

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It does not seem to be within the power of Mr. Lloyd George to legislate to the advantage of any other class than Capitalists. We should like to believe Mr. Bonar Law when, from the depths of his own despair, he assures us that Mr. Lloyd George is sincere—sincere, that is, in his belief that his proposals will be good for wage-earners. But there is no evidence for it that we can discover. On the contrary, if the most powerful, implacable and subtle enemy of the proletariat were in the place of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer he could not, we believe, do more to blight their hopes and to push them deeper into the mire than Mr. Lloyd George has done. That this is true of every piece of legislation for which Mr. Lloyd George has claimed personal responsibility is plain from the present condition of the Railway Conciliation Boards and of the Insurance Act. The one is under sentence to perish ignominiously at the hands of the railwaymen in a few months from now; and the other is simply awaiting the opportunity on the part of its victims to be torn to pieces and burnt. Not content, however, with this record that proves him to be exactly as stupid as he cares to profess himself sincere, Mr. Lloyd George is now about to plunge into a course of Land legislation, the effect of which we can tell him in advance will be similar in character to the effect of his past legislation and the very contrary of his professed expectations. As surely and as demonstrably as twice two are four, the effect of the land programme, as it has so far been unfolded, will be to depress wages in general, at the same time that it enhances the profits of capitalists. This is so certain an outcome of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals that we cannot possibly think that he has examined their incidence or, in the alternative, that he aims at any other object. But if either of these conclusions

must, as one of them certainly must, be drawn, the inference is that Mr. Lloyd George is the last Member of the Cabinet who should be allowed to bring in any Bill, still less so gigantic a measure as the one proposed.

* * *

We said last week that there is no means known of dodging the law of Rent. So long as ownership remains in the hands of a class, few or many, the land that belongs to them must fetch its price in the competitive market in spite of all legislation to the contrary. The means by which economic Rent will be secured to the owners of land we do not claim to be able to guess in full. But one means we did name last week and it has now been clearly endorsed by the "Times." We suggested last week that under the new circumstances landlords would enter into a kind of superior partnership with their farming tenants who would thus become glorified bailiffs. The Feudal System, we said, would be re-established with modern improvements to fit it as a profiteering engine on the largest possible scale. But that is just, it seems, what the landlords have already begun to contemplate practically. We wrote with no more detailed knowledge than comes of reflection upon experience; yet all the time our guess was not only preparing to be verified, but, had we known, was already superfluous. In the "Times" of Friday, under the suggestive title of "The New Landlord," it was reported that the recent establishment at Oxford and elsewhere of Agricultural Courses for Gentlemen had not been in view of nothing in general, but of something in particular. The Duke of Marlborough had put Blenheim Park under the plough, and this action of his was symbolic. "The time is not far off," the writer continued, "when all progressive landowners will federate themselves into an association that shall begin the work of development in immediate and practical ways. . . ." Such an association of men in control of the land, with money in its control, could prove that money could be made in farming. . . . "The landlord who chooses to be a leader in rural development had never a better opportunity than to-day. . . . But he must lead. He must know. He must be interested." Well, is not that just what we said; and, with his means of information, even without any speculation, might not Mr. Lloyd George have known it?

But the prospective trustification of the agricultural industry in the hands of "progressive" landowners is neither the only, nor the worst, probable outcome of Mr. Lloyd George's schemes. From one point of view, indeed, we would contemplate with pleasure the application of machinery and the division of labour to the industry of agriculture. Increased productivity might very well accompany a decrease of human labour—a formula, on the whole, of material progress in general. But in a society such as ours, based, as it is, upon the labour of otherwise propertyless persons, to multiply production at the cost of the reduction of labour is infallibly to create a human problem for every mechanical problem solved. We mean that it follows with certainty from the organisation of agriculture as a capitalist industry that the number of labourers in actual demand on the land will be relatively reduced. And if, at the same time that machinery and organisation are throwing them out of employment, Mr. Lloyd George sets up a Wages Boards sieve to separate the efficient from the inefficient, the number of peasants now in agriculture of one kind or another who will drop out on to the streets, is incalculable. The comparatively few who will continue in agricultural employment and the few more who may be drawn into it will, we admit, find their wages nominally increased. The rates of wages may, indeed, both really and nominally rise, but the sum total of wages in relation to production in agriculture will most certainly be diminished; together relatively, with the number of labourers employed. Now is that, or is that not, the intention of Mr. Lloyd George and his friends? We are told that the Cabinet are unanimous on his proposals, and that they are as confident as he is of the results. Is the relative reduction of wages one of the results they have in view? Is the creation of a fresh exodus of labourers from our villages one of them? Is the transformation of agriculture from a use—to a capitalist, industry their purpose? If so, we are able to assure them that in following Mr. Lloyd George they are on the right road. But if not, the sooner they turn back the better

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We are not the only critics, either, whom Mr. Lloyd George has this time to meet. Our opposition to the Insurance Act was attributed by the Liberal press to party spite—though to what party we belong it would take more than the Liberal press to define; but the same cannot be said of our criticisms of the Land proposals, since we find ourselves joined in them by such party men—and Liberal party men—as Baron de Forest and Mr. Josiah Wedgwood. In the "Daily Chronicle" on Monday the late host of Mr. Lloyd George criticised his recent guest's land schemes with something like our own thoroughness. Baron de Forest is no more deluded by Mr. Lloyd George's naive proposal to dodge Rent than we are. "No possible device exists," he says, "by which landowners can in the long run be prevented from absorbing the whole of the value added to the land." That is clear, we think; and if it is not, it will become clear by the time Mr. Lloyd George's proposals have become Acts of Parliament. Baron de Forest, however, goes on to say that the "only hopeful line of attack" upon the existing land system is nationalisation. And here he is as constructively wrong as he has proved himself to be critically right. What, we ask Baron de Forest, could nationalising the land do for the only class of person that constitutes our social problem—the wage-earner, to wit? Under any probable circumstances, the purchase price of the land of the kingdom would entail on the nation an overwhelming burden in the form of interest and sinking-fund; and, in addition to that, the State would not only require to charge for management but for Rent as well. Conceive, if you can, the position of the producer under the circumstances, so lightly contemplated by Baron de Forest.

To the burden naturally borne of his own maintenance, he would find added, economic Rent (there is no sentiment about the State), interest on the purchase price, management expenses, and contributions to the Sinking Fund; the whole of which subtractions from his productivity would be transferred to bureaucrats, past landlords and financiers. The prospect cannot be called pleasing—to the proletariat, at any rate, since he would have to pay it all. Surely, in presenting simple nationalisation as an alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, Baron de Forest forgot his own criticism of the latter. Let us, therefore, repeat it: "No possible device exists by which landowners can in the long run be prevented from absorbing the whole of the value added to the land." If this applies, as it does apply, to the landowner to-day, how will the case be bettered if from many they are reduced to one, namely, the State?

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Mr. Wedgwood, we gather, does not favour nationalisation. Being something of a thinker, albeit slow, he has been influenced against nationalisation by the arguments, we should say, of Mr. Belloc concerning the Servile State. No nationalisation for him, but a swingeing fine, in the form of a Single Tax upon landowners who do not put their land to full economic use! We really despair of making Single-taxers realise how ridiculous their proposals are, how Utopian practically and how suicidal if they could be adopted. Single Tax seems always to be associated with a low but hopeful order of mentality; as Voltaire—even so long ago—declared; and to debate with Single-taxers is something of a condescension. Nevertheless, as we are avowedly at Ephesus we will not shirk it. In the first place we have to point out to Single-taxers that if they could establish the Single Tax in this country they could do so much more that the Single Tax would be toying with their subject. But why, we may ask them, does not Mr. Lloyd George incorporate this tax in his land legislation? He is professedly one of them, a Georgeite of Georgeites. As a "sincere" man he believes, as they believe, that only the Single Tax is necessary to salvation. Why then does "Land Values" have to complain so bitterly of him, and Mr. Wedgwood to threaten him with an opposition vote? The answer is that Mr. Lloyd George is in the firing line while his Single Tax colleagues are comfortably seated in Mr. Fels' armchairs speculating on the wonderful tactics they would adopt if only they were where he is. The experiment, unfortunately for comedy, of putting any one of them in Mr. Lloyd George's place cannot be tried; but we can very well imagine it. Not one of the bunch would be able to proceed a step further towards Single Tax than Mr. Lloyd George himself; and for the simple reason, that since economic power precedes political power and ownership of land is economic power, a single step taken beyond the limits set by the landowning classes would land Mr. Lloyd George or any other Single Tax adventurer *outside politics* and into the obscurity of a private propagandist society again! So much for the impracticability of belling the cat when the mice are only mice.

* * *

But in the second place, let us suppose that the miracle has been performed and that Mr. Fels' subscriptions and Mr. Wedgwood's arguments have established the Single Tax. What might be expected to be the outcome of it? Landowners discovered permitting their land to lie idle would be fined (or taxed—it is much the same thing) and, if they could not pay the fine, they would have to sell their land or have it confiscated piecemeal. By this means, say the Single-taxers, whole cantles of land, now unoccupied and unused, would tumble into the market, creating such a glut that any of us could buy land almost by the pennyworth. A pretty picture, indeed, if only it were true; but it is romance. It has never occurred, we suppose, to the Single-taxers to compare land and sea? No, it has certainly never

occurred to them. It happens, however, that there exists all round our coasts an element comparable in many respects, as an instrument of wealth, with the element of land itself—the sea. It is nobody's monopoly, it is untaxed, it is not subject to improvements, and no rent is charged for its use. In addition, by the application of Labour applied to tools, it can provide the saleable commodity known as fish. Now what, from the Single-taxers' point of view, could be more ideal than this state of things? If land could be made as free, abundant, accessible and productive as the sea round our coasts, would they not think they were in the Promised Land at last? But now consider the economics of the sea and refer to Mr. Stephen Reynolds for confirmation of our statements. The sea without boats, market organisation—in a word, without Capital—is useless to the proletariat of the fishing villages. Though it is at their doors, and they have free access to it, the key that opens its use is of gold, and it is in gold (or Capital) that they are lacking. What is the result? Three miles out are the great fishing trusts with their enormous capital of steam-tractors and their industrial organisation of the commodity of labour to the number of fifty thousand men. The sea is theirs though they have not made it, and their Capital controls the markets on the dry land. And within the three-mile limit are the peasant proprietors—rather, let us say, since the Trusts have come—*were* the peasant proprietors—for they are to-day an almost extinct race. Indeed, a Commission is at this moment sitting to devise a means of getting the proletariat of the fishing villages "back to the sea"—the unrented, free, accessible sea—precisely as the Single-taxers would have a Commission to return the proletariat to the rented, taxed, and inaccessible land. The inference, we hope, is plain even to Single-taxers, that to break down the monopoly of land and to leave the monopoly of Capital is to cut off only one head of the giant—the virtue and strength of which will certainly flow into the other.

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We have dismissed Mr. Lloyd George, we have dismissed the Land Nationalisers, and we have dismissed the Single-taxers—politicians all. What remains? The economic power latent in the organisation of labour into a monopoly, we reply. If it is true that like produces like, political causes can never produce more than political results; and these are before us in those great pseudo-economic measures—Labour Exchanges, Conciliation Boards, Insurance Acts, and all the rest of them; whose only assured fruits have been, and will be, the extension of the political power of the State and of those who hold the State in the hollow of their palms, and the multiplication of State officials. But to produce economic effects economic causes must be set in motion; and of these the proletariat have in their possession one and one only, and that dependent upon their solidarity—their labour. It follows from the general reasoning also that until their labour is formed into a monopoly and becomes their property, to give, to sell or to hold, no device exists, Baron de Forest, to prevent it being exploited so as to subtract from its product every penny of value over the cost of its keep. This, we may say, is the real iron law of wages; it is likewise what may be called the rent of Life, for by this law, whoever has no Capital, must needs pay for it the rack-rent of all his vital energies. But again, it follows that, since the law of Rent cannot be dodged, the only means of emancipation is to abolish not the Law, but Rent! And how can this be done? Assume—what is surely not unthinkable—that an Agricultural Union were formed, blackleg-proof, and guaranteed, even for so long as a month, in Spartan provisions by the rest of the Trade Unions of the kingdom—what could they not demand and obtain in the way of reforms, even to the half of their present masters' power? By political means Mr. Lloyd George is now about to cause a coalition between landowners and capitalists. It is by the economic means we have described that a coalition between Labour and Capital can alone be brought about. The Trade Unionism rejected by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr.

Runciman is yet destined to become the head of the corner.

* * *

We should have thought that the reception of the proposed nationalisation of the railways as well as the present unrest in the nationalised postal service would have given at least one or two of the railwaymen's officials something to think over. If railway nationalisation is to prove such a boon to the existing shareholders it can hardly at the same time prove a blessing to the existing workmen. And if again the postal service, after long experience, is on the point of striking against the State, then the State management proposed and apparently accepted for the railwaymen hardly seems inviting. The choice, of course, in both instances, is between experience and inexperience. The shareholders of the railways are not likely to be mistaken when they contend that nationalisation is a good bargain for them. They know a good bargain when they see one and they have all the experts to advise them. The railwaymen's leaders, on the other hand, are at least as likely to be wrong as right in their judgment of what is a good bargain for their men. Never yet, we believe, have they made a good one; and moreover their contempt for advice is in exact proportion to their need of it. Under these circumstances, we have no doubt whatever that the shareholders and not the men's officials are correct in their forecast. Let us see what the shareholders of the railway companies anticipate from nationalisation. The little Eden is spread out for them in the "Financial Times." Says this journal of the largest financial circulation in its issue of Saturday of last week: "When all the bearings of the situation are fully realised it will be found that the prospect of State purchase . . . is certainly not likely to harm the interests of the shareholders." And again: "The railways can only be acquired by the State on terms which would make existing prices look ridiculously low." Of the constitution of the Commission, which gave Mr. Thomas so much satisfaction, the "Financial Times" remarks: "It is such as will inspire confidence among our railway investors." But if, as we say, the shareholders are right, it follows as a matter of course that Mr. Thomas and his friends are wrong. What is such a good bargain for the owners of the railways cannot at the same time be a good bargain for their employees.

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On the question of sole State management likewise, the railwaymen can choose between the experience of their postal fellows and the ignorant optimism of their own leaders. The men's officials and the Labour Party are almost unanimous in thinking that sole State control will be better for the railwaymen than the control now exercised by the nominees of the shareholders. They look, it is obvious, to the efficacy of leather—in this instance, their own Parliamentary and political influence. But what has political influence done for the employees of the postal service? Though forty Labour Members sit at Westminster for no other purpose than to ensure fair conditions for their class, the grievances of their class exclusively, in the postal service, are grown so great that, as we know, a strike is threatened. But against the worst private employment in the world the workmen can do no more than strike. If, therefore, the postal servants have been reduced to striking, we must suppose that every other means of redress has failed them. Yet they are under the State as the men's officials hope to bring the railwaymen. They experience and know what the latter only look forward to and long for. Again we say, that the chances are that the men on the spot are right and the men on the job are wrong. In other words, the railwaymen's leaders are wilfully misinformed and incorrigibly ignorant if they imagine that State control is likely to settle a single one of their men's grievances.

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We do not know to what influence Driver Caudle owes his "free pardon" for the offences of his responsible employers, but we do know that a worse crime

has been committed by the Government in the imprisonment of Mr. Larkin. For defiance of common law, sense and sensibility, the speech of the Attorney-General prosecuting, under direction of Mr. Birrell, has probably never been equalled by the wildest orators of Hyde Park. That his object was to get Mr. Larkin out of the way of the Dublin employers by any means in his power was clear from the opening to the close of the trial. No single item in the indictment of Mr. Larkin would in England, or, indeed, in any other city than Dublin, have carried a single member of any jury not forsworn to bring in a lying verdict. And the end to be accomplished by this anarchist outrage on law was no other than to give Mr. Murphy time, in Mr. Larkin's absence, to starve his men without further let or hindrance, into abject surrender. We are glad to see that not only the "Daily Herald," the "New Witness," and the "New Statesman," but both the "Spectator" and the "Nation," have protested against this action of the Liberal Government. The Tory "Saturday Review" is the only once respectable exception. "The trial," says the "Nation," "seems to us to have been surrounded by every objectionable feature." And the "Spectator" is much more emphatic. "If the capitalists of Dublin . . . had issued a *ukase* to the Government . . . that Mr. Larkin must be put away, the job could not have been done in a manner more likely to suggest that it was managed by men anxious to oblige." The "Spectator" appeals to the Labour Party to resent by active means this insult to their constituents: "The Government have proved by prosecuting Mr. Larkin for seditious language that they believe that they hold Labour so fast in bonds that Labour will now accept any and every slap in the face without a word, and even without a wriggle. If the Labour leaders were worth their salt they would have read this trial as the writing on the wall." We have ourselves no confidence even in the Labour party's desire to release Mr. Larkin. On the contrary, we believe that had they been on the jury they would have brought in the same verdict.

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It is not certain yet what the final result on Larkinism of the invasion of Dublin by Mrs. Montefiore and her friends will be; but if it is not to smash the Labour movement there, the fault will not be with these ladies. We naturally care as little as anyone for the distinctions obsolete, for the intelligence, between one sect and another of a Church based upon the execution of the first and only Christian (Nietzsche's phrase); but a moment's reflection on the part of Mrs. Montefiore before plunging into Mr. Larkin's limelight would have suggested that not only was her proposal extravagant, cruel and senseless, but, in view of the sectarian interests in Dublin, calculated to multiply Mr. Larkin's difficulties. It is satisfying to the appetite for gush in this country, no doubt, to have English women playing fairy godmother to the "kiddies" (commonly called children) of Dublin; but it is certain that in a thousand ways the "kiddies" will have to pay for the luxury. To transfer them suddenly from surroundings to which sooner or later they will have to return; to give them such treatment as even few English children enjoy; to delude them with the false notion that life is a game and a pantomime, are cruelties inflicted on them by a self-indulgent kindness. And added to all this certain damage is the fact that the money spent on it could and should have been employed in feeding not the children merely, but their wretched parents as well. Lady Warwick, Mrs. Montefiore, and the rest of the gadabouts were not satisfied to do quietly what thousands of men and women have done in England, namely, collect or subscribe anonymously to the funds for maintaining the strike; advertisement, notoriety, sensation were what they were after in return for their money. Well, as we say, they have had it at the possible cost of the cause they professed to champion; and only a miracle can now save Larkinism from its deadly English lady friends.

Our assurance to the Trade Unions that the first to become blackleg-proof can demand pretty well what they please has been illustrated by the success of the brief strike of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild against the Peninsular and Oriental Shipping Company. The matters in dispute between the company and its officers were only materially concerned with pay and conditions. Psychologically the central issue was one of "recognition." This demand produced the usual reply of the profiteers that their men were claiming to "dictate" to their masters in the sacred matter of management; a reply that, to our surprise, was greeted by the "Evening News" as "decidedly old-fashioned." Was this a slip into sense on the part of the "Evening News," and was it due to the fact that the Union in this instance is called a Guild and is composed of officers? Whatever the explanation, the slip was not repeated; for in a subsequent issue the "Evening News" professed to be certain that the strike was for no such nonsense as "recognition," but "in plain English, for better pay." This conclusion may be contrasted with the comment on the victory by the chief leader of the Guild: "We have got 'recognition,' and that is what we wanted."

* * *

If we had not long foretold the collapse of the Unionist Party, we might be moved a little by the *cri du cœur* of Mr. Bonar Law last week. The spirits of his party have now fallen so low that the utmost to which they now aspire is continued existence. "I think," said Mr. Law, as if he were doubtful even of this, "that there is room for our party." There is indeed room in this country for a party that has some knowledge of our national character and the desire to give it free play again; but there is no room for a party of negations, such as the Unionist Party is to-day. On no subject on the political field have they now an affirmation to support, or even a theory to advance, that is not either identical with the Liberal programme or simply its negative. Of positive alternatives they have none. But it is the fate of all negative opposition that its strength goes into the positive idea to which it is opposed; such is the law of spiritual hydraulics. In consequence we are and have long been prepared to see the energy of the Unionist ciphers pouring into the buckets of Mr. Lloyd George, and of the Liberal Party in general. Consider, for example, the attitude of the Unionist Party on the two subjects deliberately chosen by them as their field of battle—Irish Home Rule and the Parliament Act. In each instance they have allowed themselves not merely to be driven into simple negation, but forced, before retreating thither, to give a blessing to their opponents. Everybody knows that the Unionists committed themselves to the Preamble of the Parliament Act, of which the Act itself was the necessary precursor in actual legislation. Similarly, everybody knows that they committed themselves during the famous Conference of Eight to the federalisation of the United Kingdom, of which Irish Home Rule was the necessary precursor. Thus they now find themselves resisting the thin edge of the wedge when they have already accepted and advocated the thick end. And with what ineptitude they oppose even the beginnings of these things! A party with the instinct for power, let alone service to the nation, would have found it easy to outwit Mr. Asquith's Cabinet and to leave it the work while taking the credit to themselves. What was to prevent the Unionists declaring that both the Parliament Act and Irish Home Rule were timid cheeseparing at reconstruction efforts, and announcing as the Unionist policy the creation of a genuine Second Chamber and the establishment of Imperial Federation with an Imperial Council? Manifestly nothing but stupidity. For we do not believe that such a programme would not prove as popular with the rank and file as it has already proved acceptable, privately, at any rate, to the leaders. As it is, it is certain now that the Liberal Party will declare for this policy and possibly win several future General Elections upon it. And all the time they will be winning on what might have been the Unionist programme.

Current Cant.

"It is so nice not to want to do anything."—H. HAMILTON FYFE.

"Mr. Tagore is inclined to think that his visit to England has done good."—"Times of India."

"That prince of melodramatic writers—Mr. George R. Sims."—"The Play Pictorial."

"Mr. W. J. Stevens is quite right when he says that railway shareholders, as a whole, are not opposed to fair or even generous treatment of their employees."—"Evening News."

"Mr. Irving Berlin, the Ragtime King, has introduced heaven into this sordid and serious life, and made it worth living."—"The Friars Club," New York.

"Oh London tunes are new tunes, and London books are wise.
And London plays are rare plays, and good to country eyes."
JOHN MASEFIELD in "The Clarion."

"The Churches in keeping to their work of cultivating and developing the personal and spiritual life of men and women, are moving, albeit indirectly, along the shortest path to the attainment of the perfect condition of man."—Rev. K. C. ANDERSON, D.D., in "The Christian Commonwealth."

"Mr. Lloyd George is setting up a department which will be the active guardian of the National interests."—"The Nation."

"When your mental output is of a high quality it commands a high price."—PELMAN ADVERTISEMENT.

"The work of Mr. Bernard Shaw has risen to the height of the universally human—that is to say, as Wagner wrote, the universally intelligible."—AUGUSTIN and HENRIETTE HAMON in the "Bibliothèque Universelle."

"There is no greater sanatorium to cure snobbishness than the little chapel."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Mr. George Lansbury is now getting ready for his lecture tour in the United States."—"The World."

"When Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson proposed 'The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family,' not only did the workmen guests sing the National Anthem and 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' but 'Rule Britannia.'"—"Morning Post."

