THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1105] New Series. Vol. XIV. No. 2. THURSDAY, Nov. 13, 1913. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE.

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One Year	28s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Six Months	14s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Three Months	7s. 0d.	7s. 6d.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE shall not be far wrong if we put down the formation of the Cavendish Association rather to fear than to love. Who, first, are the prime movers in it? They are such people as the Duke of Devonshire, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the party leaders and—Mr. Harold Smith ! But none of these can be supposed to have changed his spots since last we heard of him. The more in fact they change the more they remain the same. It is very pleasing to the conscience of the governing classes, no doubt, that they should be able to form an Association to establish friendly relations with the poor; and, even while examining the motives, we cannot deny the fine appearance of the movement. But is there, can there be, any reality in it? Such friendly movements were common in the Southern States under the system of slavery; and it is to be observed that their members and intensity multiplied as the movement for Abolition spread; but we do not gather that abolition itself was made any the easier by them. We are afraid that the new Association will have as little effect in facilitating the abolition of wage-slavery as its predecessors in abolishing chattel-slavery. Not to labour the subject, indeed, we affirm that its motive, however providentially concealed from its founders, is to prop up the existing wage-system by sentimentality.

There is, it is true, a work in which the governing classes could engage if they had the mind. It is not, however, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, to tax themselves of the unearned increment of their social advantage. This, which is all very well as a palliative of the existing disparity of social advantages, is no more than a moral insurance against resentment. It has, besides, the defect of every piece of hypocrisy; it merely delays the resentment and ensures a final explosion. What we mean is that, since the wage-system must sooner or later be abolished, it being, as we firmly believe, the will of God that this should be done, the attempt to stave it off by moral means is both immoral and in the end dangerous. One of these days the wage-slaves will realise what all this affability on the part of their masters means; and when they realise it, the slavery and the sentiment will be combined in a single object of passionate detestation. No, if the governing classes must tax themselves for conscience sake let it not be by direct means visible and palpable to the poor. Let it not be by blankets and lectures, or by sanatoria and almshouses. Let it be by devoting themselves to the spread of ideas, good taste, and good manners, by personal example. At present it is obvious that the governing classes are largely Philistine of Philistine. In ideas they were always a little behind; but in taste and manners they have usually been well ahead of the nation at large. Is it so to-day? Could the governing classes of to-day be safely regarded as models of taste and manners by any class below them? No sensitive observer, least of all such of us as care greatly about these things, can truthfully reply in the affirmative. On the contrary, most of our worst difficulties arise from the barbarisms and crudities of the very class now setting out on a moral and æsthetic crusade.

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We said that there is one work in which the governing classes, if they chose, could co-operate with the proletariat. It is in the reorganisation of industry. As things are at present, it appears as if the whole work of the industrial revolution must fall upon the working classes themselves. The Southern slaves had, at least, the support of the Northern masters in their struggle for emancipation; but the English wage-earners, seek-

ing blindly to emancipate themselves from the wage-system, have not only no organised support from their masters, but scarcely a friend among them. Of the governing classes the section of profiteers might be assumed to be hostile to emancipation of necessity. Though they are grievously wrong about it, emancipation would in all probability lessen some of their present pleasures. In short, being muck-rakers chiefly, they cannot be blamed for looking with horror on the movement for robbing them of slaves and giving them a company of men instead. But the official section of the governing classes, calling itself the State, ought, we think, to be capable of a more enlightened view. It is, at any rate, to this section that we would appeal. The Cavendish Association is nothing much to us and will prove to be nothing much to the proletariat generally; but the State and statesmen may, if they please, be almost everything. For instance, we do not disguise from ourselves the fact that though the wage-earners must be prepared to emancipate themselves by themselves alone, it would be preferable if the work were a joint affair between themselves and the embodiment of society in general. The order of society that we see on the other side of the wage-system is certainly based on co-operation between the Guilds and the State. The State, in other words, will not only survive the formation of the Guilds, but will be their head and social superior when they are all established. But if this is the future order of society, the spokesmen of the State to-day should be preparing for it. In the cleavage now widening between the wage-slaves and their masters the State must sooner or later take sides. Our appeal to statesmen is to take sides in their minds, at least, now, against the profiteers and with the mass of the workmen who will certainly to-morrow constitute the nation proper.

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This, we admit, is a little vague; but the whole subject is for the time being a little Utopian. For one thing, the spokesmen of the State have not yet got out of the leading-strings of the purses of the wealthy classes; they have scarcely begun yet to *think* themselves out of them. For another, the organisation of the wage-earners has not yet reached the stage when their labour is an economic monopoly constituting both property and power. Concurrently, however, with this latter movement the political reflection of it is certain; and we look with confidence to seeing the first Union that makes itself blackleg-proof not only discussing on equal terms with its employers, but meeting statesmen on relatively equal terms as well. Let us conceive a Union powerful enough to dictate terms to its employers; is it not plain that such a Union would be also powerful enough to compel the State to take it into account? Our forecast is of a deadlock between the employers in a given industry and the Union, with the State as the only possible arbitrator. The question to be considered by everyone before that drama is enacted is this: on which side, in such a crisis, will the State come down? To side with the employers will be to attempt to re-instate a condition of affairs that has manifestly broken down; to side with neither (merely to keep the ring, as they say) will be inevitably to throw the two parties into each other's arms, with menace to the community. But to side with the Union will be to lay the first stone of the new order of society. It is to this that we would direct thought, and especially political thought, in these days of apparently uneventful preparation; for the crisis is coming and will be upon us with the creation of the first Union having a complete monopoly of its labour.

* * *

In the meantime, it must be said that all three parties, the State, the capitalist, and the workmen, are in a measure getting on with their respective tasks though mainly in the dark as to the future. The Trade Union movement, unsatisfactory as it must appear to idealists, is nevertheless from our point of view in a flourishing condition. In fact, its promise was never better than it is to-day. The political Labour movement has, it is true, failed, and failed ignominiously. We are heartily glad of it. For a time also the Trade Union movement failed with it, but it is now clear that Trade Unionism will not only survive the death of political Labourism, but incorporate in itself all the virtue there ever was in it. As political Labour wanes the sun of economic Labour is rising. We have not the statistics to hand yet of the growth of Trade Unionism during the last few years; but we are assured that they show an enormous increase in practically every industry. And, better than this mere growth in numbers, the principle of Federation is spreading to the point when in no long time the classification we suggested for the chief national guilds will be in actual existence. This aggregation and organisation of Labour is, we do not hesitate to say, one of the historic events of our day. Unrecorded or uncommented in the Press, it, however, points to the marshalling of an army of more importance nationally than the German Navy of to-day or the Napoleonic armies of the day before yesterday. By its mere existence as a force, whether potential or active, its influence on sociological transformations will be incalculable. Take it then that in the course of the next few years we are to see the Labour organisations strengthened and linked up beyond the dreams of its early pioneers.

* * *

The question then arises: What will they do with it? At this point we are bound to say that some disappointment is permissible. Here we have a gigantic force in process of accumulation with, on the surface at any rate, little or no intelligence or foresight. It is true that its existence alone, by what, we believe, is called catalytic action, exerts an influence in itself; but a much greater influence could be exerted if the force were intelligently directed. We say again that its direction to the objects of securing higher wages or fewer hours is not, in our opinion, intelligent. The substance of these reforms is, of course, desirable; but the form and the method in which they are now sought are anything but desirable. We believe that such reforms (within the wage-system, be it remembered) should be left to be brought about by catalytic or passive action. Provided a Union continues to increase its membership, and even though it should do nothing else whatever, reforms of this kind will be offered to it, pressed upon it, and even forced upon it. There is, as we have often said, no concession the capitalist will not make to Labour short of his life; this alone need ever be really taken by force. On the other hand, the active assertion of their power by the Trade Unions should always, in our opinion, be undertaken for the ultimate purpose of Trade Unionism, namely, the abolition of the wage-system. With this avowed end in view every strike of any dimensions should, if it be necessary at all, be directed. The less said, during any strike, of higher wages or fewer hours, or any other superficial grievance, the better; the whole vocabulary of the strike-leaders should be based on the assumption that the proletariat are engaged in an economic and moral revolution.

* * *

A little timidity exists on the part of several Labour leaders we could mention in being the first, so to speak, to abandon the old formulæ and to adopt the new. At the Albert Hall meeting the other Saturday, for example, we were given in the "Daily Herald" to expect that the constructive policy of the Greater Unionism would be announced. Several speakers, indeed, to our own knowledge, had prepared themselves to this end. Whether, however, it was the presence of the half-pay veterans like Mr. Shaw (whom it is a shame to drag into the meetings of this generation) or the ideas were swamped under the flood of justifiable sentiment about Mr. Larkin, the announcement was not made; and the great audience were sent home with all their enthusiasm emptied out and with no intellectual profit to show for it. On the other hand, it is by no means always that our lying Press reports correctly or at all the speeches

made by Labour leaders that contain the new ideas. The professedly Labour and Socialist Press, of course, may be trusted to suppress any evidence of growing intelligence among their constituents; in revenge for being subsidised by trade union money they refuse to subsidise the trade unions with ideas. The conventional Press has even more cause to apply the boycott. Thus it comes about that speeches like that of the General Secretary of the Scotch Dockers in which he declared that the object of his Union was not better wages but the abolition of the wage-system, are carefully expurgated before publication in the "Times" no less than in the "Daily Citizen." This policy of ignoring events, however, is sure to be proved foolish in the end; for, in time, even agreeable facts must be faced. And the fact is that the adoption of the abolition of the wage-system and the establishment of National Guilds, as the objective of the Trade Union movement, is practically complete. All it requires now is to be recognised.

* * *

With the Trade Union movement in this comparatively satisfactory state, we may turn now to the Capitalist member of the triangular problem. While for the moment his position seems to be secure, it is really precarious. It is true he has the support of the State, but that support can no longer be open; at any moment, indeed, it may be withdrawn if only under stress of emergency. It is true also that he has the support of the mass of the social reformers and social theorists most of whom have friends to bed-out in well-paid jobs of one kind or another. But even their influence is not unlimited, either in quantity or in time. The new type of social theorist now leading the Universities are no longer Fabians, they are, if anything, National Guildsmen. In no long time, indeed, the capitalist will find himself without an apologist. On the other hand, against him most formidable forces are being gathered, of which even the Trade Union movement is not the greatest. A revolt of the managerial staff and salariat of the profiteers against their shareholding drones is one of the contingencies which these latter—the true capitalists—have now to take into account. Witness the strike which we recorded last week of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, composed of officers, against the representatives of their shareholders. Witness before very long the tacit alliance that is being formed between the railwaymen and the higher staff. All this points to the line of cleavage between Capital and Labour being drawn higher up than was once thought possible; at the point, in fact, where the managers meet shareholders instead of at the point where the wage-earners meet the managers and shareholders combined. The separation, we may say, of the two latter is one of the objects we keep in view. Having isolated wage-earners from capitalists in general, it is now necessary to isolate the managers. Between them the wage-earners and the salariat can not only form a Guild any time they please, but they can turn out the drones of shareholders and make allegiance only to the Queen—in other words, the State.

* * *

If our outline has been followed, both the comparative inaction of the State and the feverish activity of Capitalists to-day may easily be understood. While the issue between Profiteering and the Guilds is still undecided, it is impossible for the State to play a very active part; and hence the prevailing vacuity of politics. The Guilds, however, have yet to be formed and the Unions of men have still to realise that their struggle with their masters is much more for the possession and affiliation with themselves of the salariat in their industries than for any temporary improvement of wage-conditions. The Greater Unionism, indeed, to be successful in its ultimate object of abolishing the wage-system, must effectuate an alliance between the wage-earners and the salariat of each main industry. A difficult and somewhat prolonged task, we fear; but a necessary one. For it is certain that if the Unions cannot win over the salariat the capitalists will do their best to grapple them to their souls with hooks of gold. Everything tends for the moment in this direction. While the wage-earners are storing ammunition the capitalists are preparing their defences; and their main defence, we imagine, will take the form of a proposal of partnership, not with the Unions as a whole (including, as they would say, the tag-rag and bobtail of the industry), but (a) with the managerial staff; and (b) with selected individuals and sections from the men's Union. Now this, it is obvious, is a powerful move both by virtue of the positive accession of strength it would bring the capitalist and by virtue of its diminution of the strength of the Unions as Unions. If employers are allowed to single out and to favour sections of men in every Union, the division and ultimate disappearance of the Unions are inevitable. This, we believe, would be the effect, however undesigned, of the plan, discussed elsewhere, put forward by Mr. Charles Booth. Nothing, in fact, could more securely strengthen the capitalist interests than to induce a Union either to allow its members to be individually preferred or—what comes to the same thing—to prefer one employer before another. That way lies the disintegration of the Unions as surely as its effect would be to bolster up Capitalism.

* * *

The feudal clans are obviously very busy preparing to meet Mr. Lloyd George's agricultural agitation by putting their affairs into something like business order. We may very briefly dismiss the Duke of Sutherland's offer to sell 200,000 acres of his deer forests to the Government for 22s. 6d. per acre and nearly as much more at 25s. Sir William Schlich, Professor of Forestry, in a letter to the "Times" tells us that the annual rental of these forests works out at 8d. per acre. At twenty years' purchase, this works out at £266,000. The Duke is asking £475,000. He therefore values his feudal amenities at about £200,000. But this figure would include the rental of buildings and land. The Duke demands that, in addition to the £475,000, these shall be paid for at a valuation. If we deduct this item, Sir William Schlich thinks that the value of the deer forests is worth only about 3d. an acre per annum. If this be so, then the Duke is asking about £350,000 too much. This offer is thought to be clever politics by ducal sycophants in the Press. We think the Duke is a young fool. Suppose Mr. Lloyd George offers him twenty or twenty-five years' purchase (it is seventeen in Ireland) of his net rental? He must either accept it or look extremely foolish. His business advisers should keep this young man in leash. For our part, we hope the Government will decline any purchase scheme anywhere. It is downright bad economy. Much more to the point are the arrangements which the Landowners' Rural Housing Society have made with the State for loans to build houses in country districts. Long before Mr. Lloyd George can give legislative effect to his propaganda, here are the landowners getting busy to anticipate him by an extensive house-building campaign. They will borrow the money from Mr. George and, later on, when the Chancellor tearfully describes the abomination of scanty and insanitary rural housing, the landowners will tell him that in co-operation with the State, they are rapidly rectifying the evil. The editor of the "Spectator" (who for years has shown a personal sympathetic spirit in regard to rural housing) urges his landowning readers to take advantage of this scheme. He tells them that they will find the method of obtaining a loan "in no sense difficult, expensive or likely to give trouble in the future." Now let us be perfectly clear what this means. The landowners can at once set about building. They can be financially backed to any extent. If they can stud their estates with suitable houses (which ultimately become their property), it is clear that they will have a financial grip upon the land, the farmers and the labourers which Mr. George will not find easy to release. Whatever may happen, the landowner will be able to claim for the houses he has

erected or is erecting. He will in fact be a permanent participator in the agricultural industry apart altogether from his specific ownership of the land. What we foretold three weeks ago is therefore coming to pass far more quickly than we anticipated. Feudal rent is being merged into profiteering feudalism.

* * *

Meantime business brains are concentrating on the agricultural problem. Like Mr. Charles Booth, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree is a man of affairs as well as a scientific investigator. In the "Contemporary Review" for this month, he sums up the situation with lucidity. But, first, let us remind our readers of our contention. Three weeks ago, we wrote that an increased wage to the agricultural labourer would be no loss to the farmer —that any such increased expenditure would obey the law of increasing returns. The conclusion would be that the landlords would actually gain, either by arguing before the Land Commission that in view of these increased returns their existing rents were reasonable, or, in the alternative, they would make such arrangements as would enable them to share in the increased agricultural profits. This they would manage by only letting their land on a profit-sharing basis, contributing capital by actual money advances or by guaranteeing extended credit. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree endorses our view: "Even though a great addition may be demanded in the wages of the lower paid men, it will not be a permanent net addition to the cost of production. The men will very soon begin to produce more—enormously more in some cases; and on many farms no doubt it will be found that labour can be better organised so that each unit represents a greater value than before." Once again then shall we witness an economic revolution with wagery as its foundation. It is indeed quite conceivable that we shall see very much the same tyranny and oppression, the horrors of unemployment, the decreasing purchasing value of the sovereign as we have witnessed in the urban industries. Mr. Rowntree admits it. He tells us that the probability of many men being thrown out of employment is a danger only to be dealt with on lines of alternative employment. But the point is that so far from benefiting labour at the expense of either rent, interest or profits, it is really the present owners and employers who will capture the plunder. Mr. Rowntree is emphatic that understanding landlords have nothing to fear. The weak spot, of course, is the lack of organisation of the labourers. Mr. Rowntree, as a pious profiteer, understands precisely the exact function of wages: "A wage board, or some other tribunal must be created, with the statutory duty of fixing wages at a level which will really provide the means of physical efficiency." What is wanted is a good labour commodity. In all this, what are the Trade Unions doing? Are they content to leave their fellow wage-slaves to the mercy of the new profiteering feudalism? Are they content thus to let wagery be fixed more securely than ever upon the oldest and greatest of our industries? Is there no one amongst them with eyes to see? Surely there is some one thinking man amongst them not yet hypnotised by the passes and phrases of the Chancellor. We look with the gravest apprehension at the situation. British Trade Unionism is probably the only labour organisation in the world that has neither the courage nor the knowledge yet to tackle this problem.

* * *

We do not hanker after a prophet's reputation, but unless we subdue into the dullness of our contemporaries we shall achieve it. Our article last week on "Ireland and Federation" has been followed by a letter from a number of Liberal Members of Parliament urging that Irish Home Rule ought to be the opening of the federal chapter and by an article in the "Contemporary Review" by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby. All these gentlemen confine their federalism to the four kingdoms of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, but the principle admits our Colonies when they choose to come in. We have some reason for believing that the federal solution was practically agreed upon at the round table conference held in 1910. The Tories, however, wanted federation to precede Irish Home Rule, whereas, the Liberals argued that Home Rule should come first. In December of that year this question of precedence went to the electorate. It was informally understood that if the Tories came in, they would introduce a federal scheme, whilst if the Liberals were successful, Irish Home Rule would ensue. The Liberals won the election, as we know. The Tories, therefore, are hardly playing cricket in calling for another election. They are really trying to stampede the umpire into another decision. So far as we are concerned, the attraction of federalism is that it would bring us into closer organic touch with our dominions beyond the seas. It is not a question of tariffs—tariffs settle nothing and unsettle everything—it is a question of increased elasticity of movement and communication between members of the same family. In the ultimate, it will be discovered that family connections are not only politically valuable but economically complementary. It is easier to exchange surplus products with our cousins, who speak our language and with whom we are psychologically related, than with aliens. When we get down to Guild organisation (which is coming quicker than people think) a close economic connection with our Colonies may prove our salvation. It is quite possible that the profiteers and rent mongers of Europe may, to save themselves, attempt a boycott. We must have a responsive political machine ready to deal with any such contingency, should it arise. But the psychology of the Government of the Empire is a fascinating topic. If we could relieve our Government of its economic preoccupations, what problems in the vast affairs of mankind would come before us calling out the finest statesmanship! There can be no greater blunder than to assume that when we have settled our economic problems, government and politics will be superfluous.

* * *

The defeat of Tammany is amusing without being particularly significant. English opinion takes a sporting interest in it, not only because to beat Tammany is like breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, but because of its attack on Sulzer. For Tammany to impeach Sulzer on the grounds of electoral impurity was surely to tempt Providence. Anyhow, it is pleasant to reflect that one Murphy has gone by the board. There is another in Dublin who requires similar treatment. But the people of New York are to be sympathised with. Their affairs are now to be administered by a troupe of self-righteous amateurs, and we shudder at the prospect. Tammany will come back to power in due course. It is the one constant element in New York politics. It has most of the administrative experts. We see that the Socialist obtained only 32,000 votes. We are looking out for signs that American Socialism is awaking to the fact that its function is economic and not political. The Socialist candidate, Mr. Charles Russell, knows better than to play at politics. He found out the weakness of political action, unbacked by economic power, in Australia and new Zealand. Let him hark back to his real sentiments.

NO COMPROMISE.

Last night, between my enemy and me,
I dreamed an angel intervened and said,
"Let all your rancours, jealousies, lie dead;
Embrace, dispart, go friendly and go free":
Whereat we foes from Adam did agree,
Shook hands, and kissed, and forthwith fled,
By perilous divided ways, to spread
Tales of our peace o'er every land and sea.

But God, from his high watch-tower looking down,
Saw me and questioned. "Where does he lie slain,
The foe I gave you, O my warrior child?"
And, "Lord," I answered, "All my days are vain,
Spare not thine anger, nor withdraw thy frown,
I am humiliated--reconciled." OLIVER DAVIES.

Current Cant.

"Nobody wants to work."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"J. L. Garvin—the most dazzling of all our editors."—AUSTIN HARRISON, in the "English Review."

"Militancy is, as it were, the flowering of the woman's movement for equality."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, in "The New Statesman."

"Miss Christabel Pankhurst has taken her motto from Blake."—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"The King will confer a life peerage on Sir Rufus Isaacs."—"Reynolds's Newspaper."

"Are ankles immoral?"—"Daily Sketch."

"There is a great outcry just now that something is wrong with the drama. Drama is all right."—"The New Freewoman."

"Sir Rufus Isaacs . . . the handsomest Judge."—"Westminster Gazette."

"The revival of the tall hat is an event of no little significance."—"Daily Mail."

"If I may not take luncheon with Gaby Deslys, who may?"—REV. A. J. WALDRON.

"I am keeping golf, matrimony, and Parliament for the evening of my days."—SIR THOMAS DEWAR.

"Newspaper advertising is not the blatant and unnecessary nuisance that æsthetes suppose."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Only the best ideas and the best manufactures will stand the test of advertising."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Douglas Stuart . . . doubles, trebles, or accumulators . . . no limit whatever, and still combined with place betting with favourite starts 'odds on.'"—Advert, in "Pall Mall Gazette."

"It is a pleasant feature of our time that, in spite of what the Americans call "cut-throat competition," and with the froth and fume of class division and class suspicion, the great trades and callings are being more and more knit together by organised benevolence, and the tie between kindred trades is becoming closer and more binding. It almost amounts to a revival of the old spirit of the civic guilds."—HARRY LAWSON, M.P.

"The unpardonable sin of a writer is to deceive his readers."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"English kings do not need to swank."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The output of high-class legitimate art in America is not yet up to the demand. . . . In England and France a society has recently been organised for the avowed purpose of convincing the public that art may be both intelligible and genuine."—"The New Freewoman."

"The widespread absence of even a decent attempt to understand 'Androcles and the Lion' was an insult to both our leading dramatist and to our national intelligence."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

After the meeting the Prime Minister and party motored back to Kilmaron Castle. At dinner there were present . . . Mr. Asquith, Miss Asquith . . . Miss Marie Corelli. . .

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

YUAN-SHI-KAI'S sudden dissolution of the Kwo-Ming-Tang party has shown the world, with greater promptness than many of us expected, the results of pseudo-democracy. When the Chinese "Republic" was proclaimed, it was stated in these columns immediately that it would not last—at all events, as a Republic in the European sense—and the prediction was verified soon after, when Yuan made himself a Dictator. The new step has not been taken merely with a desire for personal glorification: there were serious reasons for it.

* * *

China has never been a military nation. It is part of the Chinese philosophy of life that war is an undesirable thing and that the military man is a contemptible object. There are many European thinkers who have expressed like opinions, and there are even societies for the propagation of such opinions. It is not for me to argue about the validity of such views in the abstract. It is enough for me, as one who endeavours to interpret and to explain foreign politics, to note that this philosophical basis has never yet been adopted by a people without that people suffering for it sooner or later.

