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we hope that the single end to which all this is made to aim may be the withdrawal by the South African Government of the deportation orders and the re-establishment of the rights of common Imperial law. Nothing less than the return of the deported men in honour can satisfy the plain demands of the situation. We care nothing whether the meetings they address are enthusiastic, crowded or angry. We care nothing whether lip-sympathy by the backfist is poured out by politicians and the Press. The test of it all will be the actual fact of procuring their return; and unless this is accomplished, we may as well put up the shutters of Empire and reconcile ourselves to becoming merely the least regarded of our own Dominions.

While by no means disposed to wish it were not otherwise, we cannot agree that the recent by-elections have any great significance for the Government. In one of the three elections the Unionist majority was actually reduced; and in the remaining two the anti-Unionist if not pro-Liberal vote was maintained, even if it was not increased. There is nothing in this to give the Government pause in their main programme, but on the contrary there is everything to encourage them in it so far as it goes. Of the three elections the Home Rule Bill was thrown upon the Government. On the subject of Home Rule in particular, for the life of us we cannot conceive how any member of the Government can mistake the feeling of the country. It may be true, and it is true, that a display of surface anxiety to the agitation exists; but of any deeper feeling, and above all, of any popular feeling, against Home Rule there is no evidence whatever. But if this is the case, the course for the Government, we should have thought, is clear; it is, in Mr. Redmond's words, "full steam ahead."

We do not believe it; and still less shall we believe it when Mr. Asquith has made the statement we expect of him. That statement, we believe, will repeat in large the programme agreed upon at the Conference of 1912; and since it will then be apparent that Home Rule for Ireland is a precedent condition of Federalism for the Empire, the onus of resisting much more than Home Rule will be thrown upon Ulster.

But even if it be assumed that the Federal solution may never appear or not appear publicly at this juncture, the various tentative measures of Home Rule are none the more acceptable. As they so far show themselves, they are the exclusion of Ulster, in whole or part, from the Bill, and a General Election. But the exclusion of Ulster is not only equivalent to an abandonment of the Home Rule Act, which might as well be killed outright as mutilated beyond recognition; but it is also impossible for a good dozen of reasons, the least of which is that neither Irish Unionism nor Irish Nationalism will accept it. What is the use, we ask, of continuing, as the "Spectator" and other journals do, advocating this course and pretending that it will bring a settlement, when they know that it is impossible? Even more inconsiderate (or shall we say naively cunning?) is the proposal to throw the question into the arena of a General Election. The Unionists are no more than the Liberais so obsequious to electoral opinion that they are anxious to consult it, or disposed to abide by it. On the other hand, they have nothing to lose by a General Election, and perhaps something to gain; for who knows what might arise in the course of such a saturnalia? But why should the Government oblige them? The Home Rule Bill has been as much before the country as any other Bill ever passed; twice in close succession the Government has been returned upon it; no evidence of a by-election, public meeting or any other popular means of expression, exists to prove any change of popular opinion on the subject—why, therefore, consult the auguries again? The Election would not and could not be fought on the issue of Home Rule—for the simple reason that an issue cannot be made of it. Look how the Unionists at South Bucks, Bethnal Green and Poplar vainly strove to keep Home Rule Bill. In the right or wrong of it not at mere by-elections, the party would succeed even worse at a General Election. And consider the effect, too, of a General Election on the past three or four years' constitutional legislation of the Liberal Party. As everybody knows, Home Rule is and has always been held to be the key that will lock the door on the recent "reform" of the House of Lords. Can it be risked for nothing at an unnecessary General Election without ruining Liberalism and the Liberal Party? It cannot.