"The Fabian Society—who may be said to represent the advance guard of modern Liberalism. . . ."—Tariff Commission Report.

"The views expressed are not necessarily our own; but, in harmony with our practice, we think it right to give full publicity to a view of politics and social economy which is fresh and independent."—"The Nation."

"Mr. Larkin was not prosecuted as a strike leader, but because he had broken the law."—"Saturday Review."

"Sir Evelyn Wood paid a fine tribute to the old-style soldier. . . . In eight battalions seventy-three died out of every hundred from preventable causes. But. . . ."—"Saturday Review."

"In all reputable newspapers the advertising and editorial departments are things apart, absolutely independent organisations."—"Saturday Review."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN spite of the development of travel, international societies, and the like factors, the relations between countries are still determined almost entirely by the small section of society which we call the upper classes. Even in an advanced democratic country such as France it is a class of this kind which is still the driving force; and in Germany, for all the five million Social Democrats, it is still the noble classes that influence public opinion and the fine arts. As for England, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries, the official circles in them—especially those official circles concerned with foreign affairs—hardly dream of paying serious attention to the opinions of the middle and lower classes.

* * *

I am not underestimating the strength of financial interests; but it must be understood that, before financial interests can influence a country's policy, they must be exceedingly powerful and widespread. The Pearson interests for example, are everywhere. But there are at least two peers—Lord Cowdray and Lord Murray—connected with the firm; and before the Pearson organisation can exert any influence at all it must be evident that it has to pull very powerful strings in banking, society, trading, and official circles in more than one country. Even great German organisations, such as Krupps and the General Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, would not care to risk an international move unless they were sure of the support of the nobility, even though many of the families whose support was sought were relatively poor. Officially, to take another instance, the old French aristocracy no longer exists. But it exists in practice if not in theory, and is as able as our own aristocracy to exploit for its own ends the social ambitions of the wealthy bourgeoisie. As in England, so in France those ends are usually high and patriotic. It is still our aristocratic county families who turn their backs on commerce and send their sons into a relatively poorly-paid Civil Service and our very ill-paid Army and Navy.

This point is one which I wish to emphasise, because it explains to a great extent why personal views and experiences are still so important in international affairs. Whatever the rights and wrongs of a situation may be, they are always complicated by the men on the spot in the countries concerned. When Djavid Bey came to London in 1910 he was annoyed because some high civil servant, who had nothing but his brains to recommend him for the post, expressed the opinion that Turkey could never become "civilised" or make "progress" until ample facilities were given for the gradual conversion of the Moslems to Christianity. Although Djavid's annoyance was mingled with amusement—he understood a low-caste person when he met one—the incident was not without its effect; and what might have been a very successful series of negotiations was abruptly broken off. The consequences to this country, as well as to Turkey, we now know; and they are not to our credit.

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I lay stress on this personal factor because it is one which is more and more overlooked by the newspapers and by the public generally. Diplomacy is not always concerned with matters of vital interest; financiers are not always scheming for new concessions. The minute trifles that make up perfection have to be discussed in the Chanceries and the Foreign Offices as well as declarations of war; and it usually happens that, when the former are satisfactorily dealt with, the latter can be averted. To take England's own relationships, we have as a rule experienced no difficulty in conducting negotiations with France, Spain, Italy, Russia, and the smaller countries of Northern and Western Europe. The Balkan States have always given a good deal of trouble; and until recent years the German diplomatists

were not models of tact. As might be expected, the United States have always been the most intractable nation with which we have come in contact. The official representatives are usually charming people, both here and at Washington; but the Americans in English society have not produced a favourable impression. Hence, in that small but influential class which I have mentioned, a reference to the United States has usually led to a slight shuddering and a change of subject.

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It is admitted that the Americans have greatly improved in recent years. The bumptiousness has begun to wear off the nation; an ideal of manners, if far from having been reached, has at least been formed. But London officialdom has now to put up with something even worse than Americanism at its worst. We have transformed most of our Colonies into Dominions, which are represented here by High Commissioners for this and that. The nucleus of a Colonial class has in consequence been formed in the midst of us; and we are visited every year by Colonial tradesmen and, what is still more dreadful, by their wives. "Capital place, London," says Mr. Hopper in "Lady Windermere's Fan," or some such expression, "they are much less exclusive in London than they are in Sydney." The snobbishness of our cousins, to my knowledge, has not been better summed up. In brief, we cannot stand our Colonials. We do not see why we should—especially when they lecture us about the conduct of the Empire. There have been some "tiffs" in consequence. What is more, there have been serious disputes about the Navy. And all because High Commissioners talk like tradesmen, and because the wives of some Colonial dignitaries are hardly up to the level of an English cook-general.

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We are spending now about one-fourth of our national revenue on the fleet. From this fleet our Colonies have benefited for many years, and they have paid us nothing in return. No; in return they have often snarled at us, cursed us, warned us, lectured us. And when they did finally set out, as they said, to help in defending the Empire, they did it in a way that was useless. For no strategist can pretend that the formation of local navies is anything but a farce.

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Long ago the writer of "Notes of the Week" said in this paper that we would not give away one English county for all the Colonies we had. The remark is one with which everybody will surely agree. Certainly it is subscribed to by that small class of ours which is not influenced by tradesmen. This class has brought "pressure" to bear on the Admiralty advisers, with results which those behind the scenes are greatly interested in. Will South Africa, as has been suavely suggested, begin to contribute her three millions a year to the upkeep of the Home fleet instead of her paltry eighty-five thousand? Will Australia and New Zealand and Canada have to be informed in stronger terms than those hitherto used that, while they are doing nothing wrong in building small cruisers for use in the Far East, they ought not to build battleships and keep them there—even if they could man them, which they cannot? Is Mr. R. L. Borden—cruel stroke, after all his efforts!—to be told that an annual subsidy is to be preferred to three battleships?

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One wonders. For at the last Navy League dinner the hectoring of certain Colonial representatives was not appreciated. The hub of the Empire, if not of the universe, is London. The strategy of the Empire is directed from its capital city; and there is nothing going on in the Pacific just at the moment to call for Dreadnoughts. When there is, the Dreadnoughts will be there. But they will be the home-made article, not "something just as good." We do not care to imperil ourselves in order that an impetus may be given to Colonial shipbuilding. We can hardly stand those Colonial magnates. And their wives are intolerable.

Ireland and Federation.

THE federal organisation of the Empire seems recently to have assumed practical political shape. It is certainly being seriously discussed. But we write "serious" advisedly; because it is evident to every student that any federal arrangement is impossible until Irish Home Rule is an accomplished fact. Federalism is urged in some quarters as the true solution of Home Rule, but any unbiased analysis of the situation demonstrates not only the wisdom but the necessity of first putting Ireland upon a healthy autonomous foundation. The exact relations between the Irish problem and the federation of the Empire have not been thoroughly grasped by publicists and politicians. Political bias has hitherto vitiated the general consideration of this question, for whereas Liberals are supposed to be devoted to Home Rule, the Unionists are generally credited with the greater desire to federate. Why there should be any political division over these two closely related projects passes our comprehension; but we must, we suppose, assume a low level of political intelligence and instinct and rely upon the more permanent factors of our national and imperial life to force the true solution in the due course of development. But when a large number of serious politicians are confusing the issues as between Irish Home Rule and Imperial Federation, it may prove advantageous to examine the cardinal facts. These facts and the arguments based upon them will be found most clearly stated by Mr. S. G. Hobson in his monograph "Irish Home Rule."

So far as Imperial Federation is concerned, there are many parties to the proposed contract—more than is generally supposed. At the first blush, it would seem to be a convention between England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the self-governing Colonies, the Crown Colonies and India. But there are three unseen but very real entities not disclosed. They are the existing establishments of the Colonial Office, the War Department and the Naval authorities. If a conference were called to-morrow to discuss Imperial Federation, what would be the probable attitudes of all these constituent parts? Scotland would probably declare for autonomy but with many reservations, the most important being that as yet her people had made no constitutional declaration one way or the other. Wales would undoubtedly ask for her own subordinate Parliament but would argle-bargle about financial terms. Ireland would be better armed with a concise statement of her case. She would declare that since 1832 she had consistently asked for federal home rule. She could tell an extremely interesting and pertinent story. Sharmin Crawford definitely urged the federal idea in 1832. In 1844, O'Connell discussed repeal and federation. Having weighed up the two proposals, he wrote: "It is but just and right to confess that the Federalist would give Ireland more weight and importance in Imperial concerns than she would receive by the plan of the Simple Repealers. . . . For my own part, I will own, since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between 'Simple Repeal' and Federalism, I do at present feel a preference for the Federative plan, as tending more to the utility of Ireland." In 1873, at the Conference at the Rotunda, Dublin, the present Home Rule agitation was inaugurated. The fourth resolution was specific: "We adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement." Then in 1888, Parnell wrote his famous letter to Rhodes, in which he frankly agreed to the federal principle. And, so far as we know, Mr. Redmond has never deviated from Ireland's consistent declarations in this respect.

So much for the United Kingdom. What would the self-governing Colonies say? They would probably waste no words on sentimental declarations but instantly discuss finance. They would admit that the protection of their coasts by the British fleet is of vital consequence both in fact and in significance. They would probably admit a financial liability in respect of the expenditure necessary. But not a stiver would they give unless

representation in an Imperial Parliament went with taxation. And they would want a definite representation upon the civil, military, and naval hierarchies that now administer Imperial affairs. Their language upon the red-tape and Oxford superiority that now dominate affairs at headquarters, would be too lurid for reproduction here. The official hierarchies would be distressed beyond words at such plain speaking, and would gently, in Oxford accents, point out that until our Colonists learned to restrain their language and become proficient in French, they could hardly be admitted into the inner councils, where direct English is bad form. The Crown Colonies would almost unanimously ask for increased autonomy and tell queer stories of Downing Street government. As for India. . . .

Out of the discussion three important facts would emerge: (i) That Ireland is the only unit in the Conference that has spoken, clearly, consistently, and constitutionally; (ii.) that the Irish arrangement must either become the model for subsequent federal agreements, or, in the alternative, it must be pacified until such time as Imperial federation is ripe for settlement; (iii.) that no British Colony would agree to any such control over their finances as that now existing between Great Britain and Ireland or proposed by the present Home Rule Bill. To ignore the political and financial considerations involved in these cardinal facts is merely to postpone federation indefinitely.

Let us look at it politically. There is not a single self-governing colony whose Parliament has not repeatedly declared for Irish Home Rule. Why? Primarily because the Irish influence in all our Colonies is strong and well organised. That influence exerted in favour of federation practically secures it; but if it be exerted against, then federation is doomed. But there is another reason. Our Colonies know only too well, and from experience, how utterly derogatory is the interference of the official hierarchies in their affairs. They accordingly, both by reason and instinct, invariably declare for the greatest possible measure of autonomy for any part of the Empire, knowing that the more autonomy is granted, the more healthy will be the reaction upon their own relations with the central government. But the political necessity for federation grows year by year, and the final removal of Irish discontent accordingly grows more urgent. Mr. S. G. Hobson states the case in a few words: "World-politics is not now a force with which Great Britain can alone contend; she must soon call to her aid the moral and material support of her children. But they are now grown up and demand a real and not a nominal partnership. In this great movement, a contented and self-respecting Ireland can play a reconciling and useful part; a discontented Ireland of arrested growth can easily choke the Imperial machinery with the barren sand of anger and hatred." If then we regard Ireland from the point of view of the federalist (without prejudice, of course, to other considerations), the purely political conclusions are these: If Irish Home Rule be denied or only granted in mutilated form, the Colonies are certain to refuse federation, both because the subjection of Ireland would constitute too dangerous a precedent, and because the Irish influence throughout the Empire is strong enough to frustrate federation until Ireland is so circumstanced that she can join the federation as a separate entity. That is only stating the case mildly. If Ireland is again to be disappointed, it is certain that we should be plunged into a political maelstrom that would effectively kill any concerted movement for consolidating the Empire. Although our interest in politics is somewhat perfunctory, knowing as we do that politics is but the reflection of economic power (and accordingly we concentrate our attention upon the economic forces) we nevertheless regret that the Government did not embody the federal principle in the present Home Rule Bill; just as the preamble to the Parliament Act specifically presaged a change in the constitution of the House of Lords, so, in like manner, we believe it would have been wise statesmanship to have adumbrated federation in the Home Rule measure.

That opportunity has now passed beyond recall, but it is surely clear that Irish autonomy is a condition precedent to any federal scheme likely to secure the consent of the Colonies.

It is interesting and fruitful to speculate how far the application of the Guild principle to industry would affect the political constitution of the Empire. Ireland, for example, has developed economically on lines almost diametrically opposite to those of Great Britain. Her political life must necessarily be dominated by her economic forces, and would differ from the British system accordingly. Canada's economic development is American, and her political life must, therefore, express itself in some way harmonious with American methods. South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand have their own peculiar economic problems which their political life must inevitably reflect. But presumably if the Guilds triumph in these Colonies, the economic structure of the Empire will involve close economic relations between the Guilds of the Empire, with a corresponding political federation. We do not see any reason why the political formation should not be upon local and social lines, concurrent with the widest national and international Guild relations. Mr. Belfort Bax, in our last issue, too readily assumes that national Guilds exclude the widest and most intimate international relations. But we have repeatedly argued this aspect of the problem and need not now elaborate it. Meantime, it is interesting to note that at the moment there is no kind of organic connection binding together the various parts of the Empire. The Crown is not an organism but a symbol. Pending the political reorganisation of the Empire on federal lines, would it not be wise to galvanise the Privy Council into a new life and delegate to it the functions of our Imperial inter-relations? Transform it into a representative body to which each self-governing colony could send representatives in proportion to numerical strength. And if executive functions were subsequently conferred upon it, then representation would be according to taxable capacity. But any such scheme as this would be doomed to failure, if it betrayed any spirit of arrogance. If it became the servant of a Commonwealth of Commonwealths, it might become the most gigantic experiment in democracy the world has yet witnessed.

Retrospect.

WE are now moving with increased momentum towards a new order of society. It has not escaped critical minds that in this social and economic quickening the political or State Socialists are completely out of the picture. The oppressed of all kinds and degrees now rely upon themselves to fight their own battles with such organisations as they possess, and no longer dream of trusting to Parliament with its serried ranks of political Tomlinsons. The strength that men have discovered in massed and united action in the industrial struggle has brought with it a new vision of swift steps towards economic liberty. Who is there who now doubts that we are on the verge of a new era? Even the most superficial can see that the existing system of wage-servitude is rapidly disintegrating. During the past two years, it has been almost impossible to open any newspaper without reading of strikes, actual or threatened. No doubt the fall in real wages has been the determining factor in most of these industrial revolts, but close observers unanimously declare that never before have strikes brought in their train such a reasoned understanding of the power of united labour to control industry within an appreciable period. The old idea that labour is fated for ever to remain in wage subjection is now dead. If at present only a small proportion of the workers perceive the real implications of wage abolition, it may be confidently asserted that another decade will witness their practically complete education in this respect. It is extremely significant that such large numbers of working men should have so quickly grasped the meaning of wavery. It is only

eighteen months ago that we started on our protracted exposition of the wage-system. We never anticipated such a speedy acceptance of our analysis of wagery. We expected to discuss the subject, in its various aspects, with economists and students for years to come. But—this is the story of all democratic movements—the workers grasped the idea in advance of their leaders, and of the so-called intellectuals. And their leaders were almost to a man State-Socialists and political Labourists.

It was probably inevitable that the politically-minded leaders of labour should have found themselves left in the lurch when the new industrial movement began vigorously to express itself. The plain truth is that not one of them, from Mr. J. R. MacDonald to the insignificant little Mr. Pointer (who thought that jail was the right place for Mr. Tom Mann), has ever had any kind of training in economics. Mr. MacDonald is as ignorant—perhaps innocent were the better word—of economics as is Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Bonar Law. The reasons for this lamentable state of mind are rooted in the past, and can only be explained by a knowledge of the Socialist and Labour propaganda of the past quarter of a century.

From the earliest days of Socialist and Labour international congresses two facts have been predominant. In effective political and industrial organisation, the British have proved themselves pre-eminent; in the region of ideas they have lagged behind. At the first blush, it might seem that the German Socialists have surpassed their British confrères in organisation, but we must remember always that the German movement is really a combination of Radicals and Socialists with an almost exclusively political programme. So far as an effective attack upon the possessing classes is concerned, British Trade Unionism has always been and remains the best equipped. Except in one essential: its stubborn refusal to recognise the value of living ideas. The British leaders have steadily organised their men; they have relied upon the force of numbers to accomplish little things, the emanations of little minds, when they might have accomplished great things, had they shown themselves susceptible to great ideas. This is possibly the main defect of the British quality—a faculty for dealing in the concrete, coupled with an obtuse dislike of anything that savours of the psychological. It has in this way happened that at these congresses the opinions of the British delegation have been negligible, whilst their practical capacity has won universal admiration. Whilst organised resistance to economic oppression is one thing—indeed, a very valuable asset—not necessarily needing the stimulation of ideas, the time has now come to pass from the stage of mere resistance to reconstruction. In this last task, the British Labour movement will suffer, unless it can attract to itself brains of a highly constructive quality. This particular type of intellect is, of course, fundamentally imaginative. The internal politics of British Labourism in the near future will be mainly a struggle between the imaginative-constructive section and the surly resistance to new ideas which is the chief stock-in-trade of the MacDonalds, Hardies, Snowdens, and Hendersons.

As we look back over the past twenty-five years, we can only express amazement that the British Socialist movement can have possibly subsisted so long on such poor intellectual food. The old S.D.F. had an intelligible policy based upon the Marxian analysis of capital and the material interpretation of history. But they were impotent against the ingrained Puritanism of the I.L.P. and the pseudo-scientific methods (so dear to the British middle-classes) of the Fabian Society. Incidentally, we may remark that the S.D.F. has, in its turn, succumbed to I.L.P. obscurantism, thus neutralising its original value. This organisation for many years past has striven to reconcile the material interpretation of history with political action. It has failed egregiously because the essence of the material theory obviously is that economic power dominates both the spirit and the policy of the body politic. Trying to straddle two stools, it sprawls in undignified contor-

tions upon the floor. Nor has it gained in spiritual influence by its curiously inept excursions into foreign politics. Whilst its economic theories are clear-cut and intelligible, it has ineffectually attempted a political course the exact negation of its economic theories.

On the other hand, the I.L.P., without any underlying principle of action (the formula of nationalisation is not a principle; it is a vague and unsatisfying concept of social organisation), has been frankly political and, unhampered by principles or theories, it has played the political game much more successfully than the S.D.F. This is neither the time nor the occasion to criticise Puritanism; we need only remark that the inspiration of the I.L.P. was Puritan in its origin and that Puritanism is essentially a scheme of life particularly applicable to the middle and lower middle classes. Whilst the S.D.F. drew its inspiration from Marx, the I.L.P.'s long suit was the Sermon on the Mount. Thus, Mr. Snowden's most popular lecture in the old days was entitled, "The Christ that is to be," spongy pulp, drenched with soporifics; whilst Mr. Keir Hardie's greatest coup was a tract, "Can a Man be a Christian on a Pound a Week?" The least distressing feature of these performances was that these gentlemen really believed the trash they spoke and wrote. During the twenty-one years of the life of the I.L.P., not a single idea, not a single book or picture or piece of music has been produced under its inspiration. It has proved itself to be a blind movement, led by blind men, and it is at a blind end just at the very time when it is celebrating its majority. During these years, a considerable number of thinkers and students have joined it, but without exception they have been plainly told that political organisation is more valuable than serious thinking and they have accordingly left it and gone about their business, sadder and wiser men. It is, however, only fair to add that the rank and file of the I.L.P. is largely composed of first-class fighting material; its leadership has been its downfall. Mr. MacDonald is stupid, with a portentous air; Mr. Keir Hardie is cunning with a Christian pose; Mr. Snowden is tricky, with the affectations of a martyr. For our part, we really prefer the political trickery of Mr. Lloyd George, who, whilst equally devoid of principle, at least steps out boldly.

The Fabian Society has been another factor. On the whole, it has successfully left Jesus Christ out of consideration, and has devoted itself to purely reformist measures. In everything it has undertaken it has consistently failed, but has been clever enough to cover up its failures with new proposals, in their turn doomed to failure. It has had many clever men amongst its leaders, but no wise ones. It is the punishment of all reformist organisations that life travels more quickly than their reforms. Thus, the Fabian chef d'œuvre of recent years was its "Minority Report." It did seem at one time that this scheme of poor law reform might come to something. Mr. Lloyd George crumpled it to pieces with his Insurance Act. The Fabian Society is now a corpse drifting about on the political tides.

It was to be expected that the journals of these Socialist factions would more or less accurately reflect the moods and modes of their readers. "Justice" had the advantage of experienced writers like Hyndman, Bax and Quelch. For many years it was extraordinarily well written, and took a large view of the Socialist work. As it occupied itself more and more with politics, it lost in intellectual power. The death of Quelch and the anti-German bias of Hyndman have in recent years sterilised it. The "Labour Leader" has never risen higher than a parish magazine. It is spiteful, narrow, and ignorant. The "Clarion" in early days brought to market a breezy dialect that saved the Socialist movement from falling under the complete influence of Stiggins. Its editor thoroughly imbibed the doctrine of State Socialism, propounded it with vigour and clearness, and wrote "Merrie England"—a brochure that penetrated into every section of society. The pity of it

is that, in his old age, his vanity will not permit him to recognise the limitations of his early creed. All the new ideas based on wage-abolition and the guild organisation of industry are rigidly excluded from his journal. Indeed, we were informed by a correspondent a fortnight ago that the editorial staff of the "Clarion" had not read and so could not discuss these recent contributions to economic thought.

When original thought is thus systematically put under tabu, it is hardly surprising that a group of ignorant mandarins should succeed to leadership. And it inevitably follows that they and their dupes must either come to a standstill or run upon the rocks. This is precisely what has happened. The mandarins thought that they could beat the middle-class politicians by playing the same game. They forgot two essential things: that politics is the expression of active citizenship—that is to say, of the possessing classes; they also forgot that the political leaders of middle-class England have forgotten more about politics than political labourism has ever learnt. Thus, all recent political measures have been carefully framed in the interest of the trading classes, hardly a thought being given to the economic oppression of the wage-earners; yet so effectively has an artificial democratic atmosphere been created that the Labour mandarins are forced to support legislation that positively binds labour more stringently with the burden of wavery.

It is hardly surprising, then, that close observation of the policy and personnel of the existing Labour movement convinces us that new men with a better order of intellect are needed for the period of reconstruction that draws near. The significance of recent revolt is lost upon the older generation. Take, for example, the operations of the Merchant Shipping Guild. This body is composed of qualified ships' officers. Last week, they withdrew their men from the P. and O. boats, finally obtaining several valuable concessions. Now these officers probably know nothing and care less about political Socialism; but they know to a nicety the value of their labour monopoly, and because it is a monopoly they have got what they demanded. But the significance of their action consists in this: Hitherto these men have been regarded as a regiment in the army of the profiteers; they have now proclaimed their intention to fight for their own hand. Suppose the P. and O. had fought them. Suppose, further, that the seamen had declined to go to sea without them (as in fact the Lascars threatened), suppose, further, that as a quid pro quo the officers would subsequently decline to proceed until the seamen's grievances had been removed: how far off then should we be from the organisation of the Transit Guild? Not only so, but last week saw the marine engineers threatening the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company (a corporation directed by a prominent Liberal politician) with what result we do not know. Have we not here the beginning of the revolt of the technical classes against their capitalist subjugation? Yet, so far as we know, this movement remains unrelated to the proletarian organisation. There was no Labour intellectual strong enough and influential enough to seize this opportunity to widen the scope of Labour activities. Nevertheless, we believe the day is coming when the bulk of the salariat, technical and commercial, will be forced to take action in its own protection. And ultimately it must look to the Labour Unions for support. That support will only be given on mutually advantageous terms, but it will mark the beginning of Guild organisation.