* * *

With the development of western "interests" in the nineteenth century, the fate of China became clear, inevitable. We had first of all little colonies of Europeans, then "settlements" and concessions, and, finally, spheres of influence and definite annexations of territory. Great Britain and Germany contented themselves with towns and islands and little strips of coast-line; but Russia has had whole provinces. England, indeed, not directly but through the Government of India, may be said to have tried to acquire whole provinces also, and the French annexations are not contemptible. As for Japan, we know the fate of Korea and the hordes of Japanese emigrants who have invaded Southern Manchuria.

* * *

This gradual encroachment of foreign interest caused a great deal of anxiety among the wealthier agricultural and trading classes in China. They determined to make some sort of protest, and they had allied with them, as usually happens in such cases, numbers of men of substance who wanted more substance. The difficulties in which the country found itself were ascribed to the Manchu régime, and a strong Republican movement sprang up and spread. We know that it was led chiefly by men who had fallen to such an extent under the influences of Western thought (many of them, indeed, were Christians) that they could hardly be reckoned as typical Chinese at all; and we know, too, that Republicanism is not a form of political organisation suited to the Chinese temperament.

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It did not matter. Some scapegoat had to be found, and the young Manchu Emperor was sent about his business. Then, as always, the Dictator arose. Yuan-Shi-Kai after some most skilful negotiations and intrigues in the history of diplomacy, secured for himself what amounted to the supreme power, and he even overcame the scruples of his antagonist, Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen—at first. The Parliament met, but soon found that it could not interfere in the most important matter connected with modern States, particularly Oriental States which are subject to foreign "interests." China wanted money, and money happened to be a commodity which, when China wanted it, could be borrowed only at very high rates of interest. One says for the sake of convenience that China wanted money; but the fact is that, although China wanted it, Yuan wanted it very much more in order to make his position as President a secure one.

* * *

The President borrowed the money, signing the contract for it, without asking his Parliament to trouble

itself about the matter. With the sum he got he was able to make certain of the loyalty of such army as existed in China—and then more money was wanted for the payment of interest on loans, the development of interior districts, roadmaking, etc., etc. These extra supplies could not be had at terms which could be discussed in Parliament—for who would wish a new Parliament to know that large armament firms were arranging loans, in consideration of the fact that a large part of the loan would go back to them in return for guns? As the Parliament seemed unwilling to approve of the doings of President Yuan, the President adopted towards the obstinate party the course which absolute rulers have always seen fit to adopt in the circumstances.

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It was chiefly on the military organisation of the new Republic that the dispute arose. The Parliament, typifying the vast body of the people, objected to anything resembling a standing army. On the other hand, the small governing class—for, even though the Imperial régime went, the small governing class remained—realised perfectly well that a large country like China, a prey in any case to exploitation, would be liable to very bad treatment indeed unless the inhabitants could show fight. Japanese officials of high rank were known to have in mind the definite annexation of Southern Manchuria, exactly as they had arranged for the annexation of Korea. Russia was becoming very threatening, and the action of the Indian Government in regard to Tibet was not liked. The greatest enemy was Japan; but there was danger on all sides.

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And the Parliament was suddenly warned because the danger became more threatening, though it would not have been politic to say so. The governing classes in Japan realised that an undefended China was not merely a prey to Japan but to hungry European Powers as well. What if these European Powers should succeed in establishing their positions more firmly; what if they marked out for themselves "spheres of interest" which Japan intended to annex? The problem was not one which demanded a solution within a few days or a few weeks; but the preparations already being made and the plans in course of execution demanded, in the opinion of Yuan and his advisers, careful counter-preparations on the part of China.

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The difficulty clearly was that counter-preparations necessitated a large standing army, some pretence at a fleet, and all possible modern improvements in guns and training. The national spirit of the people was against such remedies—how could the very twentieth-century problem be brought home to the millions and millions of units, living in the interior, who had never seen a European? The governing group had the alternative: either bow to the national spirit and lose all without a blow being struck in the defence of China; or arm and try to save at least a little. The governing group—need I say it?—decided on the latter course; but arming meant that the resistance of Parliament to armament proposals would have to be overcome. And overcome it was.

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It is not pretended that Parliament was merely ill-informed or not adequately representative. It included many enemies of the President; men whose first concern it was to remove Yuan-Shi-Kai's head from his shoulders and who were interested in China only in the second place. That Yuan was pleased with the opportunity of getting rid of many of the people that bore him ill-will is also obvious enough. But these points, I must emphasise, are of secondary interest; and they are the points, incidentally, which are likely to be favoured with the chief attention of the English Press. The main point is clear enough. Is China to take her place in the Far East as a first-class military power? If so, the country may yet hold together. If not, disintegration is not merely likely, but inevitable.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE British Army is officered by the British upper classes. In view of the incurably aristocratic tendencies of the British people it is likely to remain so, and it is therefore worth our while to consider the military virtues and vices of that class: for upon them our tactics, our strategy and our organisation must rest.

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The chief of the aristocratic virtues is initiative. Your genuine aristocrat is accustomed to ruling people, to making regulations rather than obeying them, and is therefore naturally inclined to treat regulations in a reasonable manner. The man who makes himself a nuisance by a pedantic adherence to the letter of the regulations—in other words, by red tape—is not, as a rule, the officer, but his soldier clerk, or a low grade civilian official: members, both, of that class which has never MADE regulations, and which therefore never really comprehends them. For it is the nature of man to have a superstitious awe for what he cannot make himself—omne ignotum pro magnifico. In the same way the people who talk literature are the people who never write literature. Shakespeare's works appear divine to his commentators. They probably appeared very human to himself.

* * *

When, therefore, your aristocrat can be prevailed upon to take a little interest in routine work, he will be found to perform it with an easy intelligence. The bother is, however, that he is incurably lazy and leaves it contemptuously to his subordinate clerks. Here is the greatest of his vices. The aristocrat is lazy—damnably so. Not one man in ten of the upper classes so much as grasps the meaning of that word "work," with whose reality the poor are acquainted every day of their lives. It is a tendency of aristocracies to underrate the value of hard, well-directed toil. They see the servility, the frequent misdirectedness of the laborious. They overlook the efficacy of that humility and patience which are indispensable to understanding. Understanding, by the way, is standing under a thing, not standing over it.

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Still worse, the aristocrat runs to unessentials. A real sense of proportion is not propitious to his growth. Democracy, as Mr. Belloc has said, is founded on the fact that the things in which men resemble one another are not only more important but infinitely more important than those in which they differ. The just claim of the noble to predominance is based upon his excellence in certain particular qualities necessary to government—in initiative, in the habit of command, in a certain moral courage, a certain public spirit and contempt at any rate of the baser and more naked forms of gain. (I am speaking of real nobles, not the substantial-cheque-to-the-party-funds variety.) These excellences are of temporal importance, but it has been recognised by all religions of note—I take the various Christian creeds, the Jewish and Mahomedan faiths—that they are spiritually nothing, the things in which men are equal being the essentials of salvation. Philosophies, on the other hand, like the Nietzschean which disregard "salvation" and direct our attention mainly or solely to temporal matters, inevitably exaggerate the value of the aristocratic qualities which are all important in those temporal things. Into this error the aristocrat naturally falls. He comes to imagine that the qualities in which his class excels are not merely the flower of life but its stem, its root. He pins his faith to refinements. He neglects the virtues of the common man—crude, clumsy, blundering, but strong.

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It is, I think, owing to this narrowness and distortion of view that the English officer class is apt to be so bad a judge of the military virtues *of its own mem-*

bers. The Englishman is paralysed before a gentleman. The company officer who never fails in the picking of his non-commissioned officers, who knows and appreciates the capabilities of his men—judging them with that same detachment with which he would judge a horse—is helpless before his brother officers. So they possess the conventional virtues of the class, he is unable to measure them further. Something similar seems to have happened in the case of the Secretary Arbuthnot, who recently decamped with the funds of the Anti-Vivisection Society. The officials were taken completely by surprise. "Mr. Arbuthnot," they stated to inquiring journalists, "was such a charming fellow —such beautiful manners—such a gentleman!" Who could suspect such a gentleman? That a gentleman may be a rogue, that a gentleman may be a thief, a liar, a coward, a pimp, a traitor, or, finally, a blithering incapable idiot, had not apparently occurred to them. Nor, as often as not, does it occur to the British officer.

* * *

Hence that curious phenomenon, noted by Mr. Bernard Shaw, that the Briton would rather go to disaster under a gentleman than to victory under a low, common fellow. Our history is blotted with the failures of pitiable nonentities who floated gracefully upon the wings of gentility to place and power, but whom the first winds of trial brought down to earth with a nasty bump. That paralysis of the judgment which is revealed by the elevation of these persons is the great practical weakness of aristocracy gone mad. Herein we see the constantly recurring cause of its temporal as well as spiritual failure: the proof that it must be regarded as, at best, a necessary evil, a concession to certain weaknesses of human nature, effectual only so long as it is known for such. Worship it for itself and your civilisation will begin to crumble. The most perfect gentleman in Europe is the Turk.

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Again, the ease and leisure of your aristocrat must be counteracted by recurring doses of hard, stern effort. Otherwise, he rots for the reason most aristocracies rot as soon as they become successful. Unpreserved by that constant need of toil, that constant touch with the deep realities of existences which keep the poor sane and sweet, the devil soon finds mischief for their idle hands to do. They drift like derelicts into the Sargasso sea of moral impotence and sexual corruption. Now since by assumption your aristocrat will never really have to work for bread, the only thing to keep him in touch with reality is war. This is admitted even by the pacifist Wells. "Aristocracy," he says in some place or other, "can only be founded upon pride and the sword." Modern England has given up the sword: hence the decay in her aristocracy. They *have* decayed. They are cursed in the words of the sane writer, with "a quality that never goes to the quick: that hedges about rules and those petty points of honour that are the ultimate comminution of honour, that claims credit for things demonstrably half-done." They possess "a high code and soft training that makes it impossible either to buck and beat their enemies or to give in."

* * *

They are not men. They have ceased to be even aristocrats.

COMMERCIAL ART.

The stars shed their splendour unshielded, suffusing
 Their beauty like opals divine,
Alone with the moonlight effulgence and losing
 A treasure far richer than earth's richest mine.

Hid are their secrets and dumb their Creator,
 Enshielding from man the well-springs of His Art.
Blasphemer thou art, Oh! bold imitator!
 Cursed by thy doubting and damned by thy mart.

THOMAS FLEMING.

Mr. Charles Booth's Proposals.

ONE of the most significant contributions to the problem of our present industrial unrest is that of Mr. Charles Booth, the veteran founder of the modern school of social investigation. He has just issued a booklet, through Messrs. Macmillan and Co., at the modest cost of 2d., entitled "The Industrial Unrest and Trade-Union Policy"—a development of certain views he expressed in his best-known work, "Life and Labour in London." We shall not be alone in welcoming him back to active participation in the most urgent and important of all public discussions.

Mr. Booth's attitude towards the present industrial situation may be briefly stated. He sees an unsettlement of balance and in his view "all life rests upon a balance of forces." This unsettlement is partly due to the policy that organised labour has adopted in the assertion of its claims, many evils resulting. But the blame really rests "upon us all; masters and men must share it; and onlookers, with their hasty and violent judgments, do not escape." He affirms that Trade Union policy has been too narrow; that it has "aimed too exclusively at amount and method of remuneration." These, however, are on the surface: What most disturbs Mr. Booth is the massing of opposing industrial forces into two great camps. He thinks it not only quite unnecessary but economically bad alike for the wage-earner, the employer, and the public. Further, it is inhuman. We shall see later that his refusal to recognise or admit the inevitability of this dual massing is germane to Mr. Booth's argument, because he invites us to divide the employers into a variety of classes not harmonious in motive or methods—possibly not even united in economic purpose. He agrees with us that the explanation of the Trade Union failure is economic. He quotes THE NEW AGE and then expressly says: "I am at one with it in regarding the existing industrial trouble as economic in character and beyond political cure: and as to the assumptions that underlie the political theory, these being that the working proletariat are themselves in a majority, can be united in action and could dispossess the capitalists of their property by merely voting them out of it; all three being, I am inclined to agree, ridiculously untrue." Mr. Booth's agreement with us does not end there. He also agrees that the power of any union or group of unions in any trade depends upon the monopoly it can create in its labour and that if this monopoly be effective, then the union would have direct, if not equal, power with the employers. But he believes that such a labour monopoly is impossible. Nevertheless, it is valuable to have his precise words: "If, or wherever, a complete monopoly could be created and maintained, I agree that under such circumstances any union might enter into a successful partnership either with employers or the State, which would, I suppose, result in some system of joint management." Mr. Booth has shown himself conversant with and appreciative of our case for National Guilds. In one important particular, however, he misapprehends us. He ascribes to us a dream of the millennium and a belief that our schemes are to be realised with apocalyptic suddenness; that they are to be consummated by the enforcement or the effective threat of enforcement of the general strike. Mr. Booth has no sanction for this. Oddly enough in one of his quotations from THE NEW AGE this assumption is negatived. We there remark that organised labour has a long row to hoe before even an incipient Guild would be practical politics. Later on he quotes us to the effect that joint control with the employers might possibly be a passing phase. There is certainly no apocalyptic suddenness in such a conception; nor have we ever in these pages or elsewhere accepted the "catastrophic" theory. Mr. Booth has really expressed our views upon the function of the strike. On page 7 of the booklet before us, we read: "The power to hold up the supply of labour collectively

in order to enforce its claims is an ultimate resource never to be abandoned." Everywhere he refers to the Strike as "the ultima ratio in a bargain with employers." Nobody, except a certain school of Syndicalists, regards the strike as other than a last resource.

As was to be expected, Mr. Booth's survey of the industrial problem leads up to a proposal. It brings us back with a jerk to his denial of the almost universal belief that capital and labour are destined to remain in two separate camps. Not so, he thinks, because there is another factor, which for want of a better term he calls "Enterprise," comprising the qualities of forethought, guidance, the capacity to plan, the nerve to execute—veritably the living source of human welfare. "So understood, enterprise, however maintained and controlled, is the dominant factor in every undertaking." He has here emphasised a truth which we have also recognised and considered in our outline of the National Guilds. The gradual emergence of enterprise (let us say managerial skill) from capitalist control is a cardinal fact in modern history. Far too often has it been confused with the more limited function of capital. Mr. Booth on this point makes a penetrating remark: "In large capitalist undertakings, those who find the money call the tune and strive but often fail to maintain control over those who, serving them as managers, *actually carry on the enterprise and are in effect the employers of the labour required.*" So far then, as we understand him, the balance that Mr. Booth seeks is a wise equilibrium between capital, enterprise and labour. At this point he frankly concedes that this balance cannot be reached until Labour has strengthened its capacity to bargain. That, in fact, is the immediate question. But the bargain is not to be one merely or even primarily of wages and hours. Labour must so shape its policy that the individual workman shall improve his workmanship, enhancing his value to his employer and incidentally to himself. The spirit in the factory or workshop is the main thing. "In most cases, special ways may be found of bringing an increase of usefulness which would fairly claim increased pay; while if this spirit permeates an entire employ, the employer, at ease about the loyalty with which he will be supported, can bring a fresher and keener mind to the many difficulties which face him and need solution." To secure an industrial atmosphere such as this, means must be found to safeguard permanently the interest of Labour. On this point Mr. Booth is a little indefinite, but he believes that absolute security for the employees would result from his scheme.

Let us see precisely what are his proposals. The Trades Unions are to classify the employers on the basis (i) of efficiency and success in management; (ii) moral character—honesty, fairness, liberality, public spirit; (iii) relationship with their workpeople—pay, treatment, etc.; (iv) relationship with the Unions. By giving proportionate values to each of these points, he thinks that the various employs would be placed in a certain order of acceptability. There would ensue three groups—upper, middle and lower. This difficult and invidious task accomplished, the Unions are to give preferential treatment to the best classified group. This preferential treatment by the unions of Class A will induce reciprocal treatment by Class A of the Unions. In this way "recognition" is gained by both sides, and a more or less model form of employment evolved. Mr. Booth thinks that we should here have a milieu out of which would develop greater skill and inefficiency in the application of capital in the increased productivity of labour and in the widened scope for "enterprise." There are some doubtful points. No provision appears to be made for increased payment. Whilst Class A, employers and employees, would, in Mr. Booth's opinion, be entering a kind of "partnership co-operation," the Unions as corporations apparently would not benefit, because the profits are to be "distributed amongst the individual participators in each interest, according to their own arrangements." If we understand him aright, this means the model of the South Metropolitan Gas Co.

We hope we have presented Mr. Booth's proposals accurately, but we are not quite sure of it, for he does not pretend to offer a cut and dried scheme. It is just possible that the outline appears to him, as a man of affairs, connected with a large and prosperous business, differently from ourselves, who are interested in it as economists and social students. But we are near enough to the substance of the scheme to criticise it from our own point of view as National Guildsmen.

As a practical, immediate proposal, we are clear that it is altogether inadequate. It is certain that the employers who would be classed as B and C would energetically protest. And it is equally certain that any such classification would be unjust and unfair. Nor would the employees in Classes B and C consent to any such differentiation from the employees in Class A. Mr. Booth would bring peace; in effect, he would bring a blunt sword. Again, if we are right upon the point of the "individual participators," then we can only assure Mr. Booth that his plan, instead of strengthening the Unions, would disintegrate them. But we would like to see the plan experimented upon to this extent: *that the Unions should themselves contract with Class A on the basis of standard wages, and a definite proportion of the profits allocated not to the individual participators, but to the Unions as definite units.* To us this point is vital. For whereas individual participation would tend to weaken the Unions and to create a body of privileged and isolated workers, the principle of Union participation in profits would strengthen the Union and enable it to force the A standard upon Classes B and C.

There are, however, fundamental objections which we wish Mr. Booth would meet. Has he really grasped the basic meaning of wages? He comments upon our declaration for wage-abolition, remarking that he defends it and would amend it. But he calls it "wage-service." It is a misnomer. There is no such thing as "wage-service," any more than there is coal-service or cotton-service. Employers buy coal and cotton as commodities; they buy labour also as a commodity. Where service is requisitioned, apart from labour, then it receives remuneration or salary or pay (as in the case of the Army and Navy), but wages are paid for the labour commodity, as such, and the wage is based upon subsistence. So eternally true is this that we have already asserted that wages have not risen since the Flood. The rate of subsistence has doubtless risen in response to the requirements of employment. Mr. Booth himself tells us that "from the highest to the lowest scale of remuneration, I can find no permanent assured advantage for organised over unorganised labour, either in the earnings or in the security and continuity of employment." The advance in the rate of subsistence is really due to the necessities of the masters rather than of the wage-earners. Again, we find that Mr. Booth agrees with us on this: "Questions of comfort and dignity have been largely dependent on the good-will and initiative of employers." The comfort and dignity were conditions precedent to labour efficiency. Thus we come back to the labour-commodity theory. It happens that labour can be intensively cultivated like most other natural commodities, but it requires a higher subsistence rate to produce the improved efficiency to be followed by increased productivity. So long, then, as Mr. Booth would continue the wage-system, he will discover that there can be no permanent differentiation or classification of employers, because they must necessarily buy their labour at the competitive-subsistence rate—a condition common to Classes A, B and C. You may cloak it under the guise of benevolence or philanthropy, but you can no more dodge the wage-level of subsistence than you can dodge the law of rent. This will continue until wagery is abolished and new conditions dominate our social economy. It is far too widely assumed that wage abolition, whilst ideally desirable, is not practical politics. As a fact—a plain palpable fact—it is predominantly and urgently the greatest practical question calling for settlement. We have now reached that stage

in the development of wagery, that our fathers reached in the stage of slavery, when every problem awaits its disappearance. It took a bloody war in America to wipe out slavery; to wipe out wagery merely requires that organised labour shall secure a monopoly of its labour and then sanely apply it to industry. Assuredly wage-abolition is a condition-precedent to Guild organisation. Mr. Booth thinks that his proposals are "timid approaches to the dreams of Guild Socialism." *Our reply is that if Mr. Booth would in principle agree to Class A making a contract with the Unions on the basis of the Unions sharing in the profits and not the individual workmen,* then a definite step has been taken in our direction. And certainly the whole community would benefit. We would be immensely gratified if we could have a declaration from Mr. Booth that the labour-commodity theory, upon which the wage-system is based, is inhuman and immoral.

Another consideration is that if the employees could so far control labour as to give preferential treatment to Class A, and could compel the employers to admit joint administration between capital, enterprise, and labour—as Mr. Booth predicates—why should the economic power of labour stop precisely at the point where capital would be assured of a permanent tribute paid to it by labour and enterprise jointly? The present industrial situation we take to be this: that capital can still command "enterprise," and through it command labour. But Mr. Booth now sees a significant change: capitalists "strive, but often fail, to maintain control over those who, serving them as managers, actually carry on the enterprise and are, in effect, the employers of the labour required." Now there is no fund out of which to pay rent, interest and profits except by maintaining the wage-system. What will happen, when management and labour join forces? If we were capitalists, we would make terms as quickly as possible.

On the other hand, if we were of the managerial order, we would infinitely prefer to work in a Guild than for private employers or joint-stock companies. We largely agree with Mr. Booth in his definition of "enterprise," or administration as we prefer to call it. "Forethought, guidance, the capacity to plan, the means to execute, the whole genius of mind and character, all this living source of human welfare and progress." Here speaks the veteran out of his large experience and wonderfully varied knowledge of our social structure. But would not these great qualities develop on infinitely more fruitful lines if their chief consideration were the production of wealth, both as to quality and quantity at the least sacrifice of human effort and human waste, without regard to the modern daughter of the horseleech, who as a shareholder is for ever calling for more? Not only so, but forethought and guidance must be determined by knowledge. The facts of human requirements would be more easily acquired by the National Guilds than by any present institution known to us. In the Guilds there would not only be far larger scope for inspired administration than modern industry can give, whilst men would develop their administrative capacities, when, under modern industry, they remain imbedded in the gelatinous mass of wagery, their talents unrevealed and their finer faculties blunted and destroyed.

Shall We Sabotage?

By Rowland Kenney.

SOMETIME ago there was a slight passage at arms in the correspondence columns of THE NEW AGE between Mr. Henry Lascelles, the writer of the excellent series of articles on "Towards a National Railway Guild," and "Syndicus," on the subject of sabotage. "Syndicus" would have sabotage—quite a lot of it. Mr. Lascelles suggested that the practice would lead to "physical and moral decadence" of the men, who would soon be "past spiritual redemption." I do not intend to continue the discussion, or in any way deal with the opinions of the protagonists, but I should just like to give some facts bearing upon sabotage as I have known it in the railway industry. Before doing that, however, I must remind the Syndicalists that it is no new thing. If one were to accept unquestioningly all that is claimed for it at the present moment it would be necessary to blot out from memory many pages of English industrial history, and, personally, I cannot afford to do that; my reading of industrial history is not so very extensive. But I have read of the machine breakers who tramped the North of England, playing Hell and Tommy with machinery, at the beginning of the last century, and I have seen sabotage practised on the British railways not a dozen years ago. So that, whilst trying to keep out of the region of controversy, I must give my views upon the instances that have come under my notice, and pass some remark upon the men who practised this most interesting and exciting hobby.

