printers with whom his profession has brought him into mutually inexplicable association. So much for Mr. Kennedy's equipment as a reporter of "What the Workmen Think."

We may next turn to his analysis of the existing industrial situation. It is plain to the least careful observer that the main facts of the situation are, first, that real wages are falling, and, second, that neither trade union action nor political action has succeeded in stopping the fall. The questions that have arisen in consequence of a general recognition of these facts amply explain the existence of "Labour unrest," both among the proletariat and in the Press; for the former feel the situation while the latter talk about it. With the economic causes of the fall in wages Mr. Kennedy discreetly does not concern himself overmuch; but he adds to the fall of wages a second and, in his opinion, a "more important factor" of unrest in the form of "the gradual disappearance of a human relationship between masters and men." This, he contends, is the paramount cause of all the industrial trouble that exists, and on its removal depends the industrial peace of the future. We say nothing for the moment of the sky-blue idealism involved in imagining that "human relations" can be re-established in modern capitalist industry. If there were any sign that joint-stock management, company promotion, or industrial amalgamations were tending to disappear, some reasonable hope might be entertained by a statesman that the pendulum would shortly swing back to personal relations. But Mr. Kennedy should know, now that we tell him, that there is no sign whatever of this; and in consequence his mere wish that the clock should be reversed is a kind of Dolly's day-dream. But is it the fact that the workmen really wish to restore those relations as they existed before? Mr. Kennedy, from his "unusual" knowledge of workmen, assures us that they preserve the "feudal instinct," and mourn like dogs on the graves of their extinct masters. This, he says, may be seen in the fact that the working classes are still prepared to do anything for "undoubted aristocrats" like Lord Hugh Cecil, but nothing for men of their own or the middle classes. Well, we confess we have not seen many signs of it, and nor, we think, has Lord Hugh Cecil, who was driven to Oxford to find a seat. Mr. Kennedy's workmen manage to dissemble their feudal instincts very well by kicking "undoubted aristocrats" downstairs.

Apart, however, from this idealistic suggestion for the cure of labour unrest, Mr. Kennedy examines three remedies. The first is Socialism, of which, he says, workmen think nothing. We agree in both senses. The second is Liberalism, with which we need not trouble

ourselves here. The third, if we have penetrated Mr. Kennedy's meaning, is Trade Unionism, of which the Guild Socialism "advocated with unusual skill by the editorial writers of THE NEW AGE" is a constructive variant. Of Guild Socialism, or, as we ourselves call it, the National Guilds system, Mr. Kennedy says, in his well-known style, that it is "one of those brilliantly simple plans which are only too likely to attract young workmen and unsteady intellects; it is as ideal in its way as Plato's Republic." Fancy that, now! The parallel with Plato's Republic, however, would please us more if Mr. Kennedy were acquainted with either term of the comparison. We have never heard the idea of the Platonic Republic described before as "brilliantly simple"; and it is unfortunate that Mr. Kennedy should display in the succeeding paragraph an incapacity to grasp with so much as his finger the "brilliantly simple" notion of the National Guilds. Not to put too fine a point on his summary of our position, it is totally wrong from A to Z. Our "unusual skill," it seems, has failed to convey to Mr. Kennedy's mind the smallest inkling of what we have been driving at. Indeed, we go so far as to say that, if our presentation of the case for National Guilds has resulted in nothing better in Mr. Kennedy's mind than the idea he reports as ours, either we should cease writing or he should begin to learn to read. Fortunately for our choice, however, we have two facts in our favour. In the "Fortnightly Review" of this month, Mr. Chiozza Money convicts Mr. Kennedy of having in a previous article on the Insurance Act confused the Sickness with the Unemployment Section. The demonstration is quite complete, and we are encouraged to find that other people besides ourselves find Mr. Kennedy a little unsteady in his intellect. Secondly, we have evidence in the article before us that Mr. Kennedy has unmistakably misrepresented our views. His main criticism, so he says, of Guild Socialism is that under the Guild system the workmen would be the paramount political power. Well, we, who ought to know, happen to have stated a thousand times, with never a suggestion of the contrary, that they will be nothing of the kind. The very criticisms, in fact, which Mr. Kennedy proceeds to urge against the political hegemony of the manual classes he has derived, with everything else in his article that is true, from the pages of THE NEW AGE. As a matter of fact, we anticipated his criticisms and applied them to Syndicalism as against our own suggestion of the Guild system. In spite of this, however, Mr. Kennedy continues as if we had proposed to endow industrialists as such with political power. "The working men," he says, "are not merely incapable of exercising the high political power which Guild Socialism would confer on them; they do not wish to do so." Quite so, but who said they did, and where in THE NEW AGE has it ever been suggested that the Guilds would be given political power? As a matter of fact, we have as repeatedly excluded politics from the purview of the Guilds as we have wished to exclude industry from the purview of politicians. Our contention has been, and is, that Parliament owes its corruption to the admixture of trade delegates (both Labour and Capitalist) with genuine representatives; and it was in full view of this fact that we suggested the separation of the two national functions of politics and industry and the delegation of the latter to the Guilds under the immediate control of their permanent Guild Assembly. We could point out several other errors of representation in Mr. Kennedy's discussion of our articles; but perhaps your readers have had enough of it. In sum, it is evident to us that Mr. Kennedy has been more eager to write an article than to write either fairly or with sense. We sincerely hope, for the honour of public controversy, that men who set out to criticise the National Guild system will at least take the trouble first to understand it. It is impossible to refute a case unless you can also state it.