Therefore, we confidently anticipate great and dramatic changes in the convictions of men who are now erroneously supposed to be capitalistic both in theory and practice. But the men to engineer this larger movement towards industrial reconstruction must be imbued with imagination and constructive genius. They live amongst us now. There are thousands of them. It is the task of the new industrial statesmanship to draw them into social activity and to make their way easy.

An Examination of the National Guild System.—V.

By H. Belloc.

I COME in this fifth article to the last and fourth of the ideal types of Guild between which we must choose. It is a dreary, and to many it will seem an unreal business to plod thus through the examination of abstract types before approaching actual possibilities. But I am convinced that it is the only way of arriving at any practical conclusion in politics. We must first know exactly what we want, and then find how nearly we can get to it; and any vagueness in the idea of our reform will render our attempts at reform impotent.

The fourth ideal type of Guild, then, is that in which the means of production are owned not corporately by the members of the Guild, but severally by members within the Guild or by members of other Guilds.

The idea of such an arrangement is not only novel to the Collectivist Reformer of the last fifty years, it is also foreign and a little grotesque in his eyes. He has been out to destroy "private property." Private property has been, in a fundamental axiom of his, the root of all the evil. It is private property which exploits, which produces insecurity, inequality and insufficiency. And the idea of basing a new and a better state of society on private property, seems to him an economic contradiction in terms.

When it is pointed out to him that he is really indifferent to economic inequality save where it is so grave as to produce human disaster, and when it is further pointed out to him that what he is really fighting is insecurity, spiritual dependence, and hideous destitution, and that these proceed from the vesting of private property in the hands of a few (and a competing few) he will usually fall back upon a certain historic argument, to wit, that if property were better distributed—so well distributed as to abolish destitution and for the moment insecurity—yet by the action of inevitable processes in human nature it would soon again drift into the hands of a few and the old evils would at once recommence.

In this historic argument which is the true (though often unrecognised) basis of Collectivism, I think the Collectivist can be proved wrong so far as the past is concerned; and that both on the analogy of the past and from our knowledge of the present his calculations of the future can be shown to have insufficient weight. But I shall not here enter into the full argument in favour of private property as a principle; that demands the scope of a full thesis and of a book. I shall confine myself to the ideal consequences of the ideal type as I have done in the three other jumble types of Guild which I have examined.

I ask: Given that the land and the instruments of toil wherewith any particular Guild worked were owned in shares which were the private property of men working whether in their own Guild or in some other Guild, would that state of affairs—supposing it practically possible—satisfy the Guild idea? And I reply that it would satisfy the Guild idea more nearly than any of the other three types.

The objects of a Guild we are, I think, agreed to be primarily the recovery of a sense of control by men over the conditions of their own labour; and next the energising and sanification of labour by corporate association. The Guild must associate men in their work, but also, to fulfil its end, should make a man feel economically free.

Now the one and only condition of freedom in the economic sphere is the power to live whether another wills you to live or no. That is what we mean by Economic Freedom, and that is all that we mean.

A man is spiritually free even if he is not possessed of this economic freedom, so long as he is willing to die rather than submit to coercion; but we know in practice that men will not be so willing. And it is obvious that even if they were so willing their will

would be futile. For death, while guaranteeing a man's freedom would extinguish his freedom with himself. A man is politically free so long as the forces of the State are not used to compel him to work by the infliction of penalties, which he will dread less than death, but still sufficiently to enforce his labour. But a man is not economically free unless, apart from the neutrality of the State, he is able to live without first obtaining the permission of some other man. It is self-evident that he cannot occupy this position of freedom unless he is able to lay his hand upon food, clothing, shelter, and the other necessaries of life; and we call his power to use these things at his discretion and at a moment's notice, *property*.

A man working under primitive conditions with his own instruments, with his own stores of seed and food and the rest upon his own soil, is possessed of absolute economic freedom. It is true that men in association, when that association is such that the individual can be sure of indefeasible personal control, are also economically free. But no man can be sure of this indefeasible personal control, for it is a negation of association itself. With small associations, however, a measure of control is really present. A little club of men may make one man their butt or their victim, but within such a small body each individual member will normally have a great deal to say over the distribution of the wealth produced or acquired by the Corporation. Whoever acts for the Corporation in this matter will be subject to close personal inspection. The moment that the association grows in size this faculty of control correspondingly dissipates. It is attenuated far more rapidly than the numerical growth can account for. It is virtually lost before even a moderate association of some few hundreds is reached. It has no appreciable existence in an association of many thousands.

All, I think, will grant this; but there is something more. The power of a man to control his association has for its factors not only the numerical proportion borne by one unit to the whole, but, secondly, the weapons or methods whereby that unit can work, and for a third factor, the advantage which he demands from the officials, who are technically the servants of the association. Thus, if I am dependent for every moment of my life and every scrap of my food and clothing upon an association of which I am a member, I have no instrument wherewith to affect its decisions save my voice, and if I correspondingly expect from my association not this or that but everything necessary to man, then my power of re-acting against it is correspondingly diminished to zero. If I am expecting from my association something less than a totality of livelihood, I have more power, for I can threaten to do without the Guild. I can act independently of it; and the converse fact, that I shall in such a case be possessed of something which the association does not control, will add to my power of resistance.

The cases are exactly parallel to the dependence of one man upon another; for the word "association" read the word "Jones" and this truth is manifest. If Jones alone can provide me with livelihood, and I can obtain nothing save from Jones, and have not even an ounce of food apart from Jones, then Jones is my absolute master, supposing I propose to live at all; and though it is true that in the case of an association I am a part of Jones, yet I am never the master of Jones, and if Jones is very great I am a negligible part of him.

It is further self-evident that were it possible for economic associations engaged in production and exchange to be universally composed of men independent of the total production proceeding from such associations, then you would have the maximum of control exercised by the individual over the group. But that is mathematically impossible. The sum total of the produce of the Guilds (excepting foreign tribute) is identical with the sum total of goods which all the members of the Guild have to dispose of. What arrangement in this formula of two variables will give the maximum of freedom? An arrangement in which a man, while a

member of a Guild which defines his hours of labour and the other conditions under which he *works*, is also in direct personal receipt of goods necessary to his livelihood *other* than the dole afforded him by the Guild itself. This he can only receive in the form of rent, interest and profit derivable from his property in a share of the means of production whether in his own Guild or in another Guild indifferently.

Take a simple case. Let the property in certain arable lands be equally divided between a hundred families, but let the conditions of agriculture be such that these families can most profitably till co-operatively. Contrast what will happen in such a purely hypothetical state of affairs with what will happen if all the land be owned in common. In the second scheme no family will have any power of reaction against the will of a majority or of some official whom custom or intrigue, or even election has set up, but once give several property with all its connotations to each family and you immediately get the power of resistance and of control. It has against the association the weapon of withdrawal; it would presumably have the weapon of staying power.

That single hypothesis is, of course, extreme and quite unreal; but suppose a multitude of industries similarly organised and the matter becomes more tangible. The Guild which controls your labour may be, at your pleasure, remote from that in which you have at least a part of your property. The exercise you control over the officials in one case is of a different kind from the control you exercise over the officials in another. You are larger by your various activities; you are more securely based upon a number of points.

Further, that for which you give your labour will always have, as its minimum, *subsistence*; but under any pressure of disfavour (granted property) you have a further supplementary sum giving you the margin *beyond* subsistence, and with it a corresponding economic power. Other forms of association will be available to you at will, and, most important of all, your inward self, the spiritual essence (the discontent of which is our whole problem), thus gains relief. Every man knows this to be true who has passed from a condition proletarian to a condition of wage earning *plus* ownership.

If one could so organise society that all men should own in one aspect, while in another aspect they were also workers at a wage under a Guild, if one could so organise all industrial effort that while every part of it was of Guild formation, yet the individual members were thus free from economic servitude to one Guild, you would, I think, attain in this problem of two variables the maximum of economic freedom consonant with corporate effort, and the maximum of corporate effort consonant with economic freedom.

But to such an ideal, apart from its practicability, with which I will deal elsewhere, there are two grave apparent drawbacks which every modern reformer will at once discern and which the everyday Collectivist has already taken for granted to be insurmountable.

The first of these is the fact that such an arrangement seems to necessitate and to perpetuate that mere competition for profits which is at the root of our capitalist miseries to-day. Your "owner" would, as "owner," be forcing down wages, making a dust of labour, competing everywhere for surplus values which he might or might not attain, and, in general, continuing by his existence all that insecurity and inhumanity which this journal has included under the nickname of "profiteering."

The second is the assertion that Property thus divided, being in active competition, subject to all the changes of applied discovery, and to all the monstrous chaos of finance, would shortly be ruined, its distribution dissolved, and society condemned to yet another aggregation of the means of production into few hands.

With those two criticisms—both of which I believe to be false judgments founded upon a false analogy—I will deal in my next paper; for I am convinced that Property so distributed would not only be stable, but would provide the best spiritual basis for a regulation of competition.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

IX.

Ottoman Greeks.

IN Misket Hanum's garden I found visitors. Three bare-headed, bare-faced, black-haired, comely maidens were with my hostess on a seat beneath the deodars. Misket had talked to me about them previously. They were Greeks from a village up the Bosphorus—fearless, self-respecting girls who earned a modest living by their work as dressmakers, journeying from house to house. At one time they had gone to Christian houses only; but latterly, by Misket Hanum's recommendation, had worked for Turks as well. As they themselves informed me they were petted by the Turkish ladies, and treated by the men with all respect. Yet they dared not let their parents know that they had ever been employed in Muslim houses. Had the fact been but suspected in their village they would have been ostracised, perhaps stoned; for ignorant Christians are as fanatical as ignorant Muslims. A native Christian girl who marries a Mahomedan is killed as a sacred duty by her nearest relatives if they can get at her. On the steamer on which my wife and I travelled to Marseilles at the end of July, there was such a girl among the steerage passengers. Her brothers had beguiled her into accompanying them to America where her Muslim husband was already trying to make money. At Marseilles they performed her murder in a curiously open manner, seeming to think the deed would be applauded in a Christian country.

These Greek dressmakers, therefore, gave it out at seasons when they were employed in Turkish houses that they were working for a European, Misket Hanum, who thus acquired a reputation for extravagance and a love of finery. They gave her house as their address in case of letters, and generally came to stay there in the intervals of work; Misket Hanum, like the Turkish ladies, keeping open house for women. Yet, though they owned to being much indebted to the Turks for kindness, they hated them, as I discovered presently; and did not see how any Muslim could really be regarded by a Christian as a fellow-creature.

Seeing me in a fez, they took me for a Turk at first, and were going to withdraw when Misket Hanum introduced me, with a touch of malice, as an Englishman who much preferred the Turks to "Greeks, etcetera." At that they all broke out:

It was impossible! A European could not really like the Turks! What was there in them to inspire a liking? They were good-natured, truly; so were many animals. But were they not barbarians, and cruelly fanatical? Did they not keep their women in seclusion? In a word, they were not Christians. How could anyone prefer them? As a return for Misket Hanum's little thrust, all three declared their firm belief that, if I wore that hateful head-dress and pretended to love Turks, it was simply from terror of my hostess, who might otherwise have turned me out of doors.

"Why, what have you against the Turks?" cried Misket Hanum. "Is it not true that when your father's house was burnt one night, the Turks and not your precious Christian brethren, took you in, and got up a subscription for you?"

That was true, the girls admitted; the Muslims often did kind actions, which, however, could not blind a Christian to their utter and essential wickedness, the product of a false religion. It was known that they esteemed it holiness to kill a Christian when they got the chance. As for this poor, wandering Englishman,

how should he know anything about them, having just arrived! It was evident that he took his cue from present company, for peace.

At this point I was moved to say that I knew something of Mahomedans, having spent a great part of my life with them. I asked these girls to give a single instance of Mahomedan fanaticism, not hearsay, but their own experience. The two elder appeared disconcerted by the point-blank question; but the youngest, nothing daunted, answered hotly:—

"I have heard them call out 'ghiaour' behind me in the public street." The horror of this accusation hardly reached me. It resembled that made by the Christians of San Stefano to M. Lausanne when he was inquiring of the conduct of raw Turkish troops from Asia who had encamped there by the thousand during many weeks: "Shocking! One of them kissed a girl the other day." I had to struggle with a strong desire to laugh before replying: "That is nothing. I have been stoned by Muslims more than once."

Their astonishment at that remark was very great.

"And yet you like them? It is hardly possible. You are joking, certainly. Why should they have stoned you? And, if they stoned you seriously, how did you escape?"

I assured them I was very far from joking. The thing had happened to me once in Hebron, once in a village northward from Jerusalem, and three or four times in the Muslim quarter of Beyrout, which eighteen years ago was very rough indeed. My only crime had been to wear an ugly English hat.

"So that is why you wear a fez at present, is it?" sneered the eldest of the girls; nevertheless she begged me to proceed with my narration and say how I escaped from those fanatics.

Not being a native Christian, I informed her, and therefore not having fanaticism on the brain, I on each occasion had looked upon the stoning merely as a piece of impudence involving danger to my horse and me. I simply rode my horse at the assailants, desiring to know what they meant by throwing stones at us, and invariably I was supported by the sense of justice of the crowd. Once in the outskirts of Beyrout, a friend who was with me had just thrashed the ringleader—a boy about fifteen—within an inch of his life, when the father of that boy, with other elders, came upon the scene. The men were fully armed. We looked for trouble. But no sooner had I told our tale to the newcomers than the father pounced upon his son and administered a second hiding still more awful than the first. When they discerned the moral of my tale, the three girls bridled highly and disdained it, observing that the case of Europeans was entirely different. The eldest dropped a brief conclusive word to the effect that Muslims were not Christians so could not be tolerated. She then turned to Misket Hanum and in the same chill tone congratulated her on having found a guest after her own heart.

I had many subsequent opportunities of studying the point of view of ordinary Greeks, for these girls were often in the house and our cook was also Greek and fond of argument. I never ceased to marvel at its pure fanaticism. They really liked the Turks of their acquaintance; that is to say their own experience would have made them tolerant, but for the instruction which they had received from priest and parents, in which they hurriedly took refuge if accused of such a liking. They were gentle girls, incapable of harming anyone; yet I have heard them earnestly maintain that the great persecution of Mahomedans at that time going on in Macedonia was justified upon religious grounds; though they changed their tune directly it was known that the Greeks had suffered too. Some Turkish men, who visited our house, habitually took delight in teasing them until they showed fanaticism. Then they would turn to me and say: "Amazing, is it not? In this century! But all Greeks, without exception, are like that."

The Greeks of Turkey were not always like that. Of old, when their women veiled like the Turkish women,

when their men wore fez and turban like the Turkish men, there was no such bitterness between the two religions. If they are "like that" to-day it is the outcome of a century and more of anti-Turkish propaganda, first Russian, then Hellenic. How many Turkish subjects have thus cunningly and patiently been trained to be a barrier to Turkish progress, to prevent the realisation of my Muslim khôja's dream of peace and goodwill!

There is an aspect of this Christian question which has not been touched upon by any writer that I know of. It is the utter helplessness of the Christian subjects of the Porte before the Muslims, as compared with their immense pretensions. Their pride is not in what they have achieved themselves, but in what their co-religionists have done for them. They have seen province after province taken by the Powers from Turkey and made into an independent Christian State, and they glory in each loss to Turkey as their victory; forgetting that, but for the interference of the Powers, Turkey would have lost no territory in Europe or, if she lost it for a moment, would have soon regained it. All the achievements of the Western world, in every field, they claim as theirs upon the score of Christianity. They have assimilated themselves in dress and manners to the Europeans, who have established privileges in the Ottoman dominions, and incline to claim those privileges on the strength of mere resemblance. When one remembers that these people are the conquered race, and that they constantly announce themselves as future conquerors, with talk of turning Aya Sofia into a church again, and crowning a new Constantine before its altar, it is a wonder that the hatred should appear on one side only. Yet so it is. The Turks dislike the Greeks—chiefly, I believe, on grounds of roguery—but laugh at them; they do not hate them.

"Oh," said the friend, who, for his quiet judgments, I had chosen for my mentor, when we broached this subject; "the hatred that they have for us is imposed on them, a kind of dogma. They hate the Armenians, Bulgars, Catholics with another, much more lively kind of hatred, I assure you. If Europe would but say decidedly that Greece shall never have Constantinople, that no more territory shall be taken from us, those people might become good subjects, like the bulk of the Armenians, who see now that they cannot hope for independence, and prefer us to the Russians."

Among the cultured, cosmopolitan Greeks of Constantinople one occasionally finds a cordial liking for the Turks. A Greek of this sort who was interested in my studies invited us to his island villa towards the end of my stay in Turkey. One evening, as we smoked together, looking out upon the sea and the many distant lights which marked the entrance to the Bosphorus, he let fall this strange saying: 'You cannot say much for the Turks that would appeal to English people, for they are unbusinesslike—a fault for which commercial Europe never will forgive them. But you can say with truth that they are generally good and kindly while the Christians of this country are—well, 'wicked'; I can find no other word for it.'

I cannot honestly endorse that judgment, in so far as it concerns the poorer peasant Christians, whom I know and like. It may be true of the rich Levantines; I cannot say. But the poorer Christians are not wicked; only they have been misled, and schooled to great intolerance at a time when Muslim education tends the other way. After I had been two months in Misket Hanum's house the Greek cook asked me: "Do you truly like the Muslims? Surely it is only a pretence. We have watched you and feel sure you are a Christian. Why, then, do you like them?"

She seemed really worried. I gave some reason which occurred to me. She thought it good, and quite agreed with me—on natural ground.

"But still they are not Christians," she suspired. "It is so puzzling."

It was the supernatural aspect of the case, at war with facts, which worried her.

"The Awakening of Women."

By Beatrice Hastings.

To attempt a summary of the special supplement on "The Awakening of Women" in the "New Statesman" of November 1, would be an ordeal suitable only to the fabulous sorters of mixed sands. Mrs. Sidney Webb begins this staid contribution to the world's difficulties by saying that "we shall never understand the awakening of women until we realise that it is not mere feminism." I certainly have looked for, without finding, any trace of "mere feminism" in the whole heap. What do I say? I am forgetting the contribution by Miss Jane Harrison.

It is difficult for me to realise that these writers are really women; they write (with the exception of Miss Harrison) as though they had not bodies. You might suppose them to be, as yet, indeterminate figures begun to be formed from the tongue as a nucleus. You would never expect them to become finished as women. Their writings are mostly in jargon—politicians' jargon, parsons' jargon, scientists', bureaucrats', doctors' and electricians' jargon, mingled with suffragettes' jargon. I have got nothing out of it all that is of any use to me as a woman. There is nothing in it of interest except to what Mrs. W. L. Courtney calls "The new type of subordinate women brain-workers," whatever this shade of a creature may be. They are all forever "speaking generally" and "on the whole," and making syllogisms based on "other things being equal." Sir Almroth Wright will begin to think that he has really been rather too personal!

It would not be fair, of course, to criticise Mrs. Webb's literary style except when this makes her quite absurd, as in her first paragraph, where she exhibits that subordinate woman-brain romancing. Mrs. Webb leaves "to future historical philosophers the analysis of how far the movements of labour, women and subject people, are parts of one another. For the moment, it is enough to note that they are paralleled." Six lines later, she has performed a miracle, hurled herself into the centuries ahead, and brought back the opinion of the future historical philosopher. She has beheld him analysing and deciding about these movements, with their "carefully conceived and persistently pressed schemes of reform crossed by heroic outbursts of impatient revolt. Both serve, *the subsequent historian narrates*, the same general end." Why wait, henceforth, for the judgments of posterity?

Mrs. Webb's second paragraph, lapping Sir Almroth Wright, in the acid love of an opponent who does so appreciate liveliness, frankness and honesty even in a "reactionary," is a study in this popular method of female attack. She finds "a certain simple charm" in Sir Almroth Wright! I do not congratulate Mrs. Webb on either liveliness, frankness or honesty. She hates the man like poison, but dare not say so. Mrs. Webb would away with the notion that government in the last resort is based upon physical force. She thinks that the appeal to force is "just as lowering and inconclusive when made by women as it is when made by men." She thus implicitly compares the force of women with that of men—Marathon with the scuffles around Westminster! And we are to understand that the decisive battles of the world, from Marathon to Waterloo, were inconclusive! She can only mean that they did not end in Mrs. Sidney Webb's brand of bureaucracy with woman installed in "the best-paying posts." It is wise of women to use all their influence against war, for, as a great Frenchman said to women, "When the reign of force begins, your reign is over"; but romantic assertions to men about the inconclusiveness of force that has won their own soil for them will only make at best for pitying patience with the feminine brain. And does Mrs. Webb suppose that Driver Caudle has been released because of—what on earth does she suppose? "It is fear, O little hunter, it is fear!"

"The Hindoo or Mohammedan woman, secluded almost from birth, seems, to the European visitor to the zenana," writes Mrs. Webb, "to belong to a lower

race than the men." No, no; they would seem so to Mrs. Webb, but they certainly do not seem so to Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall. They did not seem so to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who infuriated all the court-ladies in Europe by her letter on the accomplished and beautiful Fatima. I was talking yesterday to a woman who has been in half the aristocratic hareems in Turkey. She told me that the introduction of a vulgar type of European woman to middle-class houses has let in a mischief-maker with whom the Turkish women scarcely know how to deal. Her methods are altogether below them, and she has no sense of feminine companionship. If one wishes for the truth, one must not listen to a woman like Mrs. Webb, this woman of "bony soul," as Mr. Wells describes her, this new type of subordinate brain-worker. Read the prefaces to the last eight fascicles of the "Mahábhárata," written by the widow of Chandra Ráy—there is to be heard the testimony of a superbly educated Hindoo woman. I imagine Mrs. Webb trying to talk down to Sundari Bála Ráy, this secluded purdanashin widow!