If one had gone to any railwayman who indulged in the practice in the early 'nineties and spoken to him of sabotage, he would not have understood what was meant. He did not call his tricks by that name, although in effect he was practising what "Syndicus" preaches. He "took it out of the company" by one of two ways, and both ways, although neither of them was directed to bringing the service to a standstill, had for their object the purpose of extracting enough profit from the company to pay for the work that he did—the fact that the extracted profit did not come to him had not much bearing on the case. He pilfered goods, or deliberately damaged them, as a method of protest against the conditions under which he was forced to labour. And the way he acted was something like this: There would be a gang of men unloading a wagon of sundries in a goods warehouse. The wagons were run into "holes" or "beds"—the names vary—inside the warehouse. The stage, that is, the floor of the warehouse, was raised level with the bottom of the wagon. The gang would consist of three, four, or five men. One man would be in charge—the "checker" he was called. His duty was to get the invoices for the goods, and as his lieutenant, the "caller-off," threw the goods out of the wagon and shouted out the number or mark of the package, bale, or what not, check the article by his invoice, and instruct the other men, the "truckers," where it had to be placed—in some particular corner of the warehouse, or on a waiting horse wagon.

Under proper circumstances there would be no trouble in this arrangement. With a full gang of men the wagons would be steadily emptied and drawn out by the capstans or horses and fresh ones put in. If the caller-off had a particularly heavy article to get out of the wagon, he would have the help of a trucker. But that was not good enough for the company at stations where I worked. It might go on smoothly for a time, and then some inspector, or "speediator," or other be-buttoned fool or toad, would come along, take a man out of the gang and inform the checker that there had been slacking and another couple of wagons a shift must be emptied. Then came the sabotage. The caller-off would struggle with a huge crate of, say, chinaware, which was much too heavy for one man to handle. He would run the risk of strain or rupture until he became slightly annoyed, then he would call for help from a trucker. The truckers, for their part, would be in equally bad, or worse, case than himself. Necessarily, the man who had been taken away from the gang would be a trucker, so they were the most hard pressed. Probably there would be some few "words," and then, red-hot, and cursing the company and the universe, the caller-off would drop the crate of earthenware with a "To hell with it. It can't hurt, it never had a mother." Result, a claim for damages from the local pot merchant.

With regard to pilfering, I should say that the men who steal on the railway are comparatively few, and, in nearly every case, they steal more as a mean of hitting the company than helping themselves. I mean they make little out of it. The goods they can smuggle through the gate are but few and necessarily small, and they seldom "lift" anything of value. Occasionally one of them shows special aptitude for getting stuff away, but he seldom lasts long. The railway police are pressed

for cases and they give him away. (When I write of "the men on the railway," of course, I do not include the police. One never includes police among "men.") I might go on to give instances where men in the traffic and loco. departments practise sabotage by leaving wagons foul and crashing others into them, or, in yard shunting, by driving wagons into horse vehicles, or "hitting up" wagons when it is known that they contain fragile goods and that they have been unroped; but I must get on to deal with the type of men who do these things.

Now I must confess at the outset that the men I worked amongst, when I saw most of the rough part of railway work, were a set of the best, hard-bitten devils it has ever been my good luck to run into. Most of them were newly returned from South Africa. They had seen, and felt the results of, the blundering and incompetence of the class from which directive and administrative ability in nearly all enterprises, military or civil, is obtained. They believed that "discipline must be maintained," and most of them would have liked to follow the drum to the end of their time, but many of them whilst in South Africa had deliberately surrendered and became Boer prisoners because they knew they would be better treated there than they were treated whilst in the fighting line, and one or two occasionally chuckled about how their officers had gone under. Thus they must not be called patriots. They had little use for trade unionism, and their influence permeated the rest of us. We became careless, reckless, and, in a way, cynical. But I am letting memory run away with my story. The point is that at that period, in the lower grades, there was a type of man who was not given to thinking of social reconstruction or revolution. He would never have become a "rebel"—beloved word, meaning so little—because he could see nothing in rebellion. He hit at the company he worked for, not because he wanted to overthrow private ownership of railways and put an end to wagery, but because the company was the winner and he was having a bad time. The biggest rogue, from the company's point of view, that I ever met told me bluntly that if he had the chance he would crush the inhabitants of the globe and turn them all into slaves if by that means he could become a rich man. He did not believe that any man living had any disinterested motives. He suspected me of some sinister design because I tried to convert him to Socialism. And I was given to understand that he smashed and tore and rended and pilfered and generally ran the company into terrific expense—out of spite.

And he was typical of those who played at sabotage. The best men, wild, but straight, the men who could be depended upon in a tight corner, the men who got drunk and fought and swore, but who had sane views on politics and affairs, did not go in for smashing things. They had an instinctive dislike for waste. Under decent service conditions they would have put every available ounce of energy into their work, done it as well as it possibly could be done, and saved thousands of pounds to railway shareholders. Indeed, they did that even under the most adverse circumstances. I have seen men take most terrible risks to save a wagon or a parcel of goods from disaster—men, mark you, who had nothing whatever to thank the company for, men who, after twenty years' service, were certain of nothing so much as that they would end their days in the workhouse.

The point of all this is, that the *saboteur* I met was generally a non-unionist, he had seldom any social sentiment, he would have scoffed at the idea of Syndicalism or Guild Socialism. He was a potential capitalist of the worst type. The sane man, the man who had a social conscience and who had some sense of comradeship with his mates, would seldom consider the sabotage idea. To get him to waste goods wantonly it was necessary to drive him to the point of desperation, then a feeling of spite might drive him to go in for a smash of some sort. In short, the man who is to do much good to labour, either as a Syndicalist or a Guild Socialist, is not , in my opinion, likely to believe in or act upon the principle of smash. If he does come to smashing things, then good-bye to all constructive thoughts or measures in the Trade Union world.

An Examination of the National Guild System.

By H. Belloc.

VI.

So far I have explored (at great tedium for the reader; at not a little to myself) the vain country of ideals. I repeat that such an exploration is a necessary task at the beginning of any practical business; but for that I would not have undertaken it, but it is always a thankless job, and is to the attainment of real results and the pleasure of construction what looking out maps in a time-table is to the pleasure of travelling.

I have concluded that, of the four possible types of Guild, the two Proletarian Guilds were out of court because they did not satisfy the ends for which a Guild is meant. Whether the State owns the means of production or whether the Capitalists continue to own them, so long as the Guilds are no more than associations of proletarians they manifestly fail in their spiritual object.

As to the two other types of Guild which can alone pretend to satisfy the Reformer, I have given the arguments which seem to me to decide in favour of the Free Guild as against the Communal Guild.

But even if one could establish for the satisfaction of all the superiority of some one ideal type of Guild—such as that which I have called the "Free" Guild of separate owners—the achievement would only be preparatory to that constructive suggestion which may also be called practical suggestion.

Now in that next or practical department of this inquiry there are two sets of things to be considered. First, what are the conditions of establishment and survival lying before Guild-Reform in the industrial world as it *is*; secondly, what modification of our ideals is necessary to attain a working result?

It is almost self-evident that of all the types of Guild we have been considering, the one most immediately to our hand is what I have called Type 2—a Proletarian Guild working along with Capitalist ownership. That type of Guild is upon the very edge of maturing to-day. In some of our existing voluntary institutions (notably in those that command the cotton trade), it may be said to have come into actual being.

You have your Capitalist class there already. Organisation among the proletariat (known in this country as the "Trades Unions") gives you the Proletarian Guild. In other words, industrial life as it is now provides an immediate avenue towards my second type of Guild. In that sense this type of Guild is the one most "practical" for the moment.

My *first* type of Guild (that in which a proletarian organisation works side by side with *State* Ownership of the Means of Production) is also a "practical" one at this moment; both because the State has inherited the control of certain departments of labour—notably the Post Office—and also because the capitalist class—at any rate its less stupid portion—has woken up to the policy of "Nationalisation." That is, they design to guarantee their profits under the strong arm of the State, and to coerce labour to make profits for them, by the use of the same strong arm. They are going to

have such a nationalisation of railways. I should imagine that, as the use of coal is menaced by the development of other sources of energy we shall have a similar nationalisation of mines.* It is also probable that we shall have the guaranteeing of profits from agricultural land upon a large scale under the same title of nationalisation or State purchase. (The politicians will, of course, take care that the people themselves do not get hold of the land.)

In general, then, we may say that both the Proletarian Types of Guild, proletarian under the State and proletarian under the Capitalists (which I have called the First and the Second Type) are invited into existence by the industrial and political conditions of modern England, have already pierced the surface of reality and have partly come into being. They are, therefore, by far the most "practical" type for the moment; using the word "practical" in the sense of easily or immediately obtainable.

Unfortunately they are, as we have seen, useless from the reformer's point of view. For they do not fulfil the purposes of a Guild at all.

Those reformers who advocate the formation of such Proletarian Guilds are really driving at my *third* type of Guild: the Communal type. They are aiming at the Guild which, as a corporation, controls the instruments with which it works.

That, I think, has been the policy of THE NEW AGE in all that remarkable statement which has distinguished this paper during the past few months.

The Proletarian Guild (whether of the first or second type, whether working with the State as capitalist, or with the private capitalist, whether working with the big grocer in his capacity as Port of London Authority, or in his capacity as a Seller of Margarine) is obviously, for any serious reformer, no more than a stepping-stone to one of the two *non*-Proletarian types of Guild. And it is a matter of the most urgent, of the most imperative sort that we should decide whether the transition from Proletarian to non-Proletarian is feasible or no.

Here I do beg my readers who are (with me) hungering and thirsting for the restoration of tolerable conditions in English life, to appreciate the acute value of this question. All will admit that in the past the worst errors of reformers have proceeded from the idea that some unworthy goal if it were aimed at would, when it was reached, prove the gate towards the worthier goal which was really in their minds. The story of all reforms that have failed is the story of such a calculation.

I do not upon that account say that the formation of Proletarian Guilds will not lead to the ultimate establishment of Communal Guilds. I would base my argument upon something much more concrete and tangible than mere historical analogy; and I would earnestly beg my readers to consider, not only how false may be the calculation that the Proletarian Guild will lead to the Communal Guild, but how disastrous must be the result of a false calculation.

The argument upon which this calculation reposes is briefly as follows:—

The Proletarian Guild will achieve a monopoly of labour. It will be "Blackleg Proof." That is the first step.

I readily grant it. Not only have certain Trades Unions already achieved this result (especially in the cotton trade), but the Capitalist class (whether in their aspect of the Big Grocer or their aspect of the Port of London Authority) will, I think, be delighted to grant State-guaranteed monopolies of labour in the near future.

I think that the Trades Unions will be "Chartered" —to use the phrase which we used at Oxford twenty years ago—and that some little time hence, through the enlightened avarice of the Capitalists, a man not in the Union will no more be allowed to drive a locomotive than a man not in the Union is allowed to act as a solicitor or as a doctor to-day.

But the next step is the crucial one. The Guild thus rendered "Blackleg Proof," the Guild thus possessed of a monopoly of labour will, we are told, *proceed to expropriate the Capitalists*. That is the point I do not grant. That is the step which seems to me fantastic. That is the calculation which seems to me erroneous, and the consequences of which may, I fear, be so fatal to reform.

How and *why* should the Chartered Monopolist Proletarian Guild oust the Capitalist State or class and assume communal control of its own instruments?

"How" it would do so we can only conceive in one fashion. The proletarian workers would refuse their labour unless the instruments of production were handed over to them as a corporate body. But that implies a corporate consciousness and a corporate discontent with their own Chartered existence which, as a matter of fact, are and must be entirely lacking to men accustomed to wages alone, and ignorant of property. Their spirit does not demand control of corporate capital; and in their spirit you can answer the "Why."

It is this "*Why*" that gives the thing away. "Why" should the Chartered Monopolist Proletarian Guild try to oust the Capitalist State or Class? What spiritual driving force would there be behind so tremendous and, in the eyes of many men, unjust a demand? Do you as a fact find that men receiving a regular wage and one sufficient for what they have come to regard as their standard of life, inclined to the big business of expropriation? What reward lies before them as the result of such a conquest?

The grossly underpaid man is angry to the point of desiring some big reform and even of suffering for it; so is the insulted man; so, above all, is the insecure man. But the man safe in his place, getting all that he is in the habit of requiring and subject to a control which he finds reasonable does not set out to change his station. The material loot obtainable is small as an addition to his wages. It would make a great difference in but some few trades; in more but an appreciable difference; in most but a slight addition. Nowhere, once security and sufficiency were granted, would the loot of profit make a difference worth the strain of a big fight.

That the Chartered Guild would demand "places on the Board of Directors" I willingly grant; for these honorific things are always powerful over men's minds. That it would work more proudly and therefore more comfortably than the unchartered and leaky Trades Unions of to-day, I also grant. But I do think, from all that we know of men, that if the Guild be born Proletarian, proletarian it will remain. What is more, I think that the Capitalist knows this—at least, the intelligent Capitalist—and that he is going to work for the establishment of proletarian Guilds precisely because he believes that they will guarantee the permanence of his own economic position.

If, then, the Proletarian Guild, State controlled or Capitalist controlled, will not lead towards the Communal Guild, and if we are convinced (as we all are) that the Proletarian Guild, remaining proletarian, is not a solution of our problem at all but only a perpetuation of what we must detest in the disease of our time, let us inquire what practical chances lie before each of the remaining two types: the true Guilds; the 3rd and 4th types which I have called the "Communal" and the "Free": the type which owns its own Means of Production corporately, and the type in which those Means are held as well-divided property in the hands of a Guild-organised population.

Which of these two sorts of real Guild have we the best chance of producing to-day? With the heavy odds against both, which suffers the least handicap?

That is the practical question I shall next approach; and only when that is settled can we decide what modifications in the type we are aiming at will render it stable and permanent.

* I think that the present capitalist incomes from coal will be guaranteed by the politicians on the general future revenues of the State—watch the process.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

X.

The Woman Question.

THE nightingales were singing night and day; the croaking of the frogs waxed deafening in the evenings; hosts of tortoises which had been hibernating in the thickets came out and basked upon the kitchen-garden. I fell into a very lazy way of life, the garden being large enough for exercise, and far more pleasant than the dusty roads. It also was a place of concourse and society, where all our friends forgathered in the afternoons, and strangers might be met at any time. Misket Hanum told me that her father had encouraged people to resort to it, until the place became regarded almost as a public park; and she herself had no objection to their coming so long as they refrained from damaging the trees and plants. The visitors were chiefly women, whose appearance added beauty to the vistas, their white-draped figures looking statuesque against the mass of leaves, and ghostlike in the shadow of green aisles. But their presence made my walks uneasy, for I fled before them; though it sometimes happened that in act to flee I was recalled by merry laughter; they were ladies I knew well. I was often told that my ideas were too old-fashioned, and asked to recognise the great advance the Turks had made upon the ways of my beloved Arabs. Yet the voices of the women died as we drew near the public road, and in their outdoor talk with me I could detect the flavour of an escapade. Lest anyone should think that my veiled friends were, all of them, the wives of some old Bluebeard, or had ever been immured in "harems," let me say at once that such a notion is quite antiquated. Polygamy is still established as a principle, but little practised, among Turks of to-day. In cases where a married couple have no children a second wife is generally taken with the consent, or at the instance, of the first. The pride and independence of the Turkish ladies is accountable for much of the polygamy to be observed in recent years. Life at Constantinople being charming, they refuse to travel. Consequently, when a husband went as governor to Baghdad or Damascus for five years at least, he took with him, as consort, a Circassian slave, who, possibly, would urge him on to further matrimony, feeling lonely in a foreign land. Apart from this, plurality of wives has ceased to be the custom, save for Sultans. On the other hand divorce is very easy, so that men and women with a taste for change may gratify it. I know a lady who has had seven husbands and speaks of her various children as "that hateful Ahmed's girl," "poor Hilmi's boy," and so on.

Instead of being restricted to her husband and her brothers, a modern Turkish lady's male acquaintance is extended so as to include her cousins, and all kinds of relatives by marriage, making a large circle. For these she goes unveiled, and dresses charmingly; for other men she is a shrouded phantom, quite unrecognisable, belonging to a separate world, the world of women. It is but natural that adventurous, bright-witted girls, who have been brought up in the European way of thinking, should be constantly seeking to enlarge their circles, urging their relatives and bosom friends to marry some outsider, that they may have another man to whom they may "come out" from veils. Misket Hanum, who had sworn to wed a Turk, was constantly adjured to do so quickly for the pleasure of her friends. By a kind of legal fiction, since only a near relative could lodge with a lone woman in a Turkish house, I was made a relative of Misket, and so, upon the score of an imagined sisterhood, accessible to all her circle. Such quibbles are by no means rare where it is a question of enlarging women's spheres. These will probably go on extending till they are as wide as those of Englishwomen, including all the eligible and polite, when the veil will be no longer any hardship, but a mere withdrawal from the crowd.

In the country one occasionally saw a man accompanying the women of his house in walks abroad; the man invariably strolled before, the women following; but it was thought a strange proceeding even there, while in the city it was quite unheard of. Outside the privacy of house and garden the men and women of a family go different ways. It is improper for them to be seen together. This being so, the Turkish ladies have a grievance in the latitude their men claim with regard to Europeans. A Turkish man will travel with a French or German woman in the train, sit next to her on the steamer, walk about with her in town, not knowing that the black-shrouded, white-gloved figure passing and repassing is his jealous wife. And when charged with misbehaviour by the latter he will justify his conduct by the European standard and blame his wife for lack of knowledge of the world. How should she know the world? She knows her own restrictions. The women have, however, one advantage in being quite unrecognisable when in outdoor garb.

A lady, coming from Stamboul one evening to our garden, where she had arranged to meet her lord and master, told us: "I passed my husband on the bridge this afternoon when I was walking with some friends, and gave him a good nudge in passing. He stood, turned and stared, seeming much interested. I had given him a feeling of adventure. You will see!"

She shortly charged her husband in my presence with having felt a moment's tender interest in a veiled one who had nudged him on the bridge. The wretch retorted that he had, in fact, stood still a moment looking after her, debating whether he should give her into custody.

Misket Hanum, who, as Turk and European, enjoyed the freedom of both worlds, assured me she preferred the Turkish ways, and loved the real old-fashioned Turks more than the moderns. Yet she could be the European on occasion. I remember, one fine Friday afternoon, she had arranged to travel into town with me. As it happened there had come a visitor to lunch—the same young Arab from the military school, who had felt such strong misgivings at my first arrival. Much to my astonishment, Misket begged and then commanded him to come with us. He, being too polite to say "No" flatly, hemmed and hawed; but when our hostess left us for a moment, he flung himself on me, imploring me to help him—I, who understood! Misket was the only woman he had ever spoken to outside his family. He loved and venerated her extremely, but as for going out with her—why, he had never even gone out with his mother since he was a baby. He would die of shame; and would, besides, pretty certainly be placed under arrest if the commandant of the school should get to hear of the proceeding. He was shocked at her proposing such a thing. Misket Hanum had not before encountered so correct a Muslim, for she was amazed at a refusal which to me seemed natural. Most Turks are now accustomed to the Western view of women, and have two standards and two manners which they use at will.

If the men assert their right to mix with European ladies in the European manner, the women, not unnaturally claim an equal licence in regard to European men of decent standing when brought near to them. The free intercourse which I enjoyed with a whole coterie would not have been allowed to any native of the country. Well do I remember a good Muslim youth who came to call on me, complaining of the conduct of an older lady who had been sitting with us in the garden when he came in sight, but then at once withdrew. He cried: "What nonsense it all is! She talks unveiled to you, a stranger, and hides from me whom she has known a baby!" There is a good deal of nonsense in it all in these days, and there is unfairness in the preference of Europeans. The argument that we are used to seeing women constantly, while Turks are not, holds

good up to a certain point. The risk of sudden passion is much less with us. But should the flame break out—as may well happen, for the Turkish ladies are exceedingly attractive—the disaster, on the other hand, is greater. For a Muslim woman is not under any circumstances allowed to marry a Christian man; the old pride of Islam forbids it; though the reverse, the marriage of a Christian woman by a Muslim, having a taste of conquest, is permissible. If a Turkish girl does wed a Christian she must flee the country, leave her family for ever, and give up her property. Even supposing that she does this gladly, her chance of happiness is small, for Turkish women, however much they hanker after European manners when at home, are soon disgusted with them in experience, and have been known to die of homesickness. The educated Turk to-day has no objection to the abstract notion of allowing Muslim maidens to wed Europeans in the time to come. But for the present it is quite out of the question, public opinion being fierce against it. While this is so, the growing fashion among Turks of taking wives from Europe should, I think, be strongly deprecated. We are not yet upon an equal footing; and until we are, such inter-marriage—commonly with women of no character will be injurious. There have been brought into honourable Turkish homes women whom the husbands' mother, sisters, cousins well know to be undesirable, though obliged by custom to receive the bride with open arms. Polygamy being virtually extinct, and women somewhat in excess of men, it follows that, if Turkish men of good society seek wives in Europe while their women are restricted in their choice to Turks, a number of well educated ladies must remain unmarried. Already one perceives the nucleus of a feminist movement, which in another generation will, no doubt, be formidable.

This concern of intermarriage has become a problem in the last few decades, and is bound to gain importance in the course of time. El Islâm has been called an enemy to civilisation too curtly, as I think; the fact being simply that she has not yet arrived at a modus vivendi with modern life. The process of experiment in that direction is at present going on in Turkey, among the one "white" race the Muslim world possesses. Its consequences to humanity at large are of such moment that one is amazed to see the process hindered and opposed by Europe. One of the great complaints of Ottoman Christians is that, while the Turks may see their women freely, the Turkish women are kept jealously secluded from them. This grievance is not quite so reasonable as it seems. Formerly the native Christian women used to veil and keep apart in exactly the same manner as the Turks. While that was so there was, of course, no grievance. If from a wish to ape the Europeans, their protectors, the native Christians let their women take a liberty in dress and bearing which to the majority of their compatriots, and even to some Europeans, seems indecent, they have themselves, and not the Turks, to blame for any inconveniences which may thence accrue to them.

The coterie to which I was admitted upon terms of intimacy was, as that fact proclaims, rather more French than Turkish, though no member of it had, I fancy, been to France. The ladies read French books and periodicals, and were but a few days behind in their discussion of the newest play, the latest novel, the last sensation in the way of crime or scandal rousing Paris; while the gentlemen were equally well informed upon political events in that far country. Things Oriental they looked down on with indulgent, sentimental pity as old-fashioned and a trifle barbarous.

A chief cause of this alienation of a section of the upper classes from the Turkish people has been the lack of Turkish education of a modern kind. Only one good modern school—for boys, of course—existed until lately; while European mission schools were plenty, and offered obvious advantages where the first object of the scholar was to gain the practice of a foreign tongue. The sons of high officials of the old régime either attended such schools, or had foreign tutors in the home. The girls had European governesses—often of a disreputable class, for the parents were not skilled to choose—quartered upon them. 'Had" I have written, but I might have written "have," for some of the specimens I met this time in Turkey were unworthy of a post of trust.

My wife was asked by a girl of eighteen to recommend her a good English governess. Her father, a widower, desired to find one, but had no means of telling good from bad. They dressed alike. "I had one once," she said, "a Mrs. Johnson. But she was bad."

"What did she do?"

"Nothing at all. That was just it. She lay in bed all day and drank wine. And father did not know how to get rid of her. He could not, of course, be rude to a European lady, who was in our house, alone without a friend. He gave her, I believe, no end of money, just to go."

Oh! those governesses! The havoc they have wrought in decent Turkish homes! The best of them have done much mischief by their inability to see that innocence can perfectly consist with candour upon topics which Europeans cover with a sentimental veil; the worst have dealt in actual corruption. When someone asked a Turk of my acquaintance if he was not going to provide a governess for his children, he answered: "Do you think me then so bad a Muslim that I should give my son for guide a secret agent of our foes?"

"Only think!" Misket once said to me. "One of the girls who comes to me for lessons—a girl of twelve—knows every river and mountain, every department and chef-lieu in France, all the dates of the Merovingian kings, and yet cannot tell the date of Abdul Hamid II, nor the names of the Anatolian vilayets. With me she is beginning Turkish history—she said that she had never heard of such a subject of instruction—and geography and manners."

In truth, the need of national and patriotic education—more especially for women—is a crying one; the Turks have been so cheated and misled on all hands by their foreign teachers.

