

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Syndicalist suggestion made by the "Times" to the Coal Porters' Union, though hailed as "interesting" by the "Daily Mail" and as "promising" by the "Westminster Gazette," and though greedily swallowed by "G. R. S. T." of the "Daily Herald," was writ ironic. Otherwise the only comment to make upon it is that it was idiotic. It is true that the trade unions have already begun to look upon themselves as the anointed heirs to the throne of industry; it is true that we and a good many others are convinced that upon them our hopes as a nation rest; but to invite them in their present condition to assume responsibilities which, as everybody knows, the employers would combine to hamper them in discharging, can only be intended to inveigle them into a trap. As a matter of fact there is not the least fear of their falling into it. What, to begin with, are the present trade unions organised for? They are not organised to carry on an industry, but to defend their wages and conditions and, if possible, to improve them. The two functions are not only difficult in themselves, but they obviously involve different organisations. The formation of an army drawn up for defence or attack is very different from the formation of an army (such, for example, as Hannibal is said to have employed at one time) commissioned to provide its own commissariat by means of agriculture. An army can supply itself, if equipped and organised to do it; but the organisation must needs be different from its organisation for fighting purposes. Similarly, without in the least admitting that the members of a trade union are not jointly capable in the highest possible degree of carrying on an industry efficiently and responsibly, we may admit that, as at present organised for an entirely different and in many respects even a contrary purpose, a trade union is not capable of responding to the satirical challenge of the "Times."

It is not realised, we suppose, how contingent upon its immediate object the organisation of a trade union is. Yet a little fair reflection would show that the men now entrusted with leadership owe their position to their capacity for organising for defence and attack, and not for industrial purposes. When, in fact, some years ago the trade unions under the malign suggestion of men on the make like Mr. J. R. MacDonald, assumed a political, in addition to their economic, function, what was it that the Press, including the "Times," then said? Nay, what is it that the Press, including ourselves, say to this day? Why, that an organisation created for one purpose cannot efficiently be employed, while pursuing its original purpose, in pursuing an entirely different object. The economic and the political purposes are, we agree and contend, so different in character that the same organisation cannot even attempt to accomplish both objects without failing in both. But the same argument used by the "Times" to discredit the political diversion of the trade unions is manifestly applicable to its own suggestion for an industrial diversion. If it be true, as we agree that it is, that the trade unions are ill-advised to engage as Unions in politics, it is, at least, equally true that they would be ill-advised to engage at present as Unions in industry. Nobody who knows either the present leaders or the rank and file would doubt either the incapacity of the one to conduct industry or the capacity of the other, when the time comes, to select leaders from amongst themselves to do it. It is, in fact, no slight upon the present leaders, but rather the contrary, to convict them (as Mr. Hamilton Fyfe does) of industrial timidity. Industry, we repeat, is not what they have been selected to carry on. But, on the other hand, it *would* be a slight, and a profound mistake as well, to deduce from the incapacity of the existing trade union leaders for industrial management, the incapacity of the rank and file to produce industrial leaders at need. As good fish are in the sea as have ever been brought out of it. As good potential leaders are to be found in the rank and file of the Trade Union movement as have ever emerged; and, provided that the need arises, as, we believe, it shortly will, for industrial as distinct from economic or political leaders, from the same source from which the latter have been drawn the former can be drawn to a practically unlimited extent.

We should say, indeed, that the resources for industrial purposes are far richer than the resources for either of the other purposes have proved to be. All said and done, industry (by which we mean the skill to organise and carry on a craft of any description) is more native and familiar to the rank and file than economic or political action. In these respects they are somewhat out of their element; they blunder in the dark and scarcely know their right hands from their left. But set them to their own craft, put them to judge the quality of their foremen and master-craftsmen—we doubt whether they would ever make a mistake in selection. It follows, we think, that though not now organised for industrial control, the trade unions are not only capable, when organised for the purpose, of industrial control, but much more capable of it than of the alien functions of economic and political warfare. Primarily an industrial army, they are at a disadvantage when on a semi-military campaign.

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As well as being impracticable by reason of the present mode of organisation of the Trade Unions, the "Times'" suggestion is impracticable by reason of the existing capitalist organisation, and is theoretically objectionable to boot. A correspondent of the "Daily News" has pointed out what, in effect, the Coal Porters Union are invited to do. They are invited to enter into competition not merely with the Coal Merchants, but with the whole forces of capitalism. Not only have the Coal Merchants a monopoly of the yard accommodation and running plant of their industry, but in a competition between themselves and the Union, they would have a monopoly of the goodwill of the whole of capitalist society. Unless they desired the Union to make a success of its experiment, would the Coal-owners, Railway Companies and Cartwrights facilitate the business of the Union as against their own flesh and blood, the existing profiteering Coal Merchants? Would dog eat dog when rabbits were still available? We can imagine, indeed, the series of obstacles the Union would encounter from the very moment of its entry into business on its own. The capitalist world would be in arms against them; and we should have once more to learn the lesson that the proletariat cannot emancipate themselves or capitalism be destroyed piecemeal. The battle has to be fought by solidarity. And if even the Union succeeded—what would be gained? Would the coal industry cease to be competitive? Would the wage-system be shaken? Would the public, except for a brief period, find even the price of coal reduced? None of these things could result. To the existing corporations exploiting our need for coal a fresh corporation would have been added, and a corporation, too, which in no long time would coalesce with the existing corporations to strengthen the existing ring against us. That, we emphatically say, is neither our object nor, we believe, the object of any Trade Union. Not a single problem is settled by it, but, on the contrary, the main problem is both further complicated and postponed.

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A good deal of apparently disinterested publicity has been given to the suggestion made by the "Times," but chiefly, it is clear, because the suggestion is known to be ironic. Had it been serious, the City would have prepared for the end of the world or the editor of the "Times" would have been incarcerated before a day had passed in a lunatic asylum. That there may be no doubt of this in the minds of the amiable fools who are disposed to credit the Press with good intentions towards the proletariat, we will make a counter suggestion of an equally "interesting," but of a much more promising and nearly practicable character than that of the "Times"; and we will undertake to say that not a soul in the Press will mention it. But why should they not, if, as they allege, like the blubbing and canting Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, they are looking for practical

suggestions and are indifferent where they come from? Why, indeed, should they not long ago have discussed the "interesting" proposals made in these columns to the Trade Unions, and have waited until the "Times," of all papers, should offer Greek presents to the proletariat? But to our counter suggestion. It is that the Coal Merchants' Society should enter into a contract with the Coal Porters' Union as a Union to carry on the whole industry of distribution for an inclusive lump sum to be paid to the Union in weekly instalments. The assumption here is that the Union for the purpose of their part of the total industry of the Coal trade should be recognised as a collective and responsible entity not only capable of contracting as a principal and as a kind of partner, but entitled to carry out its undertaking in its own way. For the numbers of men employed by the Union, for their rates of pay, for their hours and conditions, for, in fact, all the internal and individual discipline and organisation of the men, the Union would be responsible; and at the same time that the Union would be responsible for this (in fact, one is conditional upon the other), the Union would also be responsible for the satisfactory discharge of the services it contracted to perform for the Coal Merchants. What, we should like to know, can be said against this proposal—by the capitalist Press at any rate? For it is the more disinterested on our part since, in our opinion, it labours under the worst defects of Syndicalism, threatening, in fact, to create against the public a combination of the monopoly of capital with the monopoly of labour. But that is no objection from the capitalist standpoint! Being Syndicatsists (monopolists, that is, of capital) to a man already, they surely cannot object to strengthening themselves by an alliance with Syndicalists, the monopolists of labour! On the contrary, their troubles would be over, and only ours, the public, would begin. Well, what has the "Westminster Gazette" to say to this? Or Mr. Hamilton Fiddle of the "Daily Mail"? Or that ninth part of a man, "G. R. S. T." of the "Daily Herald"? What, nothing!

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We may add one or two comments on some incidents of the strike. Sir Edwin Cornwall in an interview in the "Daily News" denied that there is a ring among the Coal Merchants of London. Judging by his account of things and by the accounts of the other monopolists of the coal trade, prices are cut by competition so finely that absolutely nobody makes any profit out of it. The coal-owners complain that they are running their mines at a loss—the profits are not theirs! The railway companies are also philanthropists; and so too are the Coal Merchants. The difference of 25s. per ton, in fact, between the sum paid to the coal-miners for excavating the coal and the sum paid by the retail consumer for its use, is all necessary expenditure covering only the bare cost of transmission, and nobody makes a penny of profit out of it. Wonderful, is it not? The Kingdom of God is at hand. But in the same interview Sir Edwin Cornwall, assuming, we suppose, that his readers would be incapable of putting together two and two, after denying the existence of any ring, admitted that "the leading coal merchants, who have the biggest business, agree with one another as to what they will charge." That, of course, is not a ring or anything like it! Another incident worth comment is the decision of the men's Union to include the hospitals in the present strike. We entirely approve of it. War is war. On every previous occasion and even for a day upon the present occasion, the men on strike have excepted hospitals and similar institutions from the embargo, the laying of which upon society is their chief weapon. With what result? Has society been grateful for it or even recognisant to the extent of reciprocal chivalry? Every such concession has been interpreted as weakness and has been seized upon as an excuse for a fresh attack upon the Union. The very students of both universities and hospitals now join with the clerks and managers to break a strike wherever it occurs, presumably in the

belief that strikers who can be so considerate of society are little Jesuses who may be stoned with impunity. As for the reproach that by making no exception of the hospitals the men are firing on the Red Cross—in the first place, it is chiefly their own wounded who are in the hospitals; in the second place, if society does not like it, the remedy is obvious—do not make wage-earners desperate; and, in the third place, where are those private supplies? Of all the protestants of the callousness of the men, is there one who with tons of coal in his cellars will contribute to the supply of the hospitals? But if they feel so keenly let them feel generously at their own expense. It is not right that to the inconceivably heavy handicap with which wage-earners *always* start upon a strike, the additional burden of greater consideration for society than their masters show should be thrust on them.

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Another point to remark is the confirmation the current controversy offers of our contention that as the trade unions become blackleg-proof, panic with the accompanying circumstances will fall upon the capitalists. The declaration of civil war by General Botha on South African trade unionists is merely the symbol of the despair that sets in when it is once seen that the Trade Union movement is directed not towards the amelioration simply of the wage-system, but towards its abolition. Elsewhere than in so elementary a polity as South Africa, the apprehension of the possessing classes will take a more intelligent course and give rise to an ascending series of offers of compromise, each designed to stave off the day of the radical transformation of our industrial system. From this point of view, the suggestion of the "Times," though made in jest, may very soon be made in earnest. The fact, indeed, that certain journalists accepted the suggestion seriously is a proof of how nearly it approximated to a sense of what may soon be offered. But we are convinced that it is by no means all that is in reserve amongst capitalist parties. The Unions have only quietly to continue filling up their ranks, amalgamating and federating, to provoke offers compared with which the offer of the "Times," if seriously meant, would be an insult. By marching round the walls seven times and each time with a blackleg-proof Union, trade unionism can ensure the fall of Jericho without a blow and without even a strike. And this, we would observe, is a tribute to the good sense of the ruling classes as well as to the potential solidarity of the Labour movement.

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On the other hand, it is not to be supposed that the employers will offer no resistance to the actual process of strengthening the membership of the Unions. Admitting that a Union with a monopoly of its labour has already won its battle, the aim of employers' federations must necessarily be to prevent or at least to delay this consummation. Apart from trade considerations altogether alien to public considerations, this object is certainly in the mind of the Master Builders, whose lock-out of over a hundred thousand men was begun on Saturday; and the cowardice displayed by the English trade unionists in respect of Dublin has undoubtedly provoked the attack. After the lamentable conference held in London to "down" Mr. Larkin, Mr. Larkin observed in the present writer's hearing that Dublin would have to be paid for in England; and his words have now come true. Nobody should suppose that, had the English trade unions been quick to resent and to repel the attack by Mr. Murphy upon the very principle of trade unionism in Dublin, the English Murphies of the Building Trade would have ventured to challenge trade unionism here. But seeing the indifference, nay, the rejoicing, with which Mr. Murphy's triumph in Dublin was anticipated by the English

leaders, how could not the Builders conclude that their own triumph here would be comparatively easy? We believe they are wrong; we believe they will be proved to be wrong. But for their assault the English trade unionists have their own treatment of Mr. Larkin to thank. Their chickens have come from Dublin to London to roost.

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The "Spectator," being, as we said, a "fair" paper, has not replied to our charges on the subject of the South African strike. But we are gratified to see that it is as silent as damned upon the subject. Though, as everybody may guess (even in the absence of news from our omnignorant Press), things are by no means settled in South Africa; and though, indeed, questions arising out of the strike are everywhere else but in the Press being discussed, the "fair" "Spectator," edited by that perfect pink of publicists, Mr. Strachey, has in its current issue not so much as a mention of the existence of South Africa. To that unhappy country the "Spectator" has applied one of its blind eyes. The "Pall Mall Gazette," however, by a carelessness soon corrected, did on Tuesday last point our moral of the cost of the strike to the South African capitalists. As much as a million pounds, it seems, is the estimate of the sums expended by the Government and profiteers of South Africa to bring the "fight to a finish" to a fresh beginning. Calculate, if you can, the number of times this cost can be repeated without inducing South Africa to look for a less suicidal method of meeting industrial unrest. Our own calculation is that it will never occur again; and not because the men have been beaten, but because the men have won. The "Daily News," we see, is agitated over the constitutional question of the right of the South African Government to declare martial law in a time of peace and to create crimes and administer punishments ad hoc. We confess we care little in the abstract for the rights or the wrongs of the question; for the reality turns upon power. A Government, we said some weeks ago, can behave like Beelzebub if it be so minded and have the power; and discussion of its "rights" is useless unless this in turn can affect its power. Does the "Daily News" suppose either that the South African Government cares about "rights" provided they are not "powers," or that in similar circumstances, its own sweet little pets of the present Cabinet would care any more? A note in the "Financial News" of ten days ago did, indeed, suggest that the English Government was in collusion with General Botha in the course he took. Why, if not, should not Lord Gladstone be recalled? Collusion or not, we are sure that the "Daily News" friends were quite glad to see the medicine of "civil war" against strikers tried on the South African dog. We are equally sure they were prepared, if it had cured the brute, to use the same medicine here. Does the "Daily News" doubt it?

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An example of "bluff" has been quoted from Sir Edwin Cornwall. Let us quote several others that we have remarked during the week. A telegram from the Johannesburg correspondent of the "Times" of Monday concluded thus: "With a few exceptions the mine artisans remain on strike. *Otherwise* the industrial prospects seem favourable." There, if you please, is a dainty dish of nonsense to set before the king! The same correspondent, having admittedly been thunderstruck by the strike when it occurred a fortnight ago, reported last week that "the Syndicalist plot had been notorious for weeks previously." The boy, O where was he! Again he remarked of Mr. Creswell's arrest that "it had created neither surprise nor sympathy." What! Can a Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (only with a character) be arrested in South Africa and create neither sympathy nor surprise? But we shall see. The masterpiece on the subject of South Africa, however, was contained in the "Times" "Financial Supplement" of last

Thursday. It is well known that an Economic Commission is sitting in South Africa, under the chairmanship of one of our woodenest economists, Professor Chapman of Manchester University, to inquire into the industrial conditions and prospects of the country. Among other bodies the Chamber of Mines has offered evidence, in the form of a report on the gold supply of South Africa. The present output of twenty-eight million tons crushing annually is, they say, possible only for a period of five years from now. Thereafter the output must decline until in about seventeen years' time it will be reduced to half its present bulk. But what conclusion, supposing this estimate were correct, could be drawn from it? The plain conclusion would be that South Africa would be wise to begin preparations for exploiting new industries. Is South Africa to cease to exist as a community because the gold supply fails? Has she no future apart from gold? The conclusion, however, of the Chamber of Mines, supported by the "Times," is that the "costs of working" the mines (and chiefly in labour, that is, wages) should be reduced in order that the exploitation of gold should be hastened. "Under existing working conditions," we are told, "the Rand is not an attractive field to capitalists." The profits are not high enough, averaging only some thirty percent. of the capital invested. A reduction of working costs (wages) by a shilling a ton would increase these beggarly profits by a million and a half per annum. Then those shy birds that steal the golden eggs would be enticed in again! "To the gain of South Africa" is the least lie that might be expected to be added to this plea; but no, the "Times" will not lie, but will rely upon the goodwill of its readers, and adds: "Though any increase in profit would not greatly affect the South African public who are not largely interested as proprietors of gold mines, yet indirectly. . . ." (thank you, Mr. Wells!). Incidentally, it may be remarked that the Report is not only inaccurate, but is a manifest invention designed as a scarecrow. The gold supply of South Africa simply cannot be estimated. It cannot be even approximately estimated.

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Our own Mr. Samuel, Postmaster-General, shows an equal disregard with the "Times" and other instructors of the public for our reasoning powers. Challenged at the recent deputation to deny that wages of 20s. and under were often paid to men of 22 and over in the postal service he promised an inquiry, the report of which he has now published as a vindication of his position. What does it reveal? He has selected, in the first place, the North-Eastern district, notoriously relatively the best paid (when the matter under consideration is the wages of agriculture, not of postal workers), and, secondly, he finds even here that among 2,000 full-time men, ninety-six (including seventy-six ex-soldiers) are paid 20s. or less per week. The assumption is (and perhaps when Mr. Stewart has sown his Parliamentary oats and returned to his proper business he will point it out) that if in the North-Eastern district one in twenty of the men are thus paid, elsewhere and in the whole service the proportion is nearer one in ten. We will not quarrel with Mr. Samuel whether this is large or small; it depends upon taste. We will only say that far from supporting his case, his figures destroy it.

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The cares and the precariousness of office appear to have driven the knowledge of economics he once had out of Mr. Burns' head. Speaking at Streatham last Monday he informed his audience that in his opinion the rich had got more than their share of the wealth produced, the middle classes had got enough, but the shopkeepers and workmen were still in arrears. Very true, but what a vocabulary for an economist to employ, and how utterly misleading! The supposition is obviously of a commonwealth with shares distributed according to

the proportions of the Three Bears, but in the wrong order—the wee, tiny little bear having become possessed of the basin intended for the great big bear. But is there anything of the fairy-tale in the actual disposition of wealth under the commercial system or anything even approaching the notion of sharing? The wage-earners can no more be said to "share" in the wealth they produce than farm horses can be said to share in the produce of agriculture. Wage-earners receive their subsistence (such of them as are fortunate enough to be employed), but beyond that, though they should produce a Golconda a day they "share" in nothing, having forfeited their entire right to share in the results of their labour when they sold their labour. Once upon a time there was a man named Mr. Burns who knew this fact as well as we do; but he married the princess and has lived miserable ever after! As a sample of the "sharing," the pauper reports of the year just closed may be looked at. During 1912, ninety-four deaths directly attributed to starvation occurred in this favoured island under our paternal Jehovah Burns. Forty took place in London—a city Mr. Burns knows like the back of his hand, and containing over a thousand charitable societies and the two Webbs in addition. Seven were the Government's old age pensioners—not including Lord Balfour of Burleigh or Lord George Hamilton, strange to say! And of the ninety-four, ninety-one had never applied for poor-relief to a public authority or even to the C.O.S. Mr. Burns is surely wrong in stating that the poor do not obtain their share of the products of society. Do they not obtain *all* the starvation there is to be had?

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There have been many strange definitions of democracy, but the most recent is the worst; it is that you must be paid for public service in order to be a good democrat. The House of Commons set the example, and now it is being followed by the Insurance Committees. These dog-like bodies, having at their own solicitation been entrusted with the honorary management of the insurance funds of the poor, and being now in possession of the till, have turned wolves with the lie of democracy on their lips. At the monthly meeting of the London Insurance Committee last week, the report in favour of paying themselves five shillings per attendance at committees, sub-committees, sub-sub-committees, and sub-sub-sub, was "adopted by a large majority." Among the immortal gentlemen who spoke earnestly in defence of their fees was a Mr. Lee, who propounded the thesis, not unworthy of a Cockney Aristotle, that the principle of democratic management carried with it the right of representatives to be paid. Another philosopher, a kind of Tooting Plato, Mr. Coysh, urged on his impressionable academy that they had nothing to be ashamed of in accepting pay for their public work. Thus reassured, the majority, as we say, overcame their weakness and courageously plunged their hands into the poor-box. We may expect the new teaching to spread like Christianity among the Insurance Committees dotted over the country. The new democratic candle, in fact, lit by Messrs. Lee and Coysh, will never be extinguished. Theirs will be the ninepence; and from the poor the fourpence.

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At the Savoy Hotel last week Lord Haldane delivered himself of a variant of our aphorism that economic power precedes political power. It was on the subject of education, but the parallel is complete. "Physical culture," he said, "must precede mental culture and continue side by side with it, or the foundation upon which mental culture could rest would be lacking." Our case exactly against the precedence of political over economic power which the Labour Party will again affirm this week at Glasgow. But what wonder when the cart is put before the horse that the horse backs?



## Current Cant.

"It is fatal to think."—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"Feminine dress is the nearest approach we have yet attained to colour-music."—WILLIAM ARCHER.

"The Liberals have been in power since 1906, and they have avoided those costly wars and expeditions which the Tory Party used to inflict. . . . They have also resisted ruinous and unreasonable expenditure."—"The Star."

"Yet money is a factor only second in importance to men and ships."—"Daily Mail."

"The British people refuse to be frightened . . . the one weapon left in the Unionist armoury."—"The Freeman's Journal."

"Mr. Frank Harris . . . an extremely clever writer, especially where human nature has to be analysed."—"The Book Monthly."

"A town without a grammar school is like a house without a kitchen."—MR. BIRRELL.

"It is common knowledge that electric cars both start and stop with a jolt."—SHERIFF NEISH.

"The interests of the country are absolutely safe in the hands of the Liberal Party."—ELLIS GRIFFITH.

"Without hurry, and without delay, the Unionists of Birmingham are making their preparations to fill the great voids. . . ."—"Birmingham Daily Post."

"A Tory trap."—"The Star."

"Struggle within the Cabinet."—"The Globe."

"We are going to give our men the penny a ton for the people's sake. . . . We will not be parties to depriving the public of coal."—CORNWALL & CO.

"In reply to the advice to 'be insular,' it would be easy to say that concentration on our own country exclusively would make us far too insular, and would send us well on the way to undue egotism and self-glorification."—"The Academy."

"Does the 'Westminster' really think that at a time like this it would pay the farmer to desert the Unionist Party, his ally and truest friend?"—"The Saturday Review."

"Mr. H. G. Wells' phantasies have always a sufficient scientific basis, or excuse, let us say, to make them worth serious consideration from a scientific point of view."—"The New Statesman."