The suffragette jargon in the "Supplement" need only be hinted at—woman's arrested development—and man's absurd masculinity makes the song. "Women are suffering," says Mrs. Webb from an artificially arrested development." Yet "it is interesting to notice that professional women, taken as a whole, have distinguished themselves for qualities of sterling public worth . . . for unwearied persistent industry, for sane and measured judgment, for accuracy and insight, and (to the mere man perhaps most incredible of all) for a sense of honour and esprit de corps equalling, if not excelling, that of their male colleagues." There, she has not forgotten a single cliché, even to the excelling. Mrs. Webb is satisfied to say that "it is interesting to notice"—and this would be evidence enough for any contributor to the "Supplement." But what has become of that arrested development? One is left to suppose that it is only unprofessional women whose development has been arrested, and who cannot become paragons at a moment's notice. "Taken as a whole," again, "it is interesting to note that the woman's movement has been singularly free from militancy," and this is intended as a polite rebuke to Miss C. Pankhurst, who is permitted to state her opinion that "Militancy is, as it were, the flowering of the Woman's Movement for Equality"; the which is the cry we get from as far away as Paris is. What is interesting for me to note, however, is Mrs. Webb's statement that "The capitalist system has forced millions of women out . . . as wage-earners." And this is probably the cause of women's unrest, that they have been forced out. One concludes that the millions will go back home with improved labour conditions for men, just as the unit wage-earner goes back the moment she has a chance. It is not a spontaneous movement we are beholding, but women forced out from their homes. Let us remember this, when Mrs. Webb and others romance about the Movement, for it is the wage-earners who make the present problem and not the handful of professional women who write supplements and excel men in a sense of honour and all the rest.

Lady Betty Balfour, writing on "Motherhood and the State" mentions these "blacklegs," as Mrs. Webb unsympathetically calls them while she admits the capitalist force behind them. "Of the families in one London parish alone sixty per cent. are said to be (this is intended for Evidence) living exclusively on the low wages of women. 'Everybody works but father!' is a grimly illuminating child-saying." It is not a child-saying at all, but the refrain of a rag-time song about a lazy old man who sat round and smoked all day. But any stick will do to beat the dog with! The pitiful tragedy of the unskilled man blacklegged by his own innocent wife and children must be added to the sordid tragedy of skilled men deliberately blacklegged by women who are not forced to go out and work, but go for "a little money of their own"—professional women and "pin-money" workers. This last tragedy

will be relieved with the success of the female cry—"equal pay for equal work." The women will go "on the whole." Every woman "on the whole" who works at the same work three weeks running reaches a period which, properly used, conserves her strength and renews her enthusiasm for life: ill-used, it will lay up for her nervous disorder, the effect of which is mostly premature ossification. I should say, from what I have seen, that most of the vanished suffragettes are somewhere vegetating in this condition—they simply cannot bring themselves to move any more. Men can be relied on to produce reserve strength when occasion needs, and this is the basic reason why they are worth more than women in any employment. It is one of the things which professional women try to make it *tabu* to say, because even a female surgeon cannot escape this disability and, at such times, is a danger to her patients. No woman who knew would employ a woman in this condition to operate on her or to deliver her of a child. If we are to have all favourable things said, let us have this unfavourably said, for it is the most important! The woman who defies Nature that provides this period of rest and renewal, is a danger to herself and to everyone she deals with. But it will not be said by the women who are thus dangerous!

Lady Betty Balfour remarks on "the spirit of independence and love of trade" of the wage-earning mother who has been "forced out of the home." She does not mean to be self-contradictory. She is only rather muddled between the women who are forced out and those who deliberately go out, and of these—between such as acquire a taste for being out and such as go back at the first opportunity. She hopes mildly that education will "inspire the next generation of factory-mothers with the desire to stay at home." Professional women, as we have heard, are inspired by education to go out; but perhaps education will accommodate itself somehow. I cannot puzzle out so much rubbish! The only present remedy I can see against women blacklegs is for men to refuse to work with them. Father's chances of employment would then be somewhat more numerous. "Ideal motherhood is inconsistent with the subjection of one sex to another." What subjection! And what is ideal motherhood? The Greek women were certainly subjected compared with a modern suffragette who can drag her husband into the police-court to protest against her, but bail her out. But these Greek women produced a nation of men who would certainly seem ideal children to intelligent women. The mothers of the Greek dramatists, of the heroes of Marathon, the mothers of Æschylus, Sophocles and Plato must have been proud women, surely! The mothers of the great English heroes, thinkers and artists had no vote, nor were they mad on Government posts. But that is enough. "Ideal motherhood," in the modern mouth, has little relation to producing children—it has much to do with having a say in municipal and political affairs.

Miss Jane Harrison's article, a very poor affair of journalese, with a Latin title, compares woman's position until recent times with that of the under-god of Oriental mythology, this god who, she volunteers to say, knew only enough to obey the head-god! The phraseology is infantile enough, and we are prepared to hear of a certain "happy little girl" named Jane who "half a century ago possessed herself of a Greek grammar" while an aunt said Greek grammars would not teach Jane to keep house, and Jane heard the gates of the temple of learning "clang as they closed." From which story we may conclude what we choose as to the old-fashioned absurdity of the aunt who, of course, did not calculate that little Jane would remain a spinster. Yet, the fact is that Greek grammars are of no particular use to housewives; nor has the one mentioned above taught Miss Harrison to write English. On a subject where, if she had anything to say, she might be expected to express herself simply, she is either gushing or pedantic; she borrows words from even engineering text-books. "If it be true that the feminine type is

more 'resonant' than the male, more subject to induction from the social current, whereas men are better 'insulated,' then modern conditions, charged as they are with the co-operative instinct, are especially fitted to feminine activity." If we do not know about electrical inductions and insulations we shall not, however, be missing anything more than an argument built upon a speculative hypothesis. This seems to be the usual Awakener's formula for proving something: If . . . then! I am not in the least interested in Miss Harrison's encyclopædic hotch-potch, not having space for the parody which is all it deserves; but I am much interested in the one single sentence of her article which shows the tongue attached to a body. The revelation is most unexpected, for she has talked about motherhood and fatherhood as though the body of the child were an equal tenant of man and woman, and no more tax on the time of the one than the other! But she writes: "Anyone who makes even a very small mental discovery can note how, at the moment of making, there is a sudden sense of warmth, an uprush of emotion, often a hot blush, and sometimes tears in the eyes." Now these, it seems to me, is the whole diagnosis of feminine incapacity for creation, the explanation of the very small mental discoveries ever made by women. Thought easily stays in the head of a man and may, so we are told, by a slight effort, be kept there; but thought spills over the brain of a woman and is lost among the nerves. With men thought again is the corrective of thought: with women exercise or repose. For this reason, by the way, no one should provoke or taunt an excited woman; she is already suffering pain on the nerves—her words mean nothing unless a way of relief. But to return to our mental discoverer. I should say that when Newton saw the apple drop his mind closed down like ice upon his emotions. I leave it to men; but I cannot believe that science has progressed through blushes and tears. Even an artist will fail if his emotion gets the better of his brain. But it really is "interesting to note" that Miss Harrison possesses a solar-plexus. I cannot find that any other writer in this supplement shows anything approaching a living organ.

Mrs. Fawcett on "The Remedy of Political Emancipation" repeats all we have heard on this subject, and professes to look forward to "equal penalties for the same offence whether committed by men or women," referring here to the divorce laws. I suppose she means that if a woman commits adultery her husband shall be entitled to be kept by her for the rest of his life while denying her marital rights. But, of course, she does not mean equality at all. She means that if a man commits adultery, the wife shall be entitled to be kept by him while denying him marital rights, whereas, if the wife offends, she shall be merely dismissed from her post, to live on her relations or to earn her own living in the glorious fields which, Mrs. Webb says, are now open to women. It cannot be much of a hardship to have to earn one's living considering that this very independence is what we are all craving and determined to have! What a sheet of nonsense is this "Supplement"!

Miss B. L. Hutchins does not avoid the facts that the reaction of family life on women's work makes women so difficult to organise, and that they marry as soon as they can; but still, her aim seems to be no better than the raising of women's wages while they are thus filling up their time! The terror of the "professional" woman at the domestic woman's entrenched position is alive in these pages, and about the only live thing in them. From Mrs. Webb to Mrs. Perkins Gilman the bullet is shot, openly or furtively, against the domestic woman. I could prove it by twenty dozen sentences if I had room.

I turn the last page with thankfulness, however, that Mrs. Sidney Webb evidently has no pigeon-hole for the Arts. All that these writers seem to know or care about is that women get less money than men, the which fact becomes a shrieking scandal in the region of £1,000 per annum professional posts.

Views and Reviews.*

THIS little book is a reply to Commissioner Beale's compendium on "Racial Decay," and is a defence of Malthusian economics and Neo-Malthusian practices. Dr. Drysdale devotes some space to showing that Malthus' law of population has been accepted by economists and biologists, and he also shows that Neo-Malthusian practices have been widely adopted, "that artificial restriction is practically the sole means by which limitation of families is brought about." Before I consider the evidence for and against the consequences of artificial restriction, I want to consider the economic basis of the teaching. I have nothing new to add to what Socialists have said in criticism of Malthus' law; but as Dr. Drysdale attributes the rise in the cost of living to the increase of population in the United States and elsewhere, it is worth while making a few quotations, more particularly as Dr. Drysdale admits that Malthus' law suffered what he calls "a temporary eclipse" as a consequence of Socialist criticism. It is clear that if Malthus' law can be shown to be invalid, so far as it relates to human beings in society, there is no economic reason for what is apparently an unnatural practice.

Malthus' law of population was simply this: that population increases in geometrical ratio and the supply of food only in arithmetical ratio, with the consequence that there is no room for newcomers at the feast of Nature. From this he deduced that the poverty of the many was due not to institutions, but to the working of a natural law. I have not the space to quote facts (readers may be referred to Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," and Flurschein's "Over-production and Want"), but this is Kropotkin's reply: "True, the formidable growth of the productive powers of man in the industrial field, since he tamed steam and electricity, has somewhat shaken Malthus' doctrine. Industrial wealth *has* grown at a rate which no possible increase of population could attain, and it *can* grow with still greater speed. But agriculture is still considered a stronghold of the Malthusian pseudo-philosophy. The recent achievements of agriculture and horticulture are not sufficiently well known; and while our gardeners defy climate and latitude, acclimatise sub-tropical plants, raise several crops a year instead of one, and themselves make the soil they want for each special culture, the economists nevertheless continue saying that the surface of the soil is limited, and still more its productive powers; they still maintain that a population which should double each thirty years would soon be confronted by a lack of the necessities of life!" Later, he says: "We have no right to complain of over-population, and no need to fear it in the future. Our means of obtaining from the soil whatever we want, under *any* climate, and upon *any* soil, have lately been improved at such a rate that we cannot foresee yet what is the limit of productivity of a few acres of land. The limit vanishes in proportion to our better study of the subject, and every year makes it vanish further and further from our sight." Malthus' law obviously does not apply to industry or to intensive agriculture; but, taking things as they are, is the rise in prices due to the increase of population—to the operation of Malthus' law? I have quoted the figures before, and I shall quote them again and again until they are recognised by writers on social subjects. In "The Struggle for Bread," "A Rifleman" gave the figures relating to ten great countries. He showed that during the period 1885-1910, population had increased by 48 per cent., the production of food grains by 60 per cent., and general commerce by 115 per cent. Obviously the problem is not a Malthusian one, and the rise in prices cannot be explained according to Malthus' law. "A Rifleman" argues, with more reason, that "this enormous increase in manufactured goods acts in a two-fold manner: on the one hand it cuts the prices of manufactured goods down, on the

* "The Small Family System: Is It Injurious or Immoral?" By C. V. Drysdale, D.Sc. (Fifield, 1s. net.)

other hand it must force the prices of all foodstuffs up."

Let us go a little further and consider the economic effect of Neo-Malthusian practices. Obviously, Neo-Malthusianism is a reform (if it be a reform) within the limits of the present economic system. It tells people to have no more children than they can afford to keep, and claims that by such a process of limitation poverty will be abolished. It is obvious that if a man is earning 25s. a week, and has no children, he and his wife will be able to live better than if they have children; but the assumption that poverty is thereby abolished is a fatuous one. A man is poor on 25s. a week. If the limitation of families results in a diminution of the amount of human labour competing for employment, wages may rise; but there is a limit to this rise, and that limit is fixed by the cost of machinery.

But Dr. Drysdale has a paradox for us. The limitation of families, according to his figures and arguments, does not result in a decrease, but an increase, of population! "The truth is," he says, "that the rate of natural increase (excess of birth-rate over death-rate) in New Zealand is nearly double that of Great Britain, and has also been growing steadily of late years." He quotes other examples. If this be so, and Malthus' law is valid, Neo-Malthusianism must bring about the very state of things that it set out to alter; population will increase faster than the production of sustenance, human labour-power will become cheaper, and poverty of the mass of people remain unchanged. Limit your families to your means, and you increase population; and as poverty, according to Malthus, is due to over-population, you thereby perpetuate poverty.

It is clear, then, that if we accept the economics of Malthus, and the arguments and inferences of Dr. Drysdale, we must oppose to the utmost the Neo-Malthusian teaching of the limitation of families. But, as I have shown, the economics of Malthus are contradicted by facts, and the artificial limitation of families (whatever its economic consequences) must stand unsupported by his doubtful authority. If there is no natural need to limit the family, why should we do it? Dr. Drysdale says that by limiting the family the population is increased, the general and infantile mortality is decreased, and the physique is improved; and he quotes figures relating to Holland in support of these statements. With regard to infantile mortality, I can only say that the Eugenists who devote considerable attention to the subject, do not agree on it. In the "Eugenics Review" for October, 1912, in an article entitled: "Infant Mortality and its Administrative Control," Dr. Newsholme is quoted as saying: "Large families evidently [his figures deal with forty-six registration counties] do not necessarily imply a tendency to high infant mortality. They should *ceteris paribus*, except in circumstances of extreme poverty, have an opposite effect to a slight extent. The connection often observed between a high birth rate and a high rate of infant mortality probably is due in great part to the fact that large families are common among the poorest classes, and these classes are specially exposed to the degrading influences producing excessive infant mortality." On the other hand, R. J. Ewart, in an article in the same review for July, 1911, says: "I have shown. . . . that large families and high death rates go hand in hand." Which is true I do not know, but I must remark that statistics cannot definitely prove a causal relation between these two facts. For example, in a table given by Dr. Drysdale concerning New Zealand, I notice that in 1899, when the birth-rate was at its lowest (about twenty-five), the infant mortality was over 9 per cent.; while two years later, when the birth-rate was about 26½, the infantile mortality was about 7 per cent. The two rates do not seem to have any causal relation to each other, and therefore prove nothing.

The general decrease in the death-rate is usually ascribed to improved sanitation, an increased know-

ledge of the conditions of health, and, rather more doubtfully, to improved medical treatment. Dr. Drysdale hints very strongly that the real cause is the increased adoption of Neo-Malthusian practices. "So great has been this fall in the death-rate, that it has almost made up for the loss of births, and the population of this country is now increasing almost as fast as it did before the fall of the birth-rate set in, although something like 400,000 fewer births now take place every year than if the birth-rate of 1876 had been maintained. It would be hard to imagine a more absolute contradiction to the impression given by the resolutions of the doctors and bishops. The only possible justification for these resolutions in the face of this fact would be a belief that the improvement is due to the strenuous fight of the medical profession and of modern sanitation to counteract the evil effects of this terrible innovation. . . . Even if we granted it, we are forced at least to the conclusion that modern hygiene is fully competent to rectify all the evils supposed to arise from artificial prevention—a result which is at all events reassuring." This is a very grudging admission, if it really is an admission, of the value of sanitation; but it is quite certain that the reduction of the death-rate in Panama, for instance, was not due to artificial prevention of child-birth, but to improved sanitation and medical treatment. Even if the general death-rate of England showed no definite tendency to decline before 1876, the year of the beginning of the decline of the birth-rate, there is one notable instance where it did decline, and that substantially, before that date. I refer to Leicester. Mr. Biggs, in his "Sanitation v. Vaccination," gives a table that shows the average death-rate in 1838-42, to have been 28.09, and a gradual decline has occurred since that date until, during 1908-10, the average annual death-rate was only 12.39. By 1876 the death-rate had declined to 24.49, and that decline of nearly four per thousand was certainly not due to artificial prevention of child-birth, for the population had increased from 49,951 to 105,913.

Dr. Drysdale claims for Neo-Malthusianism whatever improvement may have been made during the period under consideration; but he begins to draw distinctions when the question of the pathological consequences is raised. Prevention and abortion are two different things, and Neo-Malthusianism has never approved of abortion; the consequences are admittedly horrible, and he hints very strongly that the doctors quoted by Commissioner Beale have confused the two. Dr. J. W. Taylor was President of the British Gynæcological Society in 1904, and he devoted his Presidential address to a denunciation of Neo-Malthusianism. It is quoted extensively in Commissioner Beale's work, but Dr. Drysdale is very sparing in his quotations. He says though that "Dr. Taylor's strong remarks do not in any way inform us as to whether attempts at prevention or at abortion were the cause of the evils he mentions." Let us see. On page 246 of "Racial Decay," Dr. Taylor is reported to have said: "It would be strange indeed if so unnatural a practice—one so destructive to the best life of the nation—should bring no danger of disease in its wake, and I am convinced, after many years of observation, that both sudden danger and chronic disease may be produced by the methods of prevention very generally employed. . . . There are casual instances of sudden danger or acute illness that have come under my own notice, but none the less real and far more common is that chronic impairment of the nervous system which frequently follows the long-continued use of any preventive measures, whether open to hostile criticism or not as immediately dangerous." I omit the citation of cases, readers must turn to the book itself; but I must quote one other phrase of Dr. Taylor: "There is no method of prevention, whether by [the act of Onan] or by the use of injections, or shields, or medicated suppositories, that can be regarded as innocuous." It is clear that Dr. Taylor was not confusing prevention and abortion.

Dr. Drysdale's case rests on the assumption that there are harmless contraceptives, although that fact

would not diminish the liability to nervous impairment (to say nothing of other troubles) as a consequence of using them. What contraceptives are harmless he does not tell us; but he quotes Dr. J. Rutgers as saying: "There is but one method of saving women from the risk of gynæcological diseases depending on infection, and that is cleanliness. Now cleanliness is the most essential feature in the application of preventive means. Preventing infection and preventing fecundation are in principle parallel problems." Later, after making a gross mis-statement of fact concerning Commissioner Beale's book, Dr. Drysdale says: "The very antiseptic precautions recommended by medical men themselves for women after child-birth and at other times are practically identical with the best means for preventing conception." This is interesting, for on January 16, 1913, Dr. Herbert Snow made some statements in THE NEW AGE about antiseptics, which Lister discarded in 1890; and I make one quotation. "Lister admitted that his carbolic spray sucked them (micro-organisms) into its vortex, carried them into the operation wound in far vaster numbers than they would have penetrated otherwise, and was not strong enough to kill them. Lockwood found it all but impossible to sterilise the skin of his own hands, let alone that of the patient, completely; and further, that on areas, such as the scrotum, where micro-organisms specially abound, his operation wounds appeared to heal the better for their presence. Corrosive sublimate, the most potent killer of germs known, entirely precludes healing, as every surgeon knows; the wound remains obstinately raw." If the "harmless" contraceptive is an antiseptic, it would seem that we have to choose between an ineffective preventive and a dangerous one. If it is ineffective, it is not a contraceptive; if it is a contraceptive, it cannot be harmless.

I have not space to deal with all Dr. Drysdale's misrepresentations of Commissioner Beale's book, all his irrelevant statistics and unwarranted inferences from them; but I must remark on an important omission from his reply to Dr. Taylor. Dr. Drysdale has dealt very unsatisfactorily with the relation of cancer to the use of preventive methods; but he has ignored a very important matter in its relation to the general health of women. Dr. Taylor said in the course of his address: "But apart from this, is the prevention of pregnancy the gain to the woman that so many imagine? It may well be questioned whether in the study of pregnancy sufficient attention has been paid to the period of ovarian rest which appears to accompany the growth of the pregnancy. The raising of the ovaries out of the pelvis into the abdomen, the diversion of the main blood-stream for nine months directly to the uterus, and the absence of menstruation, through pregnancy and lactation, argue a time of rest and comparative inactivity for the ovaries, which cannot but have an important value in the life of the woman who is married and at the same time physiologically ready for conception and pregnancy. During this time of uterine activity there is ample opportunity for the nervous supply of the ovary to recover from any undue stimulus, and it is perhaps worthy of notice that this period is usually attended by improvement in general nutrition and increase in fat." I believe that Spencer Wells discovered how to perform ovariectomy somewhere about the time that the birth-rate began to decline, and it would be interesting to know the rate of increase (if any) of operations for ovariectomy, accompanied by diagnoses, during this period. There is evidence in Commissioner Beale's work of ovarian disease caused by prevention of conception, but Dr. Drysdale avoids the subject. He prefers to deal with statistics, and I venture to say that, on a pathological subject, clinical evidence is superior to statistical.

I cannot and do not claim to speak with any authority on this subject. I am not a doctor, and I have no special physiological knowledge or statistical evidence to enable me to deal with Dr. Drysdale's book as it deserves. But, as Dr. Drysdale says, when doctors

disagree, people must decide for themselves. It is well to remember that Nature tells a woman once a month to become a mother: it is true that Dr. Haig promises, as a result of the adoption of his uric acid-free diet, that the monthly hæmorrhage may be stopped, but not even he has suggested that the ovulation may be prevented. The call of Nature may be ignored, but not without risk; but, arguing on grounds of probability, in which state is the risk likely to be greater: the state where sexual excitement is at its minimum or maximum? Dr. Drysdale argues, of course, that the risk is greater where sexual excitation is at its minimum; and this is how he does it. He quotes Dr. Mott: "The profound psychical influence of the sexual glands, by reason of their internal secretions during the period of ripening of the germ-cells, is beyond all dispute, and the repression of the instinct of propagation, and attendant mental dejection or excitation, is a powerful exciting cause of mental or nervous disorders"; and he concludes: "According to this, it is 'moral restraint' which is provocative of evil consequences to the health, as the Neo-Malthusians have always contended, and this view is strongly supported by Continental medical testimony." It seems to me unwarrantable to infer that only "moral restraint" is meant by the phrase "repression of the instinct of propagation"; for the prevention of conception answers the same purpose in this connection as chastity, it represses the instinct of propagation. Dr. Taylor says: "The incomplete act of sexual congress is but slightly removed from that of self-abuse, and is open to much the same criticism and strictures." Dr. Ashton, in his "Practice of Gynæcology," says: "Women often suffer both locally and in general health from interference with sexual intercourse. The most frequent excuse for the disturbance of normal relations is the prevention of pregnancy, a practice which is unfortunately but too common at the present day. The sexual act must be complete, and any interference with the normal function by the use of [the act of Onan], of injections, or other means to prevent conception, causes congestion of the pelvic organs which eventually leads to functional and organic disease. Sexual excess exhausts the nervous system, in time produces chronic congestion of the uterus and its appendages, resulting in endometritis, menorrhagia, and other forms of pelvic disease." Whether the risk to health is greater or not in chastity, it is apparent, I think, that the prevention of conception is also not without its dangers. Moral restraint and abortion are not alone in injuring health; prevention is just as unnatural a process as, if it is not more so than, these two admittedly powerful causes of disease.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter I cannot pretend to decide; but it seems wise, when doctors differ, to perform natural functions naturally. The economics of Neo-Malthusianism are unsound, and Dr. Drysdale's argument that poverty can be abolished in ten years by the artificial prevention of conception is an insane one. Real wages have been declining in England since 1900, at least, and the birth-rate and death-rate have also declined during the same period. The economic fact is that poverty cannot be abolished while the wage-system exists, and no tinkering about within the limits of that system can alter the fact. But whatever the case for Neo-Malthusianism may be, I contend that it is not advanced by ignoring or misrepresenting the evidence collected by its opponents, by fatuous prophecies, and no less fatuous self-congratulation on results that are not demonstrably due to the operation of the cause that Dr. Drysdale advocates. Neo-Malthusianism did not create the fine climate of New Zealand and Australia, although he takes the credit to Neo-Malthusianism for the good general health that prevails in those countries. To those readers who may wish to investigate the subject, I can only say with Dr. Drysdale: "Read Commissioner Beale's extensive work on 'Racial Decay,'" and do not take Dr. Drysdale's statements of its contents as being accurate.