THE WRITERS OF THE ARTICLES ON THE  
NATIONAL GUILDS.

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#### SYNDICALISM.

Sir,—You honour me by suggesting that I burden the pages of THE NEW AGE with an exposition of Syndicalism.

I reply that the editorials of THE NEW AGE which you call Guild Socialism are good enough Syndicalism for me with the exception of the ideal drawn of the future society, and I believe that this exception is comparatively insignificant.

Your insistence upon the importance of striking, and particularly the sympathetic strike, as compared with voting, is quite enough for you to be received into the

Brotherhood of Syndicalists, even though you do suggest a duality of control of the instruments of production which Syndicalists regard as impracticable, impossible, and undesirable.

Perhaps the following quotation from my pamphlet, "What is Syndicalism," will support my contention that Syndicalists do not propose to vest ownership of the instruments of production in the Unions as opposed to the Community. As to the authority of the pamphlet, I would say that it has been read and passed on favourably by practically every well-known Syndicalist in this country as well as abroad.

The Syndicalist views both nationalisation and municipalisation of industry with more or less indifference.

The essence of Syndicalism is the control by the workers themselves, be they intellectual or manual, of the conditions of their own work.

The growth of the machine process has divorced the worker from the control he formerly exercised by his individual ownership of the tools of production.

To-day the capitalist owns and controls the tools formerly owned by the worker, with the result that the worker is practically his slave.

Syndicalism proposes that this control of the technical processes now exercised by the capitalist shall pass to various groups of organised workers of the various industries. The product which is now the property of the capitalist would become under Syndicalism the property of the community.

Syndicalism has no thought of arranging industry upon the basis of each group of workers in each industry holding up the community to the full extent of its economic power in order to extract the greatest amount of reward for its particular form of labour.

The remuneration of the worker will be determined either by deeds or by needs, as may hereafter be decided, but most certainly not upon the basis of allowing him a reward according to the importance of his industrial product to the community, for that would be merely changing the present system, with its small number of capitalist exploiters, to a worse system, with a myriad of exploiting workers.

Both Syndicalism and Socialism look to a world-wide democratic organisation of the workers for co-operative production and distribution. But whereas Socialism looks to social organisation, proceeding from the present Capitalist State downward to the workers, the Syndicalist looks to the evolution proceeding upward from the workers to organised society.

Instead of the State giving industrial control to the workers, as the Socialists fondly hope, the Syndicalists look to the workers taking such control and giving it to the community.

To the Syndicalist it is not so much as to what a man may think he is or may call himself as it is to what he does that constitutes him a Syndicalist. For instance, the other night at the Syndicalist meeting in Holborn Hall, Ben Tillett, preliminary to making a rattling good Syndicalist speech, was very careful to explain that he was not a Syndicalist. And I have heard that Larkin, while tying up Dublin, also disclaims being a Syndicalist. Presumably, Larkin and Tillett would likewise disclaim being Guild Socialists, but I imagine that to THE NEW AGE both of them would be considered good enough Guild Socialists, just as I consider them good enough Syndicalists. \* \* \*