It will be said that in this event we must prepare for civil war. First, on whose authority and with what evidence are we to believe this? On the authority of Sir Edward Carson and on the evidence of the Unionist newspapers. Neither, we confess, is likely to impress the people of this country. Secondly, it is contrary to all the traditions if a threat of this kind is going to change England's mind. What, in fact, have the Unionists been telling the Labour movement all this time if not that threats are useless against England and merely put up the public's back? But if threats are provocative of public resistance in Labour matters they are equally so in other matters; of which Ulster is one. We do believe, however, that if the threats of Ulster's resistance have served more to steady than to flutter opinion in England. Thirdly, the Unionists must take us all to be fools if they think they can make either Ulster's resistance more or less formidable than with Ulster consistent. To the best English judgment, we can divine, the attitude of Ulster appears to be, at best, that of dog-in-the-manger, and, at worst, that of bullying threatened with the loss of a victim; and, in the same judgment, the inconsistency of Ulsterism provoking and supporting Ulster while simultaneously provoking and supporting Botha, is not only obvious, but scandalous. Are the English wrong everywhere according to Unionist principles? Wrong in defending their rights against the Boers, wrong in pointing their rights on Orange men? Fourthly, we have not so poor an opinion of Mr. Asquith that we can credit him with surrender to what, after all, may prove to be a turnip-headed bogey. Nor, we are certain, would anybody respect him for it. The country by every means at its disposal has urged him to stand fast; his Party expects steadfastness of him; and we are pretty sure that contempt is all he would get from both the Unionists and Ulster if he were to give way. It is not, we repeat, in the English character to abandon or even give a statement who, having put his foot down firmly, takes it up again for no better reason than threats. His very enemies would not forgive it! We therefore conclude that Mr. Asquith, being English whatever else he may not be, has no intention of risking either the whole or any vital part of the Home Rule Bill.
Act was the predominant topic of discussion at the recent by-elections, for instance. Who, in fact, could deny it, since in the two London constituencies, at any rate, each of the Unionist candidates was compelled by his audiences to substitute the Insurance Act for Home Rule as his chief plank? That is, if we should convince both parties alike that there is no escape from the subject within the next few months or within the next few years. The “Times” wrote that “the Insurance Act was one of the chief causes” of the defeat of Mr. Masterman at Bethnal Green; and Mr. Masterman himself, the step-father of the Act, admitted explicitly that the election was fought and won on the Act. Mr. Balfour was even wider in his sweep as well as more honest in his concession; for in London City on Wednesday he sorrowfully confessed that the Home Rule Bill had been “eclipsed by discussions of the Insurance Act.” Will anybody after this have the me- dacity or the impertinence to claim that the Insurance Act can stand as it is or with only minor amendments? Any impudent lying is possible in politics but we can deny it, since in the two London constituencies, at any rate, each of the Unionist candidates was compelled by his audiences to substitute the Insurance Act for Home Rule as his chief plank.

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party system depends upon party funds and the efficacy of these depends upon their secrecy. Thirdly, imagine the position of an authority, like that of the Government, with two hundred million pounds to spend annually—how is it possible to escape bribery, corruption, favouritism, and all the other vices associated with an almost irresponsible patronage. And in these pickings, every public body is a little like the Lords—unwilling to be approached with a demand when they see that the State is the prey of the working classes; and, like the Lords, it shares to the utmost of its pull. After that, can anybody believe that the Lords will proceed to the bottom? Will they even plumb a single mystery of Party funds? In the debate on Thursday, Lord Lansdowne did, it is true, hint at an investigation in this direction. A mysterious sum of seventy thousand pounds suddenly appearing from nowhere and materialising in the Liberal coffers was mentioned. But Lord Crewe was in no way permitted as an investigating man. Certainly; but it must apply to both parties! Nothing more, we are afraid, will be heard on that subject; and the “New Witness” must be content to lick its chops round the party sides.

* * *

At the Law Society on Friday Lord Haldane delivered a speech from which the following passage is taken. After remarking the universality of industrial unrest, he went on:

They had got to reckon with it. They were dealing with a majority, with a people, the rights of whose cause they could not deny. With the trade union, with the working classes, there was to see that the change came peacefully and quickly and in such a fashion that it would make for the well-being of the State and not to its detriment. The disturbances of which they had read in South Africa and in Australia and New Zealand...were signs of unrest. These were not things that could be repressed, and they must go to the deep root cause. They had to endeavour to bring about a sense of the absolute necessity of the solidarity of conscience between the workmen and employers of both sides. It counted great. Employers would have to recognise the position of the workmen, and the workmen would have to recognise that they had to be more conscientious. They must get as much as they could in wages. These problems were becoming more and more acute. It was the business of Ministers now to think about these things and to provide for them. If any man could think out completely and adequately that problem of the future, and other problems cognate to it, and make a substantial contribution to progress along the path which must be followed by those who succeeded him, he would deserve well of his country. (‘The Times’ Report, February 2.)

* * *

Now is this all blather, or does Lord Haldane mean what he says? For if he means what he says, we are disposed to regard as the most serious interrogation addressed by a leading public man to his age. What, in effect, are Lord Haldane’s propositions? That the labour unrest is now become a permanent phenomenon of modern society, and offers a problem that cannot be suppressed by force, but must sooner or later be solved by intelligence. That it is desirable the solution should be by peaceful means. That it can only be solved by the joint action of employers and workmen. That it is the business of business-minded men to face the problem and to offer or discuss their attempted solutions of it.