There was another subject on which Misket Hanum, as already stated, differed strongly from the greater number of her neighbours; that of politics. She was an ardent Unionist, while they were Liberals; and it was to me a marvel, seeing the fierceness and the frequency of their disputes, that our circle held together for a single day. Our friends, being good enough to wish to win me to their side, kept dinning in my ears the evil doings of the Unionists.

"But they are the progressive party, are they not?" I asked, considerably puzzled, for in England I had heard the Young Turks blamed for rash attempts to force things European wholesale on an Eastern race. "They aim at modern progress. How is it then that you who are so far advanced in that direction, object to them so strongly?"

"Progressive!" came the shriek. "Well, hear and judge! Woman's emancipation is a part of progress, is it not? When liberty was proclaimed, some women of the educated sort, as capable of good behaviour as the men, supposed that they might go about more freely. They were arrested, fined, imprisoned. One poor girl was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for throwing back her veil and drinking off a glass of arak in a public place. It was a piece of bravado, of vulgarity, if you like; but was it worthy of so great a punishment? And do they ever blame those others who assail us modern women, spit at us and curse us if we wear a thinner veil or a more fashionable skirt than usual? Before the Constitution we felt no such tyranny. They, progressive! Why, they are most pure reactionaries!"

"I don't care what you say," cried Misket Hanum, "the Unionists are right and you are wrong. As for their severity towards some ladies, those ladies brought it on themselves. Did not they, when admitted to the theatre, tear down the wooden bars which set apart

their gallery, and misbehave themselves each time they were allowed some liberty?"

"It is all their fault," she would explain to me. "They do not know how to behave; they are as yet unfit for greater liberty." In proof of this assertion she told stories illustrative of the tragic ferment among women since the revolution.

When the great ball in honour of the Constitution was given at Fener Baghcheh, a friend of hers informed his wife that he was going. His wife forbade it. He said that he was grieved to have to disoblige her, but, as a steward of the dance, was bound to go. There was a furious scene; the wife declared it was a sin for him to jump about with brazen-faced, half-naked women; but all the same, the husband went. The wife went, too, but secretly. She prowled about outside the lighted building till she found a waiter to whom she gave her husband's name and a brief message, to the effect that someone wished to speak to him upon important business. The husband fell into the trap, when she chastised him soundly with a weapon she had hidden underneath her charshaf. He, in a rage, divorced her then and there, in presence of the crowd which quickly gathered. But she did not care. She had, she said, done justice on an evil-doer.

Again, one day when Misket Hanum was going to Stamboul a fight broke out between two ladies in the women's cabin on the boat. She helped to separate the combatants, who turned out to be friends of hers. She heard their story. They were advanced young ladies, who had been close friends from childhood. They had always vowed that, when they married, each should "come out" freely to the other's husband. They did marry, and the men approved their vow. One day the husband of the one happened to be visiting the other married couple in their Yâli (seaside house), upon the Bosphorus. His hostess, from desire to do him honour, put a highly scented towel in his bedroom. When he got home his wife first sniffed the air, then flew at him. He came to her reeking of the chosen perfume of her bosom friend. And when she met that friend in the harim compartment of a steamer, her first thought was to tear her piecemeal.

A far more dreadful thing had happened very lately. A Turkish girl, consumptive, had been sent off to a sanatorium in Switzerland. News came to her relations in Constantinople that she was worse and could not live much longer. Her sister and the sister's husband, both of them members of the "advanced" set of Turks, hastened to her bedside. The sister held long consultations with the doctor, which, no doubt, looked bad, as she did not know how to behave with Europeans, for which her husband shot her and then shot himself in presence of the dying girl, who, maddened by the sight, sprang out of bed and stamped upon the dead man's face.

In spite of anecdote and representation to the contrary, however, I still considered Turkish women hardly treated by the Unionists, judging by the few of my own circle, who were highly civilised.

On my next visit to Stamboul I broached the subject, over luncheon, to the man who, since the departure of Rifaat Bey, was my most confidential friend in Turkey; at the same time asking him to tell me which of the two parties was in truth progressive, which reactionary. His reply was: "You must find out for yourself."

For himself, he was a Unionist, he said, though there were persons in that party whom he heartily disliked. But he would not give me his ideas, nor seek to influence me in the least; looking forward with much interest to my impartial verdict. On the subject of the women he was grave and spoke as follows:—

"When the Constitution was proclaimed, we thought it the millennium and imagined that the old restrictions were no longer needed. In the first days it really looked like that. We were all mad with freedom; Christians, Jews, Mohammedans embraced as brothers. Then all at once a thing occurred which brought us sharply back to face realities. A horrible event! You must have heard of it. Just over there, quite close to us. A Muslim girl, confiding in the shouts of liberty, married a Christian. Well, my friend, there was a rising. The pair were dragged out of their house and hacked to pieces in the open street. Worse than all that, there was a howl of satisfaction from the country, from the very women! We saw a hideous peril, to avoid which it was necessary to preserve indefinitely the rigorous seclusion of our Muslim women. There were no two parties at the time; all agreed on the necessity. The sole objectors were a section of the Christians who seemed to think we ought to anger and humiliate the Muslims for their sake. This matter of the women is the one point of fanaticism which still survives among us. The Government must consider the whole nation, not alone the few who have outgrown such prejudices. Remember that the ladies with whom you associate are quite exceptional, and would be murdered if they had the liberty which they desire."

He was quite right. And yet it seemed to me a pity that so much enthusiasm should have been repressed so bluntly, when an appeal to the unruly ladies upon grounds of patriotism, presenting them with an ideal and with work to do, might have done wonders for the party of reform. For Turkish women are intensely patriotic, and as a rule more energetic than the men.

The Psychology of Human Nature.

By Harold Lister.

THE present state of the social organism bears a sinister likeness to the condition governing the origin and growth of the cancer-cell. Not so very many years ago there was a fierce squabble on the question of heredity and environment. Mark that heredity was always placed first, as it is even now by those belated scientists the eugenists. Happily the matter is now settled beyond dispute in the court of intelligence. But as an instance of the quick response to stimuli let us take the mushroom. Mushrooms can only grow in the dark. They contain no chlorophyl, the green colouring matter of the leaf, which decomposes carbon-dioxide, setting oxygen free, and thus building up the plant. Plants, of course, are of slow growth compared with the fungi, which, having no means of extracting carbon from the atmosphere, are compelled to rely for their supply upon the dead or dying matter of the soil, and which they appropriate with sufficient rapacity to account for their rapid growth.

We have now a vast horde of people moulded to the will of the merchant-princes, and like them reflecting in their stunted forms and faces the impress of their environment. Look at them, master and man.. How often do we see a fine eye—and the eye is a good test of character? Or a fine nose, or a fine mouth and chin? It is time there was more plain speaking on this subject. Again the stupefying ugliness of the people is reflected in the slag-heap ugliness of our buildings. A visitor from the other world who saw our filthy streets and back alleys, would scurry out of it before he became familiar with the sight, since men of any feeling refuse to look at ugliness if they can avoid it.

Let us discard if we can the idea of man as a sentient being, and picture him as an organism having little or no choice in any matter governing his existence. He is, we will suppose, entirely at the mercy of his environment. Indeed, it does so happen that the assiduous ape in man is such that by the force of tradition he responds to leadership even when this leadership is but the dregs of the real thing.

As with the fungi so with all "artificial" growths. Up to about the end of the sixteenth century there were practically only two classes in this country. Up to then, or thereabouts, the merchant, or middle-class, existed on sufferance. An agricultural people, relying wholly upon the land, have sufficient faith in the earth and the fullness thereof to scorn mere money-getting.

Even to-day the pastoral people of the Steppes are as scornful of the agriculturist proper, as he is, in turn, of the townsman. The discovery of coal and iron in this country, and the swiftly extending use of steam, changed a comparatively small population of rural people into an urban, who multiplied prodigiously, and who inherited as much of the earth as would bury their factory-scarred remains.

It is true that the change gave to a larger number of people greater security, and a taste of prosperity. But when we reflect that correlative with this surfeit there was a decay of tradition, and an unblushing worship of the golden calf, what was gained on the one hand was lost hand over fist, as it were, on the other. Hitherto the two classes were in fairly close touch with each other, and left to themselves could have settled their differences amicably enough. Old King Coal decided otherwise. And the despised merchant was now come to his own at last.

But that is to descend to personalities. If we keep in mind our picture of man but as a tree walking, we shall then see that it is futile to blame the merchant. It is to be noted as a significant fact that when wealth is divided among greater and greater numbers of people decadence is not far off. When we bear in mind that all the fine things of other days were produced under the influence of a powerful emotion—witness religion in relation to art and architecture—it is not difficult to see that quantitative production was in the nature of things the doom of the arts and crafts.

An environment of wealth among great numbers, and without the restraints of tradition, begets a species of men who have no use for the culture of craftsmanship, rather does its restraint irritate them. We have now a class bent wholly upon gain; and as there is intelligence even among lunatics it was to be expected that that nightmare out of Bedlam, the division of labour, was inevitable in quantitative production. The liberty of the subject was a pet parrot-cry of the Manchester school. To how many of my readers has it occurred that had it not been for the discovery of coal and iron in such abundance and proximity England might easily have become a second Greece? But, however tight a grip you may keep on the money-bags, the merchant, or middle-class, cannot keep as strict a curb on its women kind; and that is where decadence runs its full course. The passion for trade, be it legitimate or not, soon gives way to the desire to amass riches for vulgar display. From this it is an easy step to merchant vying with merchant, the wealthiest setting the pace, and the odalisques goading the laggards on.

Unbridled licence carries always its own sting. But mark how the system with its mechanical education and its stultifying environment drags all into the mire of mediocrity, as Nietzsche pointed out. The merchant having, perforce, had to swallow his own venom turns and reviles his fellow-men. Forgetting that, in the nature of things, the system is inimical to the talents, since it depends for its existence on the smooth working of a mass of automata, and judging, therefore, his kind through the needle's eye, out comes the parrot-cry of "human nature." Human nature is this, human nature is that—ergo, human nature is hopeless.

The importance of environment as the deciding factor in the nature of a people might have been in the nature of a leading idea had we had a scientist of genius who had the historical faculty equally well developed. But it was not to be. The system has laid us all by the heels, indiscriminately. And at least we can laugh a huge guffaw when we hear the sleek, smug social reformer deploring the lack of initiative, and the mediocrity of "the people." As though Nature ever did discriminate to the extent of planting ability in one particular class. The social reformer being a decadent, mistakes, like any woman, the "congenial" for the reasonable.

Mr. Chesterton, in a sentimental mood, I do believe —or is it environment again?—hoped the revolution would come soon. And Mr. Verdad speaks of the application of leadership to the science and art of war Does he really think that the enervated European, save a few German aristocrats, looks upon war as an art? I don't. The system has dehumanised men. They are capable of an all-governing passion as an odalisque, and about as brave as eunuchs. It is true that the French have the tradition of an old grudge, but against this the German has the tradition of aristocratic leadership, and that goes a long way with that imitative and respectful ape man.

But to return to Mr. Chesterton. After the French Revolution there was a division of land, carrying with it traditional usages (we cannot away with tradition; nor need we). After the industrial revolution there was a division of loot. The French are a frugal people, and frugality in living is a better test of character (self-control) than mere thrift. Though the French have both. We are inordinately spendthrift in all classes, and our loot avails us nothing. The English are big eaters, and the big eaters are the hard workers. The Englishman could shake hands with the ancient Roman as a successful coloniser.

Yet after the Revolution the French still had the system, and the people who batten on the continuance of the system, and who will always be found on the wrong side of the barricade. I mean, of course, the merchant or middle-class. And having hoisted the Jolly Roger, in other words, a piratical money standard, the merchant princes will see us further first before they haul down their flag. And it will not be an open, much less a fair, fight, either. And that is the system's weakness. The tyrant knew when to strike. And you could knife the tyrant in turn. You cannot, however, geld the system; nevertheless, the system has one inherent failing. Its leading idea is money, and money is a commodity but it is not a psychological factor. The system can acknowledge no leadership. It is therefore a dissentient camp, and held together by its women folk! The ruling idea with the more sentimental of the merchant princes seems to be a wish to grant the workers more leisure in return for the cultural occupations they have deprived him of. And as you can breed any type you have a mind to, there are actually workers who would say a benediction over the offerings of the Cocoa Nibs.

I honestly believe that in the National Guild idea we have re-discovered the something new under the sun, and that is the possibility of the worker exercising a genuinely democratic control over the one thing he really understands, and that is his trade, or craft. Unless you know as much about a man's work as he knows himself you cannot judge, and give credit to, ability. That is another defect of the system, since the modern boss is of the fatuous type, and there are lots of him, who think they can run a business from the stalls. You cannot, and the worker knows you cannot. And therein we have the leaven that is going to leaven the whole lump.

Tradition and the psychology of the uniform is everything in inculcating discipline. And the worker, too, is learning a much-needed lesson. Past strikes, and strikes to come, will teach the men the morale of combination. What they lack in trappings will be made up to them in the increasing intensity of the governing Guild idea, plus the increasing irritation arising from the attempt to keep up the precedence of economics over the man. It is easier to defend than to attack, says Machiavelli. And a blackleg-proof union would have the means both of defence and attack. (Sabotage, in a puritanical people, is dictated by the pious belief that evil is permissible so that good come of it. But that is just what Cocoa Nibs thinks. Pass Sabotage.)

Man, then, is wholly at the mercy of his environment. Given Spartan conditions you will have Spartan discipline. The merchant thinks he can enforce discipline by the aid of touts. In that he is mistaken. Discipline, in that it is voluntary, can only come from within, since it is spiritual or it is nothing. The National Guild will recreate for us the divine faculty of discipline in the mass.

A Triumph for State-Controlled Industry.

By Recorder.

[Our contributor omits to mention that in the course of settling the Llangoed colliery dispute the State troops shot down three State miners, a State miner's wife, a Quaker missionary, a maid-servant going to the post, and three children coming from school; also that over £200,000 worth of property was destroyed, and 56 miners sent to gaol.]

It will be remembered that the great success of the Labour Party in the Parliamentary Session of 1917 was the carriage of the Mines Nationalisation Act. By this at last the working miner won that control over his own conditions of labour without which he was truly but a wage slave. Through his local Labour Representation Committee he controls his Labour M.P.; the Labour Party in the House, holding the balance of power, controls the fate of the Government. The Government appoints a Minister of Mines; he appoints the Provincial Controllers, who appoint District Managers, who (in turn) appoint the Colliery Managers. Thus the chain of control is completed, link by link, as may be seen by the following incidents which happened in the spring of 1919.

APRIL 1ST.

The "Miners' Arms," Pontgoed. A deputation of Llangoed miners meets the district miners' agent. David Davids is spokesman.

DAVIDS (to Agent): "Look you, Jenkins, this minimum wage doesn't meet the case in Llangoed whatever. It is all difficult places for us, and we will stop the pits, I tell you, if we can't get a living wage for sure."

AGENT: "Now, David, don't you go on like that, for I will just talk this over with Mr. Brace, and he will see that justice is done by Llangoed pits. Don't you fear about that at all now, David. It is truly a great shame and it shall be set to rights at once."

APRIL 4TH.

Cardiff offices of the South Wales Miners' Federation. The district agent, J. Jenkins, interviews Mr. W. Brace, Miners' M.P.

JENKINS: "And now, Brace, about that Llangoed business. They will surely stop the pits if we can't secure them a living wage. I may tell you their condition is no better than it was under the old company. That looks bad for State mines. Something must be done, Brace, and done quickly."

BRACE: "You leave that to me, Jenkins, I will see to that at once."

JENKINS: "Thank you, Brace. And now about the Tremynach constituency. There was some talk that I should be nominated. . . ."

APRIL 6TH.

Westminster Palace Hotel. Mr. W. Brace, M.P., in private conference with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Under Secretary for Labour Affairs.

BRACE: "You got my note about local trouble at some of our Welsh pits, the old Llangoed collieries? Well, what can be done? We must ensure these men a living wage."

MACDONALD: "It's the old abnormal place trouble, I suppose?"

BRACE: "Yes, indeed, only these difficult places are not abnormal in Llangoed pits. It is good places that are abnormal."

MACDONALD: "Brace, you are becoming a wit." (Both laugh restrainedly.)

"Well, I will see to it immediately. Let me see—yes, I am lunching with Israelson to-day, I'll mention it to him. I wish we had a better Minister of Mines, but there it is, Brace—I can't hold more than one post myself, and it is very necessary for the good of the party . . . etc., etc."

SAME DAY.

(Israelson and MacDonald at lunch.)

MACDONALD: "You will get an official statement shortly, I expect, about trouble in some Welsh pits over abnormal-place payments. It is really serious, you know, and the men mean fighting. They are worrying me about it no end."

ISRAELSON: "All right, MacDonald, I'll look into it."

APRIL 8TH.

State Mines Office. Israelson is signing papers.

Israelson (to Principal Clerk): "So you think there's nothing in that Llangoed affair? It's very troublesome, anyway. Make a little more inquiry, and acknowledge the memorial in a conciliatory way meanwhile."

A series of memoranda follows, as thus:—

APRIL 10TH.

State Mines Office to South Wales Controller: "The Minister of Mines will be glad to have further advice, etc., etc."

APRIL 12TH.

South Wales Controller to District Manager, Merthyr Tydvil: "The Controller will be glad, etc., etc."

APRIL 13TH.

District Manager of State Mines to Colliery Manager, Llangoed: "I shall be glad, etc."

APRIL 16TH, 18TH, 20TH.

More memoranda.

APRIL 21ST, 23RD, 24TH, 27TH.

More interviews.

APRIL 28TH.

House of Commons Question Paper:—

Mr. W. Brace to ask the Minister of Mines:—

Whether he has received from the miners employed at Llangoed collieries, South Wales, a memorial as to their inability to earn a living owing to the frequency of difficult places in the seam; and whether he will forthwith grant a special schedule of wages which will ensure the men a return commensurate to the energy put forth by them.

Reply by Mr. Israelson:—

The Minister finds that whilst there have been some occasional causes of complaint, these are gradually being removed by the operations of the recent amendments to the annual Minimum Wage Amendment Act, and there is no reason therefore to think, etc.

MAY 1ST.

Brace and Jenkins receiving deputation of infuriated Llangoed miners.

DAVID DAVIDS (spokesman): "But what I want to know, Brace, is what are the party doing?"

BRACE: "Well, Roberts has spoken to the Premier, and the Premier has spoken to Israelson, but finds that he is hopeless in the hands of the permanent officials."

DAVIDS: "Then why doesn't George shift Israelson?"

BRACE: "Come, David, you can't shift a man when he's giving your party pots of money. When you're living on him, as you may say."

DAVIDS: "Then why doesn't Roberts threaten that the Labour Party will vote against the Government? You chaps hold the balance of power. That would wake things up a bit. Why, I say——"

BRACE: "But suppose we did vote against them. Away goes all chance of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and the Saturday Afternoon Closing Bill. . . . and what's more, MacDonald and Henderson would go down with them——"

DAVIDS: "And the end of all hope of jobs for you or Hartshorn, or Parker. . . . I understand, Brace . . . Come along, chaps."

(They come along).

MAY 15TH.

Extract from "South Wales Daily News": In addition to 3,500 miners on strike at Llangoed and

adjoining collieries, another 14,000 South Wales miners have given notice to cease work unless the Llangoed wage difficulty is settled by the Minister of Mines. Eight hundred metropolitan police, including 150 mounted men, arrived at Cardiff yesterday. The 2nd Battalion Bedfordshire and 28th Lancers are already proceeding to the scene of trouble, and K Battery Royal Horse Artillery (our Woolwich correspondent states) have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to South Wales."

Arjuna-Kartavirya.

(From the Mahábhárata.)

By Beatrice Hastings.

In might and beauty, Kartavirya
Swayed the Earth with her belt of seas—
That king of all the race Haihaya,
Kshatriyan chieftain, ruled in ease.

A king, he kept the laws of caste;
To Bráhmanas his head he bent;
And portions of his treasury vast
To the sage, Dattátreya, he sent.

The Rishi saw his solitude
Lit up with gems like heavenly moons:
His mind was bowed with gratitude,
And he said, "O King, ask me three boons!"

Well-versed in moral science clear,
That foremost chief, Arjuna, spake:
"O Bráhman, thy command I hear,
And boons from thee will duly take.

"Give me in war a thousand arms,
Among my troops high deeds to do;
But when I rest 'mid homely charms,
Grant me, O sage, my usual two.

"Grant me all vigilance to sway,
From this my throne, the well-won Earth.
O faultless, pure as Surya's ray,
Of potent boons thou hast no dearth!

"Then give me yet a further gift!
I live in thee: when I do ill,
Send to my side a warner swift,
With reason and persuasive skill."

"O king, so be it!" said the sage.
And thus were boons of might acquired
By Arjun, mad with Rudra's rage—
Effulgent, blazing, he retired.

He mounted a golden car: like one
Of Agni's flames, he lit the wind—
His thousand arms flung worlds undone:
And with great prowess, he grew blind!

He roared above the silent field.
"I challenge! Is none left? Who stands?
The fame of all to mine must yield—
I am Lord of Earth with my thousand hands!"

He uttered. . . . From the welkin came,
As forth the spaces of the soul,
A voice as faint as rising shame,
As stern as Indra's thunder-roll.

"O wretch, Kshatriya, mad and blind,
Know thou the Bráhman is thy lord!
A thousand arms are ruled by Mind;
A Bráhman rules the warrior's sword!"

Arjuna laughed on his golden toy—
"I know: I choose—and I create!
I know: I choose—and I destroy!
No Bráhman rules my royal state!"

He hurled his worthless words like sand
Upswept and piled in desert storm;
They fell like heat on muddy land
Where breed foul flies of bloated form.

"Hear me, O invisible seer,
Counter thy thesis of some old Purana!
Thou sayst—the Bráhman rules the Kshatriya:
I say—the Kshatriya rules the Bráhmana.

"My order theirs hath long protected—
What aid to us is their sacred preaching?
They beg their bread, by none respected—
And feign to pay with their Vedic teaching!

"They refuge with us, these puissant Bráhmans—
They eat our gifts, these mendicant Bráhmans—
So from to-day I conquer your Bráhmans—
Beggarly, proud, superior Bráhmans!"

The welkin-ranging spirit heard;
It quailed to hear Arjuna's choice!
Then One who lay on ocean stirred:
The God of Wind up-took his voice.

"Thou bringest doom against thy throne.
Why wouldst thou die of thy success?
Bow to Bráhmans, injure none!
O king, the greater rules the less."

Arjuna jeered: "And who are thou?"
"Deific messenger am I—
Pavana, god of wind. Hear now;
Let not thy blind pride pass me by!"

Arjuna said: "O I hear, I hear,
I hear what I hear—thou lov'st the tribe
Of them that catch the cringer's ear—
Thou lov'st the boasting Bráhmin scribe.

"What kind of earthly thing is a Bráhmana—
This highly superior ornament?
Doth he resemble the wind-god, Pavana?
Or is he like Water, Sun, Fire, or the Firmament?"

The god said: "Hear, deluded slave,
Those attributes of Bráhmans famed,
More great than flame or Varun's wave,
Or me, or aught that thou hast named.

"Dandak perished, that mighty realm,
And loud-voiced Talajungh is still,
And Sagar's sons the seas o'erwhelm:
Each fell to a single Bráhman's will.

"Why, O Arjuna, dost revere
The Fire-god, Agni, daily thrice—
Him, the Bráhman, who doth bear
The universal sacrifice?

"Thou hast a realm of Vedic might:
Who gave this grace to thee, Arjun,
This strength of thousand arms in fight?
It was a Rishi gave the boon.