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

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

Sir,—You will be glad to know that after seven years' democratic boycott of the name of THE NEW AGE, the "Clarion," that organ of the fellowship of comrades and all the rest of the sickening cant of make-believe friendliness, has referred to the National Guild System and to the name of your journal. It is a pity, however, that I cannot add that its reference is within a thousand miles of the truth. But it isn't. The writer is Mr. Alex. M. Thompson, who, I believe, has written a very clever and a very witty libretto—the "Arcadians." But this qualification is not sufficient to enable him either to state the case for the Guild system accurately or to criticise it with any intelligence. He says that THE NEW AGE in its propaganda is flying upside down like Pégoud; and the reason is that you are disappointed with the I.L.P. and with Trade Unionism. But neither of these, he says, has been given a fair trial. Having now read your articles with as much care as I should devote to a subject on which my reputation depended, I am able, with your permission, to deny that THE NEW AGE has done anything of the kind. Far from being "disappointed" with either

the Labour Party or with Trade Unionism you have repeatedly said that, being on the wrong track, it is surprising how much the Labour Party has accomplished; and as for Trade Unionism, you have said that it is the hope of the world. But Mr. Thompson, I gather, does not want to be very precise either in his criticisms or in his own counter-proposals. He says, to be sure, that he has studied all the alternatives to Socialism and that he still prefers Socialism; but he does not define the Socialism he prefers nor does he give any indication of having even glanced at the alternatives to State Capitalism, namely, Syndicalism and National Guilds. It is all very well to say that we should "stand ready to use any tools that come handy, whether general strike or resolute Parliamentary action"; but tools do not drop into our hands and it is presumably the business of Labour thinkers to forge them or, at least, to understand them. If it is true, as you say, that economic power precedes political power, then all the resoluteness we can command in Labour politics will be useless. The best we can do by this means is to change one set of capitalists for another. If, on the other hand, a general strike is doomed to be useless until the Unions have each a monopoly of their labour, and would then prove unnecessary, obviously the immediate task is to strengthen the Unions by every means in our power. Mr. Thompson, I conclude, is in favour of this—then what is the trouble about? The only difference, I think, between you is that Mr. Thompson is not concerned about what will happen, whereas THE NEW AGE is. This preoccupation with plans he calls, I presume, flying upside down. It is so much easier to talk about the French Revolution.

The "Financial World," hitherto published at threepence, announces that henceforth its price will be a penny. It refers to THE NEW AGE, and agrees with "R.H.C." that the price of threepence is not reckoned as the half of sixpence, but as the treble of a penny. It's funny, but it's true.

The readers of "Forward" (October 4) had a treat last week in the form of a long letter from Mr. Carstairs Matheson explaining his "reasons" for regarding THE NEW AGE as written by cads to be read by cads. None of his famous "love of comrades" appears in it, I can assure you! He might almost be an ordinary man in a temper! His "reasons" (let the word pass—it may soothe him) are as follows: THE NEW AGE, now nearly seven years old, has plagiarised the ideas of working men, of the S.L.P., of the I.U.W., of the N.B.C., and the Z.Y.X., all which bodies have been hard at work for quite five years; and it has done so without acknowledging their subsequent priority. Had you merely anticipated these alphabetical entities, Mr. Matheson might conceivably have forgiven you; but you confused their subsequent doctrines and added nothing to them save the whole organic conception of National Guilds—a mere piece of "swank." Further than this, the style in which you present these ideas is like that of an Oxford don unbending to children; in other words, you irritate Mr. Matheson. Your "chatty, chirruping familiarity" fair makes his blood boil: it do indeed. Then again, you criticise the Labour Party. So does Mr. Matheson, and in such language, he tells us, that ladies may not be present when he is in full lung. But your criticism he simply cannot tolerate—not merely women and children leave the room, but Mr. Matheson has to be carried out screaming! And why? Because your writers, he says, are not working men, but only outsiders! That Mr. Matheson is a working man his letter proves, I think, conclusively, for he quotes Greek—a well-known language at Labour conferences.

PRESS-CUTTER.

#### "THE GREAT ILLUSION."

Sir,—One of your contributors represents Mr. Norman Angell as being opposed to war on "vulgar and ignoble grounds"—on the grounds, in fact, "that war does not pay."

I am sure you would not wish to misrepresent Mr. Angell's views—even though you may be opposed to them.