"The golden age of the drama lies in front of us, and, despite the cinema and the music-hall, things are undoubtedly better all round. . . . Everything has improved."—SIR J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

"These be brave words which should inspire all those who are working for a drama that shall be national in the fullest sense of the word."—"Everyman."

"The Liberal Party's long and proud tradition of loyalty to sound finance."—"Daily Chronicle."

### CURRENT SENSE.

"A cinema performance is like mustard without beef. There is nothing in it."—ARTHUR ROBERTS.

### CURRENT MODERATION.

"£5 reward for return of pocket-book with Sir Alfred Mond's passport and papers. Lost Charing Cross Station or en route for Boulogne, Saturday."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SOME people, I gather, have the impression that the Wilson Administration has introduced, or is about to introduce, legislation of a nature that is likely to benefit the middle and working classes of the United States, and that in future the activities of the Trusts will be curtailed, there will be less financial corruption, the cost of living will decline or wages will go up (or both) and, in a word, the millionaires will no longer have everything their own way. The rule of plutocracy has been, or is being, superseded by the rule of the people: the millennium has not actually arrived yet, but it is in sight.

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If there be readers of THE NEW AGE who think thus, let me say this to them: we all know that the Reform Bill of 1832 was the first stage in the emancipation of the lower and middle classes here, and that from the date of its passing until the Franchise Bill of 1867 there was a steady improvement in the conditions of the classes referred to, an improvement which became more marked with the further Franchise Bill of 1885, and has since reached perfection in the beneficent measures of social reform so profoundly thought out by the Webb school and applied, in the teeth of capitalistic opposition and the murmurs and threats of a baffled and discomfited aristocracy, by the friend of the proletariat, Mr. Lloyd George.

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No doubt, if I wrote seriously in this fashion I should be requested to resign. An alienist would be called in, at the least. You see the point? There are still hundreds of thousands of people in England who not merely write like that about recent social reform measures, but sincerely believe what they say. The growing Labour unrest, the changing outlook of the working classes, the slow but certain decline in wages: these things move them not at all. Such people will believe almost anything; and they certainly believe in National Insurance, the Mental Deficiency Bill, the Railway Conciliation Boards, and so on. Some Americans are like that.

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It is not a bit of use saying that the Wilson Administration inaugurates a new era, unless we employ the expression in the sense that a new era has been inaugurated for the capitalists in the United States; and I am quite ready to agree with anybody who does employ the expression in this sense. The activities of the big financiers in the United States, the activities of the manufacturing Trusts, have not been curtailed in any way by the legislation already passed by the new House of Representatives and the new Senate; and they will not be curtailed in any way by the legislation to come. In so far as political intrigue at home and abroad—particularly abroad—can be of any assistance to the financiers, it will be made use of; and all the moneyed classes in the United States may confidently look forward to a period of prosperity such as the country has never yet experienced. There may be panics now and then; there may be intervals of bad trade; there may be any other set-backs you like to think of. The statement holds good. I cannot prove it in one article; I hope to be able to prove it in several from time to time.

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Meanwhile, consider these figures for a start. In 1905 a first special decennial census of manufactures was issued, and showed that 11.2 per cent. of the total number of manufacturing establishments controlled 81.5 per cent. of the capital used in such establishments, employed 71.6 per cent. of the labour, and turned out 79.3 per cent. of the total value of the products of all the manufacturing establishments of the country.

So much for that. I will neglect for the moment the fact that of these 11.2 per cent. of manufacturing establishments, many are inter-controlled by "interlocking" directorates. The fact that the new anti-Trust measures propose to do away with interlocking directorates does not matter at all. We must face the reality: the business of the United States is in the hands of a relatively few men, whose financial interests, no matter how they may conflict on the purely financial plane—I emphasise the last five words—are always united when threatened from two sources: Labour troubles in the United States or competition from abroad.

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When I wrote about the Currency Bill a few weeks ago, I emphasised the fact that it had not been passed until the bankers of America had met in congress and suggested amendments, several of the more important of which had been incorporated in the measure. The official Bill introduced is very different from the Bill finally signed by the President. The immediate effect of the Currency Law will be an attempt to centralise the control of the financial system of the United States in eight (or at most twelve) financial districts, the minimum of eight or the maximum of twelve banks to be established being under a Federal Board of Control at Washington. This is of great interest as being the nearest approach to a definite national bank like the Bank of England or the Bank of France. It is, nevertheless, not a national bank, and will not be unless the Federal Board of Control—at the dictation of the financiers—acts in that capacity when necessary.

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Ever since the formation of the Union, the United States has had trouble with her banking. The pernicious system of allowing each State to have its own chartered State bank, which issued loans on the slightest provocation, and financed undertakings which could not hope to pay for years, brought about crash after crash and dislocated finance all over the country. Sherman, in the 'seventies, made an unsuccessful attempt to combat this loose system of money-raising, but innumerable weighty factors, such as the State jealousy of the Federal Government and the power of the silver interests, prevented him from doing very much. The State financiers, in other words, were too strong; the State interests outvoted and overpowered the federal (i.e., national) interests.

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Then came the sudden development of the Standard Oil Company, the establishment of new Trusts all over the country, culminating in the gigantic Steel Corporation; the "Billion-Dollar Trust," and the capture of both the political parties by the financial magnates. If you ask me why some Trusts should be Democratic and others Republican, I will ask you why the English screw-making industry turns out Protectionists, and why potash and cocoa turn out Liberals and Radicals. The fact remains.

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By 1905, as I have stated, 11.2 per cent. of the manufacturing factories controlled 81.5 per cent. of the capital and 79.3 per cent. of the products. That was not enough. The control of manufacture was centralised, or nearly so; but banking was not. Neither was the control of labour. Just about then, however, the Republicans, first headed by Mr. Roosevelt and then by Mr. Taft, talked about anti-Trust campaigns and national banks. The first step towards centralising the banking industry was thus taken. The next step (eight to twelve banks instead of one) has been taken by those saviours of the people who call themselves Democrats—"Triumphant Democracy," Mr. Carnegie, that is to say, triumphant Carnegie! First manufactures, then railroads, then banking, under centralised federal control. Lastly, Labour. Nothing done about Labour? My dear sir,

you are wrong. Don't you remember that Roosevelt broke away from his party with a whoop in August, 1912, when they wouldn't nominate him for the Presidency? He held a convention of his own—in August, I think. He set forth a programme. His programme included one or two social reform measures. They would appear rather hoary to us. Wages Boards, Arbitration, Old Age Pensions, Three-shift System. No Labour centralisation about all that, you think?

\* \* \*

Ah, but the Roosevelt programme also included National Insurance.

## The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

I.

IN the following chapters of chronicle and biography, an attempt will be made to point out, by facts and vivid explanations, that it is no less to the advantage of Christian Civilisation and Progress than it is to Turkey and Islam that the security of the present integrity of the Ottoman Empire should be practically maintained and that Islam should be given a chance; nay, should be encouraged and supported to revive and to develop itself, as a religious, social and political system. It will be proved that any further dismemberment or partition of Turkey will mark the ruin of Christian Civilisation and progress in the East as essentially represented by the prestige of the British Empire, in whose administration and institutions in favour of human progress and justice I am an enthusiastic believer. For one thing, the British Empire is not mainly established on physical force but essentially on its prestige, and, therefore, must have elements other than physical force to count upon; and I believe Islam ought to be the best element for the British Empire to count upon in the East. For another thing, granting that the much spoken of partition of Turkey actually takes place, Islam will remain for ever and ever alive and akin of its existence as represented by no less than 250,000,000 souls spread mainly through the integrity of the British Empire. To those who have no special motives to serve, and who entertain erroneous and various beliefs that it is better either for Christianity or civilisation or progress to persecute Islam in the persons of its adherents or its peoples, I submit to their reasonable consideration the candid fact that it is impossible to oblige the 250 million Muslims to deny their faith as it is equally impossible to annihilate them. I would respectfully ask them to consider the inevitable consequences that would ensue if physical force were employed to secure either end. I would point out to them that, despite its apparent degradation, Islam is fast spreading and gaining more adherents than Christianity. And if facts are facts, Turkey stands, at least to the Mohamedan world, as the representative of Islam. She is like the heart, the throbs of which affect the whole constitution; any challenge to Turkey, in any name or under any pretext, is undoubtedly believed by the whole Islamic world to be a challenge to Islam. But here it is opportune to state my belief that I consider Islam and Christianity to be sister-faiths; and that I do believe in Christianity equally as I believe in Islam. And as I hold that Turkey has been rather a destructive than a constructive factor, I equally hold she is quite excusable, taking into consideration the facts that, ever since the foundation of her empire, she has kept in a warlike state, all her resources being thus uselessly exhausted; that she has always been fighting against formidable foes both within and without.

There is no gainsaying the fact that both England and Turkey have been opposed to each other during the last generation (exactly from the date of the Berlin Congress) despite the official or non-official demonstrations to the contrary. But to be accurate and to do history justice, there was real and cordial co-operation

between the two countries during the few months of the first and short Ministry of Kiamel Pasha, immediately after the proclamation of the Ottoman Constitution in 1908. But as a Muslim and an Ottoman I would ask my co-religionists or my compatriots what are the advantages or interests we have secured by being so opposed to England? And in like manner I would respectfully ask both British Imperialists and Radicals; the former what are the advantages or interests which England has secured by being so opposed to Turkey; and the latter whether that opposition has been to the interest of progress or liberty in the East? For one thing; if Turkey has so dearly paid the penalty for that opposition by being so gradually dismembered, so has England dearly paid the penalty by losing her popularity and prestige in the East, and is thus being threatened by indigenous omens which would, sooner or later, develop into serious troubles. For another thing: if Turkey has lost so much by what England essentially complains of, i.e., German co-operation, does England expect Russia (the entente with whom has been concluded by a Liberal Government) to send to India an assistant expedition or a salvation army, at a time of need when there might be an Indian Unrest or Indian Mutiny, in which the grudging of Indian Mohamedans should, under the circumstances, be an essential factor? So from the above stated logical facts the reader can easily assume that it would be no less to the interest of Christian Civilisation and the British Empire at large, than it would be to the interest of Islam and Turkey, that there should be real co-operation between England and Turkey.

But before proceeding further I should like to point out to the reader the importance of three facts, viz.—the first is that my excuse and apology for referring to persons and personalities, whether favourably or unfavourably, are valid, in that those persons and personalities have had, as the reader will realise, the greatest, if not the absolute, effect on the destiny of the nations concerned. If I state or refer to little incidents it is because those little incidents have had a most essential effect on *great events*. And to give the reader a justifiable and vivid example I will only narrate the following very trifling story. It happened that the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, with all his majesty and power, was terrified at a certain Leon Fahmy, who had absolutely no political significance. By the irony of fate a *report* reached H.I.M. that the unfortunate man meant ill for the throne and its occupant. Therefore the would-be offender or criminal was to be arrested and due punishment to be inflicted! He was then a political refugee in Egypt, and therefore instructions were issued to H.H. the Khedive, the loyal vassal, to arrest the man and hand him over to his master. Accordingly the would-be ill-fated Leon Fahmy was arrested, kept in custody in Ras-el-Teen Palace at Alexandria, from whence he would be deported or exported to Constantinople. Meantime a report of the affair reached the ears of Lord Cromer, who was known to be protector of the Young Turks and their followers against their aggressors. Prompt orders were issued to inspect the Ras-el-Teen Palace, where the prisoner, who was arrested in an unlawful manner, was kept. H.H. the Khedive was then known to be the idol of the Nationalist party, of which Mohamed Said Bey was a member. And Mohamed Said Bey, then chief of the Alexandria Parquet, borrowing the shell of a tortoise, reached Ras-el-Teen Palace after twenty-four hours, and he could find no trace of Leon Fahmy!!! And so Lord Cromer's prompt orders were technically complied with, but Leon Fahmy was found nowhere! In fact, after a short time he was reported to have been living extravagantly in France, with his sweetheart, having been given a nice reward (in bank-notes) in order to "hold his tongue."

For the loyalty displayed by Mohamed Said Bey in this affair and the equally trifling affair of the Island of Tashiouz, his master the Khedive displayed his undoubted gratitude for his fidelity, and now Mohamed Said Pasha is Prime Minister of Egypt—having been

extraordinarily made Minister of the Interior, and later Premier, under the auspices of the entente regime of Sir E. Gorst!

The second fact is that although I am not quite an enthusiastic believer in the Committee of Union and Progress, I am nevertheless an ardent supporter of that political body. For one thing—and one thing alone—it is the only competent political body upon which a sound hope—and not a vain hope—for the reform or regeneration of Turkey can be cherished! I quite agree with others that the Committee has made mistakes. Perhaps—unless there were very serious and practical reasons, as yet unknown to the public—the chief mistake of the Committee was the dethronement of the ex-Sultan, who is an experienced and far-sighted statesman, at a critical moment when Turkey was in great need of an experienced and energetic statesman. However, all the personal supporters of Abdul Hamid are those responsible for his destruction, and the ruin of his empire. Their personal interests in a more or less degree depended on gaining his favours; they cheated him in every way, and he, in his turn as an able man, with his suspicious nature, used his power and his abilities to destroy his opponents. It might have been this prime factor that forced the Committee to have decided on his downfall. The Committee of Union and Progress, as it stood in origin, in 1908, was composed entirely of self-denying members who sacrificed everything tasteful to this our human nature, who suffered with hunger, starvation and martyrdom, but remained faithful to their ideals, aspirations, and propaganda. And when they succeeded in realising their grand ideal and proclaimed the Constitution in 1908, the law of this human nature was destined to counteract on their fate. The very persons who were their most unscrupulous enemies *yesterday* suddenly became their most enthusiastic friends and allies to-day. Some of those enemies not realising from which side personal aggrandisement could be wrested, continued to intrigue between the Committee and the Palace, being uncertain with which party they should agree. And when the ex-Sultan was deposed those enemies became necessarily either declared enemies of the Committee, or disguised themselves as members of the Committee of Union and Progress. I would respectfully ask every well-wisher of Turkey—of those who consciously or unconsciously oppose the Committee because of its "fatal mistakes"—I would ask them, I repeat, to trace the career of the declared Ottoman opponents of the Committee, or to trace the real factors at the bottom of those fatal mistakes—and they will soon realise that it is either the declared or undeclared Ottoman opponents of the Committee that have brought about those fatal mistakes. For one thing, I unreservedly excuse the original Committee of Union and Progress, in that, as a political body, the Committee was logically willing and anxious to secure as many followers and supporters as possible, and from thence began the squabble. Of those who do not as yet excuse the Committee and still persist in excusing its opponents, I would respectfully demand to trace, for example, the past career and prospective motives of General Cherif Pasha, the recognised mouth-piece of the ententists or so-called Liberals of Constantinople. And should they fail to furnish us with valid proofs as to the honesty and soundness of his propaganda, I hope, then, they will agree with me that the Unionist Committee is the only competent and reliable body in Turkey in which every hope should be cherished, and that the best way to oblige the Committee to avoid further mistakes is to approach it in a candid, plain, faithful and friendly manner, in giving reasonable advice, or issuing unbiased complaint. I lay so much emphasis as an *experienced* politician who has forwarded so many suggestions, to so many people and quarters, some of whom might have been willing to comply with such suggestions or give them fair consideration had they not been put in some abrupt or disagreeable form. And here the reader should realise, in advance, and for fairplay, that I admit even my failures!

## The Lendrum Insurance Cow.

O Land of Cakes, of ale and bubbly-jock,  
Of haggis, herrings, and the glistening loch,  
Of hired poets, scribblers, oats, and grouse,  
Of things sublime, from mountain down to mouse,  
Thou art the land, thou dost my lay inspire,  
And now I write these words in scorching fire.  
In fire they gleam, and I am glad enow,  
But perish me if I forget the cow!

### *The cow's dwelling place.*

In Lendrum, when the sun was sinking fast,  
In stable warm she munched her poor repast.  
Loud blew the winds, hoarse creaked the rusty gate,  
But she fell fast asleep, nor dreamed of Fate—  
Fate that would move her from her quarters mild  
To stirring scenes where, 'midst a mob run wild,  
She'd sigh and snort, and turn to home again,  
Cheered by the bagpipes' unrelenting strain.

\* *She is painted green, and the name of the saviour of mankind appeareth on certain parts of her body.*

O cow, with name writ large upon thy hide,  
Besmirched with paint, bedecked on either side,  
Degraded with the name of man, thy sire  
Must weep, the insult sure must raise his ire  
To see a modest, clean, and moral cow  
†Befouled with reeking pothouse name, I vow.  
Mankind must mourn, and from the clouds descend  
Tears of the gods, with man's they quickly blend.

*She is taken to be sold in the market square, as her owner would not work the Insurance Act.*

By ruffian hands, with rope and halter tied,  
She is secured, and there she sees her pride  
Dashed and demolished, humbled to the dust  
By greedy men, all smeared with money lust.  
A little boy, lorn Willie, holds the rope;  
In Empire's life he plays his part like — soap,†  
And holds the cow, his duty set quite plain,  
And for the blessed State would do again.

### *The rope is cut; anarchy prevails.*

Let thrones and empires tremble and decay,  
For now some villain who came by that way  
With sharpened knife had cut the rope in twain,  
And with one cut (oh, damn this couplet strain!)  
Had severed Justice's jugular vein.  
And once again—oh, damn this couplet strain!  
How can it sing the downfall of the State  
Through severed rope? It must be out of date.

### *A squib is let off near her tail.*

The spirit of Guy Fawkes is living still,  
And now this tale must send out many a thrill;  
For note, the dastard plot, and note it well,  
A squib was fired, and off she flew pell-mell  
Down busy street, through bush and briar and brake.  
O England, arm! Christians, arise, awake!  
A cow flouts justice; unions have more tact  
Than flee in wrath from the Insurance Act.

O simple cow, O cow that gives us milk,  
Four legs, one tail, and glossy coat like silk,  
England hath need of thee to-day, I wot,  
To lead officials from their dismal grot;  
There are they stuck, with mole-like eyes agog,  
With purblind wonder, in the Insurance bog;  
Brave leaders, fighters, warriors, I avow;  
I wish to God they'd note the Lendrum cow.

A little boy had led the Lendrum cow;  
The cow had fled; to thee, O cow, I bow—  
Sagacious cow, cow of the lofty mind;  
Such sense we ne'er in Labour leaders find;  
Kick high thy heels at this colossal fake,  
And bid man rise, and from thy action take  
A lesson from thy cow-like freedom wild,  
Poinded in spite, led by a little child.

\* No offence to any religion intended.

† All NEW AGE readers will join me in apologies to the cow.

† Applications to be made to Advertisement Manager of THE NEW AGE.

### *Moral for Trade Union Officials.*

Some day, I know, the State will give you guns,  
And bid you shoot yourselves and all your sons;  
And if, with slave-like zeal, this course you take,  
Remember Lendrum's cow that fled through brake;  
Remember Gay, his moral and his tale,  
Ere you all slip the hook and quit this vale,  
And on your tombs, with large and lofty brow,  
Shall shine resplendent the Insurance Cow.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

## An Unconsidered Aspect of Welsh Disestablishment.

By the Rev. R. David.

THE Bishop of St. David, when speaking some time ago in Monmouthshire, drew attention to that process which is going on in Wales, whereby the population of rural Wales is being depleted and that of industrial Wales is being inflated, a process which greatly increases the difficulties of the Church both in rural and industrial Wales, and which makes the retention of the endowments of the Welsh parishes a matter of vital national importance. The Bishop referred only to the more obvious difficulties which this displacement of population causes, the economic difficulties; but there are also intellectual, ethical and spiritual difficulties of the most serious nature produced by this same cause. For the Welshmen who are leaving their rural homes are not merely changing their material habitat, but are entering into a world which is acquiring an intellectual, ethical and spiritual outlook which entirely differs from that of their old home. And in this new world they slowly slough off their old-home character. They become industrialised; and the industrial Welshman differs greatly from his rural brother. He is acquiring an intellectual, ethical and spiritual outlook which challenges at all points the traditional convictions and the present ideal of the rural Welshman. And events are surely (and not very slowly either) bringing this implicit antagonism between the rural and the industrial Welshman into a conscious and reasoned antagonism. And in this growing antagonism between industrial and rural Wales is to be found an aspect of Welsh Disestablishment which has not yet been much considered.

But in order to appreciate this unconsidered aspect we must first understand the cause and nature of the antagonism which is arising between rural and industrial Wales. Now, rural Wales, as we have it to-day, owes its birth and its nurture to religious separatism. It was conceived in the spirit of antagonism to the spiritual solidarity of the parish and of the nation; and in its maturity it stands upon the negation of the spiritual solidarity of commune and of nation. And it is this spiritual separation, this negation of the spiritual unity of the parish and of the nation which has organised Wales into anti-communal denominations. "Our Chapel" is against the spiritual unity of parish and of nation. And this separatist nature of "Our Chapel" has given rural Wales an ethical and economic view of life which is also separatist and anti-communal. According to this view the community exists for the express purpose of enabling the members of "our chapel" to "get on." Get on-ness is the chief good of rural Wales: the sole virtue by which it hopes to exalt the Welsh people. Everything is made subservient to this end. Education, for instance, is esteemed chiefly as a means to "get on": and "our system" is incomparable because so many have been helped by it to "get on." And crowning "our chapel" and "our system" is "our shop"—the draper's shop, the milk-vendor's shop, the suburban denominational shop, the bureaucratic shop, the newspaper shop, the lawyer's shop wherein our rural Welshman, inspired by "our chapel" and equipped by "our system," "gets on." But it is in non-productive anti-communal shops that the rural Welshman "gets on." That view of life, the spiritual and ethical outlook he acquires from "our



chapel," "our system" and "our shop" equips him admirably for his work as a party politician, a suburban pulpiteer, a bureaucratic official and a faithful henchman of plutocracy. The spiritual separatist always ends in being an anti-communal mammonist. And in rural Wales pharisaism and mammonism are one and indivisible: "our chapel" and "our shop" express the spiritual and ethical anti-communal outlooks of rural Wales. And upon this foundation of "our chapel" and "our shop," of pharisaism and of mammonism is being built by London drapers, party politicians, fashionable suburban pulpiteers, milkvendors, hack lawyers and trust bosses the ideal commonwealth of millionaires—of the David Davieses, of the D. A. Thomases, of the Philippses and of their denominations, leagues and federations; a commonwealth wherein too pulpiteers, lawyers and bureaucrats may wax fat and the already fat grocers may be glorified with a J.P. ship. And crowning this ideal commonwealth of rural Wales, as the best representative of all that its members would fain be, as the representative of its Christianity, of its ethics and of its economics is a multi-millionaire Jew—Sir Moritz Mond! And this Jew forms the nimbus of Welsh life because he truly represents the innermost soul of rural Wales. He is the Welsh superchristian.