* * *

With all these propositions, save the third, we are, of course, in agreement. They are, in fact, our case. But how does the matter stand with the two classes to whom Lord Haldane makes appeal—the employing and the working classes? If the rightness of the cause of the working classes is acknowledged, what is their error that they should be kicked down every occasion they demand admission to an equal status with their masters? But it is just that privilege, it is contended, that they do not demand, for admission to equal status with the directors of industry would involve not only the appearance of dropping the substance of wage-demands for the shadow, as it seems, of status—but the assumption of equal responsibility in the direction and production of industry. There is, as our readers are aware, a good deal in this reply, and we will not minimise it. For it is true that the organised workmen of the Trade Unions, presumably the pick of the proletariat, are as yet content to crawl servilely on their hands and knees and scramble on the crumbs that the Capital or Society withheld its hand from the uttermost Masters’ Table. At the same time, however, it ought to be admitted that the other classes seem well content to see them do it. But on the assumption that the spectacle is too odious, let us, as with the Lords, appeal to the best of the workmen themselves, one of disgust and humiliation, how comes it that, except on expansive or academic occasions, men like Lord Haldane never offer their advice or mingle their appeals and remonstrances with those, for example, of the Employers’ Parliamentary Council?—to do what? To instruct the Trade Union movement in the art of making respectable and national demands; to invite its co-operation in solving the problem of industrial unrest? No, to curb, if you please, the aggression of trade unions, encouraged, as it is supposed to be, by the Trades Disputes Act! That is the Employers’ answer to Lord Haldane; we do not know that it is not the right measure of his sincerity!
Current Cant.

"The votelessness of women is, at the present moment, tantamount to a rapidly spreading Socialism from one end of Great Britain to the other."—Beatrix Webb.

"Gas is the lazy woman's friend."—Councillor Fowler.

"How stupid are the degenerate Tories who call Lloyd George a demagogue."—Harold Begbie.

"Mr. Lloyd George is, if you like, a demagogue."—Harold Begbie.

"There is no sign of hysteria in the Government . . . years of office have not diminished their energy. . . They have at their heads the greatest Parliamentarian of the age. . . ."—"The Star."

"The establishment of poetry societies has something to do with this popular impulse towards verse."—"The Book Monthly."

"Strong man that he is, General Botha has been severely put to the test. . . ."—"World's Work."

"The idea is universal in England that women exist for men."—Canon Green.

"The corrupt journalists are happily few, the corrupt organs of the Press happily fewer, and those who are concerned with journalism know them all."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Man's vast concern for man, the love of his neighbour, the commandment of brotherhood, the care for children, the beauty of the home, the fraternity of nations . . . this social idea is uniquely exemplified in a great force to-day."

—Warren S. Archibald in the "Harvard Review."

"Mr. Granville Barker finds the heart of Shakespeare in the highest poetry, and he finds the heart of the play there, too."—C. P. Purdon in "Everyman."

"One generation alone suffices to mark a notable change in the Bishops of St. James's Square. The wave of mysticism now sweeping the country was a thing unheard of by the Victorian ecclesiastics."—"The Sketch."

"The more British films for British people the better."—George R. Sims.

"The Church is becoming more human."—The Bishop of London.

"Why should not men in this country wear stays, use scent, or bedeck themselves with bangles and jewellery?"—"Daily Mirror."

"When the King went to school. He did, you know, once upon a time, just like an ordinary boy."—"Home Notes."

"The Labour Party will be again fighting on its own distinctive ground to-morrow."—"Daily Citizen."

"Poetry . . .; 'Bill the Dreamer.'"—"The Spectator."

"The theme of this story is a strange one handled with the consummate skill one expects from so clever a writer as Gouverneur Morris. . . . The story will stimulate your interest. It is quite different from anything Mr. Morris has previously written."—"Nash's Magazine."

"We hope rebels of every kind will now get to work, and make the crowd in Hyde Park a record one. Keir Hardie has wired that it is impossible for him to attend."—"Daily Herald," Thursday, February 12.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Readers of this journal will no doubt remember that I have from the first taken a very grave view of the attitude adopted by the United States towards the Mexican rebels. It was, as I have repeatedly pointed out, exceedingly unwise for President Wilson to refuse to recognise the de facto Government of General Huerta. If the matter must be summed up in blunt terms, Mexico has for generations been governed by scandrels, and one set of them is as bad as another. The few points in Huerta’s favour were that he was actually in possession, that the army was on his side, that he was maintaining a sort of order which, although rough and ready, was adequate for the protection of the lives and property of natives and foreigners, that under his regime the country was becoming fairly orderly—not so orderly as it was under Porfirio Diaz, but more orderly than it had been under Madero—and that, above all, the new President Huerta had the approval of the British Foreign Office.