A. E. R.



THE SOUTENEUR: OR MORE OF THAT DREADFUL TRAFFIC.

Poet of the "Strong" School (to his Muse) : Go on—down you go—down there and earn me m' supper.

Readers and Writers.

I HAD honestly intended not to say another word about Strindberg in these notes, but I think I must this time be granted a free pardon, for I merely rise on a point of order. He has come down to a shilling—and a coloured cover. We all know that "The Confession of a Fool" is, on the authority of Strindberg himself, a terrible book. For my own part I have always thought that the most terrible thing about it is its title. But the illustrated wrapper in which Messrs. Methuen have thought fit to present the cheap edition to the world, is an easy first in the race for the epithet terrible. A lanky red-haired fashion-plate is gazing in some concern at a long-haired frock-coated gentleman, who is kneeling on the carpet before her and waving his arms about. In the offing is a table with a jug and wine-glass, all fading into a nondescript wallpaper. The book is the book of Strindberg, but the cover is the cover of Victoria Cross.

* * *

Nobody can accuse me of bias in favour of London publishers, but there are one or two whom I am tempted to pat (somewhat gingerly) on the back now and then. The "Collection Nelson" has supplied the rare phenomenon of French books which are not only readable, but also quite legible. The "Collection Gallia" is equally praiseworthy. It is now possible to read in comfort the "Pensées" of Pascal, while Nelson's edition of "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie," which contains many of Hugo's juvenilia, ought to make the French publishers rub their eyes. It is a pity, though, that both these series are issued in such a light-coloured binding. Some of us do not always leave our books to languish in the cloisters of a glass-panelled case; now and again we even want to read them.

* * *

A writer in the "Manchester Guardian" has been holding forth on modern Russian literature. In speaking of Andreyev, he remarks that "unfortunately" very little of his work has been translated into English. Well, well. The last tale of Andreyev's that I had the misfortune to read, was about a schoolboy with a venereal disease who disembowelled a whore in a brothel. The doings of this undesirable alien may well be left in the chaste obscurity of his native tongue. We can do without this kind of "frankness" that has lost its head and become rankness. Some authorities label it naturalism, but it is the same article, with the same strong smell, under whatever name it appears. Leave it to the doctors!

* * *

On the death of Arminius Vambéry the papers broke into a rash of the usual anecdotes, as if they were dealing with some devotee of the turf instead of one of the greatest philologists in Europe. I think Vambéry might appropriately be called the George Brandes of philology. The full nature of his linguistic achievements must necessarily remain all but unknown except to a few specialists in a particularly abstruse branch of a particularly abstruse subject. As a result, the rest of us have to put up with the assurance that Vambéry hob-nobbed with crowned heads, and made entries in the birthday-albums of the great. This is a heavy penalty for our ignorance.

* * *

Near the Law Courts there is a shop which makes a speciality of that type of French belles lettres, where the first word receives more attention than the second. As I passed it the other day I noticed a huge board on which was announced the appearance of Guy de Maupassant's latest work. We may get something more from Rabelais yet. And what has Sir Oliver Lodge to say to all this?

* * *

It is amusing, by the way, to observe the strange attraction of the "illicit" book. Generally it consists of a revolting translation of a feeble original, badly printed, bound in a smudgy paper cover, and sold amid rakish

surroundings. "La Dame aux Camélias," assuredly one of the dullest novels I have ever read, is pretty certain to be there, and you may depend that "Madame Bovary" is not far off. Boccaccio and Rabelais in a very bloated and blotchy condition also smirk at you knowingly. Quite a number of people, I believe, acquire these treasures furtively, and hug them to their hearts, fully convinced that they are very gay dogs indeed.

* * *

That proverb about the honouring of the prophet needs some revision. I have come across a foreign critic who will have none of Max Beerbohm. His play, "A Social Success," was recently acted in Prague, and "Tristan" of the Czech journal "Zvon" speaks of it as "an English pill which was, at any rate sweetened by the fact that its lack of significance did not take up the whole evening. . . and therefore, 'ego te absolvo.'" Mr. Beerbohm got off lightly that time, but it is clear he will have to be careful in future.

* * *

For some time the "Mercure de France" has been so full of discussions about the homosexuality of Whitman that I have become sick of the sight of its mauve cover. I strongly suspect the Germans of being at the bottom of this overflow of morbid pathology into literature. Anyhow, it is time the mess was cleared up. (Not long ago it seemed as if the "English Review" had turned into a monthly edition of the "Lancet.") And the revelations about Flaubert by the disciples of Freud!

* * *

To return to the "Mercure." The issue for September 1, in an oasis of some thirty pages, contains some interesting personal recollections of Ibsen, by George Brandes. Fresh light, for example, is thrown on the relation between Björnson and Ibsen. There are also some little-known details about Ibsen's originals—Peer Gynt, Nora, Eilert Loevberg, and others. Then there are suggestive comparisons between Tolstoy, Renan, Taine, and Ibsen; and, above all, between Nietzsche and Ibsen. Brandes points out the reserve and aloofness common to both, and shows how essentially akin they were in character. I notice, too, that Brandes comments on the neglect of Scandinavian culture in the rest of Europe. "Holberg is almost unknown (in spite of Erasmus Montanus); Bellman, Geijer, and Runeberg are left unstudied; Tegnér is known in Germany and England only by a single group of romances. . . . J. P. Jacobsen has attained some artistic importance in Germany and Austria. And that is about all." On this I would merely remark that Tegnér is *not* known in England, and I think that Brandes (Heaven forgive me for my presumption) has under-estimated the extent to which the Scandinavians are read in Germany, and also in the Slav countries. As for J. P. Jacobsen, I have lately been looking through the Danish text of his poems, and I am left wondering why none of our Scandinavian experts have thought fit to translate them.

* * *

Before I leave the "Mercure" for better, I must mention our old friend M. H. D. Davray, who is still at large. Modern English literature is dull enough, but M. Davray plasters the dullness over with a veneer of gush, which is duller. Only one example, and I wash my hands of him. He speaks of "The English Review" having published "une pénétrante étude par Mr. Austin Harrison sur les œuvres de Francis Thompson." Now anybody who read that "pénétrante étude" or "R. H. C.'s" extracts from it in these columns, is free to judge M. Davray's critical powers for himself.

* * *

My preoccupation with Czech poetry is a source of amusement to some people. But as a matter of fact my leanings towards Czech literature are quite reasonable. They need no apology. A literature which in one generation has produced Vrchlicky, Sova, Machar and Brezina—these four men were born between 1853 and 1868—obviously needs closer investigation. It is when we deal with the present generation, that the matter

becomes more questionable. Of the four writers I have mentioned—there are, of course, many others, but these four rise above local importance—one is dead and the other three have, I think, finished speaking their minds. The younger poets have yet to prove themselves. As yet only two or three have shown that they are worthy of their predecessors, without becoming mere epigones. The name of Otakar Theer occurs to me as one who has certainly achieved distinction. He has made some sort of name as a critic, while in the course of over ten years, Theer has produced only two volumes of verse—and small ones at that. The last one, published this year under the title "Anguish and Hope," is better than his youthful "Campaigns towards the Ego," of 1900, but it still smells a little decadent. The finest things in the book are four poems, "Earth," "Wind," "Water," and "Fire." They remind me of similar lyrics by the Russian poet Constantine Balmont (I have long been waiting for English versions and criticisms of Balmont, but I suppose that, in the end, I shall have to do the job myself).

The good old custom of issuing almanacs is kept up in Germany with excellent results. These annuals satisfy every moderate taste—from the homely fare of the "Limping Messenger of Lahr" to such delicate dishes as are prepared by the "Insel" and the "Xenien." With that overpunctuality which is the privilege of periodicals, the "Insel" almanac for 1914 has already appeared. It contains a variety of literary passages, selected from the books published by this firm during the year. Yet it cannot be called scrappy. There are poems by R. M. Rilke, Richard Dehmel, Paul Claudel (in French), Verhæren and others, while of the prose pieces I would mention the Balzac anecdotes by Léon Gozlan, the Indian aphorisms in Otto Böhlingk's rendering, a chapter from Brillat-Savarin, a letter to Mozart from his father, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's essay on "German Story-tellers." The rest I do not mention, merely because I wish to avoid tabulation. This almanac with its 184 pages of literary text and its dozen or so illustrations costs sixpence.

I have already referred to the personal relations between Björnson and Ibsen, as forming a part of the recollections of George Brandes. Adequate treatment of the same vexed question is naturally found in Björnson's early letters, which have recently been published and reviewed by Professor Gerhard Gran in the "Vossische Zeitung." Ibsen's attitude to Björnson is often difficult to understand, unless it is remembered that Björnson, the younger of the two, was famous long before Ibsen gained a hearing, and that Björnson with his literary grants and successes was able to give Ibsen the pecuniary help he so often needed. Ibsen must have found it hard to accept his friend's money; but he certainly found it harder to accept his advice. Then, too, Ibsen with his retiring manner was the very opposite of the demonstrative and frequently obtrusive Björnson, who wrote to Ibsen in these terms, "Your life has been so spent, that the sun has not been able to shine on it; the result is that the shoots have had more water than light, and display more marshy splendour than colour." And it is noteworthy that in Rome Björnson was attracted by the antique, while Ibsen sought the baroque with its more individual expression.

There is an interesting episode, too, in connection with some decorative orders which had been planned in honour of the two. Björnson, who first heard of the intention, immediately wrote to Ibsen, demanding a refusal. But it is clear that Ibsen was secretly gratified by the idea of a distinction of this kind. He replied with a long argument defending such outward marks of favour, and in the end Björnson was alone in his protest.

I notice too, that in the "Revue du Mois" there are some interesting details about Ibsen's attainments as a student. The only subject in which he passed satis-

factorily was German. In Greek and Arithmetic he seems to have done deplorably. His Latin essay was shaky—which is not surprising, seeing that he had to write on Ennius, and that he crammed up Latin with scarcely any help. All this is interesting, but I am afraid that no definite conclusion can be drawn from it. Because Ibsen excelled in German, it does not follow that the study of German will produce great dramatists. The most it seems to do at present is to fit one or two of our scribes for musical comedy. But, of course, I suppose they study mainly the Viennese dialect.

From the useful epithet "tedescan" may be derived the equally useful noun "tedescanism." And the subject of tedescanism in literature has an interest of its own. There is no knowing how far the writer will proceed who has been attacked by this form of scribbling mania. I remember seeing in a German philological journal—"Englische Studien," to be precise—a solemn and elaborate study of the linguistics in Kipling's "Stalky and Co." There were chapters on the phonetics, the syntax, the word-formations and all the grammatical peculiarities of the speech of Kipling's heroes. Now this little treatise was a supreme and crowning example of tedescanism. It was written, by the way, in excellent English, and not a single person to whom I showed it would believe that it was intended as a serious contribution to the study of English philology. Yet it was, although no man alive could have written a finer burlesque of the tedescan method.

I am reminded a little of this achievement in looking through Heinrich Baumann's "Londinismen" (Langenscheidt. Berlin. About 5 marks). The book is not new to me, but I am speaking now of the third edition, which bears this year's date, and is much enlarged and revised. This seems to show that Berlin is deeply interested in how London speaks. (Judging offhand, I should say that London does not care a damn how Berlin speaks.) Baumann's book is not pure tedescanism. Parts of it are distinctly interesting, and some parts are even useful. There is an introduction of 120 pages, containing a good summary of cant literature from Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook" onwards. (Of course, the amount of cant literature produced in England to-day was far too great to be recorded.) This section contains some queer things, the full text of "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road" and other vocal gems, together with some of the more delicate lyrics of G. R. Sims and Kipling! Then there are poems in coster jargon, and Herr Baumann seems to be so fond of this variety of speech that he composes a little song of his own in it. And him a Master of Arts of London University and all!

Later on, there are numerous examples of nursery rhymes, and I must say that Herr Baumann shows some skill in rendering them into German. Here is "Little Jack Horner":—

Hänschen der Kecke, sass in der Ecke,
Ass seinen Kuchen, den's Christkind ihm gab.
Er klaut mit dem Daumen, heraus alle Pflaumen—
Und sagte: Was bin ich für'n artiger Knab'.

And here is "Humpty-Dumpty":—

Rundbäuchlein auf der Mauer ruht,
Rundbäuchlein einen Sturz dann tut.
Des Königs Soldaten zu Fuss und beritten,
Können es nimmer zusammen mehr kitten.

This introduction is followed by a glossary of the London idiom. Apparently it was compiled before these decadent days of the nut and the flapper, whom Herr Baumann ignores. Although I am no authority on the subject, I think he might have given Henley's famous version from Villon's ballade: "A straight tip to all cross coves," with the stirring refrain:—

Booze and the blowens cop the lot.
But taking it all round, "Londinismen" is the best example of a moderate tedescanism that I have come across for quite a long time.

P. SELVER.

The Philosophic Angler.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

Is Mr. C. J. Holmes that most unpopular of all modern beings, a true aristocrat? It seems so, for he has discovered the utterly anti-democratic fact that danger is an element not to be neglected by those who want to see the human plant flourish best. "Had Dante lived in Florence at ease and undisturbed," he says on page 31 of his book ("The Tarn and the Lake: Thoughts on Life in the Italian Renaissance." London: Warner, 1913), "we might indeed have inherited from him other exquisite essays in the manner of the Vita Nuova: but had he not tasted the bitterness of defeat and exile, he could have given us no Commedia." And further: "Intellectual vitality, far from being dependent upon or associated with these views of universal happiness which are generally accepted to-day, is essentially alien to them."

Strange views to the ear of the social reformer—are they not? But views which seem to have occurred to Mr. Holmes by a study of the Greece of Pericles and Thucydides, of the Italy of Cesare Borgia and Machiavelli, where, in the midst of passions, tragedies and perils, a great art was born, an art which posterity has never been able to surpass.

In support of his theory that greatness and danger stand in close relationship to each other, Mr. Holmes, who, besides being a friend of the arts, seems to be a passionate angler, tells the following instructive story of his own experience:—

There was once a lake where plenty of trout and pike and perch was to be had. Some very wise men who naturally thought the trout a superior fish to the other, hit upon the idea to improve the trout-fishing by netting the pike, which was done. . . .

Several years after (our author continues) I visited the lake again. The boats and the old boatman were still there, but the boats looked shabbier and the boatman had aged with them. There seemed to be little or no business doing, and in the course of the conversation the following fact emerged.

The reedy bays had been raided by the Fishery Conservators with so much thoroughness that the pike had been practically exterminated. Well, had not the trout-fishing improved? Yes. If the weather was mild at the very beginning of the season there might be some good takes, but as soon as the little perch moved from the deep water to the shallows, they hustled the trout, the trout retired to the deeps, and the fishing was over for the year. The perch, then, had benefited by the change? No. They had become innumerable, but were so small as not to be worth catching, even by casual tourists. Nobody, in fact, was doing any fishing at all.

And this is the explanation:—

Before the pike were netted, the nobler fish, no doubt, came to an untimely end now and then; but after the pike were gone, the conditions of a trout's existence, if less precarious than before, were in other respects less favourable. Once the trout had reasonable access to their feeding grounds; now they found them occupied by illimitable shoals of small, prickly, hungry fish, quite useless to them as food, feeding greedily on the young trout, and impossible to drive away. Had they thoughts, and trout have long memories, they must often have sighed for the good old days and the pike.

And if this was the condition of the patricians of the Lake the plebeians were in no better case. They had immensely increased in numbers, but were become a puny breed, *fruges consumere nati*, good for nothing but to eat up the whole under-water food supply of the Lake and prevent their betters from getting it. Once their community had its great personages; now each was as small and useless as his fellows.

Like the old "fable of the bees," this "fable of the fishes" is a serious tale, all the more serious in that the author seems to hint at a practical and political application. He appears to suggest—if I understand him rightly—that the modern endeavour to make everybody comfortable is a danger to the noble, the superior men, who, though running no more risks, are crowded out by inferior comfort-lovers; and that it is likewise not without its grave consequences to the efficient worker,

who has less efficient workmen to drag along with him, "puny breed, which is good for nothing," perches that—to use a phrase of Zarathustra—"have become smaller and ever become smaller: the reason thereof is their doctrine of happiness and virtue." (Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," III, 49.)

And what is the remedy? Are we going to get the pike back and let them happily hunt our perches, so that they may have a hard time, so that life may become more dangerous for them? The mere suggestion of this will raise a smile to Mr. Holmes' lips, who has said nothing of the kind. But let us remember that in this country at least there is a fatal rashness in converting biological observations into political laws, and that Darwin's discoveries, for instance, were the fountain head of the Manchester school. This terrible school likewise did not wish to miss the element of danger, of competition—and stolidly looked on while the pike did some wonderful work amongst the lower classes! And is there any need of danger for a working man, for whom existence is dangerous enough as it is? Is not one man's meat another man's poison? A real artist, a full-blooded being may thrive on danger, may even rejoice in danger; a workman does not need it: he needs security and, if he should be a superior workman, opportunity. To-day he has neither one nor the other—and even our workmen are threatened by the perches that become smaller and smaller, and finally become master of the bigger perch, the efficient workman. There is no more pathetic tale to be found in the novel of George Gissing—greatest of English novelists—"The Nether World," than that of the able, honest, kind-hearted workman, who finally marries and is dragged down by the innumerable feeble beings (Mr. Holmes' smaller perches), who cling to his relative prosperity. Thus it is not the patrician trout alone that is threatened by our modern values of universal happiness: the better class perch, the efficient workman himself, is endangered by the multiplication of the inefficient, by the breeding of the criminal, the degenerate, the defective that is going on in our midst. It is against the latter that the pike is urgently needed.

As to the element of danger for artists—this is not so entirely absent from our times as Mr. Holmes seems to fear. Of course when we enter the street, there is no more death at our door, no more "drums and trappings of incessant conflict"—only a little bit of political chatter that need not frighten anyone, least of all the artist. But there is a great danger all the same: the fight with the innumerable perch-artists, that are only out for food, that do not care for art, cannot care for it, and must not care for it. They have been multiplying enormously of late—to the great disadvantage of the noble trout and at the latter's expense. So some of these fine beings have gone under, others have gone mad, others committed suicide, others died of a broken heart, others have fallen a prey to inner doubts, others have succumbed through the impossibility of communication, others have taken wives, have adapted themselves to the environment of the perches, and are now producing art-food for perches, and even pretend that this is the proper thing for them to do—poor fallen trouts!

No—there is certainly no need of danger for the true artist. Let me, as a further proof refer to another splendid book of Gissing—"New Grub Street." Here the talented man, a novelist of genius, is beaten by a much inferior, but shrewdly-practical scribbler, beaten so thoroughly that even his wife thinks it safer to leave him at the height of his misfortunes; finally, struck with grief, he dies a premature death, and the practical artist marries his wife, who in the meantime has inherited a fortune, and lives happily with her ever after! There is, I am sure, much of Gissing's own experience in this book, the only book in modern European literature that dares truly to describe the terrible career of a gifted man of letters. Let Pessimists be reassured: the poison and the dagger of the Renaissance may be absent from our age, but they are successfully replaced by the apathy, by the ignorance, by the cool commer-

cialism of our contemporaries, who have made as good a harvest amongst our artists as could be desired by any intelligent well-wisher of humanity.

One word more. I was one of those men alluded to by Mr. Holmes in his book to whom angling seemed to be the most senseless sort of sport and anglers a hopeless breed of phlegmatic people who sat all day on the same spot and never caught anything. I now know that they occasionally do catch something, to wit, a book with interesting ideas, a book that might even suggest some supplementary—perhaps superfluous—thought to others.

REVIEWS.

Odes and Other Poems. By L. E. Smith. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

A mind almost unconsciously trying to blend pietism and worldly lusts is here inspired to versification. No doubt the exercise of marshalling prickly reflections into correct metres will prove an adequate discipline. The metres are dignified, the diction is, at least, not insincere; and one or two pieces show some understanding of romance, its requirements, and its limitations. We beg to warn the author against any attempt to be daring; this is not in his proper line.

Daily Bread. By W. W. Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.)

We changed this baker long ago, after one trial. He is still hawking his mouldy old stuff. "How long have you been here?" "Close on three hours." "So long!" "I could have cried, I was so wearied, and after all when I got here to find you out!" And Fleet Street takes this for dramatic poetry!

Foliage. By W. H. Davies. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d.)

And here is another tradesman, against whose artifices we shut our door. What nonsense it is for this author to go about saying that "My pockets nothing hold." Everybody knows they hold something, thanks to an illiterate crew of reviewers. The "Athenæum," apropos of this volume, proclaims Mr. Davies as the legitimate heir of the "great poets"—adding that he has, however, contributed "nothing new to English poetry." We agree with the "Athenæum" that the verse in "Foliage" is every bit as authentic poetry as any Mr. Davies has previously written. The author is every bit as common as ever he was. One verse does delight us.

I see a maiden now
Fair as a summer's day;
Vet through her parted lips.
I see the milky way;
It makes the broad daylight
In summer time look black:
Her two lips close again
And night comes back.

Apparently, the lady had a luxuriant dark moustache! Mr. Davies writes about the change in himself "since I have made the Muse my wife." He does not say which Muse, but we will chance one much miscalled by others of the vulgar, and congratulate Callyôpe's second husband. (The first was Apollo.) What a poor gross soul is the legitimate heir of the "great poets." Compliments to the "Athenæum"! The "Athenæum" is quite overcome by the following verses from "Dreams of the Sea."

Thou knowest the way to tame the wildest life,
Thou knowest the way to bend the great and proud;
I think of that Armada whose puffed sails,
Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud.

Now what on earth does it mean? What is the wildest life—dolphins, whales? The sea does not tame these. Antelopes and boa constrictors might be tamed by the Roaring Forties. Perhaps Mr. Davies intends the Armada as a species of wild life. But the sea was at most no more than an auxiliary of the Plymouth bowsmen. And what is "swallowing every cloud"? Here

is a made-up piece, and nothing more. Mr. Davies continues:—

But I have seen the sea-boy, young and drowned,
Lying on shore, and by thy cruel hand,
A seaweed beard was on his tender chin,
His heaven-blue eyes were filled with common sand.

It is surprising that such a sight should suggest only the grotesque to a poet. But is it surprising? The whole of this dragged-out verse shows a feeble hand, lazily taking what it may reach. "Young" is merely suggested by "boy," and does not support "drowned," to which it is attached. "Cruel" of the sea, "tender" of chin, "heaven-blue" of eyes, "common" of sand are none of Mr. Davies' minting.