And rural Wales being such as it is in its origin and in its nature sees something in the endowments of the parochial churches which it cannot understand. These endowments, from whatever source they may have come and at whatever period they may have originated, are all alike held upon a communal tenure, upon condition of doing spiritual service to parish and nation. The Church can hold her endowments upon no other tenure without denying her mission to the commune and the nation. The possession of private property for denominational purposes by the Church would involve her in an act of apostasy.

But rural Wales, being anti-communal in its spiritual, ethical and economic outlook, being pharisaic and mammonistic, and looking for redemption to the grace of plutocratic messiahs with their host of pulpit and political panderers who find servility to the plutocracy the best avenue to success, it cannot understand the nature of the tenure upon which the Church holds two parochial endowments. It does not believe that spiritual service should be rendered to the community as such: it does not, therefore, believe in communal property being held for this purpose. So it demands under the leadership of the Jew multi-millionaires, the confiscation of all property held upon a communal tenure for the service of man. Pharisaism and mammonism have always been one in their enmity to man. So rural Wales, in so far as it is influenced by these allied forces, is for the confiscation of the parochial endowments of the Church. What right, it asks, have these parochial churches to communal endowments? Let such endowments be confiscated: churches must only possess private property for denominational ends.

But things are different in industrial Wales; though it is time that even here the millionaires with their denominations, their leagues, their horde of lawyers and pulpiteers eager to talk the common folk into abject servility to their plutocratic employers and themselves into bureaucratic jobs, are much, perhaps most, in evidence, as may be seen by the strenuous efforts made that the industrial constituencies shall always be represented by the scions or hirelings of the millionaires or by Labour men of the Lib-Lab type who, possessing the mentality of the local preacher, may always be trusted to look at all questions from the point of view of "our chapel." But nevertheless beneath this pharisaic-mammonistic surface of industrial Wales are many influences at work disintegrating the fabric of our pharisaic-mammonistic society.

There is the influence, for instance, of Socialism which challenges, not consciously, but all the more effectively for that reason, the spirit of separatism which begat "our chapel," the corner-stone of our plutocratic

society; for Socialism is the desire to give a more adequate economic expression to human solidarity. It seeks to realise in the material sphere that object which the denominations deny in the spiritual—solidarity. But although it is within the material sphere that Socialism proclaims solidarity, this proclamation is none the less a challenge to the religious denominations which exist to deny the spiritual solidarity of parish and of nation. A man cannot be enthusiastic about human solidarity without growing indifferent to spiritual separatism. And it is this that, in part, explains the growth of religious indifference which the denominations bewail. But though it is by the creation of religious indifference that Socialism is undermining the basis of "our chapel" it is by direct challenge that it is seeking to undermine the creation of "our chapel"—"our shop." It is directly questioning the right of the David Davieses, of the D. A. Thomases, of the Philippses and of the Monds to appropriate the fruit of communal labour. And hitherto the most popular method for challenging the right of the millionaires to privatise communal production has been by means of Labour Parliamentary representatives. But this is now losing its charms; for the Labour representatives, being local preachers from "our chapel" have "got on" in their job. These have now become men of large means, large social connections with the leaders of progressive plutocracy through whose influence they are able to bestow honours upon the smaller plutocratic bugs of "our chapel," and bureaucratic billets upon their deserving supports. And as the net result of their legislative efforts, of their co-operation with progressive plutocracy in social amelioration has been to increase the profits of their plutocratic friends though increasing the cost of living to the workers; and to increase the power of the plutocracy through enmeshing the workers in a network bureaucracy, the workers are getting disillusioned about the supreme virtue of Parliamentary representation, and are a bit tired of the large ways of their Parliamentary representatives. And this shows itself in two ways: in the increasing disinclination of one section of the workers to pay the Parliamentary levy, and in the growth of Syndicalism among another section of the workers.

And Syndicalism (another disintegrant of our pharisaic-mammonistic society) is bent upon getting to the point with as little Parliamentary palaver as possible, to strangle the plutocracy without any ceremonious ado. The Syndicalists are out for the crumbs of bureaucratic social reforms that fall from the divers tables of the Monds, the Philippses, and the rest; they are out, sans ceremony, for the tables and their laden contents.

But it is not in this that Syndicalism differs from Socialism, but rather in challenging the right of the State to have all communal property vested in itself. State Socialism desires that all property shall be vested in the State; Syndicalism insists, on the contrary, that the property and produce of a trade, for instance, shall be held upon a communal tenure by the members of that body for the service of the community. In a word, Syndicalism desires that the property of each trade shall be held upon the same tenure as that upon which the parochial churches of Wales now hold their property. The parochial churches of Wales are Syndicalist corporations: and Syndicalism is an unconscious effort to become what these churches already are ethically and economically. But as Syndicalism cannot challenge the economic omnipotence of the State without being driven on to challenge its omnipotence in other directions—its right, for instance, to create an omnipotent pharisaic bureaucracy of Welsh divines, scribes, lawyers to deprive the common folk of all personal liberty and responsibility, the attributes of true manhood, Syndicalism will also have to fight all the later developments of Welsh pharisaism. And when one sees rural Wales in the grip of the Jew and Jewish-Denomination of millionaires and of their creation—the pharisaic bureaucracy, when one sees that these, Jew and Jewish-Denominational millionaires and their Chris-

tian pulpites are straining every nerve to make the State the omnipotent instrument of their mammonistic and pharisaic tyranny, one sees that Syndicalism may soon become the chief bulwark of formal liberty and responsibility. It is now a powerful disintegrant.

Another disintegrating influence is that of the famous Ruskin College and of the present Central Labour College. And this influence is not, primarily, so much an intellectual influence as a moral influence, and that of a truly revolutionary kind. For the young men who receive their instruction in economics, industrial history, etc., at this institution are inspired by an ethic which is in open revolt to that of "our chapel," "our system" and "our shop." They are against get-on-ness. They are all pledged in fact not to "get on," but to remain loyal to their class. It is upon the presupposition that they abide in the ship of labour and devote their increased efficiency to the service of labour, that they receive their instruction at this institution. They are pledged not to sell themselves to the service of plutocracy in any capacity whatever; either as the hireling political organisers, hireling scribes, or hireling lecturers of the Jew and Jewish-Denominational millionaires; or even as the hireling pulpites of the fat bourgeoisie.

Industrial Wales is ready not only to challenge the right of Jew and Christian millionaires to privatised communal production, but also to challenge the right of the churches to accumulate and to hold their millions for denominational and anti-communal aggrandisement. This is the question that is now becoming articulate in industrial Wales. And it is the question that not only brings out the latent antagonism between the ideal commonwealth or rural Wales, the commonwealth of the Jew millionaire and of his servitors—the Christian divines, scribes, and lawyers and the ideal commonwealth of industrial Wales, the commonwealth of Labour and of communal service, but also brings out the unconsidered aspect of Welsh Disestablishment.

For it is evident that the parochial churches cannot hold property upon a private tenure without denying their mission to the parish and the nation, without, in a word, becoming apostate; it is likewise evident that the denominational churches from their separatist origin and anti-communal nature can only hold property upon a private tenure; it is evident also, I think, from the nature of those forces which are now disintegrating the pharisaic-mammonistic structure of Welsh society, that no form of Christianity which possesses private property can have part or lot in the shaping of that industrial Wales which is to be. Denominational Christianity with its private millions is fit only to be the buttress of a pharisaic plutocracy. And now one sees exactly why the Jew and Jewish-Denominational Christian millionaires of Wales are so keen upon altering the terms of tenure upon which the parochial churches held their property, one sees why the Jewish-Denominational plutocrats are so keen upon endowing the churches with private property, for they know that so endowed these churches are at their service. Already in Wales we see a Jew multi-millionaire pull the strings, and the churches, Leagues of Senile Liberals, Conventions of Welsh Naturalists move to fulfil his will. And already in Wales we also see that though churches obtain a quite respectable livery for their service to the Jewish-Denominational plutocracy, they become through this service smitten with spiritual and moral paralysis. The possession of private property is placing them in the same ethical category as that of anti-communal Judaism and sinking them into the nethermost pit of moral futility and blighting them with the spiritual sterility of the Jew and plutocrat. And from this fate the parochial churches of Wales can only escape by challenging the right of the denominational churches to acquire and to hold their millions upon a private anti-communal tenure; and by challenging the right of the State to deprive the parochial churches of the right of holding their property upon a public communal tenure. And by such a challenge the parochial churches of Wales will reach the conscience of the new industrial Wales.

## Art as a Factor in Social Reform

By Arthur J. Penty.

It is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the æsthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism with which we have to deal, and Collectivism is demonstrably inimical to art. In a recent article in the "New Statesman" \* Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly where we stand. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be allied in spirit with the old Fabianism.

Before proceeding to discuss Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals in detail, I must controvert their claim that there is any considerable number of artists on their side. Artists who call themselves Socialists are of the vague Utopian order and have nothing in common with Collectivists, whom they view with suspicion. The one artist of real distinction to whom the Socialist Movement may lay claim, William Morris, was an uncompromising opponent of Collectivism, while he retired from active propaganda when Collectivism triumphed within the movement. I can assure Mr. and Mrs. Webb that however much artists loathe Plutocracy, they loathe Collectivism still more. To substitute Collectivism for Plutocracy is, so far as the artist is concerned, merely jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. There have been plutocrats with taste, but no public body in this country has shown signs of exhibiting any. It would be a policy nothing short of suicidal for the artist to entrust his welfare to bodies who are destitute even of that elementary wisdom which understands.

Coming to details, Mr. and Mrs. Webb rely, for the discovery of such artistic talent as may exist in the nation upon such agencies as scholarships and bursaries which, in their extended application, are to provide "a network of special opportunities available for those selected for dedication to the *higher life*" (the italics are mine) and to support such talent in later life by means of sinecures—by the "multiplicity of fellowships and professorships of various kinds"—which, by freeing the artist from "the grinding servitude of earning a living by uncongenial toil" will, they assume, provide the conditions favourable to artistic production.

As a solution to the problems presented by the pursuit of art in these latter days these proposals might have been advanced with some degree of plausibility twenty years ago. Nowadays we should have thought the most superficial inquirer into the problems to have been better informed than to advocate an indefinite expansion of arrangements which are entirely discredited. For experience has proved conclusively not only that scholarships and bursaries do not encourage art, but that they are positively harmful in their effect by directing the energies of the student into the wrong channels. It is all very well for Mr. and Mrs. Webb

\* "What is Socialism?—XV. The Development of Science, Art, and Religion untrammelled by Plutocracy." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. The "New Statesman." July 19, 1913.

to plead that it cannot "validly be urged as an objection to public selection that the existing bursaries and scholarships do not yield a hundred per cent. of geniuses, and doubtless fail to discover some who might become great." But this is merely begging the question. The objection to them is that by exalting the minor attributes of art at the expense of the major ones, they render the struggle of genius still more difficult, and thus tend to rob art of its natural leaders. Which loss again reacts to depress the general level of artistic production, for second-rate men can only produce creditable work when first-rate men are established to lead and direct them.

And so again with respect to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals for maintaining the artist in later life by sinecures and endowments which, at the best, can only have reference to certain kinds of literary and musical work, where leisure and security is all that is demanded. Obviously such a proposition can be of no use in respect to architecture and the crafts, the problem for everyone engaged in these being, not to get leisure, but how to get hold of the work. The poet and musical composer may be ignored by the public and yet achieve posthumous fame, but this is not the case with the architect who is unable to produce unless he can get recognition, and as it so happens that the welfare of painting, sculpture, and the minor crafts are ultimately dependent upon the welfare of architecture, it is apparent that the failure of Mr. and Mrs. Webb to make any provision for architecture in their social scheme, is a defect which is fatal and condemns them utterly. Are we to assume that they merely propose to accept present tendencies in architecture and to relegate the art, which, in the Middle Ages was considered the greatest of all arts, to the tender mercies of a bureaucratic department where the architect finds himself at the mercy of the surveyor, the typical member of which profession has less understanding or sympathy with architecture than anyone else in the community? I can fully assume this to be so, for Mr. Webb, having been a member of the L.C.C. and having consistently supported the organisation of architecture upon bureaucratic lines, is presumably blind to the evils of organisation upon such a basis. It will not be necessary for us to consider this issue in detail.

I would merely ask, What would Collectivism do with Sir Christopher Wren? Would he be at the head of a department or merely a subordinate? It is a pertinent question. For if he were at the head, he would not be able to exercise his powers of design because the whole of his time would be taken up by administrative work; while even the Webbs, I imagine, would agree that in an ideal state it would be monstrous that he should be allowed to design only on sufferance as a subordinate. This is the dilemma which would certainly arise, except on the assumption, which is almost a certainty, that Collectivism would fail to discover him—nay, the problem exists to-day, wherever architects' departments are to be found.

There is no need to multiply instances of this kind. We may discuss the suggestion of endowing artists as being a well-meaning but utterly futile proposal, that could only be made by such as are utterly ignorant both of art and of its relation to society. The difficulty of how the artist is to find his public or how the public is to find him is a problem which admits of no easy and cheap solution. If there is to be any art in the society of the future it can only be on the assumption that it is organic with the structure of society; as was the case in the past. Indeed this idea of endowing artists is an error in economic thinking in all respects analogous to the popular error respecting the nature of architecture, which assumes it to be a veneer or decoration applied to a structure; but which must be present from the moment of its first inception in the plan. If it is there, then the structure will be beautiful, though there is not a square inch of decoration, providing, of course, it is built of beautiful material; if it is not there then no subse-

quent addition of ornament can remedy the defect of a badly proportioned structure. Is not this precisely what is the matter with Collectivism? It is a scheme for the remodelling of society on a badly proportioned plan, which Mr. and Mrs. Webb hope to make presentable by the addition of some cheap and meretricious decoration.

I said that if in the future there is to be any art in society it will need to be organic with society. It could not be produced by a few men of genius even could they be discovered, because the artist is not so much of a clever individual as the interpreter of a national tradition—great order or scheme of life—of which he forms a part. The supreme artist stands as it were on the apex of a pyramid, and merely completes a structure the foundations of which lie deep in the national mind and consciousness. "The greatest genius," says Emerson, "is the most indebted man." He is "a heart in unison with his time and country." It is the absence of any such great tradition in modern life which is the source of the confusion and of the difficulties in art to-day. It is because of this lack that great artists do not appear. And so the problem of art is not how to institute a system of outdoor relief for artists who have the misfortune to be born into an age which can make no use of them (for this is what the endowment of artists amounts to), but how to recover for society such a body of tradition as will in due course inspire the artist. And this problem has three separate aspects. How to reconstruct society so that the artist will once more become organic with it, instead of being parasitic upon it as he is to-day. How to reconstruct or unify the technical tradition of art, or language of design, so that a medium of expression understood by all shall be common property of the artist and the public. And how to regain for society such beliefs and traditions as provide the subject matter for the higher forms of art. There are then practically three problems to be solved before any great art can rise again, while only one of these (the second) is primarily the concern of the artist, and its solution is largely dependent upon the solution of the other two.

It will be impossible for me in this article to do more than indicate these problems. Volumes could be written upon each, while their solution time alone can bring. How to restore a religious tradition is itself a mystery which is not to be solved by dialectics. And yet the revival of art ultimately depends upon such a restoration. If we may judge from the experience of the past only a great religious tradition calls forth the highest powers of the artist. It is no accident that the greatest literature is religious literature, the greatest painting religious painting, the greatest sculpture religious sculpture, the greatest architecture religious architecture. Once the arts find themselves separated from their base in religion, their degeneration is only a matter of time; and the reason for this, I am persuaded, is to be found not only in the fact that a religious tradition can provide the subject matter necessary to the greatest art, but that the overwhelming nature of such traditions alone can make the artist sink his personality sufficiently to achieve greatness. "He that would save his life must lose it," is as true of art as it is of life.

While art has one of its roots in religious tradition it has another in the social structure. I can say without contradiction that political democracy is inimical to art. "When," says M. Gustav le Bon, "the artificial notion of equality was created, the hatred of all those superiorities which go to make up the greatness of a nation was created at the same time." Every artist who has made efforts to graft the ideals of art on to democracy must be persuaded of the truth of this. For what was true of Athens is true among us to-day, that such art as is produced is entirely due to those influences which have survived from the old aristocratic regime, and is disappearing as that regime passes away. That a few artists have from time to time found their way into the democratic movement does not alter this fact, for one



and all have been led there by the hope of combating its materialistic tendencies—a hope which has always ended in disappointment.

Mention has already been made of the fact that William Morris, the greatest among those who have identified themselves with the cause of democracy, withdrew in later life from active participation in the movement. His criticisms of Collectivism\* bear witness to his disappointment at the way things were going. And if the genius, enthusiasm, energy and prestige of Morris were ineffectual, where can we look for hope.

Then art has another of its roots in methods of production. The opposition of artists to machine production is not an idle prejudice, and some day society will have to admit this. On the contrary, it is born of experience, for the opposition to machinery is always greatest among those who have had most experience of it, even though circumstances may still compel them to make use of it. The great artist, as I have already said, stands at the apex of a pyramid. The foundations of that pyramid in the technical sense are to be found in craftsmanship, for it is only by and through the actual handling of material that new ideas in design may be evolved. The great artist is indebted to a host of minor craftsmen who have evolved the separate details which his genius combines into a whole, just as in the same way that the poet is indebted to the people who have evolved the language in which he expresses himself. Take out of many a great painting what it owes to the costumier, the jeweller, the cabinet maker, etc., who gradually evolved all the detailed forms which give substance to the painter's imagination, and how much of its charm would be lost. It is the same with the architect. He avails himself of forms which, in the artificial position he occupies to-day, he is powerless to create; but which were gradually evolved by generations of craftsmen who experimented with the actual material and found out how to extract æsthetic value from each. It is the absence of any such living traditions of craftsmanship which is the weakness of architecture to-day, and while the improvement which has been witnessed of late is directly traceable to the revival in craftsmanship, which the Arts and Crafts Movement did so much to promote, it is equally demonstrable that its subsequent relapse is due to the fact that the revival of craftsmanship has found itself in economic difficulties. It would appear that artists and craftsmen cannot, without aid, save their souls. Experience proves it to be impossible for them to stand up against machine-made imitations of their work which appear to be "good enough" for the demands of an indiscriminating public.

Machine production undermines the artist and craftsman by taking away the ground on which they stand. The idea that the only thing that is wrong with machine production is that bad models are used for reproduction is one of those romantic illusions enjoyed by those who have never tackled the problem. Everything combines to prevent better models being used. Economic considerations, the mental attitude of the public and of those in control of machinery, combine to keep things as they are. It is a vicious circle from which there is no escape. Machine production not only separates the artist from the craftsman, which is an unmixed evil, but it subjects each to the control of the salesman and financier; and so utterly destroys the independence of both artist and craftsman by placing them at the mercy of a class of men without social, intellectual, or æsthetic traditions.

I have heard Collectivists whose minds have been trained in the Webb tradition of finding solutions to problems by skilfully evading all the difficulties, argue that if art and craftsmanship is disappearing from modern society, it must be because society is arriving at a higher plane of social consciousness, inasmuch as art manifests itself in primitive societies, but not in

latter day "civilised" communities. I don't know whether intellectual decadence can go further, but if any holding such a theory read these words, I would merely point out that there is no ridding ourselves of the influence of art for good or for evil. The element of design in things can never be eliminated though we live in concrete cottages and wear drab uniforms. For even if all be alike they will be of necessity either ugly or beautiful. Yet the tendency towards uniformity is not universal. At the other end of the industrial scale is the concomitant disease of novelty and fashion, which likewise owes its existence to the absence of artistic traditions. When art was healthy the changes were gradual, each phase being gradually evolved out of that which preceded it, and this gave stability to production. Now that art has been excluded as a thing which does not matter, we get violent changes of fashion from this to that novelty, and these exercise a disturbing influence, the evils of which it is difficult to over-estimate upon industry and society.

## Economics.

*As Treated of in "The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics."*

By William Marwick.

### I.

THERE has been no reference as yet, so far as I have noticed, to "The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," in the pages of THE NEW AGE. Of that comprehensive and exhaustive work, edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D., and other Scholars, and published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, five volumes (half the work as originally planned) have already, up to 1912, appeared. Economic questions have their due place in this all-embracing work, and it is now possible to consider the contribution it has up to the present made to Economics. Of course in a work arranged on the principle of treating all subjects in alphabetical order, a subject like Economics, in all its bearings, will be found fully dealt with only in the completed work. But in the fifth volume there is an article on "Economics" by Stanley Horsfall Turner, M.A., D.Litt., Fellow of the Royal Economic Society, and Deputy Chief Inspector for Scotland to the National Health Insurance Commission, who also contributes an article to the same volume on "The Fabian Society."

In a work of this kind the point of view of the writers is mainly historical and critical. The writers are chosen as the most competent to give an up-to-date account of the state of knowledge and scientific opinion on their respective subjects, and their own views, while not suppressed, are subordinated, as a rule, to the general trend of opinion among experts on the topic under review. What we expect to find, and what we do find, in the article on "Economics," is an impartial statement of the present condition of economic thought, so far as it can be compressed into about twelve pages of two columns each of closely printed type, supplemented by nearly a column of "Literature."

There are nine sections of varying length according to subject-matter. On these I shall touch more or less briefly according to importance, and to save space I shall refer to them simply under their numbered headings.

1. Connotation of the term.—Remarking that "to Aristotle 'Political Economy,' which is now synonymous with Economics, would have appeared to be a contradiction in terms," and that "even in the present usage of the word 'economy,' the prefixing of 'political' is apt to suggest the science or art of managing the resources, and especially the finances of the State," he goes on to say, "As the resources of the community are managed far more by the spontaneous activities of individuals and groups than by the direct intervention of Government, Economics is concerned chiefly with the former." The implicit Ethics of Economics is indicated in the following: "The economist, of all men, should most clearly understand that wealth is subser-

\* See "Life of William Morris." By J. W. Mackail. Vol. 2.



vient to a further purpose, and is not in itself the final goal of man's activity. Thus, while in one aspect it is true to say that Economics is the science of wealth, in another and more important aspect it is the study of man. Wealth is for his consumption, is a necessary basis of his activities; but it is only in so far as it becomes subservient to man's interests that it is of importance in economic study."