"Why art thou stupefied by tests,
Who once didst know what I relate—
That all this world's creation rests
In the palm of a Bráhman uncreate?

"Unmanifest, the puissant Lord,
In glory veiled, that may not fade—
The Earth's Creator with His Word
All mobile and immobile made.

"Some be, with wisdom unendowed,
That say of an Egg was Bráhman born,
Whence Earth, the Compass, and Heaven flowed
And took their shapes on that first morn.

"(Who saw this birth? From tales so sown,
The man of wisdom turns his face.
For him, Brahm is unborn, unknown.)
'Tis said—this first of Eggs is Space!

"Ask! If the Ancient sprang from Space,
Space increate—whereon his knee
Or head or finest hair found place?
For then was nothing else than He.

"I answer. One great Being is,
In whom this Universe subsists.
'Tis Consciousness! The worlds are His.
There is no Egg. But Brahm exists!

"O mighty-armed! with knowledge won,
Bráhmanas worship Him alway."
The god ceased. Kritavirya's son
Like man avowed to silence lay.

Readers and Writers.

MR. HOLBROOK JACKSON is right to resent the description of his book ("The Eighteen-Nineties," Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net) as a collection of "fugitive essays." His twenty-one chapters do, it is true, range rather at random; but their common substance is the art-work in one form or another of the period he deals with. That he includes chapters on Printing, Painting, and Black and White, but does not mention Music, is probably more by accident than by design. His work is only just not encyclopædic; but it is a very good catalogue nevertheless. As a spiritual guide, on the other hand, I find Mr. Jackson superficial and not even interesting. Mr. J. M. Kennedy's work on the same period had at least the merit of being definitely wrong. His notion that aristocratic and democratic literature were at war during the years 1880-1900, though only pseudo-philosophic and would-be profound, was at any rate mildly curious; somewhere in the region of the negative of his affirmations a little truth might be discovered. Also it is to his credit that he first traced in any published work the descent of the line of writers from their founder, Walter Pater. This table need never be constructed again. But Mr. Jackson does not even maintain any palpable untruths. He is so careful to keep in the highway of commonplace criticism that he never gives me the pleasure of flat contradiction. I should like him better if he had adventured his own opinion now and then; it would almost certainly have been wrong, but it would at least have been original.

* * *

Melancholy, in Mr. Kennedy's opinion, was the keynote of the last generation of English literature; and this was due, he suggested, to "the vogue of philosophies which tended to set the reason above the imagination." The phrase itself is a product of our own time, but the change is at least as old as the contemporaries of Socrates. I set no store myself by such easy psychological explanations that explain nothing. How came it, for example, that reason mastered imagination, if so it did? And why under similar circumstances had we the so classic literature of the eighteenth century? The yellow melancholy of the eighteen-nineties had an origin, I believe, less philosophical than sociological. The same years that saw the début of Wilde saw also the début of the Independent Labour Party. A first-rate critic of the period would discover the common origin of both. Mr. Jackson, as a sometime Socialist himself, is dimly aware that the two phenomena were related; and at one point he begins to investigate their cause. The literature of this period was concerned, he says, "with the idea of social life"; but he immediately abandons the quest in adding: *"or, if you will, of culture."* (My italics.) But I will not! I will not accept social life and culture as convertible terms, more especially since in the same paragraph Mr. Jackson re-defines the "idea" of the period as "a determination to taste new sensations for the sake of personal development." The self-contradiction of this paragraph is something neither rational nor imaginative; it is simply carelessness. If the idea of the 'nineties was social life, it could not at the same time be personal sensation; unless, as I believe is the fact, the period had both ideas and each at war with the other.

* * *

Having been myself both a student of Pater and an early member of the I.L.P. I happen to remember the "feel" of the period under review very well; for along with others I was more truly its embodiment than any of the more prominent writers of those days. Melancholy, I can most truly say, was not at the outset the badge of our tribe, nor was the passion for "social life." Our social reformatory zeal was not allowed to interfere with our pursuit of personal "moments" of choice sensation; nor, on the other hand, did we imagine that the latter would interfere with the former. The point, however, to observe is that it did! And melancholy was quite naturally the result for a while of one or other choice. There were those, for example, who in the choice between personal and social idealism chose the former; there were those likewise who chose the latter; I am thankful to say that I was one of them. Of the first set the end was in almost every instance one of melancholy, of decadence, suicide, or premature death. They had cut themselves off from society hoping to blossom on a stem cut off from the trunk of the tree; and they withered away. Of the second set it is not for me to speak. These things, however, can be said of them, that they thrust hedonism behind them, abjured Pater and his whole school, and plunged into the waters of what Mr. Kennedy superciliously calls democracy. It remains to be seen whether, after this cleansing elemental bath, this return to simple truths, simple words, and simple life, we shall, as I hope, recover an art at once national and individual. My affection for THE NEW AGE, at any rate, is based upon this growing hope.

* * *

The little dispute between Reuter's and the Press ought to illuminate the public concerning the close relations between advertisements and views. The secretary of Reuter's Financial Publicity Department, being a smart and up-to-date man (to use the pitiful jargon of the City), addressed a circular letter to his clients stating that his firm "were in a position to initiate and carry through a special preliminary Press campaign to secure for the emission [of financial prospectuses] a successful reception by the investing public." This bold announcement that the advertiser carried editors in his pocket was at once met by an indignant protest on the part of the Newspaper Proprietors. The charge, said the "Times," needed only to be made to be denied; and it must be withdrawn by Reuter's under penalty of something dreadful. Even the Advertising Agents rushed in a body to deny that they had ever thought of trying to influence editorial opinions or to procure editorial puffs for their articles of merchandise. In consequence of this collusive indignation Messrs. Reuter withdrew their circular and apologised for its issue. But its implication remains true all the same. One correspondent, indeed, observed that several of the signatories of the advertisers' reply were in the habit of insisting on editorial notices; and no doubt the rest did when they could. My own experience of the customs of these vultures is that they will stick at nothing to obtain illegitimate advertisement; and when they know that journals are dependent upon them (as most journals are) their power is certainly super-editorial. In a small way, what, for example, does the "Times" mean by printing advertisements of soups and meat extracts under the special title of "Cautions and Notices"? It is, of course, intentionally misleading. Another recent example is an *editorial* paragraph in the "Daily News" conveying the information that the rescuers of the Senghenydd mine were sustained on Oxo. Now, was that paragraph paid for or was it not? I do not imagine the "Daily News" published it for love. The "Athenæum," however, publishes the worst case of all, in the form of the paragraph, purporting to be editorial, sent to its advertisement manager by the "Times" with a request for its insertion. Lord Northcliffe's "Times," mark you, that was so shocked at the mere Baron Reuter! I might add that quite half the so-called "Literary Columns" of the Press are written in publishers' offices.

* * *

On the subject of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore several reviewers are now decanting the cool wisdom of the morning after. In the "Daily News" Mr. Ellis Roberts appears to be in the very reaction from the general debauch. Mr. Tagore is not only not a mystic, but he is not even Eastern in style. He derives more from Buchanan and Austin than from Kapila and Vyasa. His view of women is "deliberately decadent"; much of his sentiment is "false," and the "recent craze for

Tagore" is to be regretted. Mr. Roberts is as extravagant in his sobriety as the recent intoxication was indecent. With barely enough knowledge to spell the name of the Brahmo-Samaj correctly, he yet asserts that all the greatest mystics have been Western and that the mysticism of no Eastern nation can compare with "the depth and intensity of the body of Christian mysticism." If this were true, it is a pity it was not remembered while Mr. Tagore was taking in all London. But it is not true. In comparison with the manly mysticism of the "Bhagavad Gîta" the mass of Western Christian mysticism is effeminate. What Mr. Roberts calls its "depth and intensity," is chiefly, I should say, its profound sensuality.

* * *

Apropos of my recent note on Shakespeare's "Othello," I learn, via a German magazine, that in the East-end of London a theatrical management recently "improved" on the tragedy by adding an amiable conclusion. The public, it seems (and rightly, too, in my judgment) resented the wantonly designed cruelty of Shakespeare's grand finale, and demanded the satisfaction due from all artists, namely, poetic justice. Horrible accidents we must endure as best we can. The records of historic facts are likewise to be tolerated, however terrible they may be. These show the nature of the world and the nature of man respectively. But the business of the artist is to interpret, not to imitate Nature; to put a meaning into it or to find one there. Shakespeare's "Othello," on the contrary, adds to the natural tragedies and with no justification in superior significance. As I was saying, the East-end properly objected and secured at least a kind of satisfaction. At the close of Shakespeare the curtain rose again to show a full-dress funeral procession, with a hearse containing two coffins —those of Othello and Desdemona—followed by all the surviving personages of the play. Above the hearse was exhibited a large placard bearing the words: "United in Death." I gather that the spectators were completely satisfied.

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Such a deal of "brilliance" is common in these days that to announce a work as "brilliantly written" is to distinguish it not at all. Mr. Brailsford's "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle" (Home University Library, Williams and Norgate, 1s. net) was so announced by the editors, and I prepared to be confirmed in my experience. The little work, however, turns out to be very well done. It *is* brilliant, and Mr. Brailsford is an inveterate epigrammatist, but his analysis and summaries of the work and character of Godwin in particular are excellent. I confess I am not aware of any "new light" that he has cast on the circle. He has, perhaps, for those who have not studied "Political Justice," placed Godwin in his proper relation with his contemporaries; but for students this was superfluous.

* * *

A new volume in the World's Classics (Oxford University Press, 1s. net) is the "Selected Poems of Wordsworth." Of all the editions of Wordsworth at anything like the price this is the best. Indeed, the whole series of this Press are a pleasure to handle and to read. The "Selections" from Wordsworth are liberal in the extreme and run to nearly six hundred pages. He would need to be a more whole-hearted Wordsworthian than I am to whom more were necessary. No genuine poet ever had so many damned theories about his work as Wordsworth; and he put every one into practice as if their exemplification were both his task and his duty. The results, I must say, are sometimes unreadable. How much, for example, can one read of "Michael"?—

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.

There are nearly five hundred lines of that. I imagine that some of our present "poets" model themselves upon Wordsworth, or would, at least, throw him at us if they ventured to reply to criticism at all. Modern narrative poems, for instance, of a pastoral or simple character certainly have their prototype in Wordsworth. They are differentiated only by two trifling qualities—coarseness and insincerity! For at his worst Wordsworth was both refined and sincere. His refinement never allowed him to sympathise with bloody-minded bullies, or to portray the inarticulate peasants of our countryside as murdering fiends. And his sincerity is proved not only by his devotion to the real, but by his manifest reverence for it. And this is Wordsworth at his worst! At his best he is, of course, worlds away from any of his present-day copyists. If these should plead his name as excuse for their "narratives," let them plead the same name as inspiration to an ode or a sonnet. But they prefer to ape his worst to emulating his best.

* * *

Was it right, I have been asked, for THE NEW AGE to allow "T. K. L." to "mimick" Mr. Pound's articles on Parisian writers while these were still being published? My own answer is, Yes, and with more reasons than I can set down. Nobody, I suppose, thinks it odd that Mr. Belloc should write in THE NEW AGE in criticism of the National Guilds System; and nobody will think it odd if the editorial exponents of that system reply either currently or at the conclusion of the series. Why, then, should it be thought strange to publish Mr. Pound's articles and to subject them to criticism while they were still before our readers? But Mr. Pound, it may be said, was not attacking THE NEW AGE, he was only defending certain tendencies in French poetry. This view assumes too readily the eclecticism of THE NEW AGE which is much more apparent than real. We have, as discerning readers know, as serious and well-considered a "propaganda" in literature as in economics or politics. Why should it be supposed that the economic writers are jealous to maintain their views and to discredit their perversions or antitheses; and the critics of literature be indifferent? It will be found, if we all live long enough, that every part of THE NEW AGE hangs together; and that the literature we despise is associated with the economics we hate as the literature we love is associated with the form of society we would assist in creating. Mr. Pound—I say it with all respect—is an enemy of THE NEW AGE. His criticisms may not be, like Mr. Belloc's, direct and personal, but by the oblique or the tacit, it is even more, in my view, inimical. For such as *read*, the duel between Mr. Pound and "T. K. L." was a debate of extraordinary intensity. The weapons on neither side were arguments, for the debate was on the plane of imagination, not reason; but the discussion could nevertheless be reduced to a clash of syllogisms.

* * *

Another objection has been raised to these Notes in this particularly naïve form: "By what right, by what authority, do you lay down your dogmas?" "If," continues my correspondent—a well-known author who modestly writes privately to me—"if THE NEW AGE had the prestige of the 'Nineteenth Century' or the 'Spectator,' or the 'Times Literary Supplement' there would be some excuse for this sort of thing." In reply I can only say that I do not rely upon prestige either to carry my own "dogmas" or to accept the dogmas of the magazines quoted. I *do* know that articles appear in the "Nineteenth Century," the "Spectator," and the "Times" that are all nonsense. They may, I fear, carry weight on account of the "prestige" of these journals, but they can have no more at best than an à priori value for any independent reader. My own dogmas, on the other hand, lack even the support of the prestige of the journal in which they appear. THE NEW AGE, I hope, will never depend upon its past for either its present or its future value. Give us up, my friends, when you find us lying on our oars, or presuming on your kindness or reminding you of what we *have* done. To return to my "dogmas," I am always prepared to defend and illustrate or to

retract them. Nobody can say THE NEW AGE writers decline to discuss their affirmatives. Look at this paragraph and at the one before it! Look at the next!

* * *

At a recent French Academy meeting for the unveiling of a statue to Le Nôtre, a seventeenth century writer on Gardens, M. Maurice Barrès (whom Mr. Pound did not, I think, mention) delivered the address of commemoration. A passage from his speech which I have translated, runs somewhat as follows:—

When I came to Paris in 1883, I had occasion to call upon Anatole France, and every moment of my conversation with him remains vividly in my memory. The creator of "Sylvestre Bonnard" quoted to me admiringly this sentence from Paul Bourget's "Psychological Essays" just then published: "A decadent style is one in which the unity of the book is sacrificed to the page, the page to the phrase and the phrase to the word" . . . . In 1883 I scarcely realised the value of this powerful observation, but now I both realise and approve of it. For whether in literature or in a garden, design is indispensable; some general idea, some unity of purpose to which everything must be subordinated. The mind has its laws and our conceptions must submit to them. But this demands on our part not only effort, but, I venture to say, virtue. Perfection cannot be approached by a mind that is either idle or vicious.

* * *

I will add to this the remark made of Stendhal, who endeavoured to restore the classic by means of the scientific. "This excellent man," says M. P. Lasserre, "had only two aversions—one being emphasis in style and the other hypocrisy in sentiment." I am far from claiming that THE NEW AGE is perfect in the fulfilment of M. Barrès' conditions, or of Stendhal's implied qualities of the simple and the sincere. But we have Stendhal's aversions and Barrès' aspirations. At Hokusai's one hundred and twenty, THE NEW AGE will be written as simply as a classic and as truthfully as the word of Man.

* * *

A story of Wagner has just appeared in the "Journal de Bruxelles." After one of the appetitive performances at Bayreuth, Wagner was invited to drive in an open carriage with the old German Emperor to the station. As they drove through the streets the crowd cheered and both Wagner and the Emperor bowed their acknowledgments. No sooner, however, had the carriage passed than the crowd vanished in search of its meals, leaving Wagner to return alone through empty streets. It was observed, nevertheless, that Wagner bowed to the right and the left as he passed exactly as if his admirers were where they ought to have been! R. H. C.

Winnie.

HER name, she said, was "Winnie." One would never have guessed it; and it appeared, later, that she had been nurse to a dear little mite of that name and had simply appropriated it on leaving. On being asked where she had worked last, she dived her hand into her apology of a bodice and produced a piece of rag, folded neatly in a square, and tied with a string of black cotton, which, on being opened, showed a bit of blue note paper. This she handed to me saying, with an heroic effort to keep her pride and delight from appearing on her face, "Very good."

She was mine there and then. I would not have let her go for anything. The absolute naturalness of the girl; her wide-open, clean-looking eyes and the confident note of her "Very good" decided me at once. She looked about fourteen years of age, strong and healthy, and not too clean.

I opened the paper with a proper respect, and read: "Blackie. Honest, but almighty raw!" The adjective was underlined, and the writing was in a very neat feminine hand, but there was no signature.

With a serious face I looked at the maid. "Your name is Blackie!" She seemed disconcerted. "That missus say Blackie. Winnie good." "And 'Winnie' it shall be. No more Blackie," I said, shaking my head. Her smile in reply discovered a set of teeth that I would have given all my jewellery to possess.

In a few words the agreement was made between us, and Winnie understood that her work was to mind the child and do little things about the house.

"Now, Winnie," I said, "come here," and leading the way to the bathroom, I put the plug in and turned the tap on full. "Take all your clothes off and put them in that corner, and remember that you must wash plenty every day. Clean, clean, clean! There is lots of soap and water here." She was nothing loath, and in a few moments was in a lather of soap and enjoying the bath thoroughly. After watching her for a moment, admiring her beautiful black skin, I fetched an old petticoat, skirt and blouse, and a towel. "Now, Winnie, this towel is yours; you must keep it in your room. Come out now, dry yourself, and put these clothes on." When she had dressed and put her old clothes into the bath to soak, I took her out to introduce her to baby.

Winnie's face all this while had been a beautiful study. She said no word even when I gave her the clothes, but her eyes were dancing, and she just quivered with pleasure and excitement.

I had been unfortunate with the last two girls, for on taking them into the room to baby—a young turk of three, with her father's temper—and saying: "Look baby, this is your nice new nurse," or something equally insinuating, on each occasion the young lady had promptly replied: "I don't want her. Send her away." On this occasion I wished to manage without such an unpleasant opening, so I instructed Winnie that she was not to look at baby or take any notice of her until the child had made the first advances.

"Mamma," came a shrill little voice, opportunely enough. "Come on," I said, and walked into the spare room with Winnie following.

Baby was sitting on the floor with a tooth brush in one hand, the other holding her newest doll which had a big round hole where her pretty little mouth used to be.

"Mamma! Do you know, I was just cleaning Lucy's teeth when——" here the little darling stopped and looked at the girl behind me, her eyes taking the half defiant look I knew so well. I waited a moment and then, picking up a box of blocks, I turned and said: "Winnie, you can sit down on the floor here and play with these blocks, and when you have rested you can come to the kitchen again." The girl promptly sat down and begun to build a tower with the blocks.

Baby was amazed, but I went to her and became greatly concerned with the misfortune to her dolly. Presently she could contain herself no longer, and broke out with: "Who is that, Mom?" I said: "Her name is Winnie, but you must not worry her, darling! Just let her stay there."

Winnie, apparently genuinely interested with the blocks, never looked up, and it struck me that so far from being "raw," she was an extremely clever little actress.

Baby began to get restless; the picture book I put before her was of no interest at all. Her eyes could not leave this strange black girl, who simply took no notice of her—accustomed to receiving first homage and attention from everyone—but went serenely on building up her blocks.

I busied myself with other things, and presently baby got up, and walking over, stood before the girl, watching her. Not a sign from Winnie! The tower slowly grew higher and higher, but alas! the foundation had not been "well and truly laid," and suddenly with a crash the blocks spread themselves over the floor again. In a moment baby was on her knees gathering them together, crying: "I'll show you how to build them." I quietly left the room.

When my husband came home we looked into the play-room and found Winnie, with her skirt rolled up, going round the room on her hands and knees with

baby astride on her back. I showed Jack the "character," on which he commented: "Well if she is 'raw,' they don't seem to improve much with cooking" Men often say these silly things.

But we did not know our "Winnie" yet.

The next morning Jack came back from the bathroom and sat meditatively on the side of the bed. "Well," I said, "are you not going to have a bath?" "I can't think of her name," he mused, "which of the Graces was black?" "Why?" I asked. "Well, she is in the bath now. A perfect picture." Then he doubled up, and so did I. Winnie reminded me, while she was scouring out the bath, that I had told her she must keep very clean and "wash plenty every day."

That afternoon I had visitors, and while we were having tea the door opened and Winnie walked in. She had, of course, already been the subject of conversation, and my friends were only amused at her unceremonious entrance, but I thought it as well to say: "Winnie, you must always knock at a door before opening it." Then I asked her what she wanted. "Me come to see Missus' friends."

Nearly choking I turned to my visitors, who it was plain were suffering agony in their efforts to keep straight faces, and said: "This is Winnie. She is a good girl," then "Now you have seen my friends, Winnie, go back to baby." Quite content the maid displayed her beautiful teeth in a smile, and turned to the door upon which, before opening it, she solemnly rapped her knuckles three or four times. This was more than flesh could stand. We shrieked. I jumped up and bundled the girl out of the room, going with her to the spare room where I threw myself into a chair and rocked with laughter until the tears ran down my face. After three or four minutes I went back and found my poor visitors aching and groaning and utterly exhausted.

When Jack had finished laughing at the story I had to tell him we agreed that probably the lady-of-the-note had had reason to consider the girl "raw," and Jack said he would have given a "fiver" to have been with us in the afternoon. It was worth it.

Never was a more cheerful and willing girl than Winnie. Her memory was awful in its exactness. She was literalness itself. Her senses were beautifully developed, but her reasoning faculty was infantile. This probably accounted for the fact that baby loved her; but however it was, that fact alone made her indispensable to me.

When she brought the teapot in one hand and a cup and saucer in the other I sent her back and said: "Winnie, you must never bring things in your hand like this, always use a tray." In the morning Jack had his breakfast alone, and suddenly I heard his jolly laugh and guessed that Winnie was the cause of it in some way. He came in with a broad grin shortly afterwards: "That girl's a treasure! Gwendoline, Cecily, Myrtle, what's her name? Yes, Winifred. There was a tap at the door. I said, 'Come in,' and in shuffled Winifred, carefully balancing a tray with an egg rolling about on it. Oh! she is a jewel."

A few days later I was out with baby and Winnie, when I heard a distinctly American voice exclaim: "Well, now, if that ain't Blackie." I turned—and so did Winnie—towards the speaker, and saw a bright, gentle-looking little lady, who remarked with a smile: "You'll excuse me, I hope, but Blackie there worked for me a little while back, and she's a real peach. Sorry I let her go, but when I found she'd poured hot water over about a pound of tea so that she could sprinkle the carpet with it before sweeping, it raised my dander. Yes! she did, because I'd showed her to keep the dust down by scattering tea leaves. She just will do what she is told. Can't help herself. Caused no end of trouble. Real sorry I let her go. Hadn't got a name when she came to me. I called her 'Blackie.'"

Here, getting a word in, I said, the girl had named herself "Winnie." "Is that so? My little girl's name is Winnie. Didn't like 'Blackie,' I guess. Ain't she a peach?"

H. RICHMOND.

Views and Reviews.*

THE offences of Feminism against reason have been many, but, to my mind, not the least of them has been the necessity forced upon anti-Feminists of stating elementary propositions. That Mrs. Colquhoun should have to begin her book with this proposition: "Woman was obviously intended by nature to become a mother; modern social requirements make it obligatory that she should be legally married before doing so; there are not enough husbands to go round. What do you propose to do with the women who are left over?": is a condemnation of the whole Feminist propaganda. That the axiom of all discussion on this subject has been forgotten is practically proven by the range of Feminist propaganda, by the very multiplicity of Feminist demands. The Feminist movement practically began with the higher education of women; and, at the outset, as Mrs. Colquhoun shows, the axiom was forgotten. "Neither in Great Britain nor in the United States (where an excellent opportunity offered itself) was there any attempt to set up a type of higher education for women founded on her distinctive psychical and physiological needs. Everywhere, instead, the effort has been made to approximate girls' schools and colleges as far as possible to the traditional male type." The consequences are before us.