Mr. Norman Angell's argument is not merely that war does not pay in the material sense, but that it does not pay in any sense at all—that war as between civilised nations in the modern world does not and cannot achieve any object of either moral or material worth.

Reference is made to "the exaltation of a people" as the effect of "a righteous war on behalf of liberation or of defence." This remark appears to be the result of a very common error of reasoning, *i.e.*, the failure to see the two elements in a duplex fact. A war of liberation implies that someone has been enslaved; a war of defence implies that someone has been attacked. The use of

armed force originated the evils from which your "righteous" wars are to give deliverance. The belief of nations or of governments in war brought about, in the first instance, the enslavement or the attack.

If critics of Mr. Norman Angell's views would only read his book, "The Great Illusion," before attacking what they think are his theories, they would be saved from many an error.

F. SEYMOUR COCKS.

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#### A SUFFRAGETTE LIE.

Sir,—In the latest issue of "Votes for Women," which is little if any better than the "Suffragette," an individual calling herself, "An Old Liberal," repeats a particularly malevolent falsehood in regard to the case of a man named Edward Cargill, who was released by the Home Secretary for ill-health. It is stated that this person was "convicted of assaults on little children." The fact is that the man was indicted for an offence against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, a Feminist measure, in regard to two hulking overgrown wenches of 15, and convicted in regard to one of them. He was released because suffering from aneurism of the aorta, he might otherwise have died in gaol as Albert Davis died. Mrs. Castle and Mrs. Cameron were similarly released for ill-health.

ARCH. GIBBS.

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#### THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC ACT.

Sir,—It is interesting and amusing to witness the efforts of our legislators, lay and clerical, to amend our morals. Interesting because it proves how futile all the civilising influences of the passing years have been when they oppose such a mighty power as the sexual instinct. It is true that we have progressed in refinement, and are generally able to conceal our "sin" under the cloak of respectability, but that the instinct is rampant in us, the crowds of boys and girls who throng our streets nightly, recent fashions in women's dress, the taint of the modern novel, the living statues of the music-hall, the Russian ballet and the Salome dance of the theatre, all these go to prove it. The amusing part of it all is that these moral law-givers of ours are the greatest sinners of all. Can one be surprised at the failure of the Christian Church to cope with "sin" when the oldest of its sects has such a priesthood as is depicted by Mr. Hall Caine in his recent work. Even in the Church morals have not improved since the days of Martin Luther. They never will be. These laws of ours will never alter nature's laws. They will but force people to live a lie. Immorality is not so deadly to the nation as this great lie we are being forced to live.

"TRUTH."

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#### WOMEN IN PUBLIC.

Sir,—I think that Miss Cicely Hamilton deserves first mention among the week's stupid women. "Formerly," she wrote in the "Daily Mail," "we were penned in the drawing-room until such time as the men wanted us." We all know that woman is woman's worst company—but what a revelation of the mutual bore women are for one another—our sisters, wives, and angel mothers "penned" together for an hour or two! So the women's movement was a desperate bid for freedom from each other's degrading society. Of course! The scientific fact is that females' energies naturally destroy one another, as they destroy the male, while male energies build each other up. That is how women come to talk of being "penned" together, while men heartily seek men's society.

Mrs. Dora Montefiore has a crazy suggestion for spending money by transporting Irish children to England. The cost of transportation of children and nurses would certainly keep the children fed for weeks in Dublin. Heaps of the children would be sick on passage, and arrive to be sent to who knows what fool who would almost certainly overfeed them and set up indigestion. Many children would be utterly miserable among strange persons and surroundings, and the only certain beneficiaries would be the railway companies. The cost of fare and of keep in England would go far in Ireland itself. The fare alone from Liverpool to London and back (and the Countess of Warwick suggests Essex) is a pound.

Mrs. Gow, of the National Union of Women Workers, confirms the charge against women of a preference for inflicting the lash. She was cheered to the echo, we are told, when proposing a resolution to oppose the abolition of the flogging clause in the White Slave Act. She has "abundant evidence that flogging has proved a deterrent" to white-slavers. Where is that evidence? Not a single case of genuine white slavery has come before the country.

A few ignoramuses of the lowest labouring class have been flogged for living with prostitutes. That is all. But we had "abundant evidence" to pass the Bill—had we not? Meanwhile Mrs. Gow finds still occasion to say "flog" aloud. I notice that men seem to like the word less than ever.