This large admission of the Ethic implicit in Economics is followed up in "3. Relation of Economics to Ethics" by the statements that "as a Social Science, Economics is concerned with the intricate and complex actions and motives of man, and therefore it is closely related to Ethics," and "the relation is much closer in passing to applied Economics." The denial by certain economists of this relationship and the creation of the fictitious "economic man," resulted for a long time in many of the most vital problems of social welfare being treated neither by Ethics nor by Economics. While the economic "good" and the moral are not identical, "labour problems which are claiming an increasing share of public attention cannot be regarded as adequately treated without due consideration of ethical factors, and those who speak with authority in the name of Economics now fully recognise the necessity of this wider outlook." It is in the interest of society as a whole, of man as man, that economic "good" should approximate to moral "good." "As a rule, if not universally, that which is from the standpoint of society morally injurious is likely to be ethically wrong, while that which is ethically good is likely to be economically advantageous." The more Economics and Ethics are studied in relation to each other the better for both and not least for Ethics, according to this writer: "It is quite as important for the moralist to give due weight to the economic forces as it is for the economist to recognise the ethical aspects of social problems. The former is probably suffering from greater neglect than the latter." While much recent writing from the ethical standpoint shows a sympathetic interest in social and economic questions, does it show sufficient grip of economics? I think not. But, on the other hand, there are writers on economics who are deficient on the ethical side, and who might study with much profit the group of articles on "Ethics and Morality" in the same fifth volume of this Encyclopædia, which enables us to study inter-related subjects. There is nothing that calls for notice here in "2. The Social and Political Aspects," which is purely historic, save to note the statement that "to-day there is a perceptible shifting of the emphasis from the acquisition of wealth to the abolition of poverty, from production to distribution; and most recent text-books treat the subject-matter throughout with constant reference to the material and modern welfare of humanity."

Nor do "4. Economic Method" and "5. Economic Laws," which are both short sections, need notice, save to quote from "4," this statement, that "hitherto the economist has generally been compelled to settle his own psychological principles, since they were not sufficiently prepared for his use by the psychologist; but it seems probable that the future development of Experimental Psychology will have an important bearing upon deductive Economics"—as indicating the relation of Psychology to Economics. Perhaps it may be well to note also this in "5" that "Economic laws are, like the laws of Physics, mere statements of the relations between phenomena expressed in the indicative mood, as contrasted with laws in the moral and juristic senses of the word," with which they are often confused, as when a proposal is condemned as violating economic laws. "6. Development of Economic Thought," and "7. Recent Development" are mainly historical. In view of recent discussions the following may be quoted from "6": "The Malthusian theory seemed to warrant the view that the poor condition of the labouring class was due to the fact that when wages rose above the level of subsistence there was a tendency for population to increase and force them

down again. Ricardo strengthened this view in one way by his theory of rent, which showed the tendency to diminishing returns from increased applications of labour to land, and also that the surplus produce above the margin of cultivation went to the owners of the soil. By a careless expression to the effect that wages could not rise above the level of necessities, he also provided the basis for the Socialistic doctrine which represented the margin of cultivation as the margin of necessary wages, generalised it to the whole of industrial life, and held that capitalists and land-owners swept off all surplus produce."

"Economic Consumption" and "Distribution of Income" are dealt with in separate articles by W. Mitchell, D.Sc., Prof. of Philosophy, Adelaide, S. Australia, in Vol. 4, the "Distribution of Wealth" being reserved for treatment under "Wealth." But in the article under review it is stated that "the subject of distribution of wealth is claiming fuller investigation, and the desire for raising the economic condition of the less fortunate members of the community is tending to overshadow all minor controversies." The importance of the work of Jevons and the Austrian school in re-stating the theory of value from the side of consumption and utility is recognised. The "conception of utility or psychic significance has affected not only the standpoint from which the distribution of wealth is regarded, but also many of the aspects of the production of wealth. The fuller recognition of the distinction between material wealth and material welfare has made it necessary to take account of the disutility involved in excessive and uninteresting toil as a deduction from the material gain"; and "the economic aim" is declared to be "the maximising not of material goods, but of material welfare, and it is possible that the latter may be achieved by means which slightly injure the former." Increase in interest in occupation also makes for "welfare."

"Apart from this elaboration of the principles of utility and demand, which has exercised a larger influence upon recent Economics than is commonly realised, there have been a number of other changes of a more limited nature in economic theory." Marshall, e.g., "has shown that the rent of land is not a thing by itself, but a leading species of a larger genus, and to the other species he gives the name of 'quasi-rent.' Of more importance is the modification of the doctrine of the pressure of population upon the available means of subsistence from land since the time of J. S. Mill, partly by a clearer understanding of the influence of a rising standard of life upon the birthrate and upon the efficiency of labour, partly by a more complete analysis of the factors which may counteract the tendency to diminish returns from land, and partly also by the opening up of new countries and the consequent increase of the area of food supply." The conclusion of the survey of "recent development" is as follows: "Modern economic theory has not only been brought more closely into touch with the facts of industrial life, and thrown aside the insular narrowness which characterised the first half of the 19th century, but has become, partly through the influence of Socialist criticism, though chiefly by development from within, more closely associated with social reform." Of course it is to be understood that the social reform referred to is within the limits of the existing capitalist system. It remains to be seen whether in the later volumes of this Encyclopædia, in the articles on "Guilds" and on "Socialism," any mention will be made of, and any sympathetic or hostile criticism given to, "National Guilds" and "Guild Socialism" as an advance on the older and now largely discredited theory of "State Socialism." One may be curious to see also whether there will be any recognition of the fact that "Social Reform" within the existing more or less anarchic capitalist system is at least as much discredited as State Socialism, not only by the criticism that has appeared in the columns of THE NEW AGE, but by the test of application to existing conditions.

## Dickens and the Peerage.

FEW writers, living or dead, have been subjected to such an orgy of dissection, critical examination and analysis, as has "Boz," yet for all that, one phase of the Master has hitherto escaped comment. What was the attitude of Dickens, the Democrat and Socialist (as Mr. Edwin Pugh has striven to show him) towards the Peerage? Was the hereditary principle, to him, a menace or a blessing? Did he regard the abolition—or even the reformation—of the House of Lords in the nature of a burning question of reform, like the Court of Chancery, the Poor Laws or the Yorkshire schools? The answer, following the hallowed ministerial formula, "is in the negative." That Dickens, the man, possessed that susceptibility to a title which is reckoned among the common characteristics of Englishmen, cannot well be disputed; Dickens, the novelist, however, exhibits another and equally characteristic phenomenon—that of accepting the existing order of things without protest, but with a smile.

His attitude resembles that of Gilbert in "Iolanthe," and more especially in the "Bab Ballads."

"Duke Bailey," who wore, it will be remembered, "a pair of golden boots and silver underclothing," would have delighted the heart of Dickens. The remark of Captain Corcoran in "Pinafore" :—

Though related to a peer,  
I can hand and reef and steer  
Or ship a selvagee.

accurately expresses the root basis of Dickens' feeling in the matter. It is a less clearly defined and less consistent satire than that of Gilbert, but in each there is discernible that attitude of good-humoured toleration—the sense of pleasant surprise when an Earl has made a good speech on his own initiative, or a Marquis has refrained from blatant absurdity—which is at the back of the minds of most Englishmen, though they themselves perhaps are only dimly aware of it.

The Peerage, as an institution, does not, as a matter of fact, make any great show in the novels. Dickens does not regard the House of Lords as a national peril, because it had never occurred to him, as it has never occurred to most of us, to consider it seriously in that light. As a legislative body it receives no separate treatment. The House of Commons, with which Dickens was, of course, more familiar, bears the brunt of the attack on political shibboleths, and the House of Commons is surely the stronghold of democracy. It is true that in the case of the Circumlocution Office, the hereditary principle is satirised, but it should be remembered that nearly all the persons concerned were commoners. The youthful Barnacles are pleasant and courteous. Their incompetence, if any, is ascribed to the system, not to the individual.

There is much of indifference, too, in Dickens' view of the Peerage. He knew little of, and cared less for, lordly technicalities. Lord Frederick Verisopht—ostensibly a "younger son"—appears as often as not as "Lord Verisopht" (whereat our grandmothers, punctilious in lordly matters, doubtless squirmed); Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle has, heaven knows why, a seat in the House of Lords.

These anomalies did not trouble Dickens—he would have given Lord Frederick a seat in the Upper House, if he had thought of it—nor, to do him simple justice, do they trouble his readers. Lord Frederick is, perhaps, the feeblest character ever portrayed by Dickens. The chapters of "Nicholas Nickleby" dealing with his lordship and the preposterous Sir Mulberry Hawk, are—except when lightened by the gracious presence of Mrs. Nickleby—frankly boring; though such a sentiment be heresy in the reverent eyes of the Dickens Fellowship. Lord Decimus, on the other hand, though but a sub-

sidary vessel, hovering for the most part in the offing, is sketched with the sureness of touch that comes of ripened experience and maturer years. The famous anecdote about the pears "Eton" and "Parliamentary," together with his distinguished behaviour at Mr. Merdle's party, place him above criticism. If he had been awarded twenty seats in the House of Lords we should not complain.

In "Pickwick," scions of noble families—appearing, it is true, but seldom and then only for a brief space—are one and all singled out for farcical treatment. Thus says Mr. Alfred Jingle: "Hush, pray—pink eyes—fancy dress—little boy—nonsense—Ensign 97th—Honourable Wilmot Snipe—great family—Snipes—very."

Lord Mutanhed and his mail-cart—"the neatest, pwettiest, gwacefulest thing that ever wan upon wheels. Painted wed with a cweam piebald"—is conceived on similar lines, while the Honourable Mr. Crushton—who it will be remembered supplemented the information above quoted by observing, "with a real box for letters and all complete"—illustrates a curious hallucination peculiar to Dickens—in his earlier works at least—to the effect that persons in the lower grades, if one may be permitted the expression, of the aristocracy (honourables, baronets, and the like) had no other object in life but to prey upon those in the upper grades, who, for their part, generally displayed a marked tendency towards imbecility.

The mysterious Lady Tollimnglower—surely as impressive and solemn a name as that of Lord Frederick Verisopht is feeble to the last degree—seems profitable matter for inquiry. But the information is limited. We know that she was "beautiful," and had an "eldest daughter" (from which circumstance it may be reasonably deduced that there were others younger). Beyond that we know nothing. It is evident, however, even here, that Dickens is making use of a title simply to enhance the comic effect.

The present writer is, moreover, possessed of a haunting fear, amounting almost to instinct—that she was nothing more august than a "knight's lady," whose husband had, like the spouse of Lady Tippins, been "knighted in mistake for somebody else," probably by George III.

This attitude of the novelist is discernible through all his works, but it shows in a diminishing degree after his return from his first visit to America. Possibly that surprising experience of the Land of Freedom and Equality, with its Norrises, Pawkinses, Chollops, Chokes and Pograns, not forgetting Dr. Ginery Dunkle, may have suggested to him some redeeming points in the Slavery and Oppression of the old country.

"Dombey and Son," the immediate successor, it will be remembered, to "Martin Chuzzlewit," contains a "portrait of a gentleman" grotesque to the verge of absurdity, but still a gentleman in the true and only sense of the word, and that gentleman is Cousin Feenix. There is nothing of the snob about Lord Feenix (his precise rank is undefined), no suspicion of bad manners or bad taste. To wear large cuffs and be innocently erratic in gait; to say the wrong thing without malicious intent; to be always putting one's foot in it—these are eccentricities not confined to the Peerage. But Dickens, with his somewhat theatrical instinct, realised that such more or less normal failings would gain in humorous effect if conferred upon a peer, and so he conferred them. A melodramatic villain who is not of titled rank labours under enormous disadvantages, and the same may be said of an idiot.

But Cousin Feenix remains, from first to last, a gentleman, as true a gentleman—and just as eccentric—as Mr. Toots and Captain Cattle. His demeanour at the time of the Dombey crash is ample proof of this.

"I am devilish sorry," said Cousin Feenix, lifting his wristbands to his eyes in the simplest manner possible, and without the least concealment, "that the lovely and accomplished daughter of my friend Dombey,

and amiable wife of my friend Gay, should have had her sensitive nature so very much distressed and cut up."

"I exceedingly lament that my friend Dombey should have got himself, in point of fact, into the devil's own state of conglomeration by an alliance with our family," and so on.

It is still asserted in some quarters that Dickens was unable to depict a gentleman. Cousin Feenix alone is sufficient answer.

In "Bleak House," apart from Sir Leicester Dedlock, who has properly no part in this discussion, we find nebulous types such as Lord Boodle—representing blundering administration, and the Honourable Bob Stables, who stands for the tradition of intellectual vacuity popularly associated with the fact of noble birth.

On the other hand, the Lord Chancellor—Lord Eldon—though the figurehead of a system of circumlocution abhorrent to Dickens and to every thinking person of his time, is justly portrayed as a courteous gentleman, taking a kindly, if perfunctory, interest in his "wards."

When writing "Martin Chuzzlewit," Dickens had had scarcely sufficient time to put off the old ideas. Here we find the final flickering of the early youthful, somewhat conventional, habit of disparagement as a matter of course.

"Lord Nobley," the "Duke," and the "Viscount," particularly the last-named, are quite inspiring persons, well endowed with the peculiar, largely fictitious graces of language and conduct which doting democracy attributes to the "aristocrat."

"Shakespeare's an infernal humbug, Pip," said the Viscount. "What's the good of Shakespeare, Pip? I never read him. What the devil is it all about, Pip? There's a lot of feet in Shakespeare's verse, but there aint any legs worth mentioning, Pip."

Then the "Duke." "Damme," said the Duke. "I appeal to Pip then. Come Pip. Bandy or not bandy. Speak out!" "Bandy, your Grace, by the Lord Harry," said I. "Ha! ha!" laughed the Duke, "to be sure she is. Bravo, Pip. Well said, Pip. I wish I may die if you're not a trump, Pip."

Nobley was, on the testimony of Mr. Wolf, "the best fellow in the world. It was only last week that Nobley said to me, By gad, Wolf, I've got a living to bestow, and if you had but been brought up at the University, strike me blind if I wouldn't have made a parson of you."

His lordship's remarks illustrate one of those not infrequent occasions where Dickens' melodramatic leanings rose superior to his sense of propriety in dialogue. A melodramatic lordling illuminated and, in a manner, supported by footlights, falling snow, a real steam roller and other stage devices, might well use such expressions. It is difficult, however, to imagine a blade, or "good fellow" of Nobley's type, if any such exist, speaking about "a living to bestow," or wasting the precious moments over such a stilted concatenation of words as "if you had but been brought up at the University."

Last, but exceeding in bulk all who have gone before, and that in spite of the fact that he never once appears in the story, comes Lord Snigsworth. Dickens was never happier than in his mystical suggestion of this majestic creature, for ever stalking awfully in the background; and yet he too affords indirect proof that the novelist had revised his earlier, somewhat over-farical views, of the "nobility." For Twemlow is cousin to his lordship, in which degree is not quite clear, seeing that in one place he is described as first, and in another as second cousin. But cousin he is, and in Twemlow, Dickens has given us another of those "gentlemen" whom he is said to have been unable to depict. Lord Snigsworth himself, though not imbecile by any means, seems to have been an austere person. He kept a tight hand over his poor relations and had a profound contempt for them. Twemlow, we

are told, "when he visits at Snigsworth Park, is placed under a kind of martial law, a particular peg being ordained for his hat, a particular chair for him to sit upon, particular subjects about which to talk with particular people, and particular exercises to perform, such as sounding the praises of the Family Varnish (not to say Pictures), and abstaining from the choicest of the Family Wines, unless expressly invited to partake."

Thus it would seem that to the end Dickens was not quite able to disabuse himself of the idea that the possession of a title must be taken to imply some mental or moral obliquity on the part of the possessor. This is, as has been pointed out, a national characteristic, based on an instinctive perception of a vague far-away humour where "lords" are concerned, and Dickens was largely representative of the popular feeling both of his own and the present day. Such being the case, especially when it be remembered that in none of the novels, or, indeed, anywhere else, does he evince any sense of grievance at the existence of a titled class, it would be idle to brand him as a Socialist, or even Democrat as the word is understood nowadays. He is simply an Englishman with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

RUDOLF PICKTHALL.

## Present-Day Criticism.

A WRITER in the "Times" of January 15, reviewing the volume of Oxford Poetry recently also noticed in these columns, contrives to disagree with the opinion of our reviewer—that Professor Murray's preface contained no word likely to mislead young poets. The method of this contrivance is so childishly simple that, in another age, a laugh might be all that a critic would think it worth; for the little deceit is no other than a suppression of important sentences in Mr. Murray's preface, the which stands in its fullness for everyone to see. We quote the paragraph before commenting further upon the misdemeanour of the "Times," this sister to the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Mirror." Professor Murray wrote:—

Now among the people who take, in Plato's sense, the Democratic view and believe in equality, who say that one man—or one emotion or one form of life—is just as good as another and no better, there will naturally be many types. There will be some who have honestly no sense of quality, and really do not see any particular difference between different things. There will be some who genuinely like the bad things, and are anxious for every excuse to defend or glorify them. There will be an immense number, who, in uttering these principles, really mean something much more reasonable and less exciting, but habitually prefer to use words ten times as strong as their real thoughts. But the people who matter most, and deserve most of all to be understood and reckoned with, are those who believe this doctrine in an almost mystical or religious sense. Their faith is, I think, that the one cardinal sin in poetry is pretence, and that anything truly felt and exactly expressed has a kind of absolute and indestructible value.

Let me try to make this clearer. We can, most of us, with an effort, more or less understand the religious mystic who in every other human being, however degraded or repellent, sees his brother; sees himself as he might have been, and in some sense actually is: and in seeing himself sees also the presence of God. This transcendent doctrine can be made sensible and commonplace and edifying by a slight twist, and I believe most people give it that twist. They treat it as only meaning that the wife-beating swindler would be divine if he were quite different, and that, since there is still a chance that he may become different, we should do our best to love him in the hope of changing him. This is all very well, but I think that the mystic really meant something much stranger. When St. Francis kissed the leper's sores, he did not do so to punish himself. He did so because, in reaction against his first disgust, he suddenly felt both the leper and his leprosy to be integral parts of the great will and love of God, and as such he loved them. If every real man has the divine life in him and is himself "a temple of the Holy Ghost" just because he is real and living, then, surely, every vital impulse that moves him must share in the divine

quality. Not only the drunkard as a potentially sober citizen, not only the swindler as a potentially honest man, but the drunkard in and through his drunkenness and the swindler rejoicing in his lies are symptoms and expressions of That Which Is, and the full understanding of them has its indestructible value. Of course, the full understanding of anything implies the understanding of its wrongness or wickedness; but it implies sympathy also, and in the case of things against which we have felt, or seen others feel, a blind and unjust fury, the reaction will often produce something like love. This state of mind can be represented as highly immoral, blurring the differences between right and wrong. But so could the doctrine of the religious mystic from which we started; and that, as we know, has chiefly been held by extraordinarily good men, and has been to them a source of spiritual strength. Without making any such claim for my mystical realist, I would say emphatically that to my mind the worst dangers to a writer's morality lie in a totally different direction. To keep amid all temptations your thought sincere and your form exact is a self-discipline of the highest kind. And if you mean to be honest and high-minded in general, the first step is to be so in your own particular work.

And here behold how the writer in the "Times" renders this passage:—

He [Professor Murray] puts the faith of the modern poet into the proposition that "the one cardinal sin in poetry is pretence, and that anything truly felt and exactly expressed has a kind of absolute and indestructible value," the emphasis being upon the word "anything." This doctrine is, of course, far from a new one; it is the natural and inevitable doctrine of any age which succeeds one of moral inculcation. But we could wish that Professor Murray had not come to the aid of the theory, and the conclusions likely to be drawn from it, by an argument borrowed from mysticism, falsely so called. "When St. Francis kissed the leper's sores, he did not do so to punish himself. He did so, because, in reaction against his first disgust, he suddenly felt both the leper and his leprosy to be integral parts of the great will and love of God, and as such he loved them." There is no evidence at all that St. Francis loved the leprosy as well as the leper. He knew too much of the Gospels so to stultify his Master's action in healing it; and his own recorded works of healing show that he would have healed leprosy if he could. It will not do, then, for Mr. Murray to make St. Francis an accessory to his not very wholesome teaching that everything that exists is "an integral part of the great will and love of God," especially in view of the application he makes of it to "the drunkard in and through his drunkenness, and the swindler rejoicing in his lies." It is difficult to imagine St. Francis thanking God for "our sister, the sin of the body."

In concluding that the emphasis is upon the word "anything" the writer in the "Times" appears to class himself with those "that cannot see any particular difference between different things," with those, described later by Professor Murray, as certain to return triumphantly "with a bag of bad things"; those who will never come to good "though they were controlled and indoctrinated from the first." We say that he only appears so to class himself, for what is evident is that the "Times" writer, in his anxiety to discredit Professor Murray, has given up all care of what he is saying, and has become insensitive to the rebound of his own words. Actually, he belongs to none of the classes enumerated by Mr. Murray, for he is unable to take the mystical doctrine even in its lowest interpretation. For this writer, God is clearly Jehovah, his system of morals the Decalogue, and not a breath of mysticism has ever troubled his dogmatic complacency. Yet he cannot be called innocent for all his naïve conclusion about Mr. Murray's St. Francis not really wanting to heal the leper—since he suppresses Mr. Murray's naked reference to wrongness and wickedness which must have gone home even to a Sunday scholar. As was to be expected of a dogmatist, he has deliberately boycotted and suppressed the plain statements of his opponent; but, we add, that in our judgment, his partisan style, his preference for the tinselled Cambridge school, his grudging praise of the Oxford poets, and above all his omission even to mention some of the best poems in the Oxford volume make pretty clear that

he must have attempted to deride Mr. Murray even had the matter of mysticism never been mentioned. This would be a preposterous charge to make, unless immediately supported. We support it by an example of this writer's notions of the University spirit and of the claims of literature; we quote the following amazing sentence regarding Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who, as Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, wrote the Introduction to the Cambridge volume: "Being an Oxford man himself by breeding, he wisely does not expatiate upon the genius of Cambridge." Are we discussing Poetry or the Boat Race? This would be, indeed, among professors of literature, a new kind of wisdom, which, as with a wink, bade a man of letters to be silent regarding the poetical genius of a rival University! Of course, we shall not, for all our own often expressed contempt of the "Daily Mail" professor, accept the above explanation from the writer in the "Times." Our reviewer rightly judged the garrulous Introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch to have come out of an effeminate and incurably ignorant mind, and to have been written spontaneously by a man whose professorship is a laughing-stock from Land's End to John o' Groats, and a terrible thorn in the soberer side of Cambridge.