It was precisely because of this latter fact, and not because of any humanitarian motives, that President Wilson, or, rather, the financial interests which dominate the Democratic Party in the United States, refused to recognise General Huerta’s Provisional Government. The immediate result was a state of anarchy in those provinces of Mexico which were out of touch with the capital and under the influence of anti-Huerta local interests. This disaffection was carefully fostered by the American financial corporations, which feared that the new President would not lavish concessions upon them as his predecessor, General Madero, had done; and, indeed, their fears were thoroughly justified. Then came the definite formation of one rebel army after another, culminating in the organisation of a formidable force under General Carranza and General Villa. The United States, it will be remembered, violated all international law by publicly assisting the rebels in their fight against the established Government—for Derby Huerta Government, although only provisional, was at any rate constitutional.

The United States, however, did much more than merely interfere for the benefit of the rebels. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan both stated in public speeches that no European Power would be permitted to take any part in the pacification of Mexico, that the United States would hold herself responsible for the lives and property of foreigners, and that any attempt at interference from our side of the Atlantic, or from Japan, would be repented. A protest was even made when a few British bluejackets were landed six or seven weeks ago for the purpose of preserving order on the border of British Honduras. All the authorities in Mexico declared at the time that the American attitude was thoroughly unsatisfactory, that the United States had no army powerful enough to quell the forces of either side, and that in all probability any dispatch of American troops across the border would result in a combination of the Mexican troops under General Huerta and General Villa for the purpose of repelling the invader.

These warnings were unheeded—I have in previous numbers of The New Age mentioned the small knowledge of foreign countries and of foreign affairs possessed even by the permanent officials in Washington. What was feared has now happened. After many indefinite cases had been reported, a telegram, received just a few hours before I began to write this article, announces the murder of a British subject by the forces of the rebel General Villa. The British subject in question is a Scotch rancher of considerable wealth named W. S. Benton; and at the same time a German American was “arrested,” to be subjected, no doubt, to the tender charity of General Villa’s martial law officers.
The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

V. Germany and Egypt.

The rumours that were rife in Cairo concerning Germany's desperate activity in the near East gave me encouragement to attempt something. Realising that commerce and finance were the backbone of modern politics, I aimed at inducing Germany to invest German capital in Egypt. This was the more necessary because the financial crisis of 1907 that followed the retirement of Lord Cromer from Egypt was understood to be a form of punishment to the Egyptians for spreading Anglophobia; and thereupon the English banking house decided to curtail its Egyptian markets. According to those ideas I sent the following proposals to the German Consul-General.

(1) It has been noticed that while some members of the Reichstag write letters (and articles) in support of Egyptian interests, and that 25 per cent. of the whole population is descended from German-speaking parents. I prefer to judge the attitude of the United States towards this country by the action of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, considered, this is, in a long period of years. If a history of this Committee for the last fifty years could be written there might, perhaps, be some change in our view of those alleged "cousins" of ours. For myself, I disavow the relationship.

* * *

The problem of the Panama Tolls, it will be seen, remains unsolved. Dr. Wilson is endeavouring to secure the repeal of the objectionable clause; but the financial interests are opposing him. It would not surprise me to find that, in consequence of the peace celebrations, some compromise was arrived at; and the tolls question may be conveniently shelved for the time being. There is no doubt in the minds of American shipowners, however, that the ultimate solution of the question will be in the hands of the United States over Mexico, and it was assumed that reasonable assurances had been conveyed to the authorities responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs at Washington.

* * *

I am not concerned, of course, with the peace centenary and similar futile celebrations. It is not well known in this country that only half the present population of the United States are of English descent, and that 25 per cent. of the whole population is descended from German-speaking parents. I prefer to judge the attitude of the United States towards this country by the action of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, considered, this is, in a long period of years. If a history of this Committee for the last fifty years could be written there might, perhaps, be some change in our view of those alleged "cousins" of ours. For myself, I disavow the relationship.

* * *

Our possible co-operation with Germany in the Caribbean does not detract from the importance of Admiral von Tirpitz's speech in the Reichstag on Friday last. His statements with regard to German naval vessels in foreign waters, and his reminder that the number of foreign service ships provided for by the Navy Law has not yet been attained, deserves close attention. The words, "We must have stronger representation abroad," do not foreshadow any great reduction in our Naval Estimates in the next few years.
It is now an open secret that on November 11, 1909, a German paper called the "Egyptian Lloyd" was started, and was replaced by "Egyptian Nachrichten"; also that a German news agency has virtually been established called "Nouvelle Egyptiane." As regards the last proposal, i.e., the material assistance for the financial crisis, it will be remembered that the first Bank was the first firm that brought £3,000,000, and that the other banking houses were obliged to follow suit.