Someone writes reminding me that that champion of the miners, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, actually returned to the Johannesburg Trades' Federation meeting after her first polite dismissal, declaring that "Loranorder" was on her side; she had consulted a lawyer. I suppose, above all its enemies, the proletariat loves a lawyer!

A correspondent in the "New Statesman," who reads like a woman, deplores the destruction of nesting birds to decorate human females. The letter suggests everything except the common-sense remedy—to prosecute the lady wearers of aigrettes and other maternal indications of birds. In America the Customs officers now rip out of immigrant women's hats these "badges of cruelty."

EDWARD STAFFORD.

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Sir,—Mr. Stafford has evidently learned that Mrs. Fitzgerald, like Jenny Geddes and Louise Michel, "has a way wid her." She stands committed for trial on a charge of "seditious conspiracy." Had miners and their leaders on the Rand rendered themselves as doughtily ten years ago, there had been no need for recent happenings. Probably the miners whom Mr. Stafford mentions will breathe freely (according to the lung power left) when Mrs. Fitzgerald is under lock and key, and will be able to shout for British intervention, Chinese labour or its repatriation, or for Labour candidates without the taint of Socialism. Mary Fitzgerald, being an illogical woman, cries, in season and out, "Down with Capitalism!"

SPALL HAMMER.

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#### THE PLAGUE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sir,—I see that the promoters of the Bill to regulate advertisements are coming forward again. Now while, as a patriot, I applaud their efforts, as a selfish individual, I really am greatly beholden to those same vile advertisements. I live somewhere (no particulars shall escape me) which is kept practically traffic free (I am as sure of the following as one may well be from inquiries and long observation) because of the slum-like appearance created by advertisements at the entrance to the place. A first-class motor road passes through and a large inn was built in expectation of custom. Thank goodness, the greedy brewers hoisted an enormous staring advertisement on the green utterly destroying all rural charm. Besides this, a lovely little old red cottage opposite has suffered the addition of the ugliest grocery shop and post-office ever committed by iniquity incarnate. The shop which is indescribably sordid and repulsive beside the cottage, sticks out so as to obscure not only the cottage, but a grove of trees and gardens, and is literally plastered with soap and pills and other advertisements, while a wire-fenced plot of grass contains special enormities of the mechanical sort and two rusty-looking slot machines. You might fancy you were passing by a section of a London slum; and the aforesaid brewers, with an utterly neglected pub on their hands (the present innkeeper is giving up in despair) have just made another splash on the green with a staring red board affixed to the old-fashioned sign! Why on earth they spare the rural inn-post, I cannot imagine—it takes up as much room as a spanking fine modern board, with nice new plain letters everyone could see! I profit by all this, as scarcely a motor ever sets down here. The place looks sordid. There is no other word for it. So ten miles of country is left practically unravaged by the beastly tripper. Why are trippers always beastly? Why do they always leave marks of their passage? They do! Could not the schools' curriculum, now so futile, be made to include—manners? It explains why our trippers are beastly that a proposal to teach manners as a necessity would be taken as absurd! However, I wander from my subject. My feelings as a patriot compel me to play, if ever so little, into the hands of the promoters of the Bill, but I trust my place may be the last to be noticed by the advertisement abolitionists.

PARADISE.

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#### THE DOG IN CIVILISATION.

Sir,—On the subject of the crass cruelty of dog-keepers towards their animals, may I relate the present circumstances in the village where I reside? I take nine houses where ten dogs are kept in a state of perpetual happiness. I have lived in this place for two years.

(1) Two smallish beasts belonging to a naval commander on the reserve: I have never once seen the dogs off the chain; garden devoted to pergolas and sweet-peas; romantic notice on the gate warns passers-by to "Beware! These dogs are kept for protection." They often howl for hours at a time.

(2) Beautiful little white-haired terrier that for weeks and weeks cried all day. Recently been much beaten for barking, owing to complaints laid. Woman admits to hating the dog, which she is keeping for someone. The couple go out, but rarely, if ever, take the dog—"she is such a nuisance." Practically always on the chain, and literally bursting with apparent energy: dog well fed.

(3) Farm-dog. A mongrel, and apparently untrainable. Is often kept on chain for eight hours during the day, and squeaks incessantly with misery and boredom.