Some may object to the zeal of Mr. Murray in trying to propound a mystical doctrine which has always been declared impossible of average comprehension and, moreover, destructive of persons who, half-comprehending, misapply it. But a version of the doctrine is abroad and has been abroad in England these twenty years; and many, no doubt, have been destroyed through it. This aversion, with its thousand perversions, cannot henceforth be suppressed by anything but experience of its utilitarian futility. Man in general, has never consciously lived by this doctrine, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever may so live by it. He has long since been given a simple interpretation of it to the form of pity, charity and mercy; and by this interpretation he lives. But for a professor, surrounded as Mr. Murray is, by young men who have the version, it may easily become more culpable to ignore this version than to discuss it with them and to indicate its dangers, as indeed Mr. Murray has done throughout his preface. The *mystery*, of course, cannot be discussed.

While we write, the current issue of the "Times" Literary Supplement comes to hand, containing a despairing protest from Mr. Murray against the insinuation that he encourages drunkenness and swindling as being the will of God; and a reply from the "Times" writer that Mr. Murray's study of the mystical doctrine "is so sympathetic and elaborate that to an ordinary reader, it is indistinguishable from an apologia. There is nothing whatever in the essay to show that the view of leprosy attributed to St. Francis which was the subject of my comment, was not attributed to him by Professor Murray himself." Firstly, the "Times" reviewer has no right to pose as an ordinary reader, or, he has no claim to be reviewing: secondly, he has again avoided Mr. Murray's perfectly clear exhortation to precede any mystical exercise by manly discipline and conquest of one's daily, working self. This exhortation, in our opinion, must be clearer to the ordinary reader than anything else in Mr. Murray's preface, and for the reason that the doctrine itself is ineffable. What may be Mr. Murray's own vision of the mystery will assuredly never be stated in print, and he will be wise to leave the "Times" writer to the triumph of an unscrupulous dogmatist. Mr. Murray's exploits in journalism, in the debasement of English, in feminism, and sundry other swamps of our time make it no very welcome affair for us to defend him; but we must say that in this present matter he has undertaken what he might not in his professional position, worthily avoid and that he seems to have been attacked by an opponent whose methods are not those of a critic and a seeker for truth.





THE MUSIC LESSON. By WALTER SICKERT.

## Readers and Writers.

### AMERICAN NOTES.

DR. ROSSITER JOHNSON, who enjoys a certain literary reputation in the United States, has recently come forward as the apologist of American English. His argument is that we have no right to criticise American writers so long as our own are guilty of slipshod English and bad grammar. He then proceeds to ransack Addison, Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle and others for careless sentences, and asks triumphantly whether Americans have ever done anything worse. I will pass over the general question of the absurdity of such criticism, for the sake of citing one or two examples of "revised" English, by this up-to-date American. Dr. Johnson has discovered that "different to" is an English expression, whereas the correct "different from" is American. This is how he applies his discovery: "Because De Quincey wrote, 'the reader is likely to differ from me upon this question,' when it clear that he meant 'differ *with* me,' it is to be accepted as good English?" After this, it is not surprising to hear Miss Marie Corelli quoted as proof that English writers do not know their own language!

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Most of us remember, I suppose, the opening passage of "Vanity Fair": "While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour." "It would have been just as easy," says our American critic, "to make it compact and periodic by writing it thus: 'One sunshiny morning in June, while the present century was in its teens, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven at the rate of four miles an hour by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall.'" The feeling for style displayed by Dr. Rossiter Johnson indicates that his true sphere is the teaching of English composition in a Civil Service crammer's. Nevertheless he is a University lecturer, an editor and an author of some repute. Here perhaps we have the key to the problem of Americanese, that cross between the styles of yellow journalism and of early German metaphysics.

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Perhaps the most remarkable feature of American reviews of the better class is the length of space they devote to foreign literature. In fact, America is much richer in translations from European authors than England. For example, I do not know of any English edition of François de Curel, whose name has scarcely been heard in England, except for a brief reference made in these pages a couple of years ago, and the single performance by the Stage Society of his play "Les Fossiles." Yet his last work, "Le Coup d'aile," may be seen in the bookshops of New York in an English translation. At the same time it is true that America shows little discrimination in her literary importations, the good, the bad, and the indifferent all come in for the same measure of attention and enthusiasm. The worst instances I have seen have been authors introduced via England. The discovery of Brieux has to some extent been belittled by an epidemic of Tagore, whose verse is now appearing in provincial papers normally guiltless of a trace of "literature." This state of affairs is obviously the result of the Tagore boom in the English Press, aggravated by the recent decision of the Nobel Prize Committee. It illustrates my statement that America is led by England, so far as literature in the English language is concerned. All the more culpable, therefore, are our so-called critics who misuse their office.

To return to this indiscriminate cosmopolitanism already mentioned, I have before me an illustration in the Autumn number of "Poet Lore," a Boston review resembling "Poetry and Drama." The only even relatively valuable contribution is a one-act play, "At the Chasm," by Jaroslav Vrchlicky, whose name Mr. Selver has made familiar in these columns. The translator, himself a Czech, has supplied a biographical sketch of Vrchlicky, and with unusual modesty, in the circumstances, admits that the play is far from being a masterpiece. In fact, he states that "At the Chasm" must not be taken as a criterion of Vrchlicky's merit. Obviously one is tempted to ask why the editors have printed it. With the characteristic American desire for novelty, they have lost sight of the fact that it is better that Vrchlicky should be unknown than badly represented. The rest of the review, which, by the way, perpetrates the abominations of such "nu spelling," as "philosophy," "filology," etc., is without interest. A Mr. Anton Hellmann writes of "Hauptmann and the Nietzschean Philosophy," introducing the following "Nietzscheans": "the Great Belgian Maurice Maeterlinck," Brieux, D'Annunzio, Echegaray and . . . Sudermann, whose "Magda" has "many of the virtues of the beyond-man" (the "Superman," presumably!).

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Mr. Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Politics" (New York, Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.50) may be recommended to Guild Socialists, who can supply that factor in politics whose absence is Mr. Lippmann's theme. The author has analysed the various reforms and policies advocated in the United States, and finds them all wanting in a critical philosophy. They are directed solely towards the removal of surface evils, they merely intend to re-arrange some details of the existing order, and, consequently, correspond to no fundamental need of the present time. Indirectly Mr. Lippmann glances at English conditions, but, of course, he is primarily concerned with his own country. English readers will be interested in the chapters summarising the proposals of the different American parties; all the fallacies are noted, and in Mr. Lippmann's resumé they constitute a monument of political futility. The only nostrum I miss in these pages is the Single Tax, a very flourishing plant in the United States. The author emphasises particularly the puritanical strain in American life which colours all legislative and political discussion. A worse example of inhumanity than the report of the Chicago Vice Commission it would be difficult to imagine. Our White Slave Sadists seem abstemious beside this debauch of suppression.

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Having traced the influences that are deadening politics, and having shown the result in an increasing indifference on the part of the public to the manipulators of party creeds and formulæ, Mr. Lippmann draws attention to the revolt against the routineers. The Socialists, like all other parties, tend to routine and easy reiteration. The rise of Syndicalism is a warning to the party leaders that their tactics are inadequate, as an expression of the demands of labour. "A leadership is required which will ride the forces of Syndicalism and use them for a constructive purpose." Mr. Lippmann adds: "The brilliant writer of the 'Notes of the Week' in the English New Age has shown how this might be done. He has fused the insight of the Syndicalist with the plans of the Collectivists under the name of Guild Socialism."

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The author of "A Preface to Politics" anticipates the dissatisfaction which the reader must experience at times. Mr. Lippmann calls his book "a beginning and not a conclusion," "a preliminary sketch for a theory of politics," "a preface to thinking." Nevertheless we have a right to ask from him something more affirmative than what he has given. He seems to have read all the books, his "authorities" are numerous and strangely mixed, the "Daily Mail" rubbing shoulders

with *THE NEW AGE*, Sorel and Tarde with Bernard Shaw and Graham Wallas. Mr. Lippmann quotes the "New Machiavelli" with the same seriousness as he quotes Nietzsche and Marx. He is, in fact, too Catholic. He stumbles, as it were, upon Guild Socialism, but refuses to express an opinion upon it. The importance of deciding one's attitude towards the wage system is not evident either in his specific reference to *THE NEW AGE*, or in the exposition of his philosophy in general. Guild Socialism is "an instance of statesmanlike dealing with a new social force." This is non-committal, and at best only a half-truth. The forces with which Guild Socialism deals are, as I understand it, a great deal older and more profound than Mr. Lippmann appears to realise. The nature and extent of his misconception are seen in his statement that "*THE NEW AGE* went straight to the creative impulse of the Syndicalist movement." "*A Preface to Politics*" will be published in England this spring by Messrs. Fisher Unwin. E. A. B.

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## INDIAN NOTES.

Why so many tourists think it necessary to describe their commonplace trips to the show-places and their commonplace impressions, God only knows. Why Labour Members write their impressions, they and the Devil well know, and angels weep for it. But even Labour Members are divided into two classes, fools and knaves, and I do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Keir Hardie is any more than a great fool. So I find his silliness amusing, while Mr. MacDonald (how they love him in England now!) does not amuse me with his medley of pretence and idiocy, that is to say, humbug, charlatanry and chuckleheadedness.

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As the brightest spark from Mr. Keir Hardie's anvil I quote this phrase from his "India": "Tilak possesses the regard of all the working men in the Poona district." Now who is Tilak? He is a man of the rarest kind in modern India—for he is a clever and incorruptible patriot. His learning and writings are world-famous; but the position that his magnetic personality gave him in Indian politics as the leader of all reform so frightened the Government, that by a most dastardly and disgraceful crime it has banished him from his country for the last five years. A worse instance of a packed jury, a trumped-up case and a corrupt judge, has never been known. There were seven Europeans, none of whom had any knowledge of the language in which Mr. Tilak's newspaper article was written and who were dependent on the readings of an official interpreter, whose incompetence was exposed in word after word by Mr. Tilak himself. The rest of the jury consisted of two Parsees! And these two, both of whom understood Mahratti, found Mr. Tilak not guilty, while the seven Europeans—six Britishers and a Jew, unanimously found him guilty. So the Parsee Judge, Davar, got his blood-money and Mr. Tilak has passed away already five years of his life in Mandalay and Yerowda; he is now sixty-one years old! To think of him, the scholar and man of birth and letters, condemned to transportation like the meanest felon! And his crime—the fearful words he wrote; I will put upon them the very worst construction that has ever been suggested of them—he declared that the causes of the bomb outrages must be looked for in the bad administration of the English. Thank God that the hope of the world is not now in India, or such an abominable crime as the imprisonment of Tilak would have cursed it away past recovery.

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Mr. Tilak will be released next June and everybody who cares at all for justice and for the honour of his country would do well to consider the affair. For Heaven's sake, let it not be left to the Labour Party and papers, for Mr. Tilak is no noisy "rebel," but a wise man seeking justice and his country's welfare.

To return to Mr. Hardie's working-men. O Mr. Hardie, where was you brought up? I do believe the man wants to see corduroys and pickaxes everywhere. If he were taken to heaven he would see the very angels with corduroys and pickaxes, and he would refer to them as the "Working-Men of the Celestial District." Not that I wish to represent the working-men of Poona as angels. Far from it; they are of the earth they till, earthy, and of the sweat of the brow they eat sweaty—far too earthy and sweaty to understand the hopes and the pains of such a man as Mr. Tilak. Mr. Hardie, in his chuckleheaded way, has made just the mistake that was furthest from the truth. Mr. Tilak has the regard, nay, the respect and the honour of all scholarly, learned and patriotic gentlemen of the Aryan world, as the head and mouth of the best Indian nationalism; that he is also revered by the terrorists is a pity; that he is at all regarded by the Poona peasants is a fallacy, a chuckleheaded fallacy.

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I think it is as well known as any literary fact, that of the two famous Indian epics, the Mahabharata, with its two hundred thousand verses, is four times so long as the Ramayana, with its forty-eight thousand. Read this then from the "Literary History of India," by Professor R. W. Fraser: "The Mahabharata," forsooth, "runs to 20,000 lines in eighteen sections, and the Ramayana to no less than 48,000 lines." There's a clerical error for you, if you like. Fancy Professor Fraser copying down the figures so carelessly and not knowing his error, and perpetuating his charlatanry with that unfortunate cliché. But this is no Ichabod! Prof. Fraser has no height to fall from. It is only a contortion in his local mud. For in his references to the Mahabharata he speaks of its "irrelevant episodes," and "artificial battle-scenes," and again he declares that Draupadi, before her wedding, had "never seen a sun"—a particularly vulgar error, and that she, "the common wife of the five Pandavas brothers is, in the Mahabharata, the cause of the great slaughter on the plains of Kurukshetra." Now that battle was caused solely by the Kauravas' evil attempt to cheat the Pandavas from their kingdom, and Prof. Fraser's ignorance of this convinces me that he never even once read the Mahabharata itself, but has judged some mere synopsis of the epic with the standards of motive of his native sea-novel. These are our Western pundits nowadays, and you should see the flattering Press-notice of this "Literary History of India." Quack-quack calling unto Quack!

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Now, would you like an instance of humbug? How will this do, from Joseph Chailley's "Administrative Problems of British India"? "Christianity, in principle a religion of equality, is unable to comprehend caste; so, too, is the Frenchman who has always been a revolutionary and a socialist. But the aristocratic and conservative Englishman can appreciate it, and it has supplied one of the bases of his policy and inspired some of his methods of government." Oh! we're all revolutionaries and socialists nowadays, but are all our writings translated, as this is, by Sir William Meyer, C.I.E.? We understand these shy (!) rebels.

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And now a little sense, pitiful sense. I turn to Lord Curzon's well-known Guildhall speeches in 1904, and I read: "In my opinion, India is a country where there will be much larger openings for the investment of capital in the future than has hitherto been the case, and where a great work of industrial and commercial exploitation lies before us." There you have the truth, naked and not ashamed, but God! how shameful. Industrial and commercial exploitation—are they, then, "the good we are doing India"? It is not often that one of the Anglo-Indian gang blurts out the truth, so, when it does come, I suppose we should be cheerful. Isn't it jolly? C. E. B.

## From "Multatuli."

(Translated from the Dutch by P. Selver.)

Two left-handed gloves do not make a pair of gloves. Two half truths do not make a whole truth. (2.)

A collection of timber, stone, lime, etc. is not always a building. A gathering of people is not always a society. (4.)

Many conspicuously good—or many conspicuously bad—people, assembled and united, represent so many factors which furnish an enormous product of good or bad. But the sum of many mediocrities always remains equal to *one* mediocrity. (5.)

The sum-total of the judgments given by many incompetent persons guarantees no more prospect of accuracy than the judgment of *one* incompetent person. (6.)

Decision by the majority of votes is the privilege of the strongest in a friendly way. It means: If we were to fight, *we* should win. . . . Let us do without fighting.

This system leads accordingly, not so much to truth as to tranquillity. But merely for the moment, a palliative. For the members of the minority are mostly in their own right, and are stronger, not so much through the conception of their right, as through greater closeness and a keener stimulus to exertion. Whenever the minority expands into a majority, it loses in specific gravity what it gains in increase of numbers. It takes over all the faults of its vanquished opponents, who in their turn, derive virtue from defeat.

The result is sad. (7.)

I know very little. And that grieves me so, that I truly believe that I have a right to know more. And therefore I should so much like to be immortal.

"Exactly," say those who have made an erudite knowledge of immortality their profession, "that very desire is a *proof* of your immortality."

"Ah, but I have ardently desired many things which . . ."

"Perhaps they would not be good for you."

"That is possible. If I were only certain that immortality would be good for me." (17.)

One thing above all; the little word *is*, I use as an abbreviation for "might be perhaps, if I am not mistaken and I put you on your guard against my aptness to see things crooked."

It is my duty to tell you this.

But it is *your* duty to take care not to forget your own aptness to see crooked. (18.)

It does not cost me the least trouble to acknowledge a mistake. Often, indeed, I even do it gladly. But that is pride, sure enough. (20.)

He who has erred much, may know the way best. I do not say that much erring is necessary in order to know the way. Nor that everyone who has erred much knows the way. (21.)

When a runner breaks his leg, there is great festivity among the crawlers. (49.)

I tried on a hat, and said: It fits well. My little boy needed a hat, and wanted to have the same size.

"Papa, you said it fitted well."

What a child! (50.)

He who apes my actions, is often my enemy, mostly annoying, and always a fool. (51.)

There are poets who make verses. (56.)

There are few books from which you cannot learn how not to write. (58.)

He who is satisfied with what he has done, has reasons for dissatisfaction with his satisfaction. (61.)

Jesus must have said much that is not in the Bible. There is a good deal by Jesus in the Bible which Jesus cannot have said. (64.)

Come, Mr. A, B, or C, be frank, do you think that it is worth while for the Creator, for Nature, or for whatever had the kindness to call you into being, to preserve you for ever? Have you yourself never made anything that afterwards annoyed you, that got in your way,

that took up room which could be used for something better. (151.)

Yes, you say, but perhaps we ascend. Life is preparation . . . we develop . . . light . . . songs of praise . . . angels and transfigured spirits . . . seeing closely, face to face. . .

Oh, are you so bent on that? I notice little of your preparation and development, of your training for hymns of praise,—which, by the way, would bore me. But besides, if we consider ourselves too insignificant to be immortal in our present condition, if our insignificance is to change into the importance which shall justify our further existence,—training-school, preparation, etc.—how comes it that the pupils who are on the point of leaving school, the preparation-candidates of the highest class, those who must be looked upon as nearly finished products,—how comes it that these scholars are so exactly like the pupils of the lowest class, that they have not advanced by a hair's breadth? Not in the slightest measure riper for graduation?

Explain that one thing to me, you training-school theorists.

If the earth is a training-school for heaven, I very much regret that my unknown guardian did not put me into a better institute. (152.)

There have always been more sheep than wolves. The reason is simple. Each wolf needs many sheep if he is to live in proper style. Hence there were always more clowns than cavaliers in Europe, and it is about one of these cavaliers that I will relate a story. He had a long sword, and he used to bite at it when he was hungry, just as authors to-day bite at their pens. So he sat biting and hungering by the wayside and lamented the degeneration of morals. But still, the morals were not *quite* so bad, for lo, an old man came up, carrying a bundle.

"What are you carrying there?"

"Plums, currants and tallow-candles, noble sire!"

The cavalier beat the old man to death, treated the currants in the same way as the plums, and weighed the tallow-candles, for he had heard from a member of the Second Chamber that this was in accordance with the "first" principles of political economy.

Thereupon he bit at his sword again and went on looking out and continued to complain of the morals. But unjustly. For plums, currants and tallow-candles came his way. People were there as well, and these the cavalier did not always beat to death. He calculated that it was better to force them into his service. This he had learned from the first "Story concerning authority" in the "Minnebrieven," which "are not up to much," as I have heard to my satisfaction.

He did not beat the people any more than was just necessary to impress upon them their obligation for a feeling of gratitude that he did not beat them entirely to death, but urged them to help him in building a house with stout walls and high towers.

When it was finished, he went and sat on the steps and bit and watched out, and lamented as before.

But this time his complaint was with some foundation. The people who sold plums, currants and tallow-candles, saw his house from afar, and chose another part. It is true that they were thoroughly convinced of the cavalier's good right to force them into his service, and to take away from them the wares that they intended to bring to market somewhere or other, but they preferred not to have anything to do with this right.

They had discovered a roundabout way, where only half their goods were taken from them by another cavalier, who also let them pass through uninjured, first of all, because he had enough people, and then because he realised that anybody who had once been killed could not return and bring plums, currants and tallow-candles afresh. And—note one of the "first" principles of political economy, cherished by the other cavalier—"trade must not be impeded."

It appeared now that the first cavalier, who the whole



time had been sitting, biting, watching out and complaining of the degeneration of morals, suddenly in his turn imbibed a "first" principle from his sword. Anyhow, he ordered one of his adherents to walk along the road where the tradespeople had chosen the side-path, to address them in a friendly manner and to assure them of civil treatment. Their lives should be spared, and one currant more than the other. Moreover, the tallow candles would be *weighed*, and this is of great moment in political economy. Further, the cavalier promised to treat the plums *in the same way as the currants*, in accordance with some or other "first" principle of "not impeding trade."

The cavalier's tariff was indeed exemplary. He could have killed the people, and he only beat them. He had the power to *tax* tallow-candles and he *weighed* them. It lay in his hands to treat the currants and plums *separately*, and he treated them *alike*.

The man is dead. His sword is spoiled with rust. His house has fallen in. But the noble cavalier's spirit still haunts the inner court at the Hague, and has assumed the form of an old woman with a weighed tallow-candle in one hand and in the other some plums and currants . . . which she treats alike.

Around her loins she wears a very threadbare frock of "first principles."—"Ideen," No. 319.

#### Latta.

If the reader has been in India he will perhaps know what is meant by "latta." The word denotes a malady or habit to which old women are subject; it evinces itself in the imitating of everything that is done in their presence. You laugh, they laugh. You cry, they cry. You make a gesture, they ape it. You throw some object to the ground—crash, there lies everything that was held in the poor sufferer's hand.

In the year 1839 there sat in the "Passar Tanabang" at Batavia an old woman who earned her living by blowing little figures out of gum and sugar. The poor creature was very handy, and in a trice could turn out little ships, chickens, flowers—everything that the youngsters like. For a few coins you could satisfy all sorts of whims. And she did not ask much. I had been told that the woman was "latta," and I made trial of it. I ordered something or other and threw away my cigar at the moment when she was about to present me with the required object. She flung it to the ground, and excused herself with a vexed "Ampong toewan, nanti sa-bikim lahim" (Don't take it amiss, sir; I will make another one). When I and the other lookers-on began to laugh, she joined in with shrill laughter. To test how far the stupidity would go, I threw something into the air and knocked it away in a horizontal direction. Immediately with her hand she struck her kettle of molten gum-sugar. Somewhat later the thought occurred to me that perhaps the ample compensation that was given to her by the Europeans on such occasions might have had something to do with her crazy behaviour. And so I caused the experiment to be repeated by a poor native, from whom she could expect no compensation. The result was the same.

It deserves to be noticed that no advantage of her malady, or whatever it may be called, was taken by her fellows in race and rank. In a market-place of more civilised Europe, the poor worker's whole business would doubtless have gone literally to pieces.

Many years later I met at Menado an old woman who suffered from the same complaint. She was a slave, and in this capacity a domestic servant of the esteemed and hospitable Madame Cambier. This lady was often compelled to request her visitors to refrain from making experiments with the old "nennah." "It costs too much crockery!" Well, that was the truth. More than once I saw her throw piles of plates to the ground when one of the bystanders took it into his head to let something fall at the moment when the old slave was serving at table.