To all intents and purposes, nothing was in the way of securing German co-operation except Kiamel Pasha. For my own part, I had practically no useful knowledge of international affairs beyond what I learned from Mr. W. Blunt's book, "Secret History of the Egyptian Occupation of Egypt," which convinced me that England was the source of every evil not only in Egypt, but throughout the East and the Islamic world. Rightly or wrongly, I gathered that England purposely aimed at the destruction of the national independence of Muslim countries; and that she did so by intrigues which my nature could not stand at that time. For Mr. Blunt has said in his book that he approached Ibn Rasheed, the Prince of Nijd, with the idea of establishing an Arab Caliphate, for which Ameer Syed Abdul-Kader (who kept fighting against France in Algeria for some years) was a mere sham; and that the attempt to wrest the Caliphate from the Turks, which attempt would in all probability be supported, if not inspired, by foreign influence, would inevitably result in the weakening, perhaps the final ruin, of the only surviving independent Mohamedan state. With that principle in mind, I wrote my famous pamphlet, in Arabic, called "The Islamic Caliphate and the Ottoman Empire," and eventually got it reproduced in various papers, even in "Al-Manar," whose editor, as previously stated, was understood to be working in favour of an Arab Caliphate.

But I should point out, in the first place, that I do not believe in Pan-Islamism in the sense conveyed by that term in Europe, i.e., to conduct or announce a Holy War against Christendom. The idea, besides being an absolute sham, is detrimental to both Islam and progress, and is only meant to manifest the sympathy with and good wishes reciprocated among weak Mohamedan countries. In the second place, as an Egyptian and a Turkish subject, I see the emancipation of my country on progressive lines, I realise, to the fullest extent, that it is to the interest of my own country that Turkey should revive and be strong. In holding this view, I am not to be understood to mean that I wish to see the Turkish supremacy in Egypt; for this is absolutely a question of the past. Only those who have the slightest knowledge of modern politics fully realise that the fate of a nation depends more or less on the fate of other nations, and that the destiny of the greatest nation may be considerably affected by the destiny of the smallest nation. And to give the reader a proof of the case of my country, I state that I believe that if Turkey had been stronger than she was in the last generation, Egypt had been able to save her best and her utmost to prepare Egypt for self-government, and to defend itself against any foreign comer. I remember that when I advocated the return of the late Kiamel Pasha to power in the spring of 1912, I made suggestions in my article, "Egyptian and Egypt," to solve the Grand Egyptian Question by an Anglo-Turkish entente, or alliance, the "Egyptian Gazette," realising the weakness of Turkey, refused to publish my article; as also did the "Egyptian Mail," despite the fact that Kiamel Pasha was then in power.

Concerning Denshawai.

MR. ALI FAHMI MOHAMED, in whose narrative and opinions, as expressing the Egyptian mind, I am much interested, writes, in your issue of the 19th inst.: "The Egyptians were punished for their ingratitude in the Denshawai (i.e., Denshawa) incident. It was a mere unfortunate episode and sucking many others to various terms of penal servitude and flogging, for the nominal cause that an English officer, a certain Captain Bull, died of sunstroke after having been beaten by the unfortunate villagers whose pigeons he tried to shoot without permission." This statement contains a number of inaccuracies. For one thing, the judgment on the Denshawa prisoners was designed as a deterrent, not a punishment. And the cause was not exactly as alleged by Ali Fehmi Efendi, who has got hold of the Nationalist legend. Here are some of the facts:

It was the custom for the Mounted Infantry stationed in Cairo, when they moved to summer quarters at Alexandria, to march down the country, camping by the way. In pursuance of this custom, on June 13, 1906, they were encamped on the right bank of the Bâbâgirîeh Canal, six miles from the pigeon village of Denshawai. It had been arranged a few years before for the officers to spend an afternoon shooting pigeons in the neighbourhood of that village. On this occasion they did so at the express invitation of a certain notable (a great friend of the Khedive, at that time) who had been asked by the officers to spend an afternoon shooting pigeons in the village. This notable they supposed to be the landlord of Denshawai. As a matter of fact, he had no connection with the place. The drivers, when the officers regained the carriages, flying from the murderous attack of the fellahin, would not drive off once, as they could easily have done, but let the officers be dragged out again and beaten. The signal for the attack upon the four British officers was the firing of the thrashing-floors. The villagers afterwards declared to have resulted from the gunfire of the officers, though these were posted at distances of from 100 to 150 yards from the said thrashing-floors. Everyone who examined the actual scene must know that this contention of the fellahin was far from plausible.