(4) Laundress's dog: a big black and white something; never been seen off the chain. It's one consolation, the sight of its owners in the kitchen, recently cut off by a fence. Howls in spurts of three indignant barks and a long-drawn yell.

(5) Big retriever, guardian of a family. Occasionally out for a run. Barks from Saturday night to Monday morning.

(6) A splendid collie, enormous creature, friendly as a pup. Used to howl the whole night through, owing to perpetual confinement on a very short chain (about a yard long) beside a kennel. People, not intentionally cruel, were persuaded to give the dog a few good runs during the day. Barking almost wholly ceased, the dog being well bred.

(7) Very old dog, chained all day, never out, but taken indoors at night. Relieves its feeling by perfectly awful shrieks, sometimes for hours together.

(8) Dog I have never seen, always chained behind a cottage.

(9) Big black dog, guardian of a wood-shed; occasionally off chain; but something is wrong with it, since its bass note may be heard all night long.

This by no means exhausts the list of dogs within less than half a mile's radius, containing, perhaps, twenty houses; but the others either are well treated (there are five or six small pet dogs) or they do not make their misery heard. The dogs I have mentioned get no fun whatsoever, and that is probably the truth about more than half of the dogs in this hypocritical country of "sane and healthy dog-lovers." The owner of a dog that barks much ought to be prosecuted for neglect; the dog's voice is itself evidence of cruelty in most cases; in any case, it is evidence that the owner knows nothing about dogs and ought not to have charge of one. The "sane and healthy," etc., in this district are mostly either common cowards who feel safe behind the bark of their friend and victim, or persons who have become possessed of a dog somehow and don't know quite how to get rid of it. The law for dogs must be in a rotten state when these animals can be treated so as to make a whole countryside hear of their misfortune.

F. J. WILSON.

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#### RELATIVITY IN CONTINUITY.

Sir,—I have read with much interest the thoughtful article, "Relativity in Continuity," which "M.B.Oxon." contributes to your issue of September 25. As the author rightly remarks: "Psychical Research is a double-edged sword." This is so because people have not yet recognised that with the human mind all sorts of results can be obtained; whereas what is really desirable is that results should be obtained through the action of Divine Mind, God—the Principle of good. One accomplishes this, not by thinking of persons, circumstances, etc., but by turning in thought to reality—heaven brought down to earth, if your contributor likes, but by no means "dragged in the mud." This important subject is ably dealt with in a recently published work, "Life Understood," by F. L. Rawson, a well-known engineer and man of science (Crystal Press, Ltd., 36-39, Maiden Lane, W.C.). Apropos of "M.B.Oxon's" pertinent remark that, in his opinion, Sir Oliver Lodge "gave his 'discovery' to the world prematurely, as has happened with other discoveries, and usually with similar results," the following passage from "Life Understood" will be of interest:—

"A friend of mine, one of the leading chemical authorities in England," the author writes, "confidentially gave me details of . . . chemical experiments which had just been carried out, under test conditions, before a selected body of leading scientific men, and had been pronounced by them as wholly inconsistent with any conceivable

theory of matter. These experiments were shown to them to establish priority of date for the discoverer, who did not care to publish them until he had found the reason for the results."

With regard to your contributor's hint as to the probable differentiation between "matter" and "substance," I may, perhaps, be permitted to quote a further passage from "Life Understood" that may be information to some of your readers:—

"It was only seven years ago that Professor Osborne Reynolds, F.R.S., LL.D., M.Inst.C.E., Professor of Engineering at Owen's College, Manchester, one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, gave the world the result of twenty years' hard work, showing in the 'Rede Lecture' [for 1902, p. 29] that he had proved mathematically that *matter was a non-reality*." The italics are mine. "I have never heard," comments F. L. Rawson, "even a suggestion that he has made a mistake in his mathematical proof." O.

#### THE LENGTH OF POEMS.

Sir,—Your reviewer, in noticing my little book of "Lyrics and Other Verses," exhibits some curiosity as to "how long a poem may be according to Poe and Mr. Malloch." May I say that I cannot speak for Poe: but for myself I should say that "The Excursion" was "a long" piece of verse: or "Paradise Lost," or "Childe Harold." A few hundred lines I do not call "long"—I have written many pieces of that length, and would be glad to see some of them printed in THE NEW AGE.