For centuries we have been suffering from this

malady! We condemn what has been condemned, and bless what has been blessed. We chatter what has been said before us. We believe.

Oh, how much costly porcelain has been and still is shattered by poor latta-ailing Humanity, which is not controlled by tolerant masters, as the old slave by good Madame Cambier! Ruthless Necessity punishes us for every fault, indifferent to whether we ourselves committed it with evil intent or whether we have been urged on to it by others who made capital of our simplicity.

How many kettles of gum-sugar have been wasted and—without compensation!

Has the time not at length come to make serious efforts for the cure of such a pernicious disease?

To attain this end, we must pay heed to the means which long were, and still ever are, employed to make us ill.

It can be seen that I have not yet finished with my original subject—EDUCATION.—"Ideen," 891.

## Views and Reviews.

It is well to remind ourselves from time to time how much better private enterprise caters for the wants of the people than any system of associated effort could; and at no time could such a reminder be more appropriate than at the moment when we are congratulating ourselves on having had the most prosperous year of trade in our history. So long ago as the publication of the "Fabian Essays," Mr. G. B. Shaw said: "They [the working classes] are starving in the midst of plenty of jewels, velvets, laces, equipages, and race-horses; but not in the midst of plenty of food. In the things that are wanted for the welfare of the people we are abjectly poor." There has been, of course, a great improvement since that time; the gramophone and the cinema have been invented, the streets even of suburbs are lit with electric light, and, therefore, everything is much better than it was. But it is interesting to speculate what would happen if what the economists call "effective demand" were better distributed. Mr. Arthur Kitson uses, as an illustration of the evil of the money monopoly, the following hypothesis: "Supposing to-morrow morning every one of the thirteen millions who are said to be on the verge of starvation awoke to find himself in the possession of £5! What would happen? There would be an immediate demand for food, for clothing, for the necessities of life—such as has not been known for years. The retailers would at once order from the wholesalers, and the wholesalers from the manufacturers, farmers, producers and shippers, which would start the whole industrial machine at full speed again." There is no need to confine the hypothesis to the thirteen millions always on the verge of starvation; we may enlarge it to include the whole thirty-nine millions of men, women, and children whose average wage, according to Mr. Chiozza Money, was, in 1908, 21s. 3d. per week, without diminishing the truth of the prophecy.

For example, a casual remark in Mrs. Pember Reeves' book, "Round About a Pound a Week," to the effect that "it is worth a moment's speculation as to whether the whole milk supply of England is sufficient to ensure a quart of milk a day to each English child under five years of age. It is more than likely that, unless the milk-supply were enormously increased, adults would have to go entirely without milk should the nation suddenly awake to its duty towards its children," set me investigating. According to the Board of Agriculture's Census of Production, the total amount of milk produced in Great Britain in 1907-8 was 1,208,000,000 gallons. Of this quantity, however, only 70 per cent. was sold by the farmers as milk; and a further deduction has to be made for the milk used by butter, cheese, and margarine manufacturers. After making this deduction, the Board of Agriculture says: "The total quantity of whole milk actually sold off the

farms for consumption was therefore, in round figures, about 800,000,000 gallons in 1908." The population of Great Britain in the middle of 1908 was only about a quarter of a million short of 40,000,000 (the exact number was 39,738,113). The total output of milk for the year was therefore equal to 20 gallons per head of the population, which is less than half a pint a day. Sufficient milk is produced to allow every child under five, or even under ten years of age to have a quart of milk a day; but the quantity that would remain for adults would be infinitesimal. For the children under five would consume 350 million gallons (in round figures), and the children under ten would consume 682,500,000 gallons, leaving only 117,500,000 gallons for the 32½ millions of people over the age of ten in England and Wales. Milk, we know, is the perfect food; and like most other perfect things, it is none too plentifully produced under our system of production for private profit.

Mr. Chiozza Money has worked out some interesting figures in his "Riches and Poverty," which may be reproduced here. We are all proud of our cotton industry; its history proves the superiority of wage to chattel slavery, for it shows that English children endured longer hours of labour than the adult slaves of Barbadoes (see the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1836), and we cannot doubt that their productivity was much greater than that of the negroes. Apart from its history, the cotton industry is interesting. Employing 582,000 workers (172,000 men and 410,000 women and children), it produces cotton goods to the value of £120,000,000 annually. These are figures to inspire the eloquence of after-dinner speakers; and I believe that the cotton industry pays dividends, which also is a matter for the expression of legitimate pride. Besides, our export trade is a very important item of our national greatness; and our cotton industry exports as much as £100,000,000 worth of cotton goods. The £20,000,000 worth of cotton goods reserved for home consumption averages about 10s. per head per annum. It would be possible to infer that the English people are so well supplied with cotton goods that it does not cost more than 10s. per head per annum to renew their stock; but such an inference ought not to be made except by a pupil at one of our "special" schools. It would be more reasonable to infer, as Mr. Money does, that "so poor are the mass of our people that 10s. per head per annum furnishes them with all the cotton goods which they can afford to buy for both their persons and their households." Mr. Chiozza Money estimates a demand for cotton goods by a household of five persons, as follows:

Call (at wholesale prices) by a Household of Five Persons for Cotton Materials.

For the Person:

(1) The Man ... ..	£0 16 0
(2) The Woman ... ..	1 9 0
(3) Three Children ... ..	1 2 1

For the Household... ..

£4 17 7

The demand is modest enough, for it includes nothing for retail profit or for the manufacture of the materials into garments. But modest as it is, it would more than double the production of cotton goods for home use; Mr. Chiozza Money gives the figure as £45,000,000.

But it is difficult to get excited about cotton in weather like this, when we are shivering in woollen clothing and are envying the people who wear fur. Our woollen industry produces about £65,000,000 worth of woollen goods per annum, of which £23,000,000 worth is exported. About £12,000,000 worth of woollen and worsted goods is imported, which makes a total home consumption of £54,000,000 worth, or about 25s. per head per annum. Mr. Money works out another modest estimate for the average family of five; and the cost of materials only, at wholesale prices, is £11 17s. 7d. How modest the estimate is may be understood if I quote Mr. Money's assumption: "The man

is assumed to have but one new woollen suit and one new pair of trousers per annum, and an overcoat once in two years. It is also assumed that the children are partly provided for by adaptation of their parents' discarded garments." But even this modest estimate would mean a call for about £105,000,000 worth of woollen and worsted goods, or practically double the amount now used by our home population. Demand is not "effective demand," of course; so we may gather our rags about us, and thank our stars that private enterprise supplies woollen goods to us of the average value of 25s. per head per annum.

So I might go on, noticing, for example, that an effective demand for three pairs of boots or shoes per annum by each of the inhabitants of the 7,000,000 houses in England and Wales that are not assessed to Inhabited House Duty would mean a production and sale of 109,000,000 pairs. The average wage of boot-makers is less than £1 a week; and Leicester needs a new industry to provide work for its unemployed! It would be interesting, also, to compare Dr. Kay's description of the houses of Manchester (published in 1832, and quoted in the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1836) with that of the Manchester Citizens' Association, published about 1904; and to notice that private enterprise had supplied the housing needs of the people so well in 1832 that practically no change has been observed since. But I need not labour that point; the fact that, of the 9,000,000 houses in the United Kingdom, 7,000,000 are not assessed to Inhabited House Duty, because their value is less than £20 a year each, will tell every intelligent reader all that he needs to know. It is quite certain that no form of associated effort known to mankind could have supplied the wants of the people as private enterprise has done.

A. E. R.

## Some Fallacies of Liberal Protestantism.

THIS is a significant book. We cannot, indeed, imagine anyone, going through the mysterious Victorian trial known as "a struggle with his opinions," coming away from it with a very clear head or strengthened spirit. But it does represent very exactly a phase of Christianity in decay. Reading it is like picking up and examining a shell fired by the rearguard of a defeated army.

Mr. Fawkes is apparently an adherent of Liberal Protestantism, who has found peace in that curious compromise after an attempt to reconcile "the Roman Catholic standpoint with acceptance of the methods and results of historical and critical science." The collection of essays here reprinted illustrates (unluckily not chronologically, it would seem) this undertaking and his eventual attitude towards it. With this criticism of the Modernist movement we are in complete accord. By the very nature of things and the course of history it was doomed to failure. For Rome "reform is suicide." The derelict of the ages, like some fragment of matter rushing through space, can only be checked in her career at the cost of dissolution. We part company with Mr. Fawkes, however, immediately he begins to analyse and classify the causes which led to Rome's condemnation of the Modernist reformers; still more widely do we differ from him over his estimate of the present position of Christianity in general, and of the value and future of Liberal Protestantism.

To begin with, Rome, we would suggest, rejected Modernism not because she had of all Christian bodies furthest departed from the teaching of Christ, but because she had most closely adhered to it. For a portrait of the historical Jesus the critics have not, it is true, left us very much material; but from such as we have there seems to many of the acutest minds of our day

"Essays in Modernism." By the Rev. A. Fawkes. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d.)

to emerge a character far more in touch with Rome's essential hatred of normal human experience, her enmity to the body politic and social, her mischievous and perverted "other-worldliness," than with any of the compromises by which the Liberal Protestant attempts a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment. The Christ of Harnack and his school is no closer to the facts than was the Christ of Renan. His creators have attained their result by a deliberate neglect of those essential passages of the Gospel which depict Christ pouring contempt upon the ties of blood and of human affection, and preaching to his elect a complete withdrawal from, or weary tolerance of, the social and political system of a world he dreamed of as under the shadow of dissolution. Of the Christologists of to-day, Schweitzer and Loisy are probably the most learned, and certainly the most desirous of comprehensiveness and fairness of emphasis, and their Christ is far closer to the antisocial exalté of essential Catholicism than to the mid-Victorian young reformer (a pupil of Jowett and Green, one imagines) of the Liberal Protestant. Rome, indeed, we claim, shut her doors upon Loisy, Tyrrell, and the rest, because she had recognised (just as she recognised in the case of Luther) how incompatible is the spirit of Christ with the exercise of reason, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a reassertion of the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a step in a process it could not, however, be final; the inquiry initiated by it must be followed to its furthest conclusion or the whole would be valueless. To attempt to arrest its action, or, at the present time, to set up an abiding-place under its ever-moving shadow, is proof of complete misunderstanding of its nature. The general consciousness of the world has saved us generally from these mistakes. Steadily the so-called Protestant peoples of Europe have passed, the many into an indifference far less unintelligent than is supposed, the few into a reasoned rejection of Christianity of any kind. Meanwhile by the side, or rather in the rear, of contemporary thought and life, Liberal Protestantism limps like a crippled caricature. Mr. Fawkes and his party act like a man who should profess himself delighted with the supersession of the stage-coach by "Puffing Billy," and should later prefer "Puffing Billy" to the perfected locomotive.

In their eyes, however, the enlightened Protestant leads the van of progress, and carries the hope of the future. Of the nature and force of modern scepticism they would appear to have a very imperfect notion; they may be described as having pegged out a claim in ideas and being incapable of seeing beyond its boundaries. In their self-absorption they have remained ignorant of the actual conditions, unaware that, for the many, Christianity (Catholic or Protestant) has become unmeaning, for a few a phase in the religious history of the West. Their learning has not suggested to them the disquieting notion that the past is lumbered with dead faiths, and that Christianity to-day displays more than one of the symptoms of moribund paganism, the same tendency to pass over, on the one hand, into a mere philosophy, on the other into thaumaturgy or some other traffic with what Professor Santayana calls "the obscene supernatural," the same tendency, too, to sporadic and temporary revivals always of an increasingly corybantic character.

Based upon a view of history typically mid-Victorian, the Liberal Protestant accepts a scheme of development philosophical rather than scientific, and one against which stand ranged alike the best thought and the strongest feeling of to-day. We of the twentieth century are less certain of development at all than were the authors of "Essays and Reviews" (Mr. Fawkes's

intellectual coëvals). If there is such a process, we know that it is too uncertain and incalculable to be best advanced by a policy of laissez-faire. Manchester must rule our spiritual and moral life no more than our economic. Freedom, we are convinced, does not broaden "slowly down from precedent to precedent," but is often only obtainable per saltum and by force. Such an attitude is not even contemplated by the serene optimism of the work under review. Mr. Fawkes is at pains frequently to assure us that, since one thing and another, "a great deal of water has run under the bridges." Mostly we can agree with him; but in the case of many of the bridges it would seem to have been some time since Mr. Fawkes took a glance over the parapet.

A. F. B.

## REVIEWS.

**The Complete Amateur Boxer.** By J. G. Bohun Lynch. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Complete" series has the decided merit of simple and clear writing, and is illustrated with some remarkably good photographs. We think the first chapter on the origin of boxing (although it has won the approval of Lord Lonsdale) an unnecessarily pedantic introduction to a practical book; modern boxing has little obvious connection with the gladiatorial combat. But with all that pertains to boxing as a sport or as a profession, Mr. Lynch deals in masterly fashion; the blows and guards are well described and well illustrated, and Mr. Lynch emphasises the necessity of pointing the advanced foot straight at the opponent by making some critical comments on Bombardier Wells. The principles of ringcraft are stated, with illustrations drawn from some historic fights; hints on training are given, and the distinction drawn by Mr. Lynch between the "noble art of self-defence" and boxing justifies him in his statement of a few tricks of self-defence that are decidedly useful but are not noble. There are two additional chapters on military boxing and tournaments by Mr. Knight-Bruce, and an appendix of rules; and the whole volume forms as complete, clear, and interesting a survey of the sport and profession of boxing as we have ever read. It should be in the hands of every amateur, and its criticism of some modern methods of ring-fighting should not make it unacceptable to the professional.

**A Proper Newe Booke of Cookerye.** Edited by Catherine Frances Frere. (Heffer. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a reprint of a cookery book popular in Elizabeth's time, from a copy possessed by Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury. The book itself occupies about twenty-eight pages, but, with notes, its length is extended to fifty-seven pages. The introduction to it, consisting of a general introduction to the subject and a biographical sketch of Matthew Parker, occupies 164 pages; and a glossary index, which is of considerable value to those interested in the study of words, occupies another fifty-six pages. The learning and labour devoted to the preparation of this volume have been considerable; but we doubt whether the subject justifies the expenditure. However, if Miss Frere is determined to teach history to housewives, this is probably as good a way as any; but a cook would find the labour of turning up the glossary-index for the meaning of every second word too great a hindrance to her or his ordinary work, for this book to be popular among what Disraeli called the "marmitons" of the kitchen. The "commanders in chief," to retain Disraeli's phraseology, will be too occupied with the development of their own inventions to study this work; but the "generals of divisions," who may still hope to be decorated for the invention of a soup or an entrée, may find herein some ancient dish which would deceive the very elect into believing it to be a novelty.

## Pastiche.

### THE HOLY WAR.

(Certain secretaries, many of whom have made or are making huge fortunes by the most godless methods of modern industry, yet find it no matter of shame to testify against war, of which their own lust is one of the chief causes, and this in the Name of that God of whose lordship their place in, and the manner of their power over, Society, is the practical denial.)

In the dark night, the black hours of the Spirit,  
Thus saith the Lord,  
I move in the souls of men, and My coming bringeth  
Not peace, but a sword.

Many have called on Peace—(vainly, while thus the  
earth  
Pales and withers in evil arms, a dull fiend's clasp for  
girth)—  
Have striven—(fools in their striving)—to slip by the  
watchers, cheat,  
With a sacred word turned lie, the resistless laws that  
beat,  
Wavelike, on Life's ocean the ships of men's doom back  
to My feet.  
To left, to right, behind ye, O men, the waves lie in  
wait; they take,  
Head off, beat back vain courses, dash down folly, break  
And fling these broken away. Ah! sentinels of My sea,  
Vast multitude with one name WAR. Ye  
Have I loved, O men, therefore I set ye about  
With these My Guards. Harken their hoarse-throat  
shout!

Let slaves, no sons of Mine, pray the vain prayer for  
peace,  
Whine for My highest gift. . . . too slack to question  
the course  
Set as price of the gift, or rejoice in My lordly force.  
Fools! one path there is—till this ye tread never shall  
cease  
My angels from beating ye back with swords of terrible  
light  
From the paths your mad whims choose, the paths of  
Death and Night.

Peace? 'tis the Christ in Heaven. There waiting, there  
let It rest.  
For in your house of Evil the Best is not the best.  
Salvation is to him who strives with warring thought.  
War, 'neath the lowering clouds. Satan 'tis who crieth  
"Peace."  
That word, if any nourish it here, 'tis a snake in his  
breast;  
Thus, taking My Name in vain, and setting it up in  
Hell,  
He is damned and cast out from My Face. It is not  
well  
That this, Christ of My Heaven, be an idol in your hell.  
For Christ, that is Peace in Heaven, is war and a sword  
upon earth;  
He is the Outlaw King; He claims, He strives for His  
ground;  
He wars from morn to night, from night to morn the  
sound,  
The god-like sound of His War, the blows, the warrior's  
mirth,  
Breaks on the rampart of Ill; in the ears of the brave,  
the good,  
An iron wave, musieal—a song—to his spirit, food.

His course is straight as a bolt hurled from My fist.  
Your courses are muddy streams thro' the waste; they  
twist  
This way and that. He points you the way, the course  
straight as a die.  
But ye fear or would sleep, ye slaves, ye grovel and  
whine and lie.  
Peace? Who prays for peace? Up, then, arm for the  
fight;  
Serve your Lord on the earth; strive till His right be  
might.  
Cast the usurper forth. Seek that peace My Truth shall  
afford.  
What ward crieth for peace? He shall have no peace,  
save the Peace of the Lord.

PALLISTER BARKAS.

### MODERN REVIEWING.

By R. A. F.

(THE "NATION," January 3.)

It is not in the least surprising that Villon should always have exercised such a fascination upon translators and that Mr. Stacpoole has braced himself to follow in the footsteps of Rossetti, Swinburne, and Synge, and that we find Mr. Stacpoole's translation cumbrous, abrupt and pedestrian. Why? Because nothing is surprising in his world! The exploit of Mr. Stacpoole, therefore, does not surprise us, though Villon was an artist of infinite diversity, and though Rossetti, Swinburne and Synge, who had all previously failed to render Villon, were poets, as we have reason to believe. Mr. Stacpoole gains in directness and vigour what he loses in melody and sensitiveness. He shows a rather fidgetty obedience to the exigencies of rhyme and metre, a restlessness which his close dependence upon the verse-structure of the original only accentuates: these fidgets and restlessnesses being phenomena of vigorous infants, though not of vigorous men. Mr. Stacpoole writes a charming impressionist introduction to the volume, though to "glorify" his subject the better, he is prone to depreciate Rabelais and the great French poets. This depreciation of the great is surprisingly charming! Mr. Stacpoole has failed. None the less, it is a highly creditable failure. We wish we could have said it wasn't. We mean—he hadn't. Let us say that it is not in the least surprising that he has.

(THE "NATION," January 10.)

Not infrequently poetry runs in families. Everybody will still remember the Tennysons if not the Wesleys. What Alfred Tennyson was to Frederick, Charles Wesley was to John. Such lines as the dear token of His Passion still his dazzling Body bears—oh dear, that shouldn't have run so glibly, what are we thinking about?—reach the level of the highest strains of devotional poetry. John Wesley was often a tedious verse-writer; Charles was a poet.

Another noble pair of poetical brothers has recently appeared before the British public. We confess that Dr. Robert Bridges is not a writer who carries us off our feet, as, say, Mr. Housman does. On the whole, we have no doubt that his appointment (not Mr. Housman's) to the office of Court poet was the best and happiest that could have been made. Otherwise, we mean had he carried us off our feet, he might have been had up for the disestablishment of respectable citizens. At any rate, we have loved him since we read whither, O splendid ship with its Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific? which, for all its metrical jumbings, is that pure word-music which only a poet can rightly interpret, etc., though it seems plain as daylight. Our copy of Dr. Bridges' Christmas poem has unfortunately fallen a prey to the housemaid, and as we couldn't dream of buying a copy of such a journal as the "Times," we could only quote it from memory, but this we can remember, that it stripped away all verbiage. A true fact, a real thing is very likely at least to be wonderful, beautiful, awful—one at least if not all three—not the facts, we mean the adjectives. It is some plain statement, say home she brought her warrior dead, or, once more, since poetry, in its large and true sense, is not confined to words in rhyme and metre . . . quote, quote, quote . . . but we have forgotten to finish our sentence—no matter! We'll begin another!

Verbiage is the cloud which enwraps dull, confused minds, and prevents them from concluding what they had begun to say. (What a joyous game "Present Day Critic" would have had with this review, but thank goodness, that pest is now silent!) We are not sure that we understand Dr. Bridges' metrical scheme, but, no doubt, there is some explanation of it. But be this as it may, the whole effort is true poetry. To quote:—

But to me, heard afar, it was heavenly music  
Angels' song, comforting as the comfort of Christ,  
When he spoke tenderly to his sorrowful flock.

There, it is as English as Piers Plowman; it smells of the soil; it has a sort of Lollard sob in it. Dr. Bridges then comes before us as the poet of Christmas. But what we want to get on to is the remark of the "Daily Express" anent the New Year poem by the brother, Mr. John Bridges. Says that organ—"The Poet Laureate's brother's poem is seasonable enough, apart from its political acerbity, and we, therefore, print it as received, without apology."

It is in itself a striking fact, arguing goodness knows what, and we won't say, that the political acerbity of one of its contributors should cause even a slight qualm to that newspaper!



Let us quote from Mr. John Bridges' poem :—

A calamitous year has now run to its close,  
What the next one may be only Providence knows;  
Against odds she oft helps honest people to win  
So the "Ins" may be "Outs" and the "Outs" may be in.

"She" as applied to Providence is good, and should please the feminists, who, we pray our dear Lord, may soon get the Vote! The poems of these brothers each show us something, and that is what a poem should do. In Dr. Robert Bridges' poem we see the soul of England; in Mr. John Bridges' effusion we see the spirit of modern Jingo Imperialism in all its frenzied partisanship. We hasten, even at this last, to avoid the word "poem" as Mr. John himself modestly admits that his brother's what-shall-we-call-it? is of a superior quality to his own.

#### HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS. (No. 4.)

JOHN BAGGS, a future famous poet, tired of having his manuscripts returned with a bare printed statement of the EDITOR'S regrets, determines to pay him a visit in his sanctum, and for that purpose borrows from Mr. FRANK HARRIS (*borrowing with a deposit*) a suit of armour, and confiscates a repeating pistol from one of his landlady's boarders.

Then he hires a taxi and drives to the "English Review," 17-21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, donning the armour and helmet during the journey.