Before the Mounted Infantry left Cairo the authorities had reason to suspect that some assault or insult was intended to the British officers on their march to Alexandria. The Director of Public Security had been seized with a fear that the fellahin might prevent the officers from being shown to be heat apoplexy and concussion. But there was an aspect of the case which could not, from the nature of the evidence and the personalities involved, be emphasised or published officially. It has thus been allowed to pass for granted that the Denshawai affair was unpremeditated. I am certain it was nothing of the kind. The villagers, in fact, admitted having said, after the officers had shown them the previous year that they would stand no more of it. But that is not what I mean. They alleged that they had told their omdeh (headman) to complain to the authorities. No such complaint was made, and it does not seem likely that an omdeh, who is responsible for the good conduct of his village, confronted with the prospect of so great a
scandal, would have neglected to warn the authorities immediately. The lech of Denshawal went off to do so (as he said) upon the very day the officers arrived to shoot the pigeons!

If I remember rightly, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the introduction to "The Bull's Other Island," seems to think that people who keep pigeons must of necessity be mild and amiable; the pigeons are brought in to crown a picture of idyllic innocence. The fact is that the people of a pigeon-village do not plant much corn, and what little they do plant they guard with loving care, with the result that they are cursed by their immediate neighbours, whom they sell the grain from the towers in season, as it might be, to repair the damage done to neighboring crops. They are the most turbulent among Egyptian villagers, having to protect their pigeons and themselves from angry farmers. Denshawai was, therefore, just the place where any outrage, if intended, could most easily have been arranged. When the news of the assault reached Cairo steps were taken instantly to secure the punishment of the assailants. That punishment, awarded by a Special Court (the legal remedy provided for attacks on the Army of Occupation) was extraordinarily severe, but not excessive, when one considers that the British officers assaulted were in uniform.

Now, for a section of the British public, an officer in uniform is an object of disgust and ridicule; he is a prima facie nothing but a smooth, offensive blockhead; and all misfortunes which may overtake him are no more than his deserts. The very sight of him is as irritating to some people as a red rag to a bull. Their country's flag has just the same effect on certain people. It is natural that it should be so at the peaceful, rotting centre of an empire, where the flag and uniform seem flaunted vanities without significance, mere trappings of the cant of patriotism. Yet cant is but the empty form of words which once held faith, and still may hold it somewhere, for some people; and there are regions outside England where the Union Jack and the King's uniform are not the empty show they seem at home.

When Izzet Pasha, one of the late Sultan's favourites, was flying from the anger of the populace, he went on board a British merchant steamer at Constantinople, which did not start for several hours. A howling mob was after him. Soldiers in boats were all around the ship, waiting for the order for his extradition which was expected. He and his friends, having to make the best of the situation, had just been literally torn to pieces in the streets of Broussa. There was absolutely nothing between him and a most ghastly death except the little Union Jack. He got away. A scoundrel's life was saved in that manner. Henceforward, any attempt to deface the flag in those countries have escaped oppression, thanks to foreign flags. It is the best thing that the Powers have done in Eastern lands thus to provide a sanctuary. I have seen an Englishman, in a Syrian village, with no other weapon but a Union Jack held up before him with both hands, walk coolly in between a crowd of angry, well-armed men and their intended victims, thus preserving a whole family. I knew a man, a French Alsatian, on the Balawda, in the south of Palestine, who, with a whole tribe bent on killing him, lived for a week in safety in a cave across the mouth of which was stretched the tricolour. His foes, who would have killed him personally as one kills a rat, were every one of them afraid to touch the flag.

The Army of Occupation stands for English rule in Egypt; and English rule in Egypt stood at that time for things which did not yet exist in neighbouring lands—things like religious toleration, person security and some attempt at even-handed justice. The uniform of ruling Powers throughout the East was the same quasi-religious sanctity as has the flag; and its prestige is guarded just as jealously. Thus, though English people here at home may think an officer in uniform of no account, a murderous attack on one no more men-