So many people have found fault with this deliberately restricted book of lyrics because it does not contain "long" poems! It is really exactly what it was intended to be. Perhaps my next volume, should I ever find a publisher for it, will convince your reviewer that I am capable of longer flights. Meantime it may be interesting to recall that what Poe said was that every so-called long poem consisted of a series of passages of such beauty that they stood out as poems by themselves, connected by more or less wearisome bits that might almost as well have been in prose as in verse. The pleasure we get out of the reading is the pleasure we derive from those beautiful passages, a pleasure heightened on a second reading by anticipation of the purple ahead as we wade dutifully through the heavy intervening lines. That or something like it was what Poe meant, and many readers of poetry will agree with him. GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH.

#### "THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS."

Sir,—As few of your readers can be blessed with Turkish servants who burn the back numbers of THE NEW AGE, it will be possible for most of them to refer to July 17, which contains Mr. Randall's famous and infamous article called "The Economics of Jesus." I ask them to do this, and if any one of them will write to you or to me declaring that he has found the slightest trace of the dual Jesus expounded by "National Guildsman," I will—give all I have to the poor!

Mr. Randall's apologetic commentator is no doubt saying what the great Rabbinical exegete *ought* to have said, but he is making history and criticism impossible. If every person of antiquity is to split into two—the historical Jesus and *this* Jesus, the historical Julius Cæsar and *this* Cæsar—the same bifurcation may overtake the moderns, and I shall not know which Mr. Randall I am dealing with—the real original Rabbi of July 17 or the duplex gentleman represented so ably by "National Guildsman." I like the old one better, and shall keep my teeth in him.

I fear it seems too much like "scoring points"—which the great men of THE NEW AGE never do—but I must tell "National Guildsman" that Mr. Randall declared his intention on July 17 of "treating of the economics of Jesus, as revealed in the English translation of the Gospels." Furthermore, in Mr. Randall's goose-song of October 2, he never mentions the duplex theory of which, a week later, he was to be saved.

I, therefore, issue the formal challenge to "National Guildsman" to defend with a single word the Randallian theses (1) "that the Kingdom of God and the Wage System were synonymous terms" when used by the original historical Jesus; (2) "that Christ regarded himself as the founder of capitalism." WILLIAM L. HARE.

#### "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER."

Sir,—Your reviewer, passing judgment upon my volume of short stories, "The Second-Class Passenger," writes: "It is simply filthy." Long ago, when the story thus referred to appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," the late William Blackwood told me that an old gentleman, a subscriber of many years standing, had been so affected

by it that he had renounced the magazine for ever and deprived the house of Blackwood of twelve half-crowns a year. I have often wondered who that old gentleman was, and in what hot-house he had nurtured his tender innocence of mind. Now, at last, I know. The old gentleman was your reviewer, and the hot-house was the office of THE NEW AGE. It is impossible that there should be, in the diversity of the world, two men so identical in fatuity and spite.

To be charged publicly with "filthiness" would be a serious matter if the charge were made in a paper whose character for honesty in criticism was unblemished; but THE NEW AGE is not such a paper. It took on the colour of blackmail when, Arnold Bennett having ceased to contribute his weekly article to it, his next novel was made the subject of a frothy and malicious attack. It is still dishonest when it permits a reviewer to brand my book as "filthy" without having read it. For he has *not* read it; he has glanced at the first story, been content to slander it crudely, and to write of the book as though it were a novel and not a collection of tales. If, in spite of everything, he would still maintain that he did his duty by looking through the book before he bespattered it, there is the case of an earlier book of mine, which he credited in his review with containing anecdotes, one in particular, which it does not contain. Perhaps, however, he did not review that book, and falsehoods of this kind are common to all NEW AGE reviewers.

You will observe that I do not complain of your reviewer's ineptitude, but only of his and your dishonesty. I find it natural that experiments in the short-story form should fail to interest you; you are pre-occupied with those extremes and perversions of art and letters which may serve to mark a commonplace intelligence with a seeming of singularity. But your need to attitudinise for a living cannot excuse the application of the word "filthy" to a book which is, in no sense and under no construction, "filthy" at all. So to characterise it is to make a ruffianly use of words, to deceive those eager readers of yours who might buy my book in the hope of finding the filth you promise them, and to darken the already sufficiently questionable character of THE NEW AGE. PERCEVAL GIBBON.