On arrival he descends and enters the offices, leaving the taxi-driver too flabbergasted to ask for his fare. He finds no difficulty in overcoming all opposition to his progress towards the EDITOR'S den, the door of which he opens to discover Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON seated comfortably chewing a pistachio nut, and endeavouring to recover facially from the strain of a never-ending fear of meeting his father, or Sir Alfred Mond. JOHN BAGGS locks the door on the inside as Mr. HARRISON swallows the pistachio in a gulp of astonishment.

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON (*who always speaks in a gentlemanly way*): Whom have I the honour of seeing?

JOHN BAGGS: I must apologise for my clothes, but I was determined to get here. I am John Baggs, the poet, whose work you are always returning, and what I want to know is why you return it?

MR. A. H. (*deprecatingly*): My dear sir, we are only too anxious to get good poetry. I assure you yours is not the only work we reject. We dispose of about a cartload a day.

JOHN BAGGS (*his voice reverberating in his helmet*): Now, don't talk that sort of claptrap to me! Keep it for minor poets, or people who never read your review! I happen to have read the poetry you've printed the last two years, so you can't bluff me that it's better than mine. Now, listen to this (*brandishes his pistol, and A. H. takes another pistachio, and settles down resignedly*). JOHN BAGGS reads):

I will sing a new love song, a song of the silence undying  
That hangs o'er the pool in the forest kissing  
the sleeping water,  
Never a leaf stirreth but to fall like a petal of silence  
From the quick rare flowers of Stillness there so thickly upspringing.

That's the first verse. Now, can you say that's not the real thing? Original, too. (*Threateningly*): Can you?

MR. A. H. (*in a more amiable tone*): I'll admit it's good, fine even. But you see, my dear sir, you've got to be a specialist to take with the critics, it's no good writing merely beautiful poetry, you must work in a distinct vein so that they can recognise you in every poem, and talk about you. Look at Mr. Masfield, always a riot of colour and blood!

JOHN BAGGS: Blood! Well, if blood will do it, I'll change this poem straight away; you can accept it now. Listen:

I will sing a new blood song, a song of the bloody dying  
Of Bill by the pool in the forest, staining to scarlet the water,  
Never a leaf trembled as his oaths gashed red gaps in the silence,  
But next year were the daffodils crimson like blood-stars thickly upspringing.

How's that! Will you accept that, now?

MR. A. H.: I'm afraid, you see, people only want that sort of thing from Mr. Masfield, they would not take it from anyone else.

JOHN BAGGS: But you're no better than a shop! Why aren't you honest about it? Put up a sign "Only Mr. Masfield's blood sold here." Like they say: "Only Lyons' tea."

MR. A. H. (*in an injured tone*): But we don't confine ourselves to Mr. Masfield. We take any good work that has a modern note. For instance, Mr. W. W. Gibson.

JOHN BAGGS: Well, if you want a lot of tedious common-places about bread and poverty strung together, I'll do it. I'll turn the same poem into a Song of Social Revolt. Listen:

MR. A. H. (*roused for the first time*): For God's sake, don't! Do you think I like them? Don't you understand we're a Liberal Review? We must refer occasionally to social reform, so we do it in the poetry, otherwise (*in a whisper*), Sir Alfred Mond would write an article every week.

JOHN BAGGS: But you need some real poetry sometimes. I've seen some little things of W. H. Davies.

MR. A. H.: Yes, but he's been a tramp, slept out all night, etc?

JOHN BAGGS: What about Walter de la Mare? He hasn't been a tramp, and you've had some rare rubbish from him!

MR. A. H.: But, you see, he's a children's poet, has a reputation for nursery rhymes, very delicate, and—that sort of thing. Besides, we have a number of readers who like to be able to understand the poems, so we give them his occasionally.

JOHN BAGGS: Well, what am I to do, we can't all be such obvious things as tramps and nursery rhymers?

MR. A. H.: You must find some new pose, and advertise it. Try writing without adjectives, or put asterisks instead of verbs. Get some woman to leave you a million, and have a law suit with her relatives. Wear knickerbockers, and recite odes in front of the Mansion House, and refuse to go away when the policeman tries to remove you. Dress in rags, and sell matches in the Strand, reading your lyrics aloud, and, when anyone interrupts you, say: Aristophanes, Euripides, Pindar, Pythagoras! All in one breath.

JOHN BAGGS: Can't you think of anything less uncomfortable? Suppose I go out in this suit of armour and shoot myself in the street?

MR. A. H.: If you can find out where Gaby Deslys is staying, and go straight and do it before her bedroom door, it's a bargain. But leave your address and a note to your landlady to deliver all MS. to me.

JOHN BAGGS (*excitedly*): Fame! Anything for Fame! I'll go at once!

MR. A. H.: Stop a minute! You'll have to change your name. Here's a blank card, write "Adam Bragsley" on it, and leave all your papers here.

(CURTAIN).

W. J. T.

#### MAN UPON MAN.

Hey! for the taste of the waters' waste,  
And the spindrift's tang as it plants its fang  
In the ache and is balm thereto!  
And hey! for the song of the wind's whip-thong,  
The seagull gang on the brackish stang,  
And the hiss of the thistles blue!

For the hissing of woman's not caught then—  
And the kissing of woman's not bought then—  
And is man not man?  
Is it further life that is taught then?  
Or an old dim life that is naught then?  
When man is Pan?

Hey! for blue bank and gray grasses rank,  
Day without light, night without night,  
Rapt all the sweet and the fair!  
Hey! for the scream of the throttled steam  
The blasting sight of man in his might  
Creating blind despair!

For the hissing of metal is caught then—  
And the kissing of metal is sought then—  
And is man not man?  
For further life it is fought then—  
For a poor dim life that is naught then—  
Man upon man.

C. T. WATTIS.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IN spite of my admiration for Mr. Norman McKinnel's acting, I did not go to see his production of Mrs. Hope Merrick's "Mary-Girl." The published accounts of its origin and nature were sufficient to inform me that Mrs. Hope Merrick knew nothing about drama. About nine years ago she read an item of news in a daily paper, wrote a short story about it, and at last "dramatised" it, as she would say, to show the effect of wet-nursing on the domestic life of the people. By the very nature of the subject, the play could have no relation to drama. Wet-nursing is comparatively rare, much rarer than artificial feeding; and its influence on the domestic life of the people is probably commensurable with the radical change in habits caused by the use of electricity for cooking purposes. In plain English, the influence is negligible. With the woman's instinct for deduction, Mrs. Merrick took a particular fact, and tried to show its consequences; she prepared what is called a "psychological" study. But even if this were accurately done, it would have no value as drama, or as art of any kind; the fact has no philosophical validity as a universal, nor has it any social significance as a generalisation. It interprets nothing of social importance, and, as drama is a social art, the play has no relation to drama.

I have been writing for some time now about the divorce of drama from the life of the people. How complete this divorce is may be understood from the fact that not one dramatic critic whose report I have read based his criticism on this foundation. Each and all of them were more concerned to argue that the Puritan husband would not strike his wife because she refused to do the washing; or that his wife would not go on the streets because her husband struck her. But these details of deduction matter nothing if the fact from which they are deduced is unimportant, is irrelevant to our national life. Let the details be corrected to perfection, the significance of the play is not thereby heightened; in its most general form, the problem was stated and answered years ago by the people in the proverb: "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil." More particularly stated, the problem would be: "Do domestic servants make good wives?"; and the limited form of the question proposed by Mrs. Merrick is: "Will wet-nurses, allowed every luxury during the performance of their duties, return unchanged in habits to their husbands and homes?" Admit that they will not, and the way is clear for the founding of a League for the Suppression of Wet-Nursing; and that is all.

But it is obvious that such a conclusion has neither prophetic nor interpretative value. Suppress wet-nursing, and the domestic incompetence of our women and the domestic discomfort suffered by our men will not be decreased. Nor can we accept the suggestion that prostitution is a necessary consequence of wet-nursing, or that wet-nursing is an important factor in the production of prostitutes. We do not accuse cows of being guilty of promiscuous intercourse because their milk is supplied to calves other than their own; immorality is usually associated with alcohol, but not with milk. The more I think of it, the more I wonder why such a subject was brought on the stage. The only explanation I can find is that Mrs. Merrick has taken advantage of a dramatic convention; she has supposed that dramatic technique has no relation to subject-matter. In support of the argument that each art has an existence independent of another, I have been told that Modjeska recited the Polish numerals from one to a hundred with surprising dramatic effect. Obviously she was not interpreting dramatic literature; she was taking advantage of certain conventional methods of utterance to stimulate feeling in her audience. The appeal was not dramatic, for drama, like all articulate arts, appeals to

the imagination; it was more nearly akin to music with its physiological stimulus that so rarely rises to consciousness in articulated form.

Eliminate the motif of wet-nursing from Mrs. Merrick's play, substitute any other that you like (avarice will do), and the play would remain the same. The woman might still be transported from her husband's cottage to the home of a noble, subjected for a time to the influence of luxury, and returned, a changed being, to the house of her husband. This simple idea of dramatic contrast would suffice for three acts; and the crisis of the play, the quarrel between the husband and wife, would occur naturally in the third act. Whatever the subject or motive of the play, the construction would make it seem dramatic to all those people who do not recognise the necessary connection between subject and treatment. But technical formulæ are not art; the test of a drama is not, primarily, its construction (Shakespeare would come badly out of such a test), but its significance, either for the present or the future.

Taking such a view of drama, I can cheerfully denounce all attempts to "dramatise" particular incidents. If hard cases make bad law, as the lawyers say, they also make bad drama. They do not appeal to a universal emotion; they are not, so to speak, in the stream of evolution. Drama must personify the general or the universal, but it cannot universalise the individual; and the attempt to make it do so is mere egoism. We no longer dare say to anyone: "Look in thy heart, and write": for individuality is as rare as social perception; and the effect of such advice is two-fold, a multiplication of commonplaces on the one hand, and, on the other, a morbid striving for difference that results in unintelligibility. We must demand that the artist observe national phenomena, and attempt not to reproduce but to interpret them. The only phenomena that are really indicative, because they are basal, are economic phenomena; the simple division of the nation into two classes, revealed by the incidence of the Income Tax, is a fact with which every artist ought to be acquainted. The further fact that the rich are becoming richer, and the poor are becoming poorer, should set all our artists prophesying; for here is a fact of tremendous import. For it is allied with the increasing urbanisation of the peoples, and urbanisation results in an increasing surplus of women. The effect of such a process not only on civilisation but on life itself is incalculable; but precisely because it is incalculable, it is matter for art. Are we drifting towards the extinction of the male; are we to contemplate a civilisation maintained by machinery and women? What would such a civilisation be like; more particularly, how will this tendency develop?

Here is matter for the artist, but especially for the dramatist; for most artists of this generation are men only of their generation, and manifest only its decadent tendency towards disruption. It is a far cry indeed from Tennyson's: "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more": to the unrestrained affirmation of individuality by our modern artists. Drama, at least, cannot allow such affirmation, for the condition of dramatic characterisation is that the author shall not be apparent in the play. Shaw attempted to evade this condition, with the effect that his later plays have been no more dramatic than his discussions with himself. But when I speak of a knowledge of economic facts being necessary to the artist, I am not asking for any more "discussions" on the stage. I insist only that the cognisance of these facts is essential to drama, for drama must be related to, must express, must typify the tendency of the national life. It should do more; for if drama can express, it can also direct the tendency of our development. We are not living in an age like the Elizabethan, when private enterprise had to discover and develop new sources of social wealth; we are living in an age the tragedy of which is that the means of civilisation are not in the possession of all, and the tendency of which is towards the revival of the com-

munal spirit and method, thereby to make common the conveniences and economies discovered and invented by individual genius. In Shakespeare's time, we needed the assertion of the individual; now we need the expression and direction of the social tendency towards the civilisation that has been so long delayed.

## Art.

### Nietzsche, Culture and Plutocracy.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Behold them, these superfluous men! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise, Culture do they call their theft—and with them turneth everything to sickness and sore travail.—ZARATHUSTRA, I, xi.

In his notes on "Readers and Writers," "R. H. C." raises an interesting point by referring to "Nietzsche's theory of the supervention of culture upon the modern wealthy classes," and denying the possibility of such a transformation. Furthermore, he speaks of my "apparent endorsement" of this theory. Now I confess without any further preamble that I was unaware that Nietzsche had ever expounded such a theory; consequently I could not well have endorsed it. Still, the question is an interesting one, and cannot help but repay examination, while in its bearings it is by no means foreign to the domain of art. The whole matter turns upon Nietzsche's and our own estimate of wealth itself. It is always a difficult undertaking, particularly in England—for her history shows that she is incapable of much intellectual cleanliness—to uphold an institution as such against the Englishmen or Continentals who have corrupted or besmirched it. Point to a sufficient number of unhappy marriages, and the ordinary man in the street speedily acknowledges that marriage is a damnable institution. Recall a sufficient number of instances in which Monarchy has proved disastrous, and again he all too speedily admits that Monarchy is devil's work. Speak of the failures of aristocracies, spiritual or temporal, and he becomes deaf to anything you can say in favour of an aristocracy of the future. Finally, describe the abuse of wealth in European civilisation of the last century, and in all civilisations like it, and wealth becomes to his mind something which nothing can dignify or cleanse.

By a mental process of this sort, a few incompetent and heavy fingered generations would amply suffice to sweep all valuable institutions from the face of the civilised world for centuries; for there is nothing, however great or desirable, that incompetence is unable to compromise and render odious; and the substitutes which incompetence then devises are never better than the proscribed institutions, simply because the class of men, together with their guiding values, which were responsible for the decline in the proscribed institutions, always remain even after these institutions have gone; and it was they—the men themselves with their particular valuations, who were chiefly responsible for all the trouble.

Is that quite clear? The consistent and continual condemnation of institutions as such, can thus, in many cases, be the most retrograde step of all; because if the fault does not necessarily lie with the institution, and this is swept away, the fault perforce remains; but it remains among a people who are mistakenly convinced and satisfied that they have made a step forward. Take the example of marriage! Let us suppose that it is in such ill-favour that there arises a general movement to sweep it away. Is it to be supposed that, if this movement succeeded, any real benefit would have accrued to mankind? Suppose the failure of modern marriage be the outcome of the loss by man of certain

essential virtues, certain capacities for lasting out, for sticking to his guns, for acting conscientiously over a long period of time, for treating the sex relationship without romantic stupidity or idealistic distortion? Is it to be supposed that the mere abolition of marriage as an institution would then put man right? Of course not! And yet this is the principle upon which many valuable institutions are daily being called into question and abolished.

Wealth is one of these institutions. Nobody who has given the matter any thought at all, has any doubts on the score of how sacred, holy, and beneficent a power wealth can be. Nobody who has investigated the problem deeply could, with any claim to honesty, condemn wealth as an institution. A thorough scrutiny of our civilisation does not lead to a condemnation of wealth! it leads to a condemnation of the values and of the men behind wealth; and it soon must become clear to the scientific and dispassionate student, that any attempt at tampering merely with wealth as an institution, though it may have the appearance of redressing some wrongs, can end only in leaving things worse than, or at best, the same as, they actually are. Personally, I cannot help regarding all tamperings with institutions, as such, as surface reforms, or merely surface changes, unless the values and the men behind them are dragged into a still fiercer searchlight and tested for their worth. I would always say, look after your men and their values and your institutions will look after themselves. That is why I have difficulty in listening patiently to anyone who condemns aristocracy, marriage, family, academies or wealth. I feel that he wishes to leave mankind alone, though he detests the havoc mankind has made of its institutions. I feel that he is superficial, and—shall I say it?—intellectually unclean. It is for this reason, too, that I find it difficult to listen to reforms in technique or in expression in the arts, when I know all the time that something much deeper than such surface reforms or rearrangements must be effected before the sickness of art can be cured.

But to return to wealth! Once the lofty duties associated inevitably by all noble minds with wealth and property are fully comprehended, nothing appears more sublime than the combination of a wise administrator and his possessions. But, on the other hand, nothing appears more dangerous, more pernicious, than the combination of this power with an unwise or incompetent administrator. (See Nietzsche "Human, all too Human." Part II. Aph. 310.) Now it is not difficult to account for the nausea which the mere mention of the word riches tends to provoke in the stomachs of most of us nowadays. For many generations, at least in Europe, we have seen little else than the combination of wealth with the unwise administrator; nay, but for a few isolated examples, which can be culled with labour from the pages of our histories, we have precious little evidence of wealth beneficently administered at all. On the one hand we have seen riches prostituted to base and inferior ends, and on the other—that is to say, on the so-called virtuous side—all we have seen is a species of conscience money, reeking of incompetence, self-contempt, and odious misgivings, doled out by unfeeling and brutal fists in the form of charity.

What we have seen is a community of shop-keepers wielding a power they never had any business to acquire; and the very thought of that power has thus grown full of bitterness for us. We have seen nothing or little of the benefits that wealth can bring, not necessarily to the community, but to the very owners themselves. For one of the chief privileges of the wealthy is the leisure, the meditation, the contemplation and the study their property renders possible. It is difficult, as "R. H. C." rightly points out, to refer to a single man to whom wealth has been a blessing in this respect; but this is simply because the wealthy people of our day are in every sense nouveaux-riches, men who are the princes of an uncontrolled commercial and industrial community, and who have acquired their power

by means of the values and abuses inseparable from such a community. Their horizon is limited; Hedonism is their religion; mankind is their footstool, vulgarity is their creation, theft their culture, and display their reward. These people constitute our plutocracy.

Nietzsche was well aware of their worth. He was not mistaken about their qualities, or their potentialities. "Our rich people," he said, "they are the poorest! The real purpose of all wealth has been forgotten." ("Will to Power," Vol I, Aph. 61.) He knew also where they were to be found—in the modern Commercial State, in the New Idol. "Behold them, these superfluous men!" he says. "They heap up riches and grow poorer thereby. Power do they seek, and above all, the lever of power, much treasure of gold—these children of impotence! Behold them, these superfluous men! Sick are they always: they vomit forth their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another who cannot even digest themselves!" ("Zarathustra," Part I. XI.)

To say that Nietzsche thought the supervention of culture upon the modern wealthy classes a possible ideal, is, therefore, I think, to misunderstand his estimate of these classes. I was half aware that such a misunderstanding might arise; for in reference to Nietzsche's distinction between the present exploitation of workmen by the plutocrats, and the exploitation of workmen by aristocrats for higher and nobler purposes, I affixed a translator's note on page 306 of the "Will to Power," Vol. II., warning the reader against confounding Nietzsche's aristocracy with our present plutocratic and industrial State. With all his contempt for the modern plutocracy, however, his estimate of wealth as an institution should not be confused. Nietzsche knew better than anyone the value of meditation, leisure, contemplation, and, above all, of a good school. He knew, moreover, how inseparable these privileges are from a certain modicum of wealth. He knew how bodily riches, like spiritual riches, are the outcome of accumulation and garnering over several generations, and how necessary material wealth is in order that such a process of storing may be possible, in a family line in a family tree. In this sense he speaks of the rich and the leisurely as the actual valuers. ("Joyful Wisdom," Aph. 87.) In this sense, too, he speaks of "wealth as the origin of a nobility of race." In the passage beginning: "Wealth necessarily creates an aristocracy of race, for it permits the choice of the most beautiful women and the engagement of the best teachers; it allows a man cleanliness, time for physical exercises, and, above all, immunity from dulling physical labour" . . . ("Human, all too Human," Part I. Aph. 479)—in this passage, I say, he is speaking of wealth as an institution, not to be assailed, but to be cleansed of those who pollute it. But I cannot see that he contemplated any such transformation as the supervention of culture upon what we know as the plutocracy of modern times. On the contrary! The whole of his outcry for a transvaluation of the values which make this plutocracy possible, which have brought this plutocracy into power, shows how radically he was opposed to these "poorest" among men. According to Nietzsche, the Socialist, like those who would abolish aristocracy, the family, the academy, and all such institutions, desired no such transvaluation of values. Hence the Socialist was superficial. He left mankind as it was with all the ills that had produced the modern plutocrat, and contented himself with an attack on the institution of wealth itself. Nietzsche says, keep wealth; keep the distinctions of property; because when these distinctions are backed by the right ideas they lead to culture; but alter your ideas, alter your values, and then you will cease from seeing any need of an attack upon wealth. I trust that I have now satisfied "R. H. C." that in endorsing Nietzsche's cosmogony, I am in no way endorsing a hope or an ideal based upon a ridiculously unjustifiable estimate of the potentialities of the modern plutocrat.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN STRIKE.

Sir,—Your summary of the South African position in the "Notes of the Week" of January 15, was easily the best-informed and most able that I have seen; and having returned from Natal but a few weeks ago, after spending over five years there, I have naturally been anxious to read all that the English papers have to say about the trouble.

This much is certain, that, since the strike commenced, no information has been received from the men's side, and those who find it hard to sympathise with the strikers should wait for communications from them.

But nothing the men could have said would have done as much for their cause as has the action of the Government. The question of Martial Law has been discussed at length in the daily papers, but the extent to which the Government has gone can only be understood by those who know some of the leaders who have been sent to prison.

Mr. Creswell, for instance, the leader of the S.A. Labour Party, is a man whose education and training hardly lead one to expect that he would feel inclined to be "violent" or "disorderly." In fact, during the last strike he was attacked by the extreme Socialists for his moderation. It is as if the British Government, after arresting Larkin, then imprisoned Ramsay MacDonald—though Mr. Creswell might not like the comparison. His arrest will, no doubt, strengthen his position among his supporters.

Mr. Boydell, too, the only Natal Labour M.P., is hardly the man I should have expected the Government to arrest, for I know him well. His sincerity and knowledge of social questions are generally admitted, and he is a regular contributor of Socialist articles to the "Natal Mercury," a leading and anti-Socialist paper. Though an outspoken Socialist he is quite opposed to "shrieking and shooting," and the Government must be foolish indeed to imprison him.

To-day (Tuesday) I see that Messrs. Reyburn and Tilbury (I have corrected the newspapers' spelling) of Durban, are arrested. They are both Labour candidates at the Municipal elections, which will take place in a few weeks' time. Doubtless, the Government's move, in arresting them, will not have the expected effect on the voting—though it may be ruled that their imprisonment debars them from standing for the Town Council. Mr. Tilbury I do not know, but Mr. Reyburn is known to me, and I am convinced that his arrest will do Socialism in Durban a deal of good. He is Assistant Librarian to the Durban Library, is exceedingly well-read, and would be classed as an academic Socialist rather than as an Anarchist.

For the first time in South Africa Socialists of all ranks and species are in one camp—in prison. The South African Government has done what Socialists could not do for themselves—united them.

WILL BLEWETT.

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### ECONOMIC MISCEGENATION OR WHAT?