It has been claimed that the attack upon the officers was a purely local matter, possessing no more political significance than has a quarrel between private individuals. Those who would risk such an assertion can have little knowledge of the state of Egypt at that time. The instant it was known that a Liberal Government prevailed in England, Egypt began to show signs of unrest to those who held the reins of government. It is a simple question of demand and supply. If you are a person in authority the Oriental public man only seeks to know what you require in order to provide it eagerly. It was known that English Liberal Governments demand Nationalist movements; so a Nationalist movement was at once inaugurated—or, rather, in this case revived—with the Khedive behind it. This movement was reactionary, as resplendent from English rule in proportion as that rule had been progressive. While the Young Turks looked to Egypt as a model country, and found a refuge there from foul oppression, the Young Egyptians idolised the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, signed for reaction in Turkey as for an ideal State, and were anxious to deliver Western political refugees from Turkey to the tender mercies of the tyrant. Opportunity is a great incentive in the East. It rouses men from lethargy to lively efforts. The advent of a Liberal Government to power in England seemed marked an interesting opportunity to drive Egypt to shake loose the English yoke. The Akaba incident, when Egypt (through the English) very nearly came to war with Turkey, vexed the public conscience. That such a juncture could arise seemed rankly im-
pious. Incendiary sermons were uttered in England; reaction ary doctrines everywhere found favour; it was murmured that to kill a Christian was no crime at all, or, if a crime at all, a very small one. I was once privileged to hear an argument on this that was after Denshawai, and so conducted in a tone of grievance, not of menace—as to the exact value of a Christian's life as compared with a Mohammedan's. One man declared it was about a quarter, that therefore a Mohammedan would have to kill four Christians before he could with justice be proclaimed a murderer. Another said it depended on the sort of Christians, whether they were friendly to Mohammedans or the reverse. In the former case their worth might be one-half a Moslem, or even, here and there, one Christian. It is not too much to say that the uniform of the British Army of Occupation stood at that time for the personal security of every Christian in Egypt. If that uniform had been violently insulted it would have been infinitely more horrible than was the punishment of Denshawai. The position was not understood in England. LORD CRUMMER (in his Guildhall speech, to "govern Egypt or get out," and was obeyed. It is to that period during which the English ceased to "govern" Egypt, handing back official patronage to the Khedive, that most of the abuses of which Ali Pehmi Efendi complains must be ascribed. And the policy of that period was due entirely to a misunderstanding of the significance of the Denshawai affair.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
Protestant Leaders of Catholic Ireland.

There is, to my mind, no more singular paradox in the whole course of Anglo-Irish history than that Protestantism should be associated with resistance to a movement which, by the force of fate which rules over a country where, as Professor Mahaffy once put it, the impossible is always taking place and the inevitable never comes to pass, has been founded, inspired and championed almost entirely by Protestants.

It is a fact probably little known and certainly little appreciated, but it is one which has a vast significance in the present crisis. Home Rule, indeed, far from being the death-blow to Protestantism, may be really its first proper chance; for, speaking in terms of temperament, the psychology of Home Rule is the psychology of Protestantism. Protestantism is, in fact, the Nationalism of Religion, and, as I have endeavoured to point out in my latest volume, "The New Birth of Ireland," nowhere is there such a strong parallel to the revolt of Ireland against the bureaucratic regime of Imperialism than in the revolt of England against the clerical domination of Rome; and that is why, to my mind, Catholic anti-Horse Rulers like the Duke of Norfolk, and Protestant Home Rulers like Stephen Gwynn, are in a much more logical position than Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond. Indeed, the day may come—for the Irish are a quick-thinking race—when in the place of protest the Protestant clergyman and the Protestant Home Ruler may once more be associated with a progressive democracy and the Catholic leader may become the champion of the clerical Conservatism which underlies all the reforming spirit of the Celt.

The connection between Protestantism and Home Rule, indeed, is something far more deep than the superficiality of mere verbal paradox. In the first place, it was the Catholic clergy who, hoodwinked by Pitt it is true, but none the less effectively by their pastoralas denouncing the stern Protestant Republicanism of the North—were described as "evil and impious men" bidding their flocks vote for a union which would place them in the hands of "the most enlightened of assemblies"—while, of course, everyone has heard of Lord Randolph Churchill's famous admission that it has always been the policy of Conservatism to rule through clericalism.

It literally strikes one in the eye, however, as the French say, when one comes to analyse the list of great Nationalist leaders and patriotic reformers to see with what uniformity it is that the Catholic masses are, politically speaking, always led by the Protestant classes. True, O'Connell stands out as the great exception to the rule, but it is only on first thoughts, for no one did more to turn the democratic into a clerical movement than did the so-called "Liberator." But it is worth while to view this uniformity in order to appreciate its full significance and try to gauge the prospects of the newer faith in a land which is as democratic in its politics as it is bureaucratic in its creed: for it is a strange fact that whereas Ireland has ever been strongly republican in secular affairs, in religion she has always been as strongly monarchical.

The clash of the two principles in the one temperament has so far been avoided by trying to identify Catholicism with Irish Nationalism, and Protestantism with English bureaucracy; but it takes but a very superficial student of history to see through the artificiality of the disguise: the religious question, in other words, has never been solved, nay, never been approached in Ireland; it has been merely shelved; if it had not been "we should have heard of a 'Dublin' movement instead of an Oxford movement." Thus, to take the names in order: it fell to the lot of an Anglican clergyman first to raise the banner of nationalism above the quibbles of Theologians and the persecutions of Politicians—I mean Benjamin Swift, the famous Dean of St. Patrick's, who may be called—and his Draper letters will bear me out—the father of Home Rule.

And the next in the Gallery of Protestant Patriots, if we omit Molyneux the celebrated pamphleteer, author of "The Case of Ireland Stated," the Edmund Burkes, and once the greatest philosopher and politician of his day: yet no exposition of Home Rule is more eloquent than his: so plea for the wisdom of treating Catholics and all religious minorities with the tolerance due to all good citizenship. His wisdom foretold which his own life was not long enough to avert. He is to-day in Ireland, though a Protestant, still one of the most honoured and respected in the list of national heroes.