And yet for all, I yearn for thee again,
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood;
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

The present reviewer is reminded of an old torture inflicted during the matutinal tub of a fellow-lodger who used to sing madly—

O I am a sailor bold—
And I haven't never bin to sea!

The "fickle waves" of every salt song are, to us, quite a new addition to Mr. Davies' lyrical paraphernalia. We have been used to associate him with a landsman's kit; but perhaps we have overlooked his ocean experiences.

If space allowed, we should love to analyse the "Athenæum" criticism. Herein is writing of the "living sap of poetry; established reputation; chorus of just praise; limpid note; corporate sense"—with a dozen further clichés, and the inevitable information that Mr. Davies is "not like anybody else; he is simply like himself—he has branded [sic] his own peculiar originality," etc. To brand oneself on a lyric is, perhaps, to handle things with a new firmness, though the "Athenæum" says that Mr. Davies' new volume, the successor of great poetical works, "marks no fresh departure or development." We must take it that the poets cannot be further improved upon for the present.

Bees in Amber. By John Oxenham. (Methuen. 1s. net.)

After writing thirty novels, advertised in the present volume, Mr. Oxenham apologetically offers "to his dearest this my best." This best is alleged to consist of thoughts which stereotypedly "stubbornly refused" to be satisfied with the "sober dress" of prose. The poor things must still be dissatisfied, for they appear in little else but badly-rhymed prose. His would-be comic references in the Preface to bees in his bonnet and so on ill befit a volume which opens with a religious credo, and which nowhere is nominally very far from the Christian Master, Sin and Death.

Shapeless and grim,
A Shadow dim
O'erhung the ways,
And darkened all my days.
And all who saw,
With bated breath,
Said, "It is Death!"

Really, it is not proper to dub verses of this subject "my little bonnet-bees." The man seems silly. But perhaps it is only his very abject way of sincerely apologising for pretending to poetry. His cruel clichés make us thankful not to need to review his novels.

Australians Yet. By Grant Hervey. (Lothian: Agent, Walter Scott. 3s. 6d.)

Smoking-room verse for the most part, with some sincere, but otherwise uncommendable, odes on Australia. Mr. Hervey is no poet whatever he may be as a politician. He had better not waste more than his leisure time on verses.

The Book of Nature. 1910-1912. By John G. Fletcher. (Constable. 5s. net.)

There is a suggestion of undue pomp in appearing so very particular about the date of one's observations of Nature. Nature being eternal and man's span being, as some think, so tragically short, and as others, so comically long, last year's snows are always better

left undated. Besides, a poet will surely not live unless by his observations of the spirit as against the letter or detail of Nature. It is the mark of the versifier to rave egotistically about local phenomena. Let us say that Mr. Fletcher is not among these last. The sun and moon in his poems are the usual ones. He is dignified and manly in his singing of men's common heritage. He chides his thought when this would be urging him to sentimental regrets for the changing seasons, the august and lawful destruction and revivification of Nature. From a feeling of mournfulness where Summer's plains are leafless, he turns to the white of snowy Winter, to the storm's spectacle, or to the festival of the hearth.

Mr. Fletcher's rhythms are occasionally somewhat feminine and undisciplined, but his diction is almost classically purified, a truthful, clear, and beautiful possession. When he has sung his fill of Nature—what will he sing? With what is he going to centralise all these talents and virtues of his? At present his centre is apparently empty. It awaits the Will. There are three potential directions for this to take—towards a man's own self, towards a favourite woman, and towards humanity—the pilgrimage of man. The last is the way of Poets.

Helen's Mirror. By E. Westermair. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

Imitative verse very suitable for private circulation among young ladies.

Poems. Willoughby Weaving. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Weaving has some talent, but many vices. He too frequently forces his own sensations upon Nature; when he feels melancholy the day also must have an "aching heart." Love it is that usually makes him offend against sense and simplicity. But his taste is unsure, and most of the verses are marred by some lapse of manner or technique. He frequently introduces obsolete words and localisms into descriptive verses that should make an instantaneous picture. For instance, "The blue waves crudded white upon black screens" is merely a showy line and certainly not worth one's trouble to decipher. The verses exhibit much preoccupation with self, even where they are ostensibly addressed to lover and friends. Mr. Weaving should limit his subjects for awhile to the historical or romantic by way of discipline.

Atlantis. By Julius West. (Nutt. 2s.)

We wonder who gave Mr. Julius West the courage to sit in judgment on the soul of a dead nun. He informs the world that God reserves "his highest hate" for nuns who never "look on men." Some verses on insomnia and opium should perhaps save us the trouble of wondering. The title verse is a piece in dull decasyllables which Mr. West probably offers as blank verse.

Lyrics and Dramas. By Stephen Phillips. (The Bodley Head. 4s. 6d.)

Mr. Phillips still hesitates whether to be a model for his generation, or, a poet. His dramas of bloodshed, nightmare and incest have probably won him many disciples. It seems unlikely that he may ever succeed in tearing himself away. Yet the aristocratic stabbing affray and the incestuous fate of innocents will not, to-day, serve as drama. Mr. Phillips can in no wise claim "Greek reticence" while he deliberately invents an incestuous tale about creatures who had never any even mythical existence. When he tells of old Peterborough, the moonlight, the burial stone, he is dramatic as never in the midst of his tragedies.

Poems. By D. H. Nicholson. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

The writer, who appears to have mystical preferences, travels all over, from St. Lawrence to Capri, and passing through Rapullo, Assisi, Belfort, Lauffenmühle, Abbotsham, and London, at last comes to rest at Bookham. She has read her Kipling and her Paul Verlaine—but, in vain, she will never be a poet.

A Ballad of Woman. By W. E. B. Henderson. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)

The poet believes that his "lonely toil" will not have been in vain—

If I've by chance illumined more or less,
Something you've felt or known but can't express.

There is, we gratefully find, not too much evidence of toil. Not a great part of the midnight can have passed over the "Ballad of Woman."

For the years cannot smother that infinite Mother
Compact of her bone and her blood.

Tra-la!

By sheer "intuition" She scales the position,
While man is still crossing the plain.

Tra-la!

Bread and Circuses. By Helen P. Eden. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

This volume is nice to look at and to handle, and is full of genial verses. As most of them depend upon some witty point, carefully prepared, and are just too long to quote in full, we content ourselves with recommending them as a present from readers to such of their friends as like their poetry plain, neat and merry.

A Fair Conspirator. MARIE DE ROHAN, DUCHESSE DE CHEVREUSE. By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

It is not so very long ago that we had to warn Mr. Williams that we could not endure any more biographies of the Bourbons. We must repeat the warning in connection with this book. The history of the Duchesse de Chevreuse has been told in innumerable books, one of the most recent being "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," by M. A. Freer. The whole period has been done to death, and, unless an author has something new to communicate, there is no justification for this incessant striving for a place in the limelight, for each one of the characters. The facts of the history of this period are pretty well established now, and we do not need to be told the story from the point of view of Marie de Medici, of Richelieu, of Anne of Austria, of Mazarin, of the Duchess de Chevreuse, and the rest of them. When Dumas dealt with this period and personage, he made conspiracy interesting and exciting; but what is forced upon our attention by Mr. Williams is the fact that Marie de Rohan was a cantankerous person who could not govern France herself and would not let Richelieu or Mazarin do it without hindrance. The analogy between her career and that of modern political women ought to be shown, and would make lively reading; she is the type so well described by Sir Almoth Wright, and her career should admonish the too enthusiastic admirers of female ability. For, in addition to her political ability, she had sexual charms which she exercised freely; but although she troubled much both Richelieu and Mazarin, she was beaten every time that she opposed them. In her resided all the selfish ambitions of the nobility: her idea of government was the appointment of her lovers and friends to important posts; and the male idea of a powerful monarchy, and a consolidated country, found in her a bitter and unrelenting opponent. She embroiled Anne of Austria in conspiracy after conspiracy, and was the principal cause of her estrangement from the King that nearly ended in divorce; yet she returned to France never doubting that Anne of Austria would repudiate Mazarin's guidance in favour of her own. Anne, at least, had learned something by experience; and with a son reigning under her Regency, she would not imperil the monarchy. The "friend" of the queen had nothing to do but conspire against Mazarin; she was chiefly responsible for the Fronde, and was ever the moving spirit in anything that seemed likely to disturb the orderly arrangement of France. She was ever a mischief-maker and a busybody, with no idea beyond the gratification of personal desires. She was formidable, but not victorious; and died humbly enough at the age of seventy-nine.

Art.

The Little Gallery and the Fine Art Society.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

THERE is only one thing more tedious than doing the same task without variation again and again, and that is to watch other people doing it. It is true that some artists, like birds, can only sing one song, and they do this exceedingly well. The perfection of lifelong practice manifests itself in every detail of their work, and if you like their first picture you like them all. It is a case of never growing tired of the cuckoo in the valley. Among the artists I have met who modestly admitted that they had but one song, and who sang it remarkably well, was a man named Barlow, an American, still working, I believe, somewhere in Picardy. In cases, however, where this lack of versatility is not marked by any initial excellence, repetition becomes literally offensive; and it is precisely this kind of repetition which is so common among the more successful and more noted of our modern painters.

With the object, therefore, of avoiding the depression which always comes over me when viewing these eternal mediocrities, I determined the other day to travel in search of surprises, and I came across several people I had never had the pleasure of meeting before, among whom, I confess, were one or two amateurs. It may sound very trite to say that the amateur artist is the best possible artist, because he paints entirely from love of his work; but, really, in an age when everything is commercialised and industrialised the statement may constitute a little more than a mere platitude. Nobody detests the ordinary amateur more than I do. As a rule he is a gusher. He is frequently pretentious and incompetent, and he is often too ready to profit by the state of absolute muddle in the graphic arts to play the part of the professional when he meets with ignorant people on whom he finds it an easy matter to impose. In the female form, particularly, the amateur is most objectionable. The female amateur has no decent feeling whatever. Nine times out of ten she has not even the saving grace of honestly loving her work (which may sound a contradiction in terms, but is not). Her strenuous and futile labours are actuated entirely by a desire to shine; the furnace of her artistic "passion" is blown exclusively by the bellows of her vanity; her work is a "miroir à alouettes" with which she insists upon dazzling either some unfortunate male whose shoulder-of-mutton hands are incapable of such dexterities, or a circle of female friends who are merely sordid housekeepers or child-bearers.

Occasionally, however, very occasionally, a spark of the real love of the thing is to be found in the male amateur, coupled with no mean display of sound knowledge, and then even the modestly low price of the pictures are a cheering spectacle. Let me tell Professor Leonard Hill, now exhibiting his pictures to his friends at The Little Gallery, that I thoroughly enjoyed the fresh, direct, unpretentious charm of his out-of-door sketches. Even their obvious faults had a certain prepossessing candour and naïveté about them. I understand that Professor Leonard Hill devotes his time to imparting the principles of physiology to the younger generation. Hence, perhaps, this exuberant joy, this exulting cry of freedom and good spirits that seems to ring through his pictures. When he has turned his back upon the materialistic facts of his particular faculty, he is out on the shore, on the hills, and among the dunes, painting his own feeling of delight and well-being, and the consequence is that his sketches are both delightful and serene. The two agricultural scenes, painted with water and body colour are particularly good. The rising moon (oil) is also quite pleasing. And the clouds retreating across the sea, with their purple shadow covering whole leagues in a second (oil) makes an excellent study. I would point out to Professor Hill, however, that very often his use of body colour, particularly in the skies, constitutes a regret-

table blemish. The two pictures—the one of the stubble field with a hill in the distance, and the one of the dunes—are quite spoilt in this way; particularly the former. Body-colour, it seems to me, cannot be used below a certain degree of brightness, especially in a sky, without producing an effect of heaviness and confusion which is incompatible with clarity of statement. Professor Hill will realise this in an instant, if he has not already done so.

In the same gallery Mr. Paul Cooper exhibits some very tasteful jewellery. There is a gold necklace with a pendant which is treated with consummate skill and restraint, while the amethyst pendant, below, is an elegant work. The leather binding by Miss Carter is good of its kind. Perhaps it shows a lack of originality in the choice of units in design—for who necessarily associates dragons with things so utterly different as a blotter and an ABC guide?—but it is careful and conscientious. For the rest, Mr. R. Wells' pottery is sometimes attractive, especially the violet vases; Mr. Trevor Haddon, R.B.A., seems to paint the South much as he would paint London (see particularly the little sketch of Venice), and Mr. G. Wooliscroft Rhead, though occasionally interesting and happy in his coloured copper-plate (I believe I am right) decorations, strikes me as being a little too mechanical and tight in his treatment. The sorrel seed design is undoubtedly the best of his exhibits, and it is very good indeed.

* * *

At the Fine Art Society I had a strange experience. Scarcely looking at the catalogue in my hand, I walked round the little gallery lying to the left of the vestibule, and examined the pictures, without a thought in my mind but that I was examining the work of one man. After a first preliminary survey of the show, I studied the pictures more closely, and confirmed my original impression—that, but for three works which I shall name hereafter, all the exhibits from number X to Y were generally weaker and less convincing than the rest. It may seem strange to the reader that I should have overlooked the two names on the cover of the catalogue and that I should have again overlooked them inside, but I went to the Fine Art Society under the distinct impression that I was going to see the work of Ernest Proctor, and out of that position my eyes refused to help me, so reluctant is one's noblest sense to act the part of an independent detective save under pressing compulsion from above.

My surprise may well be imagined, therefore, when, on asking someone in attendance at the gallery for one or two particulars concerning the exhibition, I was told that the pictures were by Mr. Ernest Proctor and his wife! I will not deny that there was some pleasure mingled with my surprise; for had I not already noticed a distinct difference between pictures X to Y and the rest, and was I not now more than adequately confirmed? But perhaps after all the curious optical vagary which had kept me in ignorance of the truth, placed me in the best possible position to judge the work; and, as I have related the episode exactly as it occurred, I should advise all those who want to test their powers of discrimination, to do wilfully what I did unconsciously. I should advise them to go to this exhibition, to refuse a catalogue at the door, and then, after a careful examination of the pictures to divide the man's from the woman's work and see from a subsequent look at the catalogue how often they were right. *Naturally one of the conditions of the test is that they should not read any more of this article.*

After examining numbers 1 to 18 and in most cases enjoying their frank and fresh treatment, I became conscious of a distinct falling-off in quality, and but for "The Chapel, Versailles" (No. 20), "A Fountain, Versailles" (No. 25), and the "Restaurant Thirion" (No. 27), which were exceedingly good, numbers 19 to 38 struck me as being simply weaker efforts by the same man who had painted the other pictures. This is a great compliment to Mrs. Proctor, for, again and again, especially in the three pictures referred to above, she

sails so close to her husband, that willy-nilly, one cannot help thinking that the same hand has done them all, even though hers represent the hand's least happy moments.

With regard to numbers 1 to 18 and 39 to 60, let me tell Mr. Proctor that there is a decided charm about his water-colours; but that by far his best and happiest vein is that which in the present show is represented only by eight pictures (Nos. 1, 4, 5, 14, 39, 40, 49, and 58). In these pictures the beauty is all his own and it is of a dainty, vivid and vital quality. In the others he is less original; in the first place because he is more or less making capital out of other people's art—the sculptor's and the architects—and secondly, because, in any case, these subjects are certainly hackneyed, and I cannot say that his treatment of them is so far superior as to justify their repetition. As studies some of them may have been useful; but studies ought not to find a place in a serious exhibition. For instance, "Combat des animaux" (No. 55), ought to have been carried further; "A refreshment stall in the gardens" (No. 18), is scamped; the greens in "The Main Avenue, St. Cloud" (No. 17), show a decided slackness of observation; and "The chapel across the Bassin de Diane" (No. 50), which in many respects is very good indeed, is marred by the crude harshness of the objects in the foreground. But for all that the general impression I received was a most agreeable one. If Mr. Proctor were only to try his hand at subjects more living and nearer to life, I have the idea that he could produce work of a high degree, both of interest and of quality. And then he might even be led to reduce his output, which is always an advantage.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

—Hamlet.

LET us be grave, as befits the occasion. Manchester, the hub of the universe, has permitted London to see a work of art. Cynics may say that "The Shadow" was first produced in Manchester because all experiments are first tried on a dog; but I am no cynic. I believe that Mr. Eden Phillpotts had none but good intentions when writing this play; I believe that Miss Horniman had none but good intentions in producing it, and I feel that I have been privileged far beyond my deserts by being allowed to see, within fourteen days of its first performance, a play that was worthy of being offered to a Manchester audience. Everyone knows that Mr. Eden Phillpotts is a serious artist; perhaps that statement is too strong, I should say that everyone says that he is a serious artist. I have never before seen the work of a serious artist, and, certainly, none of the plays that I have witnessed in my professional capacity has dealt with the elementary passions, the great throbbing universalities, seriously, as Mr. Phillpotts appears to deal with them. I hope that I shall not be misunderstood if I say that "The Shadow" has made a considerable difference to me, that it has shown me that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy; it has shown me the error of my ways and warned me against flippancy, my besetting sin, and, lastly, it has taught me, a mere Londoner, to be grateful to Manchester for its condescending generosity. I think that that is all I need say by way of introduction, except, of course, that I have discovered that Mr. Eden Phillpotts is a serious, a very, very, very serious artist.

When I say "artist," I do not mean one of those febrile, fidgety, fibbertigibbety sort of people who pose as lovers of Beauty, who adore the colour of liqueurs and the taste of jewels, and confuse singularity with excellence. By the word "artist," I mean a person who knows common things uncommonly well, who

makes subtle things obvious and obvious things subtle; who makes comedy of tragedy, and tragedy, of the direst kind, of comedy. Into the humour of such an artist, only the elect can enter; and, if it be not presumptuous to say it, I AM THE ELECT. When "The Shadow" was produced at the Court Theatre on October 20, 1913, I alone saw that it was a comedy; and I have kept the joke to myself until now. How I have laughed, not only at the excellence of the joke, but at the thought that only Mr. Phillpotts and I have understood it! I am not going to state the joke just yet: one has to be prepared for such things, and to prepare my readers for the reception of the joke, I quote this passage from "Hamlet," and beg them to digest it well—

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

I resist the temptation to talk about Shakespeare: "here's metal more attractive." But I must remark that Byron said: "All tragedies are finished by a death"; and, as "The Shadow" does not finish with a death, it cannot be a tragedy.

A serious artist never invents a new subject, and Mr. Phillpotts is a serious artist. It is of no use to tell me that the murder and burial in a wood of an old man is an old subject of melodrama: "The Shadow" is not melodrama, but comedy. In melodrama the hero is always accused of the murder, but is saved at the last moment by the intervention of Providence, or the confession of the villain. But there is no villain in "The Shadow," so it cannot be a melodrama. True, an innocent man is arrested and tried for the murder; but the murderer is a slaughterman ("My business be killing things, ban't it?" he says), and is happily married, and a happily married man cannot be a villain, and, therefore, the play cannot be a melodrama. In sentimental melodrama, the hero sometimes dies for the benefit of the heroine; Sidney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities" is an example; and the fact that Elias Waycott commits suicide, for the sake of the woman who would not marry him, after being condemned to death, might seem to place the play definitely in the category of sentimental melodrama. But Elias Waycott is not really the hero of the play; in melodrama the hero is a man who does everything to make the heroine happy, and it is Philip Blanchard, the slaughterman, who does this. If Philip is the hero, and he is not arrested and tried for murder, the play is obviously not a melodrama. Like the Irishman who, when being flogged, roared with laughter, and, when asked what was the joke, replied: "You're flogging the wrong man," Mr. Phillpotts is really saying to those who sympathise with Elias Waycott in his sorrows: "You're pitying the wrong man."

Jokes abound throughout the play, once this conception of the play is understood; indeed, the proposals of marriage made to Hester Dunnybrig by Elias Waycott and Philip Blanchard in the prologue rank as broad comedy. Which is the funnier, Elias in his humility or Blanchard in his self-assertion, I do not pretend to decide; but Elias proposes as though he were applying for a job as doorkeeper for Hester (his own phrase), and Blanchard proposes like a hungry tramp demanding a dinner from a lonely woman. "Oh, God! I want to eat you," he says among other things, one of the other things being: "Yet I'll be so gentle—so gentle as I be when I kill the lambs." Surely these must be the funniest proposals ever written; but no one laughed. When, six months later, Elias Waycott visited the happy Blanchards, and began to philosophise about peace, happiness, the value of life, matrimony, etc., all because he had just returned from a voyage round the world, no one laughed; not even when he referred to "a tribe of savages that put the fathers to bed, and make a terrible fuss over 'em when a child be going to be born," did anyone see the

humour of a tourist talking like an explorer. But the biggest joke of all began immediately after this scene. Elias Waycott was arrested for the murder of his uncle immediately after he had left the house; and then the play began to sound the very depths of human emotion. Blanchard told his wife that he was the murderer, and the wife began to act like a tragedy queen. The incongruity between the way in which Philip announced the fact and she received it was, perhaps, the most potent example of humour throughout the play. He explained to her that the murder was no more to him "than sticking a pig;" that never had his rest been perturbed by the memory of it, that he was conscious only of a sense of relief at having rid the world of a rogue. Admitting that he could not have done it in cold blood, he was thankful it had come to him in hot, as he phrased it; and all the time Hester played up to the tragic idea of murder.

A fortnight later (to be precise, in the third act) she showed how easily an elemental woman can become an actress. Waycott was on trial, and Blanchard was at the court; so Hester stayed at home and showed the audience how she could play tragedy. Waiting for the verdict, and discussing the matter with her mother and Philip's master, she showed us the agony of a woman torn by conflicting emotions and suffering, at the same time, from the presence of people who knew not the cause of her strangeness. At last Philip returned, and the actress got her chance with a sympathetic audience of one. Philip did not rise to the dramatic possibilities of the situation at once; but after he had told her the story of the trial, he began to see that he had a chance to do a bit of acting. He had seen Elias Waycott in gaol, and had told him that if the verdict should be "guilty," he need have no fear; Blanchard would confess, and Elias would be free. But the remembrance of the trial scared him, and he determined not to go through that. A written confession and suicide would be the method he should employ; and, by this time the dramatic talent of the pair was being exercised to the utmost. Before the act ended, the news arrived that Waycott had been found guilty; and Philip dropped into his usual style, and said: "We're up against it, Hester."

The last act showed us Philip writing his confession, and Hester just waking from a troubled sleep. Now that he was actually going to leave her and shoot himself, she had to load up the joke as heavily as possible. She begged, she cried, she implored him not to kill himself, but to publish his confession and then hide himself somewhere in the world. Of course, she was going to have a baby, and all that sort of thing; man and wife is one flesh, and if the husband dies the wife must die too. She continued in this vein, in spite of interruptions, throughout the scene; varying her appeals to the man, and even finding time, in spite of her agony of soul, to address him as: "Phil, Phil, my beautiful, strong Phil." But she fainted, and Philip took advantage of the opportunity to depart. He was no sooner gone than the news arrived that Elias Waycott had committed suicide in prison; and Hester rushed off to stop Philip. Instead of shooting himself at once, he was sitting down admiring the scenery for the last time; and Hester arrived just in time. Then they acted against each other to the best of their ability; she imploring, he resisting, until at last she clasped his knees and said: "Live—live—live," and he replied: "I be going to go on living, Hester"; and the curtain fell.