Sir,—In the concluding paragraph of "Notes of the Week," in your issue of December 4 last, you introduce an excellent phrase, "economic miscegenation," with reference to the now burning question of Indian coolies in South Africa. You explain the phrase as meaning the "intermixture of standards of living, with bastard results." The idea evidently is that, when one country admits from another country people who can afford to sell their labour at a lesser price than its own people can, it is equivalent to forcing its own people to reduce their wages, i.e., cutting short their scale of living, with the necessary danger to national health and vigour. Now, if a country, instead of allowing men to come in, allows articles to be imported and sold at a lower price than similar articles manufactured in the country itself, is there not the same evil of economic miscegenation? In the context in which you have employed the phrase, an alien worker goes into another country and undersells its people. In the example now suggested, he remains at home but sends the products of his labour so to undersell. The effect on both sides is the same—viz., competition prejudicial to the interests of the host. If the first kind of economic miscegenation deserves to be guarded against, is not the latter equally so?

AN INDIAN.



## UNIONS AS GUILDS.

Sir,—From a perusal of the Guild articles I gather that the writers consider that the abolition of the wage system must be preceded by the formation of a guild possessing a complete monopoly of its labour. I would like to suggest that it is unnecessary for a trade union to wait for this consummation before deciding to attack the wage system. Many unions, particularly those that have secured "recognition" by the employers, are already in a sufficiently strong position to demand that the employers shall cease to pay "wages" to the individual members of the union whom they employ, but shall, in lieu thereof, make a periodical payment to the union itself. Even if the employer at first retained his power to dismiss his "hands" at will, and to extract profits from the undertaking as before, such an arrangement would still be of inestimable value to the union concerned, as a first step towards its conversion into a guild. If the union were to make weekly or other periodical payments to its members, irrespective of whether they were in or out of employment, the members would obviously cease to be the slaves of the employer.

FRED MELLOR.

\* \* \*

## THE NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—Now that our articles are about to be published in book-form, permit us to announce in your columns that we shall be happy to receive, and, to the best of our ability, to reply to, questions from your readers on the whole subject. Both the questions and our answers may, at your discretion, be published in your columns, where, indeed, we believe, they most properly belong. Correspondence should be addressed to "Guildsmen," care of THE NEW AGE.

THE GUILD WRITERS.

\* \* \*

## FANATICAL FEMINISTS.

Sir,—I think it must have been on a very imperfect report of an address to the Wallsend Liberal Club that led you to call the speaker "one of the most fanatically suicidal feminists." I enclose you a copy of her address; you will see that she uses the advertisement of the baby-carriage works (to which you also refer) in proof that women's work reduces wages. She pointed out that the London Teachers' Association had, by a two-thirds majority, largely composed of women, voted against "equal pay for equal work."

Had the speaker then gone on to claim that for other reasons women should come into the industrial sphere, at least it could have been said that she had been fair-minded enough to give the deadly economic facts against her; surely it is not the habit of fanatics to present the case for the other side! But, as a matter of fact, the speaker wound up generally in favour of Guild-Socialism, although "no doubt this will still leave the woman more or less subordinate (not parasitic) to man, since he will continue to control the industries outside the home."

"The larger number of women, in all probability, will find their energies and their desires sufficiently satisfied by their more specific feminine work, and I should say this is desirable."

Doubtless to the feminist this may seem a "suicidal utterance," but only does the writer of the "Notes of the Week" so designate it. Are there no fanatical anti-feminists?

True, it is hinted in the address that there are factors other than the purely economic which "may still remain," but the psychological considerations received a bare allusion.

I do not think that you regard the economic question, important as it is to you and to me, as the only one that will require solution in the relationship between man and woman.

M. D. EDER.

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## NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—I have only to say, with reference to Mr. Goodspeed's letter, that the resolution to which he refers as being unanimously carried dealt only with the employment of temporary clerks by the day, and had no reference whatever to any of the other charges made by Mr. Hester. That particular practice has always been recognised by the National Union of Clerks as highly unsatisfactory. It had been adopted to meet special emergencies, and it has already been entirely abandoned so far as the Union is concerned.

This explanation will, I think, make it clear that my letter was a quite accurate reply to Mr. Hester.

FRED HUGHES, Asst. General Secretary.

The National Union of Clerks,  
186-188, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

\* \* \*

## HOW GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS ARE ENRICHED.

Sir,—One morning in 1886, when I was employed as orderly to the Commissary General in Cape Town, the principal clerk called me into his office, and, pointing to three shelves, packed with brown-paper parcels, said: "Orderly, take those parcels, one by one, out into the coal-yard and burn them."

I took down the first package, which appeared to weigh about 28 lbs., and carried it into the centre of the reserve coal-yard. I then set it down and cut the red tape, and discovered to my astonishment that the parcel contained perfectly new, unsoiled, official envelopes.

I at once returned to the office, and told the clerk that he had made a mistake, the contents of the package being quite new.

"Oh, no, orderly!" he replied. "It's all right. They have all got to be burned."

"If that's the case, sir, I wish you would burn them yourself. I don't think it is any part of my duty to destroy such stuff."

"There is no harm in it, I assure you. Let me explain. This morning the store-ship 'Whye' has been signalled coming up the bay, and she has on board a fresh supply of stationery, and this will have to be cleared out to make room for it. It has to be done every quarter. They send me enough stuff at once to supply this office for two years. But if I failed to send my indent to Pall Mall every quarter, asking for a fresh supply, they would simply raise hell, and every mail-boat would bring me letters demanding to know what was wrong with my office? So, like a good fellow, get rid of the stuff."

I carried the packages out, one after the other and burned them. They contained envelopes of all sizes, foolscap and notepaper of all sizes, blacklead pencils and pen-holders by the gross, pen-nibs, and gross packets of red and black ink in powder. And, as long as I was in that office, this burning was a regular quarterly operation.

In addition to the above I had on one occasion what I may call a special bonfire. Amongst the impedimenta which the Government of 1885 inflicted upon the Bechuanaland Expedition, besides Gatling guns that wouldn't shoot and ammunition that wouldn't carry, was the usual stock of unnecessary stationery. This hampering rubbish was first carried six thousand miles by sea to Cape Town, from there to Kimberley by rail, and from Kimberley to Mafeking by bullock wagon, and after Sir Charles Warren had disposed of his business the stuff came back to Cape Town without ever having been touched.

"Now, orderly," said the chief clerk in the Commissary Office, "here's a job for you. Take your time over it, but destroy all this damned stuff."

So for weeks afterwards I was tearing up books, ledgers, a thousand and one different kinds of "forms," and burning the whole lot.

During the time I was engaged in this work of destruction the god who ruled in Pall Mall discovered a discrepancy of 1½d. in the financial statement of our office. For the twelve months that followed this awful discovery, the mere cost of postage on the correspondence which it occasioned and the salaries of the clerks who dealt with the matter must have exceeded the amount in dispute by thousands of times.

In the meantime I had burned probably a hundred pounds' worth of virgin stationery. And the Government contractor who supplied it died a millionaire.

PETER FANNING.

\* \* \*

## "THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—I owe you and your readers an apology for having extended my furlough; but I hope never to need to take a holiday again. Two or three little matters of some importance have boiled over in my absence—one, in particular, with damage, I am afraid. Mr. Laurie Magnus,

M.A. (which I shall be forgiven for translating in this instance as Mainly Asinine), has been accusing THE NEW AGE of anti-Semitism. He brought the charge in the "Jewish World," from which it was copied by the "Jewish Chronicle." On what he bases it he must be at a loss to know, for he confesses that he never reads THE NEW AGE and never has read it. Mr. Joseph Finn has replied, denying the charge, and adducing your editorial reply to Mr. Kitson, which he says was not only "much better written than any apologia written by a Jew," but "smashed into splinters every anti-Semitic argument ever brought against Jewish finance." This, I believe, is true; and I can only suppose that either Mr. Magnus is looking for anti-Semitism, or has mistaken the opinions of some of your contributors and correspondents, even when you have replied to them, as the opinions of THE NEW AGE. I hope there is no worse anti-Semite on THE NEW AGE than Mr. Laurie Magnus.

Another irritating affair is the distortion of Guild Socialism attributed to THE NEW AGE by Mr. Philip Reid in the "New Statesman." That journal of fleas with designs on bureaucratic bugs has naturally published references to Guild Socialism of a misleading character, and Mr. Reid appears to have obliged them. As one of your correspondents pointed out last week, Mr. Reid has taken your expectation and fear of a partnership between the unions and employers as the recommendation and the hope of it. Does the man read, as my old tutor used to say, with his elbows? Unfortunately, Mr. Cole himself appears to have accepted Mr. Reid's suggestio falsi, for in the "New Statesman" he refers to "the long-repudiated suggestion of THE NEW AGE for co-partnership between the unions and the employers." Long-repudiated! It has never been made, except, of course, as a suggestion of what may be anticipated.

The "Clarion" discussion of Guild Socialism, though enlightened by several letters showing some thought on the subject—notably one by Mr. Noble—has degenerated under the influence of that gas-bag, Mr. Fred Henderson, into an attempt to rehabilitate the waning predominance of political action. He even suggests that the Guilds, when formed, should be the electoral bodies of the House of Commons—a case of Syndicalism gone mad. The acting editor, Mr. Thompson, appears through a glass darkly to agree with him.

In the "Scottish Co-operator," the "Sunday Chronicle," and the Manchester "Evening Chronicle" appear references, friendly on the whole, to the ideas associated with THE NEW AGE. The first ("M. K. E.") suggests to the Co-operative Society the co-management of its employees. The second refers to your attack on railway nationalisation, and remarks on your "democratic price of sixpence" and your "catering for the working man who reads Greek, French, and Latin." (As if democratic means penny-cratic, and the working man were not to be taught what he does not know!) The third agrees so far with THE NEW AGE as to admit that "a good deal is to be said" for the admission of the unions to industrial co-management. Finally, for this present, the Melbourne "Book-Lover" publishes a defence of Mrs. Hastings by the Australian novelist, "Sydney Partridge," and at the same time another complaint of the "intemperance" of your reviews. In the next column to this comment, and by the same writer, a book is described in a review as "bestial, offensive, and nasty." If that is temperate in Melbourne, what must sunstroke be?

PRESS-CUTTER.

\* \* \*

#### HARLEY STREET.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter headed "Harley Street" in your issue of January 15. I have got a son at present at Eton who has had a bad knee for two years, and has been unable to play football all this season. He has been seen by three or four medical gentlemen who gave me different opinions as to the advisability of an operation. Till January 4 I had never even heard of Mr. H. A. Barker (though a namesake); I then heard from the parents of another Eton boy how successful he had been with a knee trouble. On January 6 I took my boy to see Mr. Barker, an appointment was made for the following Friday, when I again took him up, and within five minutes of entering the room, including the giving of anaesthetics, the operation was over, the knee going in with a "click," the actual manipulation I should say did not take more than fifteen seconds. On January 15 my boy went to see Mr. Barker, who pronounced his knee quite sound and as good as the other one. He says he may play football in a month's time. I give you these

plain facts, and do not trouble about the professional ethics on either side.

FRED G. BARKER.

\* \* \*

Sir,—May I ask certain of your correspondents an important question: Are they in favour of blacklegism? If they are, may God have mercy upon them! If they are not, let them cease from troubling you and your readers with letters in advertisement of one who is a non-unionist simply because he will not comply with the ordinary conditions of membership of one of the great unions of today. As long as he remains an unqualified medical man, all doctors will justly consider Mr. Barker a quack, and no true guildsman can blame them.

H. F. S.

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#### CURRENT CANT.

Sir,—The compiler of "Current Cant" is surely astray in claiming as prey W. B. Yeats for his dictum that "real artists are not emotional."

Although versatility and novelty of thought and sentiment is a desideratum in all men and women, they no more constitute an essential qualification for an artist than for priest, politician, or fishmonger.

The process of "real" art is the appraisal of the subject chosen over against an imaginary but very rational ideal in the artist's nerve-centred mind. The emotions are certainly not rational, and their intrusion into art produces slipshod and "fashionable" work.

A. C. L.

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#### "ATTA TROLL."

Sir,—The tone of sweet reasonableness now adopted by your reviewer prevails upon me like a wedding-march. It would ill become me not to be moved by it. I will therefore inform him that in a foreword I had written for my translation I *did* venture to explain my incentive, my purpose, and my principles. This foreword, however, in view, partly, of the fact that there were already two prefaces to the frail little shallop of a book—Heine's and Dr. Levy's—I finally decided to omit. Apart from your reviewer, no one appears to have missed it. But since he disposes me to regret my modesty and self-sacrifice, and encourages me to hope that it may prove edifying, at least to him, I shall be quite content to have it appear in THE NEW AGE, if you, sir, deem it of sufficient interest.

Though translations must stand the test, they are not primarily made for persons capable of enjoying the originals. The highest form of translation is re-creation, and this requires a plasticity that is not always possible if a form or measure alien to our language or our ears be retained.

Perhaps I may be permitted gently to point out where your blithe and diligent critic still suffers from some slight impediment in his thought.

I did not "fail" to reproduce the original metre—by no means a difficult matter—I merely thought it wise to modify it a little. All poems with "that particular movement" must, perforce, produce that particular effect—rhythmically.

It cannot be said that I have "not succeeded in following the movement of the original," since my deliberate purpose was not to follow it.

Not because he had the "outrageous impudence to differ" from me did I charge my critic with "bumptiousness."

The outrageous impudence and the bumptiousness were due to the manner, rather than the matter. I need not refer him to the last line of the review with which he sought to dismiss into airy nothingness a work which to me has been something of a labour of love, and which has met with serious consideration from both English and German critics.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

\* \* \*

Sir,—As I do not know German, I should very much like to ask your reviewer a question. Matthew Arnold speaks of Heine as "covering himself and the universe with the red fire of his sinister mockery" ("Essays in Criticism," First Series). Now, what I want to know is, what has become of this "red fire" in Mr. Scheffauer's translation? The mockery is there, but I should not

care to call it sinister. Who is wrong? Mr. Scheffauer or Matthew Arnold! And is Mr. Scheffauer wrong because he has altered Heine's rhythm, or because he is not a born translator—or for both reasons?

J. A. M. A.

\* \* \*

#### BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—Who are your anonymous contributors? I am sorry they don't like my name. I like it. My name, however, is my business, and I am pleased to say it is well known in the world of music, as my works are both many and varied, as all the world knows. However, at last I see where I have made a mistake. Mr. Evans is the judge we have been looking for! He knows how music ought to be written, along with other scribes of his kidney; but he cannot, poor dear, write a bar of it himself. But I now see clearly I am mistaken, and after this year I shall push no more native music; let be what may, I shall cheek and jowl with quasi-musical maniacs and stand for the classics! Although my subscription list this year is better than ever for my concerts (I grumble to some purpose!), for our beastly and uninteresting music, I shall leave it. I cannot afford to upset Mr. Evans. Will he and his like not be ready for me again when my next opera comes on? How I fear him! What know we of "European culture"! Good heavens, nothing at all! We are lost! What knew Beethoven or Bach of European culture, I wonder? Stiffing as it may be to this fiery City critic, I must tell him that I do not in the very least grumble at the recognition my works have had, and are having at present. I am happy to say I am a fortunate composer, as, indeed, I ought to be, for my works are very fine! They are worth all the trouble you have to take over them—if you have intelligence! I do expose the gross injustices which abound in England against our music, however, and which he does not attempt to deny. Our composers' works for orchestra are written, and would stand honourably alongside Strauss and other moderns, but they are never played sufficiently. But who, in Heaven's name, is Mr. Edwin Evans? That I played some of his father's music many years ago I know, and that I then had the warm appreciation of Mr. Evans I also know, but neither of these facts proves Mr. Evans a musician, and, indeed, he is not and never will be a musician, or, indeed, any authority on music. That he writes on music is a grievance we have long suffered, as in other unbalanced minds; but it would have been better for him to have clung to his business in the City and heard music which he favours, which preferably, knowing Mr. Evans's shallow mind, should be modern Russian or modern French, which is just now more in fashion. He understands no music whatever. Some day, when all our rotten musicians are gone, and some fairness is about in the land, this question, no doubt, will be revived to some profit; but it is discouraging to be told that your music is no good, and that the public have found this out (who have never heard it), and that they rightly refuse to listen to it! Mr. Evans must cultivate his sense of humour still more and more (for it never was any point of his to boast of), see Mr. A. E. Baughan at once, and consider what they can do to extinguish any native effort they are in danger of being confronted with, finally and ruthlessly. We have had enough of this canting on "British music." It is high time we had a few more paragraphs written by these gentlemen, like the infamous notices they wrote on my "Children of Don" drama. A few more better-judged kicks and bludgeon strokes on any efforts of this kind should prove valuable and effective, although I am sorry my drama was not performed for three months, instead of three nights, as I am nearly sure Mr. Evans would have got quite fond of it! I pray this gentleman to trim his beard and make some more heavy speeches on Russian music, like his Drury Lane effort, what time he is giving his small amount of knowledge to encourage a "British Society of Composers." It is one of the good signs that this society did not flourish, for all the composers in this country are not as Mr. Evans paints them. I await Mr. Evans's foam on the latest craze from abroad—Mr. Schonberg—for by such means alone can he hope to flourish in Old England. Let him not get messed up with British music or his father's music, but let him hit out, right and left, while he can, for the real thing, *from abroad*. That he has the impudence to pretend to such authority is typical of him. I beg him not to come to performances of any British music with a mind clouded with the fungus of the Jewish-ap-German-ap-French-ap-Hungarian - ap - Russian music, but to stay away, and go with the mob, who are mostly

with him in their knowledge and their attitude to their own music.

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

\* \* \*

#### ART.

Sir,—Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Roger Fry, by their mutual admiration of each other's painting, prove themselves the former a bad, the latter a good, critic. It is a beautiful sight, when there is so much discord among us, to see the lion and the lamb lying down together. Mr. Sickert is unfortunate in helping Mr. Fry to destroy the only deserved reputation he (Mr. Fry) ever possessed.

HAROLD GILMAN.

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#### WHILE OR WILE.

Sir,—The real question seems to me rather different from that which your correspondents are considering. The source of the *h* in *while* is one difficult point.

In German, *weile* (which we spell *while*) means *time*, and *weilen* is to *pass time*, *tarry*, *loiter*, etc. So here is fair reason to spell the word under consideration *wile*. But if we have decided to spell *weile* *while*, there is equally good reason for spelling our word *while*.

On the other hand, the German for "while away," is "verscheuchen," to scare away with a scarecrow, to make "shy," which suggests the idea connected with *wile*, which meant apparently to do a magic on.

My recollection is that, when I used to play poker, we said that "someone was shy," meaning that he had failed to put into the pool, that he had made himself *scarce*, not that he was timid. So the trail looks rather mixed at present.

M. B. OXON.

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#### MODERN SCULPTURE.

Sir,—Thank you for finding room for my letter. The Servian's name is, however, Ivan Mestrovic. Possibly, my bad writing was responsible for the slip.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

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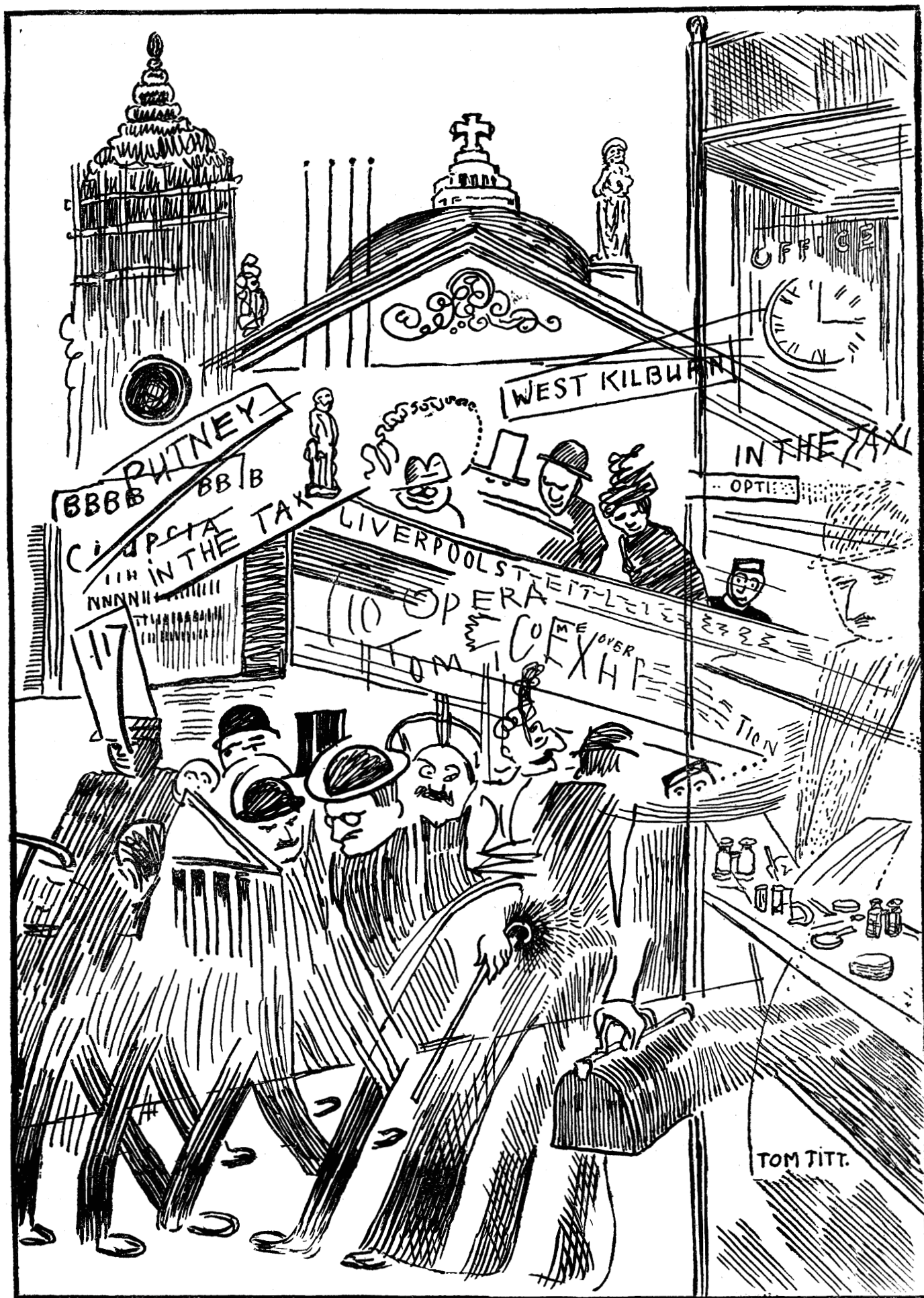
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