Mrs. Colquhoun has written an interesting book from this point of view, her chief argument being that women must secure the best conditions possible for the performance of their chief function, maternity. She finds these conditions, naturally enough, in marriage; and, while considering those women who are trying to destroy marriage as traitors to their sex, she insists that women must prepare themselves for marriage. Marriage is not only maternity, it is also domesticity; and some domestic training is necessary. "The great difference between modern education and that of our ancestresses," she says, "lies in the fact that, whereas they had to be prepared for a considerable range of duties, all centred in home life, and gained that preparation in a practical manner by taking part in home duties, our modern girls are given an education which has little if any connection with home life, and no relation to the tasks and duties connected with motherhood. Even in the matter of amusement the life of a modern girl does not centre in the home. It is during the period of general education and bodily training which precedes vocational specialisation that habits of mind, character and body are formed which no later training can altogether obliterate. It is not so much in the absence of definite instruction, or practice of domestic duties during the period devoted to vocational training, that the present method seems weak, as in the old system which divorces a girl more and more during school-life from the interests and duties which are specifically domestic."

I have nothing to say against the various proposals made by Mrs. Colquhoun to remedy this state of affairs. If women have the right to the secured privileges of matrimony, men have no less a right to a comfortable home; and Mrs. Colquhoun is really preaching a genuine Feminism as opposed to the ridiculous Hominism of the mis-named Feminists. But it is characteristic of women to devote their attention only to the personal aspects of a problem; and really Mrs. Colquhoun has limited her attention to such an extent that she has forgotten the problem stated by herself at the beginning of her book. Let her have her own way, and let the fullest success attend her propaganda; we are no nearer the solution of the problem of the surplus women. We should probably have better wives and better mothers, healthier and happier lives, if her proposals were accepted; but there are not enough husbands to go round, as she says. What are we to do with the superfluous women?

She proposes, as Sir Almroth Wright proposed,

* "The Vocation of Woman." By Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

emigration to the Colonies. But the question arises, emigration for whom? The women who will not marry here will not marry there; the women who hate domesticity here will hate it there; and certainly, if the want of adequate training in domesticity is felt in this country, it would not be less remarkable in the Colonies. If the men in the Colonies can be induced to take the Feminists and Suffragists off our hands, I, for one, shall be surprised; for the type of woman generally required in Colonial life is the antithesis of the modern educated woman. On the other hand, if a sufficient number of suitable women emigrated to reduce the disparity of the sexes in this country, the probability of marriage for the truly superfluous women of this country would not, in my opinion, be increased. If they cannot or will not get married now, there is no greater probability of their getting married then; we should still have our surplus of women, still have our problem to solve, perhaps intensified by the emigration of so large a number of comparatively capable women. Emigration does not really solve the problem.

The problem really is this: "How is it that we have a surplus of women?" It is a known fact that femininity is increasing, although to what extent and since what time, I do not know. The opponents of Neo-Malthusianism attribute this increase to the practice of the limitation of families. There is something to be said for this argument; for it is known that first children are usually girls, if the mothers are young. It is obvious that any limitation of the number of children would tend, at least, to increase the disproportion between the numbers of the sexes; and the further fact that the mortality is greater among boy than girl children, particularly during the first year, would make the tendency more marked. I have no statistics on the subject, and I have no space to quote the stray facts that have led me to this conclusion; so the argument must stand for what it is worth. But as Mrs. Colquhoun confines her argument to the middle classes, my argument has much greater applicability than might appear at first sight. For it is admitted on all hands that the middle classes do practise Neo-Malthusianism: it is among these classes that the limitation of families is most marked, it is among these classes that the problem of the surplus women is most pressing.

Let it be admitted (at least, for the sake of argument) that the surplus of women is due to the artificial limitation of families; we have next to ask: Why are families limited? Professor Karl Pearson, after proving that the child is an economic asset, says: "I am very fully aware that this fundamental principle that the child is a ware and, in a community which has learnt how to restrict its birth-rate, will be produced in proportion to its economic value, will not be a popular doctrine. Above all, it would not appeal to the sentiments and imagination of the cultured classes. With those classes the child has never been an economic asset; it is a luxury which we know we must pay for, and expect to pay for, until after college and professional training, and in the case of unmarried daughters, often long after our own lives are concluded." The fact adduced by Mrs. Colquhoun, that "social standards have advanced by leaps and bounds, and expenses with them," show us that we are travelling in a vicious circle. The middle-classes limit their luxuries, in the shape of children, to their income; with the consequence that their expenses are increased by a disproportion of daughters. Further limitation of families, in accordance with Neo-Malthusian doctrine, would probably result in a greater disproportion of daughters to sons; and the problem of the surplus women would become more acute.

Mrs. Colquhoun says nothing about Neo-Malthusianism, although she does protest against the maternal Feminist's ideal of a family of one or two children, and leaves it to be inferred that she is opposed to any artificial restriction of maternity. But it may be doubted whether her general argument would not lead to the increase of femininity, and therefore to a complication of the very problem she attempts to solve. I felt the same difficulty with Sir Almroth Wright's suggestions, which are based on the same ideal as Mrs. Colquhoun holds. The legal status of marriage has been improved for women at such a rate during the last thirty years that men may well doubt whether chivalry demands that they should enter such a state. The fact that women are obliged to do nothing for their husbands or homes is a fact to make all men pause before marrying, and Mrs. Colquhoun is not inclined to abate one of the privileges of the married woman; indeed, she hints at the indissolubility of marriage, which, taking things as they are, is a tyrannous demand on the chivalry of men.

A. E. R.

Max's Caricatures.

By "Tom-Titt."

THE art of caricature in this country died with the Georgian period. Not one of the crude but vigorous artists of that epoch left any followers. Abroad, on the contrary, caricature has produced various grotesque schools developing what the English to-day consider artless caricature into art itself, independent, vigorous and undergoing the same development as the other arts. Artists abroad cultivating the eccentric art of caricature are artists both in the true caricaturist spirit and in artistic execution. Having said this much, I will proceed to show the marked differences which exist between the caricaturists of the grotesque school and the cartoonists who have created no schools whatever. The opportunity offers itself in reviewing the book of caricatures by Max Beerbohm.

We will confine our attention mainly to the artistic value of his caricatures. Should we believe the explanatory note of the "Evening News" to their reproduction of the cover design of Max's book, the name, "caricature" applied to his cartoons would be at least in one case excusable. In the caricature drawn by himself of himself, Max has indeed surpassed his own eccentricity in the art of getting away from the truth. He has missed all the essential points of his own characteristics. He does not see himself as a true caricaturist would see him, but unconsciously pictures himself in the light of his self esteem! There, however, in my opinion, Max uses a strong, bold, masterly stroke to outline his figure, which his other caricatures seem to lack; I except the caricature of Rodin. This Rodin is, however, reminiscent of the caricature done some years ago (and reproduced in the "Manchester Guardian") by Osporat, with only this essential difference that Osporat made Rodin look great—embodying him in a huge block of marble—while Max has made him look insignificant and ridiculous.

It seems almost as if Max had been drawing at the same time his cartoon of the five Semitic plutocrats; for Rodin looks almost like one of them. As an abstract conception "Rodin" certainly is a good specimen of a fine or one-stroke caricature, in which form Germans excel, and Olaf Gubbrasson from "Simplicissimus" is really incomparable. But Max lacks the power of continuous, definite line and pictorial attractiveness. His caricatures must, therefore, suffer criticism at the hands of those who consider the art of caricature as a genuine art.

The lack of artistic values is noticeable in the "caricature" of Mr. Chaplin, and the absence of the usual "legend" does not make this naïve drawing a caricature any more than the epigrams, no matter how brilliant, make the accessory drawing shine with the brilliancy of the art of caricature. They simply reflect it—and make one reflect.

Take his "Milestone" and "A Loathsome Proposal." The rather childish treatment of the first cartoon, and the amateurishness of the second make otherwise witty cartoons look unsympathetic, flat, and—well—to my mind, ugly.

Yet it is impossible to miss the fact that Max glozes the native ugliness of some of his victims and conceals

"Fifty Caricatures." By Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann. 6s.)

their defects, by not drawing carefully, or by carefully omitting the truth. His line, to put it concisely, is really drawn more with a writer's pen than with an artist's pencil. He is a writer first and an artist after. Accordingly he has in his mind rather the idea of a literary satire than of an artistic caricature. Instead of the single stroke his contours are complex, and once he has caught a glimpse of his victim, and seized the "essentials" he refines and refines on the subject. His work is like a carefully-polished essay. Never would you dare to laugh audibly and rudely, only perhaps when you look at that caricatured jaw and receding forehead of Sir Edward Carson, extremely well caught and full of character; again at the caricature of Mr. Gerald du Maurier—too wicked of Max to be real . . . and also Lords Hugh and Robert Cecil. The cadaverous-looking Gerald is a real delight from a caricaturist's point of view. And I must confess that it is impossible not to laugh at the dense expression of the Duke of Devonshire. It was a happy snapshot that caught the three figures in almost lifelike attitudes.

I only smile at the Napoleonic dignity of Lord Northcliffe.

Though these are by *no means caricatures*, the same sensation of enjoying the capital joke (not in that mournful way as his grace did) I obtain while coming to the final exclamation of Mr. Balfour in the footnote of the first cartoon in the book. Here again, however, I fail to see any of Mr. Balfour's characteristics except the familiar idea of elongating his body. Equally absurd looks the "body" of the Ulster General. Why on earth Max made him thin in the waist and in an attitude of a typical dandy is difficult to know. His "Lord Chesterfield" may as well serve for the caricature of Earl Spencer; the "throat-cut" collar is the sole characteristic in both cases. These single, solitary figures, devoid of all the wit of Max's "legends," seem to me rather sorry looking. They seem to lose all their vitality and individuality when left unannotated in an abstract enigma. McKenna, Rosebery and Lansdowne are all represented as little men, with enormous heads. This is a recognised convention of caricaturists of no consequence, and this stereotype can hardly be pardoned to a man like Max—especially now when on the Continent "grotesque and eccentric caricature" is elevating itself to a place among the arts.

To conclude: This book, like the previous works of this same author, is essentially the work of Max Beerbohm, the satirist.

REVIEWS.

Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. With an Introduction by the Hon. John W. Foster. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

To those who suppose that race is an insuperable barrier to understanding, these memoirs will come as a surprise. Li Hung Chang was undoubtedly a Chinaman, but his mentality differs hardly at all from that of a European. Instead of finding a being of different composition to ourselves, we find one so nearly akin that we only suppose that thought is the same, wherever it may be compounded. Writing of Gordon, he wanders into a statement of his dislike of the foreigners' airs of superiority, and concludes: "That is the whole style of the foreigner, especially as I have seen them in this war. And it makes hair grow stiff on my neck to know that because of the emergencies constantly arising we are obliged to put up with it, and say: 'Yes, yes.' and smile. Some day I will ask them the question: 'Was your country civilised and studying the seven arts before ours, and were you born in a century of greater wisdom than myself?'" The difficulties he had with Gordon were very similar to those experienced by Gladstone, and it is not inconceivable that Gladstone felt similarly towards Gordon and the military persons generally. Consummate diplomatist that Li Hung Chang was, the following passage shows him as being as intelligibly human as any European in a similar situation: "It is true that when Marquis Ito made stipulation as one of the chief terms of peace, of the cession of Formosa, I immediately declared I was willing to agree to almost anything but that; yet, had I been in another apartment, all alone, I would have danced with joy in spite of all my infirmities. As it was my heart was indeed glad; but I requested the chief plenipotentiary at least to say that the Mikado would not insist upon having the big island. His Excellency agreed to put the question over until the next session of the commissioners, and during the intervening time I was sore afraid he would change his mind and make declaration that his Government did not want it. On the contrary, however, upon the re-assembling of the negotiations, the Japanese members insisted that Formosa be ceded to the Mikado, and, after much parley, I reluctantly agreed." That delightful diplomatic comedy, by which Japan obtained something that Li Hung Chang was only too pleased to give away, is perfectly intelligible to a European; and his desire to dance with joy shows that the expression of emotion does not really differ with race. The sense of humour is usually supposed to vary with race, but not in the case of Li Hung Chang. When an American reporter asked him how many wives he had, "I told him I had as many as I needed, and he was impertinent enough to ask how many I needed. The question did not please me, but I did not let him know it, for that would have been a satisfaction to him which I did not wish to give. And so I asked: 'How many wives have you?' He answered quickly: 'None.' 'Good,' I said, 'you look as if you might be able to take care of just that number.'" Or take his reply to Bismarck: "He made me drink some beer, which I did not like at all, but a taste for which he said I would acquire if I stayed long enough in Germany. I told him I did not expect to live many years longer, and that it would probably be impossible for me to acquire a liking for the national beverage." On the subject of women, he writes like an Englishman. For his mother, who was only the third and lesser wife of his father, he had a profound affection; and he says, simply enough: "My life's greatest grief was the death of my mother." To her influence he attributed his common-sense attitude towards the subject of suicide. Not denying the honourable necessity of suicide in certain circumstances, he held that "many people take their lives for less reason than would be necessary to send a vagrant to jail for two days." For such people (principally women, to judge by his examples) he had nothing but contempt. "Many widows," he says, "cut their throats, or bind twine tightly about their necks or their bowels, or swallow large doses of poisonous herbs, in an attempt to show what affection they have for their departed husbands. What a silly thing! especially if that was the reason; but the truth is that the widow has become lazy, or she fears no other man will want to work for her support. In this she does not deceive herself, neither does she deceive the many thousands who are glad to come and witness her death." Perhaps it was the fact that his "own good and mild mother scolded only when it was absolutely necessary," that made him object so strongly to nagging women. "I hate a professional reformer as I hate a nagging woman," he says; "each has the idea that the other party was not endowed with even a place for brains." The old Empress had such a temper, and just before the coup d'etat, she gave him a taste of it. "I have seen women something like her before," he says, "but they were in my house, and it was not necessary for me to get on my knees to them." Of one of these women, he tells the story in connection with his recollection of Bismarck's temper. "I had a lesser wife (concubine) once, who, before she came to my house, was the personification of meekness and lovability. I almost began to believe, before marriage, that she was too mild in mind to be really human; but in six weeks she began to make my tea bitter, and to treat me as if I were the tail instead of the head of that establishment. I paid her twenty shoes of silver (perhaps about £75), and sent her away." The hints one

gets of his household affairs make it difficult to believe that it differed essentially from an English home. "My wife declares that I shall become insane over these national troubles. She is wrong, just as she often is. I should go insane if I had nothing to bother me. My normal mental state for half a century has been that of perturbation. Perhaps it is well that the Patriotic Peace Fists are giving me something to worry over, thus keeping my mind in its normal state." There is no doubt that, during this period, he was not the most cheerful domestic companion, for he records on another date that "my household declares that never before have I acted the double part of tyrant and ass." There is no place like home, even in China. So we might go on quoting examples, but first and last the impression is that there is no essential difference between the psychology of different races. The sense of humour is almost a crucial test, and there is plenty of evidence in this book to show that Li Hung Chang saw the point of our jokes, and was capable of replying to them. It is pleasing to recognise such a kinship, and equally pleasing is the fact that the literary quality of Li Hung Chang's writings is to some extent capable of translation. Some of the epithets, for example, should become famous.

The Empresses of Constantinople. By Joseph McCabe. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

We know little enough in England about the Byzantine Empire, but it may be legitimately doubted if Mr. McCabe has adopted the best means of enlightening our ignorance. Biography is really only valuable to the extent that it throws light on history, and this book is scarcely illuminative of its own subject. It was only possible to resume 1,000 years of history in 336 pages because the amount of information concerning the Empresses is so small. The reader is bewildered (and often bored) by the endless procession of Eudocias and Constantines and Basils and Marias, who marry and murder, or are married and murdered for no other ostensible reason than the wearing of the purple. To us, at this distance of time, the whole process seems amazingly purposeless, and Mr. McCabe makes no attempt to link up his subjects with some larger issue. These people seem to have proceeded from age to age changeless in their infamy, and the confusion of names that frequently occurs seems to make no difference to the characters of the persons. With but few exceptions, the persons of every age behave apparently in exactly the same manner; and the reader is naturally inclined to ask: "Is this apparent identity due to the paucity of evidence, or is it due to the fact that Mr. McCabe does not explain, but only recounts, the history of the Byzantine Empresses?" The question is practically a condemnation of the book, regarded as a book.

Pastiche.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SIR EDWARD CARSON.

Sir,—In the "Daily Telegraph" of September 29 it is stated that the long succession of meetings in your several campaigns told that the people were deeply stirred by the prospect of losing their liberty in being placed under the control of a Dublin parliament.

How much of this feeling is due to inborn patriotism and religious fervour, and how much to your own example and eloquence I cannot say; but it must be satisfactory to you to know that more than anyone living you have contributed life and fire to a worthy movement. The bare idea that Irishmen should be governed by Irishmen, and not by the English, Scots and Welsh is naturally a hateful one. And Unionist as you are, you are convinced that even the rule of a Liberal Government is more beneficial to Ireland than the rule of her own countrymen.

We have recently been privileged to enjoy an extension of our liberties by the inauguration and operation of the Heaven-sent Insurance Act. No doubt you think it possible that this charter of the proletariat might be annulled in Ireland if an Irish parliament had the management of Irish affairs. Consequently, for this and other blessings, you and the men of Ulster are prepared to resist to the last, and to resort to civil war rather than the least iota of such a precious heritage should be jeopardised. No doubt you could tell, if you would, inspiring stories of how Ulster employers have accorded a cheerful reception to the aforementioned charter, administering it in the spirit in which it was framed; in spite of the grievous burden it must lay on all large employers of labour. But they have cheerfully assumed that burden in the sacred cause of Liberty, in whose cause they are ready to sacrifice their lives, and even money, which commodity they hold almost as dear as their souls. And their workers, having tasted of the refreshing fruits of increased liberty and material prosperity, will strike, not as Dublin strikes, for filthy personal gain, but for Liberty and the Empire. It goes without saying that all Englishmen worthy of the name are at one with you in your high-spirited adventure.

Presumably, the Ulster Army, when mobilised, will be unpaid, thus differing essentially from the Imperial Army, the units of which, at all times, receive their pay. But, I would, with deference, suggest that you should take steps to ensure that those of your army who are State-insured should not lose the benefits of Insurance which are their due. It is the custom, as you may be aware, of many employers to retain the custody of their men's Insurance cards (the owners being willing). Now, if these cards are left with the men's civil employers during the war they will not be stamped, as the men will not be pursuing their ordinary vocations. Hence, these patriotic warriors will be liable to forfeit unjustly benefits which they then will doubly have the right to expect. But though I do not suggest the rank and file should be paid for their services to Ulster and the Empire—and to do them justice they do not desire payment—it is incumbent on you to raise a sufficient sum to pay the weekly sevenpence for a stamp for each card. In the case of men who are insured against unemployment an additional fivepence will be required, making a total of a shilling—a mere trifle compared with the ordinary pay of the mercenary Atkins. That you will admit the force and justice of my suggestion I cannot doubt.

Further, as a great number of Insurance cards would be a serious burden to your transport department it would be well for each insured person to carry his own card; in the case of those in the Unemployment section they would also carry their little books with the quaint blue stamps. A dual advantage attaching to this arrangement would be (1) that in the event of your army being defeated (which God forbid) there would be less loot for the enemy to capture—those whose wind and legs were equal to the occasion would escape with their lives and cards. (2) In the unhappy case of any of your army being slain their cards would be an indispensable means of identification, and would enable their sorrowing relatives to erect suitable memorials over the correct corpses.

Trusting you will receive these suggestions in the spirit in which they are offered, I have the honour to sign myself,

Your obedient and admiring Servant,

VECTIS.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Hark to songs the winds are singing,
Trilling melodies in trees.
Listen to that knell of sadness,
Deeper than the deepest seas.
Lords of nature's purest love themes,
Thrush and nightingale and lark,
Eloquent Elysian tone-dreams,
Reaching inspiration's mark.
Communion songs of crystal waters,
Carols from the mountain sides,
Maidenly as earth's fair daughters,
Tributaries to the tides.
Waves of waters deep, intoning
Wonders 'neath gain whitest foam,
Mastering powers, illusive, owning
Music's wilderness of moan.
Veiled in silence are the green hills,
Voiceless toned to nature's choir;
Man's proud bosom should be burning,
With a fantasy of fire.
Hark the discord of man's metre,
Yea, his priceless soul is sold,
He is deaf to all this rapture,
For its beauty mars his gold.

THOMAS FLEMING.

WOMEN IN LAW.

It seemed hateful to be arrested the minute I set foot in the town. "You haven't a warrant," I said to the men, enormous bony unintelligencies. "Don't need a warrant—Wardress of Charity 'll be here in a minute," they replied. And she came. She had an indiarubber face under a nurse's bonnet and a long cloak. "Oh, you've got her," she said, "well, come along then." "But I shan't come," I said, "I haven't done anything!" "That is not for you to decide," she said. "Come along, my dear, and don't be troublesome, or we shall have to take you." So they took me. It was an awfully high prison, and they carried me up and down steps until at last they sat me down quite done up where there were three magistrates' courts sitting in a row of kind of class-rooms. The Wardress of Charity would scarcely listen to me when I kept on asking what I had done. At last she said, smiling, "You'll very likely hear me say some nasty things about you presently." Then she went to give evidence against a woman. The Lady Judge was no joke, but the prisoner seemed to think she was. "Good!" she said, laughing, "fency an old —— like that sittin' on me! Go hon, ye're on'y a woman yerself. Wow, wo-o-o-ow! Come an' 'ave a drink, ole dear—you an' me's the same yer know—come hon hout of it—da-ont be so silly! I knows all about yer! 'Ere! you leave me alone, ducky!" She embraced one of the bony ones—"I'm alright, so's she! She's ony a woman, she's ony a woman same as me! Da-a, da-a, daddlyoodle—'ere, I tell yer wot—yer'll 'ave to flog me afore I'll dip to a comic ole cat like 'er. See!" And the bony ones had to carry her out after all.

I was pleased that the comic old cat was not going to try me. She only looked a sort of comic and she certainly didn't think comically. When order was restored, she said, "It seems impossible to postpone a law for flogging refractory prisoners much longer." And then she sentenced the absent prisoner to indeterminate residence in the School for Untidy Mothers, and ordered the five children to be incarcerated in the Refuge of the Good Shepherd. Indiarubber's face was a study in angles as we came away. "You be careful!" she warned me, somewhat irrelevantly, for I was merely looking on; and then she pushed me, while I shoved back, into the second court. It was enough to knock you down with mingled scents and disinfectants. The Wardress of Charity gave me over to two others who grabbed my arms. "I can't run away, can I?" I said, pulling. "Silence!" they said both together. "No! Not if you don't let go my arms!" So they let go. The second lady Judge, a bored-looking mannikin, was trying a lady, very handsomely dressed and most superior.

"Prisoner, what is your name?" said the Clerk of Charity, also dressed like a nurse.

"Really, I've long forgotten. Call me Magdalene."

"Nonsense! Your name! We shall find it out."

"How pleased your second husband will be about that."

The Lady Judge here interrupted—"you had better be careful," and the prisoner smiled and said agreeably—"It is always better to be so." Then Indiarubber went into the witness box and told a story which Mrs. Mackirdy would have loved, all about champagne, and jewels, and crowds of men, and money, and her own Charitable self as saviour of a fallen sister: "My Lady, this is one of the saddest cases in London. Thousands of pounds have passed through her hands. Scores of men of the best position frequent her mansion."

"Names!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Order!" screamed the Clerk of Charity, and Indiarubber went on with the tale, dwelling long and lovingly, and corroborated by other Wardresses of Charity.

"Have you any questions to ask?" asked the Lady Judge.

"Oh, dear no!—but—if you dare to sentence me, I shall disclose the names! I shall be a martyr, for to betray is the great disgrace of my profession—but you others are going altogether too far with us, and men must understand that we have to be protected. Pericles, was, it seems to me, the last gentleman."