The relevance of the quotation from "Hamlet" should now be apparent. These airs of tragedy were assumed "all for nothing." Mr. Phillpotts was really laughing at all those people who take life and death so seriously; "sheep," Philip Blanchard called them. Murder in hot blood is not a crime, but a comedy; and the law is an ass, because it does not condemn the right man. Dartmoor for ever, even if the inhabitants do speak with a Lancashire accent; Dartmoor and its elemental passions and elementary morality, how incomparably finer is life there than elsewhere! Ginger

is hot in the mouth, people have passions, murder matters less than marriage, and the people can act in Dartmoor. When I think that but for the enterprise of Miss Horniman I might never have seen the humorous possibilities of tragedy, I shiver at the thought; but, thanks to that lady, I can now hail Mr. Eden Phillpotts as our great comedian.

Pastiche.

A LITTLE NOTE TO G. B. S.

DEAREST BERNARD,—

I sat enraptured. When the vast Albert Hall audience saw you rise, they rose, too. It was just as it ought to be. You were, indeed, the well-graced actor, so experienced with such cultured aplomb. And I recognised all your clever platform ways. Before they were half-way through with their cheering, you took out your watch and held it before their delighted gaze. Deary me! I have seen you do it ten times a year for over twenty years. Forgive me, if I gently hint that this last time you did not wait quite long enough. Do you know, I thought they were just about to stop cheering when your watch came out? Perhaps this time it was just a little miscalculated. You brought off your other wheeze much more successfully. You know how you can state a degrading fact in a humorous way, and then, when the audience laughs, you sternly reprove them for their horrible levity. I was just about to laugh when I remembered the trick, so I just quietly smiled and waited. When you said: "Ladies and gentlemen, don't laugh at that!" my memory went back over fifty similar episodes. Next came your third little drollery. First, you make a plain statement which you know your hearers will resent. Then when they have audibly protested, out comes the dear old gag (Oh! How I love it!), "Ladies and gentlemen, you must spare me five minutes while I explain myself." There was a rather vulgar man on my left. He chuckled and remarked to his neighbour, "Pretty Fanny!" Then, on the basis of "law and order," you worked up the point about "self-respecting men and women carrying fire-arms." I am afraid, Dearest, the audience didn't take you very seriously. The man on my left expector . . . spat on the floor, remarking, "Ain't he a blighter!" Oh, Barney, I remember the time when they would have believed you! Isn't it weird? But the most trying part came immediately after. You remember that you were working up to your climax. You had threatened fire-arms, so the audience were now ready for something fearsome. Then you remarked, with terribly grim emphasis: "On this point, ladies and gentlemen, the Labour party must dissociate itself from the Government." I never thought it possible an audience could be so irreverent. They literally shrieked at you. "Hopeless!" they shouted. "Bally traitors!" they howled. "Where have you been all these years?" came a taucous voice just behind me. "They've found him out," grinned the man on my left, as he expector . . . spat on the oil-cloth. A horrible thought came to me: Can it be that, like me, you have grown *passé*? Oh, dearest of men, *passé*. . . My old eyes grew bedimmed, something rose in my throat. . . But I adore you still, dear.

The horrible man on my left waited until you sat down. Then, again, he expector . . . spat on the floor, and remarked: "Gawd luv a duck! Talkin' abaout a lock-aht and not a bally word about the wage system." The man on his left replied: "The picturesque old gas-bag's been livin' in a bloomin' cemetery; don't suppose he's ever heard of the abolition of the damned old wage system." "You're right, mate," said the man on my left, "reckon he's a back-number; he's now only a bangled old theatrical!"

Bernard, dear, fly with me anywhere, anywhere. The procession has passed us by. I adore you.

ALICIA POICTIERS CHUTNEY.

SALUTATION.

I read, ye poets of to-day
Your verses grim, your verses gay.
But little got I for my pains.
My soul is weary of your strains.

For 'neath your sorrow, I perceive
You grieve not, but affect to grieve.
And your laughter is not glad:
You smile, but, ah, your brow is sad.

To weave vain words your only aim,
 Meaningless words as in a game.
 Dead is your muse, though life she feigns.
 My heart is sick with your sick strains.

Your songs I'll shun, ye singers new,
 And lave my thoughts in the crystal dew.
 Refreshed they'll rise, laugh and forget
 Your laughter feigned, your feigned regret.

EDWARD MOORE.

THE CO-OP. STATE.

(Every 10s. 6d. fountain pen sold in the Co-op. State costs
 4s. 6d. to advertise.)

The dwellers in the Seventh Industrial Circle are so prodigiously well off, they are so pampered in luxury and leisure, yet withal they are of so extreme a niggardine that all firms wishing to do business with them can only induce them to part with their superfluous wealth by a lavish display of posters, advertisements, etc., etc. Thus it often happens that the actual value of the goods sold in the S.I.C. is not only considerably less than the selling price, but is even below the cost of production. And in the S.I.C. there are thousands upon thousands of men called Travellers, who book orders, at great pains, for such priceless things as gripenuts, split streaks, pun-melled oats, and what-not, which contain never less than a quarter value, an *n*th quantity of nourishment, and the quality of spook hog-wash, but which, owing to the foolish niggardine aforesaid on the part of the dwellers in the S.I.C. cannot be sold, at a profit, for less than six bronze of the Realm. Six whole medallions! And if the workers were told that all the goods they buy were thus proportionately priceless (and they are), and it was further demonstrated before the eye that sees (and sometime believes), they would turn up their supercilious noses, and pay yet more for these goods beyond price. Hence the necessity, therefore, and the wisdom and kindly forethought of the benign dealers in brick-dust, centrifugal milk, lackall cheese, and what-not.

Are they not ungrateful, these foolish dwellers in the Seventh Industrial Circle?

For consider further. The thoughtful trader, in order to entice the dwellers in the S.I.C. to purchase what they needs must have, and without which, if they were not thus (at great expense in persuaders) forced to buy, they would starve—the thoughtful trader is compelled to engage a whole army of men whose sole business it is to design, print, pack, and dispatch to the four quarters of the S.I.C., the persuaders hereinbefore referred to. And wherever the worker goes he sees whole spaces of his hamlets, towns, and cities devotedly given up to these costly pictorial appeals that remind him that he must not forget to buy slim milk, slit wheat, faked rice, and what-not. And even in the train the worker yet may see the landscape efficiently interspersed with these same persuaders lest in gazing upon the beauty of the peaceful lowlands he forget that it is necessary to eat in order to live. A thing (you would scarcely believe) the workers are prone to forget. And consider, also, that in order to counteract the high, *n*th sustaining power of those price-less foods, still another class of traders advertise him of their invaluable illth salts compounded of that precious drug, Epsom, which is so refreshing and invigorating, and which is obtained with great loss of life, and at great cost, in the deadly swamps of Paypaypay.

Such, in fact, is the stupidity and general thoughtlessness of the dwellers in the S.I.C. that even his favourite Hellspool has to advertise him of its charms (the inhabitants of the said holy city kindly contributing their mite in the rates to defray the cost thereof) lest the annual Saturnalia find the contented worker staying indolently at home!

The greediness of the dwellers in the S.I.C. is proverbial. They want, nay, they demand, the bronze plus the bun. They actually want a six medallion article for two bronze, AND their co-op. checks. These are an invention of the workers very own (that their left hands may let slip what the right take up). This is a tale they tell: A woman—the women, be it said, are the foundation, the keystone, and the whole arch of the co-op swop—a woman had a watch repaired, free. But she would not have it so. "Nay," she said, "A'll 'a 'm checks." (English. "I will pay for the repair, and then I shall get my co-op checks.")

The famous tribe of the co-opers are the thrifty, hefty, hard-headed, practical pick of the S.I.C. peck; and the other traders are fit to tear them, and their beloved institution, to pieces, since in the S.I.C. the earth is the traders' and the fullness thereof. For consider that there are certain things sold at the Co-op that are a medallion

more (we have known rancid butter to be as much as three whole medallions more than the best Danish elsewhere), and the regular, straight-dealing trader cannot do this. The dwellers in the S.I.C. are so well schooled in self-denial that they do not mind the extra medallions. They receive their goods, less profit, rent, and interest, and swag, plus those extra medallions, plus the amount of their purchases in Chinese coinage. These last are the treasured tokens of the virtuous, thrifty life.

MINCIUS.

THE OLD SAILOR; OR, DON QUIXOTE THE EXPLORER.

The mariner relates how he sets forth on a voyage never before attempted.

On the river of Time I hoisted my sails
 On the ship of Humanity
 And I sailed the broad seas
 With a favouring breeze
 To find the poor soul of a workman.

He is rather sceptical about the advice of those whom Victor Hugo and Rabelais loved so much.

I sailed far and wide and I thought with just pride
 That the pilots knew they were right.
 They had eyed me askance
 When I said there's a chance
 That the price of living had killed it.

He encounters a storm; this can be made any day in week in the respectable suburbs. The thunder does not appear to have behaved itself, but a far, far greater poet made "the woods of Madeira tremble to a kiss."

Loud roared the waves of convention
 The heavens with orthodox thunder
 Smote the grey sea
 Joyously free
 So that my barque and I went nearly under
 The noisy waves of contention.

Money considerations play a great part in keeping the hero stout of heart.

I'll find his soul and then return to land
 Cheered by the cheques my lectures would command
 Porchester Place shall with my fame resound
 And Jason's feat shall grovel on the ground.

Nothing here to call for a remark except that; as the rape of the Gods from Greece savours of a monopoly it calls for instant attention.

At Rome I saw the roomy Vatican
 And asked, "Have you the poor soul of a man?"
 My question rude, and rather madly bold,
 They answered saying, "We have gods and gold."

The mariner here showeth up the popular fallacy that the artichoke comes from Jerusalem; if it did, Sterne's Ass showed very good taste in refusing it. The verse also illustrates Christianity.

I touched at ports and still no sign I saw—
 At Greece there was the bloody Dragon's claw
 At Palestine my question did evoke
 "They'd seen no soul, nor yet an artichoke."

The burning of the boat is significant; as England is now a madhouse for sects, creeds, and dogmas, it would be an act of folly ever to sail again.

This fruitless voyage, now o'er my spirit cast
 A gloomy doubt, and I returned at last
 To Tilbury Dock and burnt my boat ashore
 Then in the slums I started to explore.

MORAL: If the begaitered and wide-hatted union of black-beetles can bring down the price of food their business will flourish.

Most gentle readers and my faithful friends
 Down rolls the curtain and my story ends
 Alas! Alack! God wot! and likewise Woe!
 It was not there, a sick'ning blow:
 It may be of the soul the Gracious Gods had will'd
 it,

The price of living now so high had neatly killed it.

WILLIAM REPTON.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

Believe it proved, beyond all doubt,
 That our M.P.'s possess their souls,
 When you observe spring blossoms sprout,
 In Winter Time, from scaffold poles

OLIVER DAVIES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

JAURES AND SABOTAGE.

Sir,—A recent issue of "La Guerre Sociale" publishes an article by M. Emile Pouget in reply to Jaures' comments on Sabotage. In view of the frequent references of your contributors to the subject, you may care to publish the accompanying translation. N. T.

The substance of all Jaurès' arguments against Sabotage can be reduced to this dilemma: the fact that Syndicalism stands for the development of the forces of production and seeks to raise the professional value of wage-earners and with this the quality of modern production—this fact, he asserts, proves Syndicalism to be the very negation of Sabotage.

Indeed! Assertions are easily made, but is this particular one convincing? We shall see that the same dilemma might be used to condemn all concerted action in the industrial field. One might just as well say: the fact that Syndicalism, etc., etc., proves Syndicalism to be the very negation of the strike, for the consequences are almost identical in the two cases. It often happens that strikes do not stop at holding up trade, but destroy it, just as Sabotage does. Consider, for instance, the state of a mine after several weeks' idleness, if the exhaust pumps and ventilators have not been working—or of a smelting furnace with fires out—or of the raw material in the numerous factories which deal with perishable goods—or of the merchandise of every description which accumulates at docks or railway stations after even a short strike of transport workers.

In all such cases a blow is struck at production, but to say it follows from this that the cause of Syndicalism must also inevitably be damaged by such blows is quite beside the mark. Such a temporary paralysis of production, whether it is the result of a strike or of Sabotage, or of any other form of militancy, does not affect the general tendency of Syndicalism, which is towards continuous progress in industrial and social conditions.

But there is one real danger for the future of the movement and for the conditions of the working classes generally, and that is, if they should be so afflicted by scruples as to lack the courage to take the necessary steps to help themselves, and be simple enough to imagine that they can induce employers to come to terms without hurting their feelings—i.e., their pocket. Warfare is warfare, and whoever undertakes it, on any field, must possess the necessary enterprise or stand condemned to defeat from the start.

Another defect which Jaurès imputes to Sabotage is that it is immoral and degrading to men's characters. That is also the favourite accusation brought by partisans of "rabbit families" against neo-malthusianism and all who advocate the conscious control of procreation. But is it not generally admitted nowadays that the birth-rate decreases in proportion as the mental and moral status of parents rises? Has it not been proved that—with very few exceptions—all large families are the result of ignorance or inferior and defective social conditions, if not of confirmed drunkenness?

The same applies in the domain of industry. The conscious restriction of output is a sign of intellectual superiority and of moral enfranchisement which foretells and prepares the ground for social enfranchisement. A degraded character, crass ignorance, creeping servility, lack of moral feeling, even immorality—all these are found in the father of a large family, who will more than probably also be found to be a docile worker, one of those who slave away like oxen without measure or discrimination. This kind of man, always on the look-out for an opportunity of claiming public relief, is naturally hostile to Unionism, and if a strike is threatening, far from making common cause with his fellow-workers, will side with the employer, if necessary defending his lack of solidarity by the plea that he has a large family to support.

No, there is no degradation, no moral detriment whatever attached to the policy of assimilating one's output to the wages one gets. On the contrary, the worker who deserves contempt and forfeits esteem is the man with the mind of a slave who is always "on the go" without a stop or a break.

Further, it is well known that Sabotage does not consist merely in conscious restriction of output, but that, in the form which has been given the name of "la grève perlée" or "finicking strike," it requires conscientious, zealous execution, a labour which from its nature con-

trasts favourably with the shoddy methods of employers, the capitalists' Sabotage, which is the really criminal kind. The mason who devotes a minutely delicate care to the wall he is building, the mechanic who puts a particularly careful finish on the articles he turns out, and many others too numerous to mention—all are Saboteurs, working from an opposite direction, it is true, but Saboteurs none the less. The same may be said of "obstructionism"—the policy of meticulous, minute observation of regulations, which both the Austrian and Italian railwaymen and postal workers have carried out with success. They, too, are Saboteurs, and I am not aware that they have suffered any moral or other depreciation through having adopted obstructionist tactics.

Is Sabotage, then, to be put forward as a panacea enabling all other militant action to be dispensed with? By no means, but I fancy that it is just because Jaurès looked at it in that light that he made his recent onslaught on it. He asks: "What good has it done?" Well, it has not brought about a revolution, any more than strikes or any other methods of concerted Union action, such as the boycott, etc., have done, but for all that it is as it stands an excellent weapon of offence and defence.

For instance, the improvement in the treatment of old workmen in Paris building yards, compared with the ruthless elimination which was the rule eight or ten years ago, is only due to the fact that their younger and more vigorous comrades have deliberately restricted their output to the level of that of the older men—and that has not prevented houses from springing up on all sides as if by magic.

Again, it should not be forgotten that it was by white-washing the shop-front that the Paris hairdressers gained their weekly holiday and earlier closing hours. And again, I am not aware that these men of the building trade or the hairdressers have lost any of their zeal for organisation or suffered any moral degradation through having had recourse to Sabotage, in the one case inspired by the spirit of solidarity, in the other under the pressure of industrial strife.

* * *

SYNDICALISM IN PRACTICE.

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE of October 23, "The Writers of the Articles on the National Guild System," after quoting several differences of opinion amongst those who are preaching the gospel of Syndicalism, conclude their letter with the following sentence:—"We do not propose to attempt to reconcile these differences of opinion . . . and our conclusion from them is no more than that Syndicalism is an amorphous creed, with no clear ideas."

I would remind them, however, that these differences of opinion are not between authentic Syndicalists, but between those who, having a sort of sympathetic feeling towards the working class, label themselves Syndicalists, and those who really are Syndicalists.

Upon the advent of the Syndicalist propaganda some time since, numerous persons, espying a source of money-making, at once gave a superficial study to the question, and the market has, as a consequence, become flooded with literature purporting to explain the Syndicalist doctrine.

This has given rise to the conflicting ideas as to what the proposals of the Syndicalists really are; and, furthermore, we have Mr. Gaylord Wilshire welcoming the above writers as Syndicalists, which fact alone carries out my contention that he, at any rate, has either an extremely superficial knowledge of what Syndicalism really is, or that he wilfully ignores its teachings.

One of the essential points of Syndicalism is that there will be no State, as that institution is understood to-day, for under a Syndicalist regime all necessity for that State would disappear.

On the question of Sabotage, too, M. Pouget is certainly a greater authority than M. Jaurès, the latter of whom is a parliamentarian, and as such cannot speak authoritatively on Syndicalism, which is essentially a non-parliamentarian doctrine, the constitution of which precludes anyone not a trade unionist, in addition to anyone who believes in parliamentary action, from speaking with authority on its behalf. REMUS.

* * *

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of your readers to a new organisation formed to destroy the mad, bad Act which THE NEW AGE has done so much to discredit? Thousands of the insured are still red with anger at the insult and injury they weekly suffer under the Insurance Act; and hundreds, at least, of us are determined that it

shall not continue to pollute our lives. As you have said, the Act is still a living issue, and, please God, it will be a living issue until the Act is dead. The new organisation is the Anti-Insurance Committee, and the address of the secretary, Mr. W. F. Watson, is 26, Priory Road, Acton Green, W. Instructions as to the proposed methods of killing the Act will be supplied on application to the above.

ERNEST HOLT.

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NATIONAL GUILDS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Sir,—Would you permit me to comment shortly upon your last fascinating article, "The Guilds and the State"?

In my own unenlightened way, I have naturally pondered on the relation between the State and the Guilds, and, whilst absorbing your proposals, have reached certain conclusions which I give for what they are worth.

As a key to the problem, take the national balance-sheet of the guided State, showing its receipts and expenditure.

The receipts are contributions levied by Parliament on what I call Craft or Trade Guilds. These are handed over by Parliament to what I will term "Civil Guilds" for disposal.

The form of the national organisation would work out something like this:—

<p>RECEIPTS. TRADE GUILDS.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> i Transit ii Agricultural iii Fishing iv Mines and Quarries v Metals, Machines, Imple- ments vi Precious Metals, Jewels, Watches vii Building and Construction viii Chemical ix Leather x Paper, Printing xi Textiles xii Clothing xiii Food, Tobacco and Milk xiv Miscellaneous 	<p>PARLIAMENT</p>	<p>EXPENDITURE. CIVIL GUILDS.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> i Law ii Medicine iii Army, Navy, Police iv Foreign Relations v Education vi Central and Local Admin- istration vii Religion
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The Trade Guilds would outnumber the Civil Guilds by ten to one. Each possessing a monopoly of labour, each would have its own congress, and the two might or might not come together. On the positive side we have a nucleus in the Trade Unions Congress; on the negative or expenditure side there is the Civil Service Federation Council.

You will observe that the Postal Service seem to fall under the heading of Trade Guilds, since they are producing or positive services in the material sense. You have hinted that they are Civil Services, and, of course, you may be right from another point of view.

The Civil Guilds seem to be nearer formation than the others.

It is evident, I think, that the Guild principle readily lends itself to practical organisation.

CIVIL GUILDSMAN.

* * *

NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—I have been greatly interested in the articles on National Guilds in your columns. Briefly stated, the proposals are the abolition of the wage system by the economic action of the workers organised into guilds. To this end the workers must obtain a monopoly of their labour by getting every man engaged in the industry into the guild, the guilds being the trade unions modified and improved. Theoretically these proposals appear sound. Practically they present difficulties which, so far as I can see, will only be removed by the slow process of evolution and education. In practically every industry there is a large percentage of non-union men, men who will not join a union, men who prefer to obtain the benefits gained by the unions without either working or paying for them—in fact, the very men who, in addition to the employers, the trade unionist has to fight. How are these men to be induced to join the unions or guilds? How are these men to be persuaded to do the right thing, to be honest and help to earn the benefits their fellows are organised to obtain? For the trade union is essentially a combination of men who are prepared to sacrifice something to maintain or improve their status.

Secondly, even supposing this difficulty were overcome, and assuming that every man engaged in an industry is in his guild (in some cases I can conceive of this result being obtained by society men refusing to work with non-unionists), what power will keep the men loyal to the union or guild? In every trade union there are at present men who are not trade unionists in principle, and who are worse than useless so far as the main object

of a trade union (a fighting force) is concerned, because they give a fictitious appearance of strength. As an illustration, the medical profession were opposed to the Insurance Act. They were in a most favourable position. There were no non-society men in their ranks. They were a sufficiently intelligent and educated class to have known how imperative it was that they should be loyal to their association. They merely had to refuse to work the Act to obtain all they demanded. Their position was impregnable, yet at the critical moment they fell over each other in their haste to be placed on the panels, in direct defiance of the instructions of their association. I am not arguing that their demands were just or intelligent; my point is that, when it came to the test, they could not be depended on to remain loyal to their association.

Similarly, I am aware that every other trade union, including my own, is in as parlous a position. How do you propose to remedy this condition of affairs? So far as I can see, it is a question of evolution and education, and that is a woefully slow process. Is the proletariat becoming more class-conscious? There is THE NEW AGE compelled to increase its price. There is the "Clarion" whose circulation remains at sixty thousand, and the "Clarion" has ever waged war against oppression and superstition. How can these two difficulties I have presented to you be overcome? To my mind, they are the practical obstacles which will cause your well-laid schemes to gang apley.

THOMAS K. JUSTICE.

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

Sir,—Although only four of Mr. Belloc's articles upon Guild Socialism have appeared as yet, and although therefore his attack is comparatively undeveloped, conversation with the upholders of that scheme has convinced me that the misunderstanding between them is too radical to be healed by the methods which he is at present using. The truth is that they part company from the root of things. Mr. Belloc is a Catholic and they are not. In spite, therefore, of his obvious wish to make himself intelligible to them by meeting them on their own ground, and fighting them with their own weapons, he is continually making tacit assumptions which they do not grant. As one of them has aptly put it, "he seems always to have something up his sleeve"—that something being, of course, the Catholic faith, which, possessing as it does a philosophy radically different from any other in the world, is the cause of the most hopeless bewilderment to all who are not familiar with its doctrines. In the interest of clearness, therefore, I intend to define such of those doctrines as enter the field of this economic discussion and to reveal in some detail how the misunderstanding between Mr. Belloc and the Guild Socialists arises from them.