[Mr. Gibbon's letter calls for no reply from our reviewer. We may say, however, that his amiable Fleet Street assumption of a causal relation between Mr. Bennett's ceasing to write for THE NEW AGE and our reviews of Mr. Bennett's work is grotesquely untrue. Mr. Bennett, of course, knows this as well as we do.—ED. N.A.]

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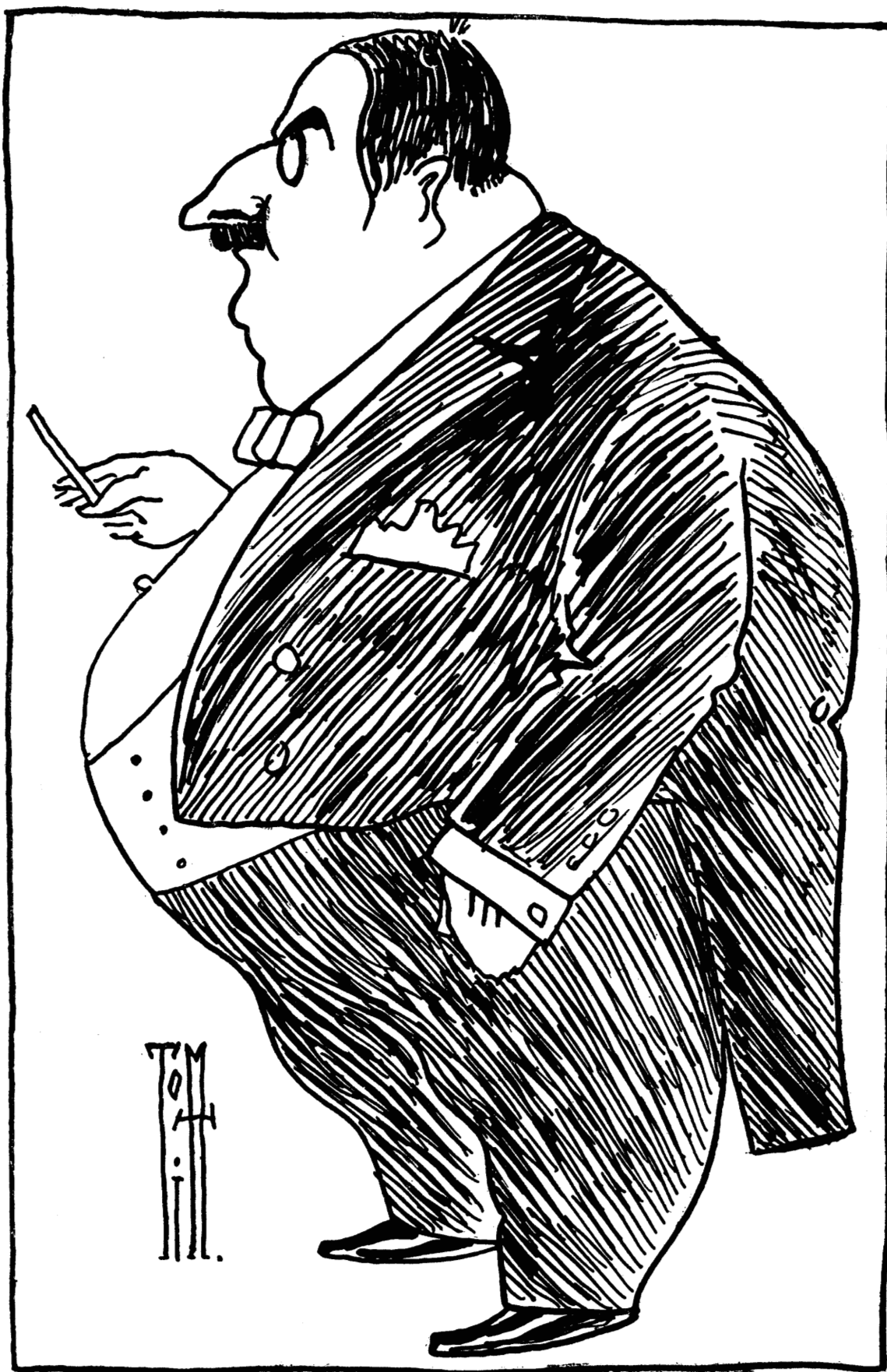
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