Then Indiarubber dragged me off again, and we stood in the third court. I could scarcely believe my senses about the sudden change in my Wardress of Charity. She beamed at me. "Now don't be afraid, and we'll see what we can do to get a light sentence for you. Put your hat straight. There is the Magistrate."

I saw a large sort of cook-like Personage, in a flowery bonnet, with a broad, fair, good-natured face, and certainly dignified by some sweet intelligence.

"What is the matter?" she asked, and Indiarubber, positively smiling to split, went up and had a long private confab. The Lady Judge addressed me suddenly: "You have three children, haven't you?"

"No!" I said, "only one."

"Then there is a mistake," she said, turning gravely to the Wardress. They had another confab. I observed the Personage twiddle her hands once or twice, but she seemed to have a certain awe of the Wardress. I heard—"This is the forty-eighth prisoner you have let off this session." Very sweet smiles from the Lady Judge, and a furtively indignant look at Indiarubber from a very thin and delicate lady who sat beside the Personage. "We must try and work together," said the latter to Indiarubber—"you see I am here for life, and we shall often be meeting. Mrs. Morning must, of course, try and live with her husband."

I broke in: "Oh, is that the charge against me? But I didn't know it was a criminal offence to refuse to live with a man you don't like!"

"Act passed yesterday," said Indiarubber, briefly, but not too snappishly.

"Well," said the Lady Judge, "I think I may release Mrs. Morning as she is the very first to be accused under the new Act. Come round to me when the Court adjourns and we'll talk over your troubles."

"But what about the child?" said the Wardress of Charity.

I caught the thin lady's eye; and something in me that revolted me even while I condescended to obey it, prompted me to conciliate Indiarubber. "You shall advise me," I said, like the feminine sneak I was forced to be.

She beamed her horrible beam. ALICE MORNING.

BALLADE OF FOUR GENERATIONS.

Her Court was pure; her life, serene;
Around her reign great wonders grew. . .
The Grand Old man. The gasogene.
The flaunting of red, white and blue.
Marie Corelli. Watts. The Zoo.
And, chief, the everlasting "Nay!" . . .
They crowned her Queen of the Taboo,
Their Brixton idol made from clay.

Did Edward really suit the Dean?
Or did the Dean, in secret, rue
(Craning towards some might-have-been)
The triumph of the parvenu . . .
The knightly gentlemen who brew.
The Ikenbaums. And Mrs. J? . . .
They crowned him King of God Knows Who,
Their Brixton idol made from clay.

And now the Mayor of Golders Green,
The Emperor of Timbuctoo,
Crawl round an up-to-date machine,
Worked by a single golden screw,
Which does the things it's told to do,
Which says the things it's told to say.
("England! . . . Wake up?" . . . They'd do for you,
Their Brixton idol made from clay.)

ENVOI.

Prince, you are in for all this, too.
If I were you, I'd run away . . .
Let them bewail, at Waterloo,
Their Brixton idol made from clay.

ROBERT WILLIAMSON.

MY FIRST RONDEAU.

Ballade and Villanelle are done
With an adroitness shared by none.
Completed is the triolet
With equal sleight of hand; but yet
Rondeau remains—and this is one.

It capers round in frisky fun
So easy once you have begun.
(Now I remark, ere I forget,
Twice two are four.)

Sometimes they end it with a pun—
A thing that I should surely shun.
I keep to matters not beset
With doubts that lead to vain regret.
And eighty quarters make a ton,
(Twice two are four.)

P. SELVER.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Opera for Children.

"I WROTE 'Joan of Arc' because English must not be ignored in opera. Shakespeare made English the Master Tongue of the world. To-day English still dominates the Letters, the Science, and the Commerce of the Earth. Opera alone neglects it. So I am making a determined effort to right a great wrong. I have laboured for twelve years, night and day, and always with the same goal in view. I have worked for success, and I hope for success, not for myself, but because I firmly believe that 'Joan of Arc' will establish the English language in the position it should hold on the operatic stage once and for all." It is in such delightfully humble language as this that Mr. Raymond Roze announced in the columns of the "Daily Telegraph" his repertoire season of opera in English at Covent Garden. The advertisement further suggested, blandly enough, that whatever the ultimate verdict of the critics should be, "no one can rob him of the honour of making the first great and serious fight for opera in English."

In such a state of intellectual detachment was Mr. Roze when giving expression to these rhetorical flights that he omitted to remember Denhof or Beecham or Charles Manners or any of the smaller fry who have been flirting with the same idea. The really "great and serious" fight for opera in English, in recent years, was Ernest Denhof's, and that, as all the world knows, has been a glorious failure. At Edinburgh three or four years ago he produced the whole of "The Ring" in English (for the first time in the provinces, and after Richter at Covent Garden) with a magnificent orchestra and very capable principals. He was the first to produce "Elektra" in English (at Hull a couple of years ago) in equally fine style. This year, at Birmingham, he produced "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," also in English, and also with as fine an orchestra as could be got for love or money; the cast, too, as good all round as could reasonably be expected. Such minor achievements—I could name a few dozens more—in a musically moribund country, are as nothing, of course, in the mind of Mr. Raymond Roze, whose "Joan of Arc" has been the delight of London. Joan's pretty black-hosed legs and high-heeled shoes have disturbed more than one steady brain. The pageant of the dresses is of everlasting credit to the College of Heralds; the tableaux-vivants are very pretty; the two-thousand-pound organ, a triumph of stage management; the performance of principals and chorus alike, the last word in sincerity. Indeed, it is within reasonable speculation that "Joan of Arc" will be passed on to our descendants; good things usually are. As a comic curiosity it is sure, one day, to occupy a cherished shelf in the library of some laughing millionaire.

But, to be quite serious, is the whole question of Opera-in-English not a little silly? Does it not rather suggest the outlined drawings in picture-books which the children are asked to fill in with their sixpenny boxes of water-colour paints and their penny brushes? Does any adult person imagine for one moment that Mr. Thomas Beecham came to the salvation of the Denhof Opera Company at Sheffield three or four weeks ago to rescue Opera-in-English? I surmise he cares as much for that romantic cause as he cares for the height of the Andes or for the lepidopterous life of Leighton-Buzzard. No man with any sort of sense of humour could conduct "Pelléas et Mélisande" and hear it chaunted in English as if it were a good old home-made oratorio without serious risk of a mental cataclysm, and disastrous results to everybody concerned. As well set the Rubaiyat to ragtime, say I, as attempt to translate the emotional obscurities of "Faust" into English speech. Corder, Jameson, Alfred Kalisch—they and others have laboured mightily in the good cause, and to what result? I here challenge any reader of this occasional column to prove the existence (in grand opera) of six English-born operatic artists, men or women, who have learned the pot-hooks of good diction and "deportment." I will give to that reader, if he or she succeeds, my own private, carefully annotated and inscribed score of "Der Rosenkavalier" and the umpire can be the Editor of this journal or the Lord Mayor of London or Garter King-at-Arms or any other equally aloof person.

What folly it all is! Let anyone who wants to know to what extent the mania for translation can go look at that triumphant production of Metzler's—"Lieder in English." Let them observe how those true-blue Britishers, Mr. Hermann Klein and Mr. Emil Kreuz, have played old Harry with the intentions of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms—the three composers involved. Their jointly-signed Preface is a priceless thing, a monument to the life-work of two ardent souls. It seems almost as if this age of ours were going clean cracked on the subject. A year or two ago a parallel production was a series of pianoforte classics edited by Mr. Stanley Hawley. I forget by whom this chef-d'œuvre was published, but I understand it has had a monstrously large circulation, and is still going strong. In this labour-of-love the editor essayed to make simple and intelligible the out-pourings of such obscurantist brains as those of Fréderic Chopin and Robert Schumann. His method was to make enharmonic phrases unenharmonic, and the other way about, where such phrases were difficult of reading to the eyes of half-witted students. This may pass on its merits, incidentally offering quaint ideas of tonality to those same alert students. Satan himself enters the scheme when it comes to phrasing—otherwise rhythm—otherwise interpretation—otherwise the music of the thing. Groups of crotchets and quavers and semi-quavers and every other sort of quavers are arranged in a notation-made-easy style. The result is—authentically Satanic.

There is a primitive story of a man who was discoursing on the capacity of the camel to go many days without a drink. The listener, you will remember, asked wistfully who the devil wanted to be a camel? The attitude of that immortal aphorist might, I think, be justly appropriated by anyone who thinks seriously on this subject. Who the devil wants Art made easy? That may be left safely in the hands of Mr. Ernest Newman, the "Birmingham Daily Post," and the "Piano Player Review." To whom—God-speed!

A BALLADE OF CITIES.

The streets of Leeds are anything but fine.
  In Manchester Protection has gone "smack."
  Belfast is orange-coloured, I opine;
  And Birmingham and all its works are black.
To get to Paris it requires a knack.
  London is great—that city gave me birth.
Durham's an opal in a miner's sack;
  But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth.

Oporto, I believe, exports much wine.
  In Barcelona there are nuts to crack.
The finest city is upon the Tyne.
  At Bruges there is a towering belfry stack.
In Dublin the police are very slack.
  Of culture in Chicago there's a dearth.
Quebec's a monument to Wolfe's attack;
  But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth.

In York they all drink cocoa when they dine.
  Of common sense in Lichfield there's a lack.
Johannesburg is full of men and—swine.
  The odours of Cologne your nostrils rack.
At Bath there is a foreign count—a quack.
  In Ely there is little cause for mirth.
At Westminster they keep a Labour claque;
  But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth.

ENVOI.

Prince of the Dollars! When you strike the track
  For Kingdom Come, they'll ask what you are worth.
Pack your damned libraries upon your back!
  But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth!

V.

Belfast and Poverty.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—In a few days a meeting of business men will be held in Belfast to protest against the passage of the Home Rule Bill; and it will be natural for Englishmen, unacquainted as they are with the most elementary facts of Irish life, to regard this meeting of what will probably be called "the flower of Irish life" as a conclusive factor against the concession of self-government to Ireland. I shall be grateful if you will kindly allow me to explain why these business men, who are very far from being the "flower of Irish life" are opposed to Home Rule; and perhaps you will also allow me to preface my statements by a personal note. I am a native of Belfast and a member of a Protestant family, the majority of whom either were or are connected with the Orange institution.

The reason why the business men of Ulster are opposed to the passage of the Home Rule Bill is not that they fear the dominance of the Catholic Church or unjust taxation by the agricultural party in the new Irish Commons. The manufacturers in Belfast are sufficiently well acquainted with the priesthood of Ireland to know that that body nine times out of ten will sympathise with the rich and the employers. They have had ample evidence of this lately in Dublin, where the Catholic clergy, emulating the Protestant ministers of the North, have made themselves contemptible in their fulsome adulation of the employers. They have continually attempted to hamper the leaders of the workmen, and, as the world now knows, they actually caused the arrest of two ladies who had humanely endeavoured to provide temporary homes for hungry children until the present time of misery in Dublin had come to an end. They actually caused rumours to be circulated that these two ladies were procuresses who were using a charitable means to provide victims for the White Slave Traffic! The Belfast manufacturer has nothing to fear from the Catholic priest.

Nor does the Belfast manufacturer feel any alarm as to undiscriminating taxation. He is aware of the fact that Mr. John Redmond is a man of so conservative temper that Mr. Walter Long, in comparison, is a wild radical. He is aware, too, of the fact that the agricultural population of Ireland is a conservative population, made all the more so by the various Land Purchase Acts; and he knows, as well as any of us who are familiar with Ireland do, that it is more than likely that the first Irish Government will be a reactionary one. A considerable number of Unionists in Ireland are asserting that it will be better to live under a Redmond Parliament than to be subject to "Socialistic legislation" devised at Westminster. The Belfast manufacturer knows that he has nothing to fear from Mr. Redmond; and if Mr. Redmond and Mr. T. M. Healy (that little brother of the poor) were the chief factors in Irish life with which the manufacturer would have to reckon under a national Parliament, he would certainly plump for Home Rule.

But they are not the chief factors. The Ulster industrial lord knows that the passage of the Home Rule Bill will instantly set the Belfast workman's mind free from the hard hatreds and ancient bigotries which have stifled his intelligence for a hundred years. He knows that, when the Orange workman ceases to kick his Catholic comrade for the glory of God and King William, and no longer finds joy in condemning the Pope to another sphere of influence, he will begin to consider his economic position. That is precisely what the Belfast merchant does not desire him to do. The governing classes in Ireland have deliberately fomented quarrels between Protestant and Catholic workmen in order to distract their attention from their poverty. The device is not a modern one. It has been used by English politicians throughout the history of Ireland for the purpose of smashing every attempt at reconciliation of Protestant to Catholic. During the course of the strike in Belfast in 1907, the Belfast Press insisted emphatically that the leaders were Catholics and Nationalists, and endeavoured (without success, I am proud to report) to persuade Protestant workmen to break the strike on that ground. The chief argument used against the candidature of Mr. William Walker, the Labour candidate for one of the Belfast constituencies, was that, although he personally was a Unionist, he was attached to a party committed to Home Rule, and Home Rule meant Rome Rule, etc., etc.

When I was in Belfast last September, I purchased a number of "poems" written by Unionists. (Shall we forget that Mr. William Moore, M.P., wrote a poem?) One of them is entitled "Carson's Orange Parrot," and it runs thus:—

"Sir Edward Carson has a parrot,
It's name I can't remember,
And every time he fed the bird
It yelled out, 'No surrender!'

"'My word,' said Carson, 'if you go on,
You will put the West to shame.'
But the parrot cried, 'I know a muff,
And Joe Devlin is his name!'

"'Why, you hold your tongue!' bold Carson cried;
'If not—why, you'll be sorry!'
But the parrot then began to sing
'The Apprentice Boys of Derry.'

"Now, Sir Edward had a call just then
With the Kaiser to dine,
And the parrot then struck up a tune
Of 'Brave William and the Boyne.'

"The traitors tried to shoot the bird
Or to choke it with some soap,
But the parrot flapped its wings and cried,
'How I wish you'd choke the Pope!'

"The people came from everywhere
To hear the parrot sing
That Ulster never will have 'Home Rule'
And 'God Save our Gracious King!'"

It will be observed that the spirit of this paltry doggerel, which I purchased in a reputable shop in one of the principal streets of Belfast, is purely one of insult to the Catholic faith. I do not belong to the Catholic Church; indeed, I should be very glad if the number of clergy in Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, could be reduced by one-half, but I confess I am totally unable to understand the state of mind of High Churchmen, such as Lord Hugh Cecil, and Catholic Tories, such as the Duke of Norfolk, who consort with these detractors of their religion without the slightest spiritual discomfort. Nothing in recent political history has been so cynical as the conduct of Lord Hugh Cecil at Enniskillen and the Duke of Norfolk at Blenheim Palace some months ago. That, however, is a matter for the conscience of these gentleman, and hardly concerns me.

The endeavour, then, of the governing class in Ulster is to keep the working people in a state of religious antagonism, so that they shall not unite to improve their economic position. If you will permit me to do so, I will show with what success they have done this up to the present; but before I do so, I should like to point out that, unlike other large industrial cities, Belfast has never had a Labour member in the Commons, and has never had more than half a dozen Labour men on the City Council. I believe I am correct in stating that there is not a single Labour man on the latter body at this moment.

It is the custom of Ulster Unionists to assert flatly that Belfast is the most prosperous city in the United Kingdom. At one time they published statements to the effect that there were not any slums in Belfast, and then, when challenged on this palpable misstatement, they asserted that such slums as there were in the city were occupied exclusively by Roman Catholics and Nationalists. In the course of a controversy with the managing director of the York Street Flax Spinning and Weaving Co., Ltd. (the largest mill in the world), in THE NEW AGE, I was able to dispose of this statement by the simple process of naming street after street in Belfast, occupied exclusively by Protestants and Unionists, which are definitely slums. The visitor to Belfast need only travel on the Belfast and County Down Railway from the terminus in Belfast to the suburb of Bloomfield to see the kind of street and house in which the Protestant workman lives!

The Unionists, with that habit of making incomplete statements which is characteristic of all politicians, based their claim to the possession of less poverty than any other city on the statistics of pauperism. They were fond of stating that the rate of pauperism in Belfast was 109 per 10,000 as against 309 per 10,000 in Dublin and 210 per 10,000 in the United Kingdom. The inference, of course, to be drawn by the average person who is innocent of all knowledge of Poor Law statistics is that there are three times as many poor people in Dublin as in Belfast, and that there are twice as many paupers in the United Kingdom generally as there are in Belfast. It is no part of my purpose to defend the name of Dublin.

Recent revelations have so shocked the people of this country that most of us have come to the conclusion that the only thing to be done with Dublin is to destroy it; but I should like to be allowed to comment on these figures of pauperism.

According to the census of Ireland, 1911 (Cd. 6,051—I), one person in 94 was receiving poor relief in Belfast. In Dublin (Cd. 6,049—II), one person in 32 was so relieved. In other words, there were nearly three times as many people in receipt of poor relief in Dublin as there were in Belfast. But the Unionist writers omit to state that the administration of Poor Law (and it is on this that the rate of pauperism depends to a large extent) is harsh and rigorous in Belfast, while it is humane in Dublin. It is the practice of the Belfast Board of Guardians to restrict the granting of outdoor relief to the minimum; in Dublin, outdoor relief is given freely. The Bishop of Ross in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, said that "very little outdoor relief was given in Belfast," and Mr. Thomas Jones, one of the investigators appointed by the Commissioners, reported that "for many years a policy of offering the House as against granting outdoor relief has been vigorously pursued." In the two reports issued in connection with the census to which I have just referred, I find the following figures:—

	Dublin.	Belfast.
Indoor Relief	5,602	3,207
Outdoor Relief	4,015	931

I do not assert that the striking difference in these figures between Dublin and Belfast is completely accounted for by the difference in administration of outdoor relief—there are too many factors, such as the greater scope for employment in Belfast, to be considered for that to be true—but I do assert that if the policy of the Belfast Guardians were on a par with that of the Dublin Guardians, and, indeed, of most English Guardians, the difference would not be so great. Any Board of Guardians can reduce its statistics of pauperism to any extent by restricting the amount of outdoor relief and subjecting applicants for help to the humiliation of entering the general mixed workhouse. In two Ulster Unions, the Guardians actually decline to grant any outdoor relief at all.

The truth is, the rate of pauperism is a very poor guide to the amount of poverty in any area. Sir John Gorst, in a very interesting book called "The Children of the Nation," refers to a London Poor Law Authority which decided to withhold outdoor relief from nursing mothers, and preened itself on the consequent decline in the rates of pauperism. Sir John pertinently states that it would be interesting to learn what was the *increase* in the rate of infantile mortality. The same question may be asked of Belfast, and can be answered.

Let me remind your readers, sir, that there are three times as many paupers in Dublin as there are in Belfast, and that the Unionists would have us believe that this indicates that there are three times as many poor people in the former city as there are in the latter. In addition to that heavy handicap against Dublin, I would say that Dublin is an old city, with narrow streets, where house rent and the cost of food is very high, while Belfast is a modern city, with wide streets, where house rent and the cost of food is cheap. Sir Charles Cameron, the M.O.H. of Dublin, recently published figures showing that there are 20,000 families in Dublin living in one room each. There are 447 families in one room each in Belfast. This cheapness of rent is due to the fact that less than twenty years ago the speculative builder developed Belfast so rapidly that the city became overbuilt. It is not an exaggeration to say that more than half of Belfast was built within the last twenty years. The supply of houses in that city over the demand for them still continues, and it is possible for a workman to obtain an excellent house for 4s. 6d. per week.

If the inference drawn by the Ulster Unionists from the rates of pauperism were sound, one would naturally expect to find that, say, the death-rate among babies under one year in Belfast and Dublin preserved the same proportions.

As a fact, the infantile mortality in the two cities, according to the report for the year 1909, issued by Dr. H. W. Bailie, M.O.H. of Belfast, shows that the rate for Dublin is very little in excess of the rate for Belfast; that of Dublin being 140 per 1,000, that of Belfast 138 per 1,000. The figures for Dublin for the present year will probably be appalling, owing to the strike. But a comparison between Belfast and the large English manufacturing cities is more illuminating. The cities of Birmingham, Bradford, Bristol, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sheffield have a higher rate of pauperism than Belfast, but the death-rate of babies under one year is higher in Belfast than in any of the English cities. This death-rate is actually higher in Belfast than it is in East and West Ham, which do not make any pretence to prosperity. (These statements may be verified by referring to Table No. 55 of Dr. Bailie's report for 1909.) In this connection it is noteworthy that the death-rate among infants in Liverpool is higher than that of Belfast. Liverpool is a city which is also distressed by religious dissensions. It has its Orangemen and its Catholics.

The Annual Report of the Local Government Board of Ireland for the year ending March 31, 1912 (Cd. 6,339), shows that the number of notifications of tuberculosis in the old, insanitary city of Dublin was 515, the number in the modern city of Belfast being 541. The rate per 1,000 of the population in Dublin is roughly 1.7, and in Belfast 1.1. I do not desire to take up too much of your space with figures, but I trust you will allow me to state that the tables given in Dr. Bailie's report show that the death-rate from tuberculosis in Belfast is higher in Protestant districts than it is in Catholic, and that Dr. Bailie states that "it was found that consumption was most prevalent amongst the poor, owing largely to the unfavourable conditions under which necessity compels them to live, such as dark, ill-ventilated, and overcrowded houses, and insanitary habits, together with insufficient food and clothing." I do not claim that a belief in the infallibility of the Pope secures immunity from infectious disease; I merely report the fact that in the case of phthisis the rate of death in Protestant wards of Belfast is higher than in Catholic wards. This statement also applies to other infectious diseases.

Finally, sir, I would like to refer to the question of wages in Belfast. It has been established beyond doubt by a Government Committee of Inquiry that there is an enormous amount of sweated labour in Belfast. It is generally believed that the number of women workers claiming sick benefits under the National Insurance Act is higher in Belfast than anywhere else in the United Kingdom, and I was lately informed by the secretary of an approved society in that city that three times as many claims for sick benefits had been made as had been anticipated.

There are 28,000 women workers in the mills and factories of Belfast, all of them between 18 and 60. If the number of women employed in warerooms be added, the number is 35,000. A high percentage of this number consists of married women with children. The husbands of these women are mostly employed as labourers otherwise than in shipbuilding, and their wages (they are unorganised) run from 14s. to 16s. per week. The wages earned by the organised shipyard labourers range from 22s. to 25s. per week. The low wages paid to these unorganised labourers makes it absolutely essential that their wives should go out to work in the mills in order to make up the difference between the husbands' earnings and the amount required to keep the family alive.

The returns for the textile trade for the year 1912 show the rate of wage in Belfast to be as follows:—

	Average Wage per Week.	
	s.	d.
Men—		
Roughers (piece)	21	8
Weavers (piece)	16	8
Women—		
Spinners (time)	10	5
Reelers (piece)	11	3
Winders (piece)	11	3
Weavers (two looms)	11	7

The hours of labour in Belfast mills are, as a rule, from 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The bulk of the women working in these mills are permanently unhealthy. They suffer from anæmia, debility, and ulcerated stomachs. "Premature births," says Dr. Bailie, "are found to be most prevalent among women who work in mills and factories. . . . Many of these women appear to be utterly unable for such work, owing to the want of sufficient nourishment and suitable clothing, and being, through stress of circumstances, compelled to work up to the date of confinement would be accountable for many of the puny and delicate children found by the health visitors." I may add that the conditions of employment make health absolutely impossible for these women. A weaver has to work continually in a temperature of 85 to 90 degrees of steam in order to weave fine linen. Sometimes the degree of heat is higher. The yarn has to be kept moist, otherwise it would become brittle. If you enter the weaving-room

of a mill, you will see steam jetting out of the pipes over the heads of the weavers, and in that sodden atmosphere the mothers of Belfast work daily for an average wage of 11s. 7d. per week!