Assuming for the purposes of argument that Guild Socialism is a machine, the misunderstanding arises from the fact that the attention of THE NEW AGE writers is entirely concentrated upon the cranks, wheels, pistons, etc., of the machine whilst Mr. Belloc is continually raising questions of the motive power. That motive power which Mr. Belloc assumes, and which his opponents deny, or rather have forgotten, is Free Will. In the view of Mr. Belloc the free will of humanity, influenced by the various religions and philosophies, enters into the question of the working of any social system, as the question of the generation of steam and its pressure enters into questions of the working of an engine. His opponents seem to neglect it entirely—(although A. E. R. considered it under the title of the "psychological factor" in his criticism of "Rifleman" the other week). Their view would seem to be that it is imponderable, and, therefore, not to be taken into account in an exact science (such as they would find in Economics). But a factor may be imponderable without at the same time being unimportant. If the psychological does govern every economic problem, as every Catholic will maintain it does, its power will not be lessened by the fact that we are unable to measure it.

We have, therefore, a position in which one party to the discussion—my party, the Catholic party—believing in the governing power of the psychological, maintains that men make institutions. You, on the other hand—the modernist party, THE NEW AGE party—maintain, in effect, that institutions make men.

That is perhaps a bald and exaggerated way of putting it. However, to use other words, we look primarily at the individual's heart and head. We see the world of institutions as it were with the mind of man as the active,

creative principle in the centre, the systems and institutions radiating from out his brain, dependent on it for existence and fluxing and changing according to the variations of the thoughts therein. You, on the other hand, seem to see the system or institution as something extraneous to human minds, rigid and unalterable, which forms and works upon men, who, themselves powerless, have their actions determined by it. Yours is a sort of fatalism with the place of Kismet taken by "the system." You seem to have been cowed and overawed by the machinery of society in the same way that the dweller in tropical latitudes is said to be cowed and overawed by the stupendous Nature which surrounds him.

As a natural consequence we, conceiving the mind of man to be the source and origin of all systems and institutions alike, direct our attention to it in the first instance, and lay our stress upon the necessity of reforming the desires and beliefs in the mind. For in our view if a majority of the hearts and minds in a community are just, any institution or system will do for that community. If at the start it were unsatisfactory, it will be adjusted by common consent until it becomes satisfactory. Systems have no existence in themselves. They are simply the expression of the attitude of individuals to one another and are no more worth considering in themselves apart from the beliefs and desires which are their motive power, than the engine apart from the steam or the printed letters of a poem apart from the sounds, meanings and associations which lend them validity. Give men a clean mind and righteous heart and the rest will follow—exactly how or when we do not say, cannot say, and do not want to say, until the time comes. In our view social and economic possibilities, depending as they do upon the ever-varying minds of men, are so infinitely complex that it is useless to try and provide for them in detail at any distance ahead. All that can be done is to lay down the general principles of action in confidence that if the spirit be just, the letter will be just also. It is, I rather think, for this reason that Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton have never taken the trouble to work out the details of their distributive state. Their business is to persuade men to *want* distribution. If they *want* distribution they will get it all right, and if they continue to want it, they will keep it. If anybody gets in the way, he will get out of it—probably by being shot.

You, on the other hand, seem, as I have said, to regard the institution as the active thing and man as the passive. From this it follows that you are tremendously interested in schemes and systems. You hope by some ingenuity to devise a system which shall contain man and *make* him go straight in spite of himself. You look upon man as hopeless. You profess no attempt to alter that exceptional development of pride and avarice in which we see the root of all the trouble. You accept it as permanent (whereas we look upon it merely as the result of irreligion and false philosophy in this particular age)—you found such pseudo-sciences as modernist economics upon that assumption, and you hope to invent some cunning plan for balancing these evil desires one against the other so that the net result shall be their neutralisation, and an equilibrium of good. You cannot of course succeed. Such equilibrium, even if established, would vanish in a moment. The search for perpetual motion is not more hopeless. But there it is—such are your hopes. Hence your delight in systems.

Hence also your strange depreciation of anything likely to arouse or strengthen that healthy public feeling upon which any reformation must be based—without which it cannot even be begun. How in God's name revolutions are to be started, property holders dispossessed, the existing order of things and its upholders vanquished, without an appeal to the deeper feelings of right and wrong, justice and injustice, good and evil, which alone move the majority of men, and without appeal to which no one has yet succeeded in evicting so much as a parish council, let alone the combined capitalists of Europe, I do not profess to tell. I do, however, see very clearly that in you this demoralising habit of laying everything upon the system has sapped those feelings at the root. You seem to be possessed by an almost morbid fear of appealing to them. An esoteric reason must be found for everything. Take the typical difference between your attitude and ours upon, say, the Marconi question. We say, in effect, "These evils arise from the ignorance of the public and the wickedness of politicians. Enlighten the public, smash the politicians, and the evils will cease." THE NEW AGE, however, did not find that clever enough. "Why bother about political wickedness or

public ignorance?" it said. "They cannot be changed. After the system. Try THE NEW AGE'S patent Guilds or universal automatic woe-destroyer, threepence the bottle. Blackguards converted in spite of themselves. You simply won't be able to go wrong."

Believing, therefore, in the possibility of cozening men into righteousness by statecraft, and thinking that the evil outcome in the case of certain systems is due not to the fault of the people behind the system, but the system itself, you naturally start attributing to systems characters of right and wrong which they cannot in themselves possess. For instance, you look around and you see that employers of labour are sweating their men. Your view of this is simple. Misled by the false ideas prevailing at the moment, which tell them that it is not only their right, but their duty to exploit their fellow-men, employers have first of all cozened their men out of property and then taken advantage of their economic dependence to sweat them. Discredit these false ideas by the restoration of our creed, and the ordinary decent person will not wish, and the extraordinary indecent person will not be allowed, to cozen people out of property and sweat them. But this remedy is too simple for you—or perhaps too difficult. It requires an effort of the will, and modernist wills are weak. So you look to your god System. You do not dream of reproaching the employer for his misguided folly or filthy wickedness. On the contrary, you actually go to the trouble of telling him that he is not to be blamed: that he may, and, indeed, *must* go on: that the fault is not his own but the system's: that meanwhile you have got another system which is going to save him in spite of himself, all unregenerated and unrepentant. This sort of thing is probably what the preacher meant when he talked about "many inventions." Evidently there were economists in Solomon's Jerusalem.

Before we go any further, we must therefore settle our mutual position in this matter. If you will admit that the application of your Guild System assumes some accompanying moral revolution which shall weaken and check that extreme avarice and other evil passions which are responsible for the whole trouble, we are willing to proceed. If not, we cannot. Because we believe that without it your scheming will be thrown away. Set up your machine. Make it both rigid and exact. Close up each channel and crevice of escape. And yet, we say, that human greed and avarice which you have omitted to weaken and control will find out a way of evasion. Your own weapons will be turned against you. Your own cunningly devised laws will be misinterpreted to the frustration of your intentions. Regulations without the will to enforce them are but paper. You cannot keep man within bounds by means of paper.

But once you admit the existence of some, at any rate, partial moral reformation as the preliminary to the establishment of your system, a considerable portion of that system becomes superfluous. Many of its provisos are devised solely as mechanical checks to that extreme development of avarice of which we are assuming the reduction within decent limits. That effected, they will only remain as unnecessary hindrances, and therefore evils. Take the case of "wagery," as you call it. The institution of wages has been abused by the abnormal lowering of wages and the extension of the system to practically the whole of the community instead of to a minority. That, however, proves nothing except that the public mind being in an unhealthy condition, wagery has been abused. Restore it to its healthy condition and the abuse will cease. The public mind of Albania being in an unhealthy condition, picks and shovels are abused by being employed to crack inoffensive skulls. But that is an argument for the reform of the public mind of Albania, not for the universal abolition of farming implements under the generic title of "pickelery and shovelry." And so forth. Once you admit the predominance of psychological factors, it becomes absurd to abolish institutions wholesale because their extreme abuse is injurious to society. Provided the institution is not evil per se (like slavery or any other thing degrading to the dignity of man), the remedy will be to modify the psychological factor until it prevents such abuse.

Again, take private property. Its continuance will be allowed by the same course of reasoning. Private property is evil not in itself, but in its abuse. As it offers, in its normal, proper use, many advantages which are indispensable to the dignity and liberty of man, we propose to let it continue.

Our argument is, in short, as follows: In order to make your scheme of reform work, we must at the same

time effect a reformation in religion, philosophy, and morals. But any reform in religion, philosophy, and morals sufficient to work the scheme of reform will at the same time prevent the abuse of half the things which you exclude by it.

In a further letter I propose to discuss the psychological factor, that moral and intellectual reform which I here assume, and to show how its net result would probably be to establish some sort of Guild.

E. COWLEY.

* * *

THE FIRST STEP.

Sir,—Till recently I was a member of the National Union of Clerks. Disgusted with politicians, I joined twelve months ago, because the only hope of emancipation to be seen lay with Trade Unionism. At that period I was a reader of THE NEW AGE articles, but the full significance of the National Guild System had not then been revealed to me. Otherwise I should have realised that a National Union of Clerks was an idea as immediately practical as the federation of the world.

In the first place, what is a clerk? The word seems capable of as many definitions as the term labourer. There are bank clerks, manufacturers' clerks, engineers' clerks, solicitors' clerks, and so on ad infinitum. Now, on what common ground is it possible to bring all these diverse occupations under one banner? The Brotherhood of Clerks sounds well, so also does the Brotherhood of Man; but this sort of sentimental gush has been preached for years with such great success that unless some of us start hissing we shall be treated to an eternal encore.

Yet to me it seems that the clerks hold the key to the industrial situation. Some of them are waking up to the fact, and I am not speaking necessarily of the demi-semi-educated, black-garbed, eighteen-bob-a-week calculator; I have more in mind the five-hundred-a-year man, the organiser, the man who sells his ideas to the capitalist, the individual who wears himself out night and day while directors and shareholders hibernate in more genial climes. It is he whose instructions are to put the screw on and cut expenses; the profit mongrel! This gentleman must turn the maximum profit out of the machine or tender his resignation. Is it to be wondered, then, that a spirit of rebellion is abroad?

If anyone knows what the real profits are, if there is such a thing as inside information, the managing class possess that knowledge. They are class conscious; they can see precisely what is the dividing line between Capital and Labour. They can look over the fence and see the other side.

The workpeople, we suppose, strike for higher wages. It is the manager in the great majority of cases who is deputed to meet their representatives and transact all the filthy business. Orders are received from the directors to concede the men's demands for an extra penny an hour, with a command to reduce the personnel at the first favourable opportunity. Whatever happens, the Profit fountain must still play as high as ever, though greater pressure be necessitated. And so the fiendish business continues till the inevitable breakdown arrives, or worse, perfunctory dismissal; brain-sucked, squeezed-dry, like a Harmsworth journalist, the prostitute to Capitalism is politely shown the door.

I am engaged on the clerical staff of a large establishment and I can see the dawn breaking. The chiefs of departments commence to sympathise with the employees; to recognise that they have common interests and that the Capitalist is their natural enemy. The chicken-hearted quill-drivers, with a little encouragement from their heads, whom they respect already in fear and trembling, will become men; will stand or fall together. Supported by whom, though? Can we expect the few L.C.C. members of the N.U.C. to come out in sympathy when the soap clerks strike? Will the loom manufacturer's office staff lay down pens with the clerks of the gas company? Even if they did, production and distribution, after a fashion, would still persist; sufficiently well, at all events, to quash all chance of success. The intelligence required for office routine is not very high, and blackleg labour is more easily procured than in any other occupation.

The N.U.C. has never been a trade union; can never be one. It is founded on the fallacy that whoever wields a pen is a clerk; it has taken the longest way round, and consequently has a membership hardly worth troubling about. The N.U.C. is useless; already they speak of Parliamentary representation.

That the Guild System will be established with the aid of the clerk is patent. He is a member of the managing class, however lowly his billet. The unions are in need of organisers. Why then do they not allow the clerks to come in? Let the office man of the boiler firm join the Boiler-makers Union, and so on till each union embraces every worker in its own special industry, whether mental or manual. It must be done. The management must join the union. Producers and distributors shall combine. That should be the objective of the next strike. It is the first step. After that the abolition of the Wage System.

REGINALD CLOAK.

* * *

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NAPOLEON.

Sir,—My delay in replying to Mr. Joseph Finn's last letter (August 21) on this subject has evidently created some misapprehension. Absence abroad caused me to lose touch with this correspondence, and for two months, much to my regret, I have been deprived of the joy of reading your stimulating journal.

In the August 28 number I find Mr. Arthur J. Penty saying "Mr. Joseph Finn, has, I think, successfully disposed of Mr. Kitson." How, when and where my disposal was effected, deponent sayeth not. I am, however, somewhat relieved to see Mr. Penty's rash assertion softened by the qualification "I think." Perhaps if he will kindly exercise a little patience, read more, and think a little harder, he may qualify his assertion still further with "I don't think."

To return to Mr. Finn. For some reason or other, this gentleman believes it his particular vocation to tilt at one and all who have not swallowed his patent social recipes. Land reformers, Tariff reformers, Money reformers, are all alike to him. Like some of those he attacks, he imagines his panacea for social ills to be the only one worthy of consideration. If I mistake not, Mr. Finn was himself at one time a Currency Reformer and a member of the Banking and Currency Reform League. There is a rumour afloat that his defection was due to disappointment because of his failure to impress the League with his ideas. For him to lecture social reformers on the sin of egotism, to counsel them "to sink their cherished ideas for the sake of suffering humanity," is somewhat amusing. Inferentially, one must take it that Mr. Finn's definition of altruism is the adoption of the Finnian scheme of Social Reform. It was evidently a Finnian who once defined orthodoxy as "my doxy" and heterodoxy "the other fellow's doxy."

Mr. Finn agrees that the gold standard is a curse to every country. He says, "By its means the owners of gold have the advantage over the owners of all other commodities" . . . "besides, the ownership of gold gives one the monopoly of money." Mr. Finn here concedes practically all I have been preaching for many years. In my last address to the Banking and Currency Reform League (an abstract of which you were good enough to publish in the July 24 number of THE NEW AGE) I showed how a comparatively small group of men, by their control of money and credit, had, during the past twenty-five years, become the real masters of the world. Apparently Mr. Finn does not deny these facts. He questions my statement that the Jews are mainly responsible for the infliction of this "curse" upon mankind. I quite admit that the absolute proof of this statement is difficult, although it is, and has been, a matter of general and universal belief from time immemorial. But in any case, it is of little consequence. The curse is upon us, and is none the less diabolical in its effects, whether originally imposed by Jew or Gentile, by Moses or by Christ.

The control of money—furnishing as it does the means for controlling industry—becomes the parent of monopoly. The Money Monopoly is the Monopoly of Monopolies. Mr. Finn denies my assertion that these monopolies have been created by legal enactments. He says "They are more the result of economic laws than of written laws." But what determines an economic law except the political and social conditions governing the production and distribution of wealth? Mr. Finn is, in fact, evidently depending upon legal enactments to usher in his own little millennium. He says, "What we ought to do is this: To compel the monopolists to share with the people the greater profits which they obtain by means of monopoly, etc." How is this compulsion to be made unless by force exerted through the State? In other words, by legal enactment? Slavery,

was a legalised institution and its abolition was effected by written enactments. Modern Commercialism and the Factory system started simultaneously with the growth of the power of money and the employment of credit. The power of the Factory owner and Manufacturer to employ and control labour depended upon his control—and the workman's inability to control—money and credit. And this arose primarily through the legal restrictions regarding money. Mr. Finn denies that the repeal of those laws which originally created or favoured a monopoly, would destroy it. What on earth have the American Protectionists been fighting and spending millions of money for all these years, unless to prevent the repeal of written enactments which have secured to them many of their industrial monopolies? Why did the silver mine-owners spend their wealth in the attempt to enact free silver coinage unless to build up for themselves a gigantic monopoly? "If every written law were abolished to-morrow the oil, sugar, meat, steel and railway monopolies would remain unaffected," says Mr. Finn, "unless the whole of the people, including the Army and Navy, were to become Socialists." In other words, Mr. Finn openly asserts that if those property laws under which rent, interest and profits are now forcibly enacted and which keep nine-tenths of the human race in poverty, were abolished, the people would continue to submit to robbery, would still go on paying charges which they regard as extortionate, and living in misery just as though nothing had ever happened! Well, evidently the propertied classes don't think so, or they wouldn't spend so much time and money in becoming members and monopolising the membership of the governing and legislating classes. If Mr. Finn's statement is true, it merely shows that mankind is simply past redemption and not worthy of even Mr. Finn's efforts. Moreover, it means that neither Banking and Currency, Land, or Finnian reforms will be of any use in the uplifting of the race.

Mr. Finn says Monopoly is the child of competition. Yes, but only of *limited* competition. Labourers have been in competition with each other for centuries without any single group acquiring any labour monopoly. *Unlimited* competition cannot end in monopoly. It may, and should, end in co-operation. Monopoly is only possible where the means of, or access to, production are limited either by law or by nature. And the limit of monopoly is determined by the extent to which the means of production can be controlled. In the absence of legal restrictions, where is the Trust or Monopoly that could not be destroyed? Indeed, how could they be even maintained? Apart from legal privileges, what do our Monopolists own which could not be speedily duplicated, over and over again?

Land and Labour are the prime factors in the creation of all wealth. With the land free for employment, with free labour and free banking, where is there an industry that cannot be replaced? Does Mr. Finn imagine that if this country were again the seat of Civil War, and every vessel, every factory, and every machine were destroyed, that the entire nation would perish? Notwithstanding the vast accumulation of the means and mechanism of wealth production now owned by the Capitalists, the giant Labour can confidently exclaim, "Destroy all these things and in a short time I will build them up again." Let me tell Mr. Finn a secret which he hasn't heard. The bulk of the wealth owned by the so-called rich consists merely of "rotten inky parchment bonds," of legal claims upon the labour of this and future generations! That is the chief monopoly now existing, and it can easily be destroyed. Competition under free and fair conditions needs not be feared. I admit that except in new countries for limited periods and among limited groups, free competition has probably never existed. But I believe that if freedom were extended universally, it would bring about the condition which many Socialists dream of, through voluntary co-operation. The law of self-

preservation would alone suffice to bring about this result. And the first step in this direction is to break the money and land monopolies by repealing those laws under the protection of which they become possible.

ARTHUR KITSON.

* * *

RIDE A COCK PEGASUS.

Sir,—Perhaps I overrate the necessity for the following explanation; but on reading my remarks on the dactylic octosyllable, these seem to me not to show that my references are to the rocking-horse variety of this metre. No doubt, your poetical readers will not have misunderstood me, though the enemy would be glad of a *lache*. I cannot recollect any English classic poem composed in the dactylic octosyllable, but some beautiful examples of the introduction of a single dactylic foot must be known to everybody. The successful use of this foot is an incommunicable secret of genius, as, indeed, is all variation from fixed metre. In this respect, as in all matters of art, only negative opinion is of any service. For instance, no man could be taught to sing, "Come away, come away, Death," but he may be convinced that such a line as Mr. Hewlett's ear for jingle would have made—"Come away, Death; come away, Death"—throws the rest of the poem into disharmony. Try it who will. I have not the courage to do it in public. Such is the mystery of rhythm that every syllable sung affects and depends upon every other. The delicate trochaic octosyllable, like the dactylic, is easily battered into doggerel, and will never be safe out of the ward of artists. But, then, no metre is safe at the mercy of a rhymster; he will make even a fixed metre sound licentious. Criticism should try for nothing less than the extinction of such bawlers.

I may take the opportunity of correcting the word printed "luncheon" to "nuncheon." Mr. Hewlett would probably feel injured at the loss of one of his effects.

T. K. L.

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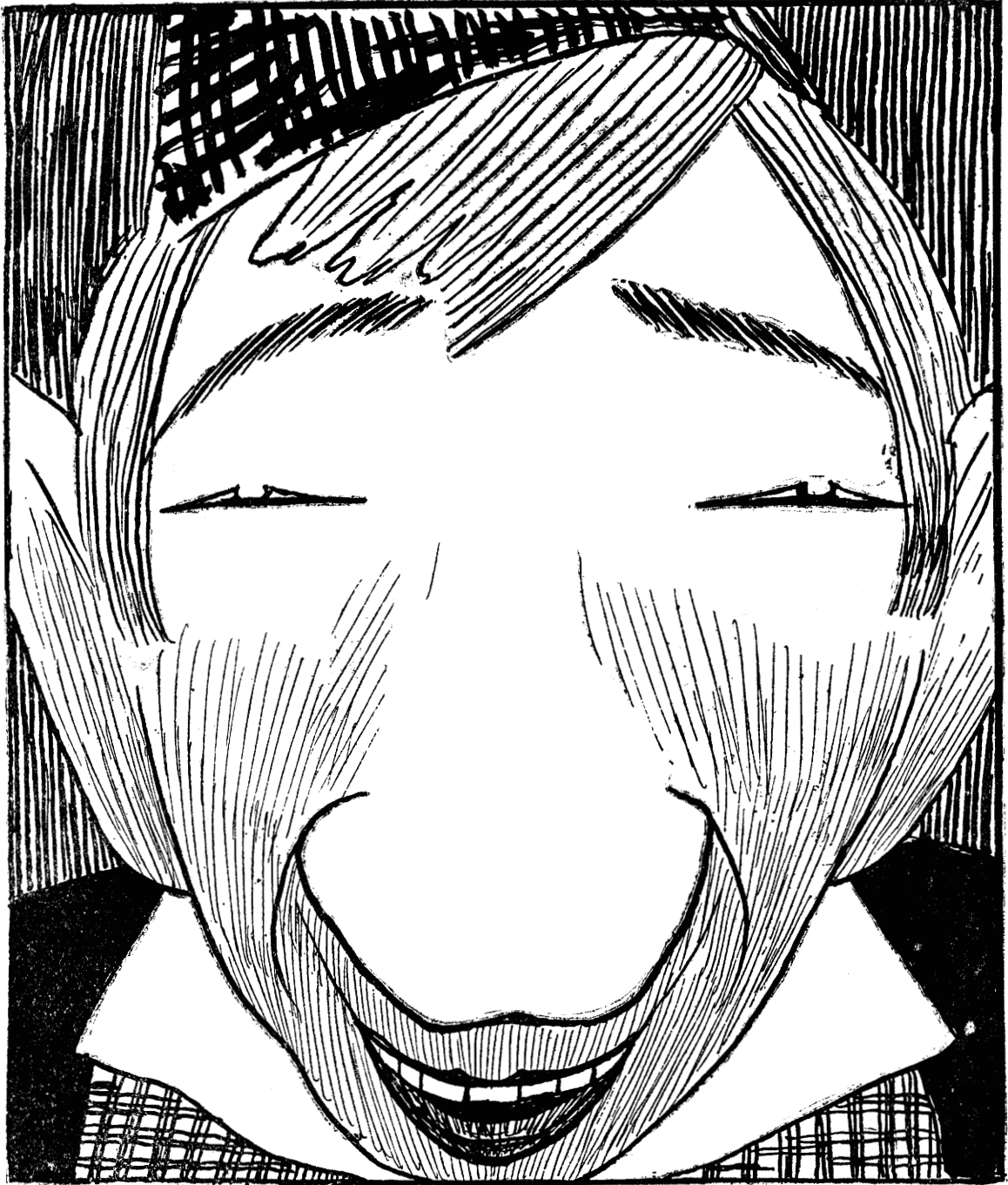
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