I have already occupied a great deal of your space, or I would quote other statistics to show that there is a very great amount of real poverty in Belfast; but I think I have written enough to show that, whatever benefit has accrued to the merchants of Belfast from the Union, none of that benefit has accrued to the working people. I do not ask your readers to believe that wages will increase in Belfast on the morrow of Home Rule, but I do ask them to believe that, when the unhappy sectarian quarrels have been made impossible through the removal of the irritant which makes the inflammation, there will be a chance for the Protestant and Catholic workmen to forget their religious separation and unite to make their economic good. ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN INSURANCE ELECTION.

Sir,—Having just come through the Reading election, I am driven to say that your prophecy is coming true—the next General Election, whatever its party issues, will be fought on the Insurance Act. This measure, I find, is detested with a bitterness unknown upon any other subject. It is true that Mr. Larkin's foul imprisonment added to the Socialist poll; but without that I feel certain that his votes would *not* have been cast for the Liberal, but for the Tory. For once there is no disguising the unpopularity of the Insurance Act. Even Mr. Gooch and Captain Wilson both admit they owe the result to the popularly vetoed Bill. C. H. WARDE.

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CLERKS AND THE GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Reginald Cloake in your current issue, and am left wondering why he relinquished his membership of the National Union of Clerks after less than twelve months' experience, unless I am to deduce from his third and seventh paragraphs that the N.U.C. is not a Trade Union and cannot be of use, because it maintains that the interest of the "£500-a-year men," and those of the "demi-semi-educated, black-garbed, eighteen-bob-a-week calculator" are essentially the same. The importance of organising the relatively well-paid clerk is, of course, recognised by the Union, but the suggestion that the bottom dog of the clerical market must be left outside the organisation, is unworthy of one who professes such ideals as your correspondent's. The question which Mr. Cloake puts as to the possibilities of common action between clerks in different industries is quite beside the point. There are other methods of support than the sympathetic strike, useful as that may be, and it is at all events noteworthy that the N.U.C. in addition to considering the potentialities of Parliamentary Representation (in which Mr. Cloake has no faith), has also made a beginning in the Guild organisation of clerks, as witness the formation of the Labour Exchange Officers' Guild and the Trade Union Office Fraternities Guild, as examples for clerks employed in connection with other industries. Surely here, if anywhere, is a means of ultimately linking the clerks up with the other workers in their several industries, while maintaining their common trade interest as clerks.

Seriously, I suggest to Mr. Cloake, and those who think with him, that the first step is to lend their own aid towards the organisation of clerks as a necessary preliminary to their linking up with the larger labour movement. FRED HUGHES.

Assistant General Secretary National Union of Clerks.

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"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—An astonishing communication concerning THE NEW AGE by name at any rate, has reached me from the next world. By automatic writing the late Mr. Gladstone has sent one of his famous postcards via Newcastle. The message is as follows: "You must write to THE NEW AGE, and say you get the message direct from me. Tell THE NEW AGE that I am altogether opposed to their doctrine concerning Eugenics, that it is not a subject for treatment in such a paper as theirs, nor is it a matter for discussion at all. The only remedy for the disparity of marriage is education; that is the remedy for all such marriages, and, not to have children." As I do not remember any doctrine of Eugenics except Don't, put forward in THE NEW AGE I regretfully conclude that Mr. Gladstone is as inaccurate dead as alive. Query: Does he pay for his copy of THE NEW AGE? The "Humanitarian" takes up one of your reviewers on the subject of animals, contending that the animal question is an integral part of the social question and cannot safely be ignored. Allow me to say that I agree with the "Humanitarian." In the "Yorkshire Telegraph" a correspondent, "W. G. W.," writing on the new Cavendish Association recommends to its notice the National Guilds System "so brilliantly advocated over a course of years in THE NEW AGE." In the "Morning Post" of November 5 Miss March Philips, replying to the Philistine Mr. Blomfield, the son of an architect, defends Guild labour against wage-labour. "The all-important difference," she says, "is that the authority of the master mason was derived from the workmen themselves. He had risen from their ranks. A true representative of the working men, his followers who were also his colleagues, saw in his plans the realisation of their own ideas and contributed heartily to a common purpose. The difference between Guild labour and modern labour, in terms of building, is the difference between Westminster Abbey and the Buckingham Palace façade." In other terms it is not less great. Referring to Mr. Charles Booth's pamphlet on the Guilds System (with many quotations from THE NEW AGE) the "Nation" says: "Mr. Booth seems to find the most promising solution in a sort of guild partnership between capital and labour in the various trades. There appear to us to be grave difficulties in such a solution. But it is of the utmost importance that steady thought should be applied to it." Also, it would appear, steady boycott of its discussion in the "Nation"—which has never once referred to THE NEW AGE in seven years! I will gamble a sixpence that the "Nation" and the "New Statesman," the twins of all that is liberal, progressive, tolerant, etc., etc., ad nauseam, will be the last of the English press to discuss the new ideas. PRESS-CUTTER.

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THE CATHOLIC MIND.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. Cowley, in last week's issue, writing as a Catholic, demonstrates the Catholic attitude towards your Guild proposals. I have often wondered why Catholics are so universally suspect. I am now infinitely obliged to Mr. Cowley for affording clear proof that this suspicion is well founded. I remember in the days of my youth how suspicious the older generation was of anything said and done by Catholics. On reaching manhood, I rather prided myself upon having outgrown the intolerance of the Protestant community towards the Catholics. Mr. Cowley's letter has, in a flash, shown me that there was good reason for that intolerance.

I am not now concerned with the pros and cons of National Guilds. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cowley may prove ultimately to be in the right of it; but, certainly, Mr. Cowley's methods of controversy will need a moral toning up before any thoughtful reader will give him credence.

He sets out to prove that THE NEW AGE believes only in machinery whilst the Catholics "look primarily at the individual's heart and head." Does he go to the text of your argument and quote passages germane to his contention? Not at all. He blandly bases his whole case upon a hypothesis that is not only palpably false, but which is actually discourteous. This is the pretty little trick he plays upon your readers. He begins: "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." Mr. Cowley then proceeds to argue his case to the end of his letter upon this extraordinary and foolish hypothesis. I cannot conceive why he should rate your readers' intelligence so low. What possible right has he to assume that THE NEW AGE writers are so shallow-witted as not to be quite as alive to the importance of motive power as Mr. Belloc? As a regular student of THE NEW AGE for two or three years, I have been no less gratified than surprised at the clear understanding your writers have shown of the soul-problems that under-pin your concrete proposals. Mr. Belloc himself in his first article commented upon the fact that the word "spiritual" had so accurately entered into your terminology. "Assuming for the purposes of argument" forsooth!

And when you are calmly told that the sacred motive

of Free Will is safe in the arms of the Catholic Church, I can only smile, remembering as I do, the earlier controversies between Catholics and Protestants. Free Will! Catholic Free Will! Let us "assume for the purposes of argument" that Mr. Cowley is an Irish bull.

Still, proceeding upon his gratuitously false hypothesis, Mr. Cowley tells us that you seem "to regard the institution as the active thing and man as the passive." He further tells you, with smooth effrontery, that "you hope by some ingenuity to devise a system which shall contain man and make him go straight in spite of himself." This is pretty steep for a Catholic who puts more faith in his Church as an institution than does a Kalmuk in a prayer-wheel. But the gem comes later. Your correspondent informs us that sweating and cozening are so discredited by Catholics "that 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." With Catholic Dublin before our eyes, with sweating and cheating rife to the point of stinking in Catholic Spain and Italy and Austria, with Catholic infamies in Catholic Colonies perfectly well known to travelled persons, this assertion on the part of Mr. Cowley leads me to conclude that he is either very young and spiritually arrogant, or, if not young, then a grossly dishonest controversialist.

I hate the introduction of theology into such a discussion as this upon the National Guilds, but when the Catholics arrogate to themselves a monopoly of the spiritual perceptions, then it is for a Protestant to protest.

Finally, I should like to know from some authentic source whether Guild organisation is contrary to Catholic principles.

PROTESTANT GUILDSMAN.

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

Sir,—As I stated in my previous letter, the economic evil of the times consists not in property but the abuse of property by concentration in the hands of a few persons with the consequent deprivation of everybody else. The causes of this evil I found to lie not in the peculiarities of any particular system, but in an evil motive in the minds of men sufficient to debauch or to distort any system, however cunningly devised. I now propose to describe that evil motive and to outline the history of its growth.

It consists firstly in an abnormal development of avarice. There is nothing new in avarice. It is as old standing and as enduring as sexual lust. Nothing will ever root it out of us because it has its origin in a sentiment which is in itself permissible or even laudable, the desire to possess and make one's own. Avarice, which is merely the exaggeration of that sentiment, can therefore never be abolished. But it can and must be held in check. It may exist; it must not be legalised or recognised. Public opinion and the private conscience must be trained to regard it as something mean and shameful, to be indulged only in secret and away from the laughter or the anger of man.

It is my belief that such a check was placed upon avarice by what we may call the "other-worldliness" of the Catholic faith. It would be ridiculous to assert that the Catholic ages contained no avaricious men, as it would be ridiculous to assert that the present age contains no cruel ones. But the atmosphere of the epoch was hostile to avarice as the atmosphere of modern times is hostile to torture and other forms of deliberate inhumanity. Few dared to think and none to say that the pursuit of wealth, for wealth's sake, was other than a very silly and degrading sin. That man was looked upon askance who set himself to the accumulation of greater riches than were necessary for the rational enjoyment of existence. The forestaller and the monopolist were very properly hanged, and any who attempted to defend them ran an undoubted chance of being burned alive as heretics; for in those days there did not yet exist that divorce between thought and action which makes toleration possible, and anti-social opinions were stamped out by the civil arm as being the immediate preliminary of anti-social deeds. To-day the connection between the two is less immediate and apparent. The intellectual enjoys a temporary immunity in society's contempt.

This was upset in northern Europe by the Reformation. The non-Roman half of the continent, which had submitted to the yoke of Latin culture for about a thousand years, rebelled and reverted to those traditions of its hairy ancestors which are leading it with increasing velocity of retrogression back to the clumsy barbarism of its originative woods. Many elements combined to work the overthrow, most of them discordant; for the party of Luther was a cave of Adullam, and the moral and intellectual and political outcasts who gathered there were really united in nothing except a common detestation of the Church. But among them predominated the party of the rich—the gain-seeking merchants and anarchic nobles—who had chafed for centuries under the yoke of a religion whose peasant deity with his homely wisdom was a constant reminder of the uneffectualness of their pettiness and pride. These, in alliance with their dependant horde of second-rate intellectuals whom a little philosophy had led away from religion, constituted the backbone of the movement and constitute it still. The Kings, greedy of ecclesiastical property, are powerless. The Protestant churches, ambitious of disciplinary and doctrinal license, are moribund. The rich alone have profited. That was the keynote of the Reformation which detected by the antiquarian who sees the church builders of Henry VII. succeeded by the manor-builder of Elizabeth and James I.

A place in the new doctrine was accordingly found for "enterprise." The old conception for "sin" was narrowed to meet the convenience of the rich. Immorality in the Puritan conception became synonymous with sexual immorality, swearing, and drunkenness. The northern races are not conspicuously sexual, and a little effort will keep any man from profanity or intoxication. Halos became accordingly within the reach of everyone, and the country was overrun by a new generation of saints, who tasted all the pleasures of righteousness without any of its drawbacks, for the only sin to which they really felt inclined, their religion was careful not to forbid. That sin of course was avarice. It seized upon them with the obsessing power of evil; it became the stimulating motive of their dirty little lives. The van of industrialism was headed by the ultra-Protestant Quakers. To this day the hardest nuts of the commercial world are dissenters or the children of dissenting ancestry. A tribe of ignorant, self-satisfied philosophers capped the heresies of the sects by openly declaring that greed and usury were the pillars of the State, and the sweaters and extortioners might henceforth rejoice in the conviction that their operations were not only justifiable but a source of profit to society.

Hell waits for all of them. But in the meantime the consequences upon earth would not have been so frightful, but for the simultaneous growth of an intellectual tendency which I shall call "fluidity," for want of a better term; but which is really not so much a definite conviction or emotion as a rotting or a "deliquescence" (to use Mr. Belloc's word)—a melting and confounding of the outlines of beliefs and desires, a going to slush of values, a thawing and liquefaction of all that was hard and permanent in the world. The origin of this disgusting phenomenon is hard to ascertain, but it has been found from time immemorial in the repulsive race of Jews, and has been the source alike of their facile half-successes and their ultimate impotence. To the Catholic a farm is a farm, with eternal values to its possessors that nothing can replace. To a Jew, farms are so much cash; one hundred pounds to-day, fifty yesterday, a couple of hundred perhaps to-morrow. The Jew in Professor Sparling's words, cannot conceive of value as apart from price. He is an intellectual as well as physical Nomad. He does not know the permanent in life.

Now, in some way hard to define, the modern European also has become infected with this obliviousness to the permanent difference and variety in things. The whole of modernism is an attempt to obliterate distinctions—to discover similarity and unity everywhere. All men are equal, men are the same as women, good is the same as evil, freewill does not exist, catastrophe has no place in the universe, and everything is gradually evolved. A similar want of attachment to reality is the secret of commercial success. That gambling which is essential to it does not permit of any interest in things themselves. A stockbroker who spent his time in studying rubber as opposed to the market price of "rubbers" would be hammered in a week. No man who loves things wishes to mush together things in that amalgamation and obliteration of varieties which is the goal of our philosophy, our commerce, and our politics. "Fluidity" is the condition, the occasion of the huge agglomerations of our times.

For the obstacles in the way of the agglomerator were removed. As soon as men ceased to love their farms more than their market value, they parted with their farms. As soon as men valued salaries more than economic independence, it was easy to do them out of independence. Popular insistence upon individuality,

separateness, and variety is the surest guarantee against the accumulator. But in commercial England nobody appreciated variety and everybody wanted to accumulate. And, the economic field becoming united, the weaker being accordingly deprived of that refuge and renewal of resources which are possible in hitherto untouched ground, the more powerful were very soon able to sweep the board. For there is now no refuge from monopoly. Its superior power is omnipresent; nor is there an exile to which we can flee and return with new forces to renew the struggle.

Thus, at the time when men were most avaricious, their avarice was easiest to gratify. If you ask for a cure, frankly I can offer none, except a return to that frame of mind which renders such a monstrous state of things impossible. If, ignoring the fact that all human history is a series of returns, you object that return is impossible—if you reply that "we cannot go back"—I can only tell you that you must then pay for your misty fatalism by going on, probably to increasing despair, increasing inertia, and finally to that narrow barbarism in which all such paralysing fatalism finds an inevitable end. I cannot see that any purely legal or political reform will help you. When one looks round and sees what men have done in the way of evading legal enactments, one cannot but despair of any project for reform by the letter with the spirit left out. E. COWLEY.

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"IS WOMAN AWAKE?"

Sir,—In the special supplement to the "New Statesman," on the "Awakening of Women," there is a paragraph in an article by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, which runs thus: "Art, music, industry, invention, discovery, manufacture, distribution, trade, commerce, law, medicine, religion, government—everything which constitutes our humanity—these are proper to women as to men." Now, affirmation is not proof, as women too often presume it to be, and I, therefore, challenge the implication that this statement carries. The words are that all the arts, sciences and crafts are as proper to women as to men, but the implication is, that women are as capable of succeeding in these various industries as are men. Now, one might write a brilliant article to prove that cows are as fitted to run and win steeplechases as are horses, but one would at once be asked to substantiate such a statement by naming the cows, or the calf, that had ever in cow history sped with eager straining from start to winning post: it would be of no use to declare that the cow having four legs and two eyes it was logically certain, therefore, that it could run as intelligently as a horse. I wish in this instance to challenge the writer of this article to name the women who have in the past so eminently succeeded in all of these arts, sciences and crafts, as to prove her statement. I would ask her why, when music has at all times and in all places been considered within woman's province, has there never been a great female composer? I am aware that women have composed more or less pretty songs and dances, but where is one who can stand even on the steps of that platform on which the great Masters crowd? There is not one who can be said to be equal to even the lesser lights among the company of famous composers. Why? Then the sister art of Painting, what has let or hindered women from an art so natural, one would suppose, to her? And yet it is on the fingers of one hand that we can count the famous women artists, including Angelica Kauffmann who couldn't draw legs! Then in the Mechanical arts, has any woman invented an engine, or part of an engine? It is quite beside the mark to protest that they have never been taught mechanics, man discovered it without teaching, he evolved and perfected it to meet human needs; and male children, mere infants in years, will show their leaning and adaptability for mechanics without example, or inherited tastes. Following the method of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, I might as reasonably affirm that in a world of women only, the steam engine would be unknown.

Let me carry my attack still further and ask these "Awakened Women" if it is not absolutely pitiable that, within what has been hitherto their own undisputed sphere of action, women should have failed so signally in pioneering perfection sooner than they have done: that so many centuries of suffering had to drag by before women awoke to the long overdue, imperative necessity for efficient nursing, for, indeed, any battle-field nursing at all. That although poets innumerable had praised the tenderness and the soft ministering hand of woman it was not until the nineteenth century that a Florence Nightingale could rouse women to see that men wounded in fighting for home, wife, children, needed, nay, had the right to demand, proper care and intelligent nursing. There is no greater accusatory witness to women's general inefficiency than Florence Nightingale herself. Mrs. Fry also, the fame of whose deeds is another indictment, a "mene, tekel, upharsin," against her sex. If woman did not habitually neglect the duty or business that lies the nearest to her hand, Mrs. Fry would have been merely one of a host of compassionate ones, instead of which, when the awful and mournful array of prisoners is thought of, the figure of this quiet Quakeress stands almost alone, apart from all the "ministering angels," who passed by on the other side. In the monotonous but necessary province of house-keeping, women have, on the whole, singularly failed: and there can be no question that there is no service so badly performed, so ill-regulated, and so haphazard as "domestic service." As cooks, they have to yield superiority to men: even the aged Isaac knew this when he asked his son, and not his wife, to prepare him savoury meat, he had probably tasted her un-appetising stews too often! If, therefore, women have failed in the past in a somewhat limited province, who shall be bold enough to declare that they will inevitably succeed in more arduous ones? If they have neglected to bring any of their callings up to professional standards, what promise is there that they will be, in the future, equal to, or better than the great men who have left us masterpieces in art, science, and all manner of crafts? If it is argued that women lack the physical strength required by a cook in a large hotel will she develop it all at once to meet the demands of the enormous strain in a busy surgeon's life? On this subject I can add nothing to what Mrs. Beatrice Hastings has said with such clearness, conciseness, and delicacy in treating of the variations to which women's normal powers are liable.

There is one more paragraph that calls for attention in this hotch-potch of articles: Adelaide Anderson writing of Women in Public Administration puts forward the prospect that "in nearly every main branch, comes in sight the possibility of systematic, responsible engagement of women's facilities throughout public administration." Systematic, responsible engagement of women's faculties—exactly, then, in the same ratio, women must be held responsible for the actions of their faculties; that is to say, that logically they are bound to accept precisely the same treatment for their actions as do men. The prison accommodation and treatment must be equal, the sentences for similar crimes must be identically the same. Let women consider what this would entail. Women procuresses will have to stand to receive the flogging women consider so necessary for male offenders. Imagine it! The flogging of women, and all its concomitant evils. Then so long as the law of death by hanging for the crime of murder is unrepealed, women convicted of murder must be hanged and not sentenced to a term of imprisonment as has of late years been meted out to them. A female Judge and jury will be locally debarred from admitting any pleas of sex weakness or provocation: they can admit no privileges. We may even see them claiming a salaried post (hitherto how unjustly closed to them!) and applying for the job of hang-woman. Why not? Do the "awakened" ones all imagine themselves Portia, or Joan of Arc; and never Bottom, or First Murderer?

ARTHUR HOOD.

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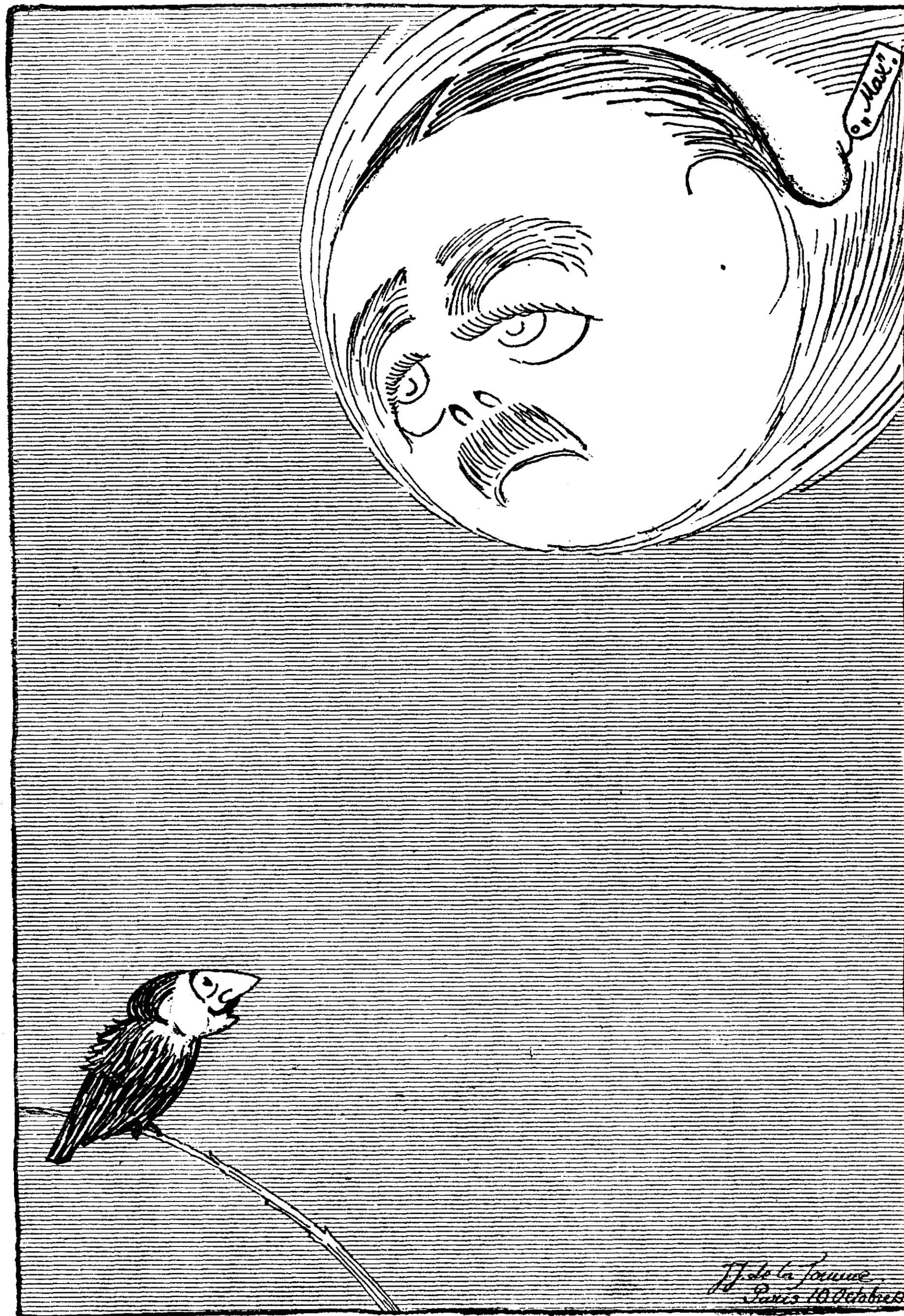

TOM TITT (NOT "BY HIMSELF").

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and Printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C. Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.