Henry Grattan, the statesman who was destined to be the Cassandra of the Irish question, was again a Protestant: yet I know of no leader whose words are more pregnant with real love of his country and respect for his fellow citizens of all classes and all creeds. The hero of ninety-eight, who stands pre-eminently above all his contemporaries for merit and manhood, is again a Protestant, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose picture, hanging as pendant to some saint, forms one of the "lares et penates" of every Catholic peasant's home in Ireland. The poet, also, whose patriotism reiter the ardours which towards the end of O'Connell's life had begun to wane, Thomas Davis, was again a Protestant from Trinity; yet if the educated Irishman of to-day, as John Dillon once wrote, were asked to name the man who of all classes and parties came nearest to his ideal of an Irish patriot, no one in the century could combine so many suffrages as Thomas Davis.

The soul of the Fenian movement, the man whose galvanising journals moved thousands against king and church alike in Ireland, John Mitchel was the son of a North of Ireland clergyman: yet who more disloyal, who more rebellious, who more beloved and respected by friend and foe alike for having suffered for a cause he as openly preached? Here, indeed, was the true spirit of Protestantism.

Yet let us turn from the men of action to the men of thought. The rule is still the same: the Protestant seems by his very religion bound to stand for liberty, and we have once more in "Isaac Butt" the thinker who was able to elaborate clearly that "via media" between simple repeal and crude unionism—known to-day as Home Rule, and recognised as the key principle of our imperial world policy—yet he was a Protestant: as was his great successor who was destined to make of the closest speculations of the philosopher a living issue for the electorate—Charles Stewart Parnell. His fall, as every one knows, was the result of the triumph of clericalism: but it was an unfair conflict from the first. The unfortunate O'Shea divorce case shifted the controversy from politics back to religion. But there is a significant dictum of his which, uttered after the famous Kilkenney defeat, smacks somewhat of a prophecy. "The priests must be taught that they are wrong once and for all," he exclaimed to his biographer, Barry O'Brien. "True," replied the latter, "but it will need a Catholic to teach them." And Parnell himself admitted the truth of the remark.

The patriotism shown by many members of the newer faith, however, must bear eventual fruit in respect from the persons to the creed itself; and the continual protest from the Irish Party against the insinuation that they are merely the Catholic party must be taken as evidence to that effect. In fact, three of the most powerful influences to-day in Ireland owe their direction and inspiration to men who have come into almost direct opposition to the Church—Imitation Sir Horace Plunkett, whose movement has survived the onslaughts of Monsignor Kiardens "Catholicity and Progress," and Mr. Douglas Hyde's fight for the independence of the Gaelic League from clerical interference. Nor must we forget two other Protestants, Lord Dunraven, the Imperialist, and the late Mr. Lecky, who, though strictly
speaking belonging to no creed, had earned the gratitude of all Nationalists by the vindication of Irish patriotic movements in the past, with a broad-mindedness which must eventually gain respect for Agnosticism itself.

I have elsewhere pointed out Sir Edward Carson's opportunities of correcting that impression with which Protestant Leadership is associated in Ireland,* and I have also pointed out the part which Ulster may have to play in the near future; but quite apart from mere politics it is a question of infinite interest what will be the fate of the respective creeds if once they can dissociate themselves from the political parties with which they have been so superficially allied for opportunist purposes. And the student of the last decade must have always ringing in his ears that last challenge of Michael Davitt.

"Make no mistake about it, my Lord Bishop of Limerick," were the words of the great democrat in one of his last controversies, "Democracy is going to rule in these countries"—and by Democracy, as his able biographer, F. Sheehy Skeffington pointed out, Michael Davitt meant the final campaign of the layman against the cleric, which in every other country in the world has ended in a secular victory. The Irishman in other words has yet to face the first principles of the secular religious controversy of the world and the Church; up to now it has merely been politics; and it is a question whether the Irishman be at root more Christian than Democratic, or more Democratic than Christian. But the time has come to see the distinction clearly between the principles that underlie the respective political and religious tenets of the parties. Catholicism is by its very genius autocratic, bureaucratic and conservative; Protestantism is, on the other hand, essentially democratic, republican and progressive. The one maintains, as orthodoxy always does, that truth must be maintained at any sacrifice, even of liberty; the other, like democracy, that freedom is the only guide to knowledge. The one maintains that a free thought which leads nowhere is a fraud; the other that a dogma which can only be enforced by compulsion is no science.

That is the real problem underlying the present controversy about the exclusion of Ulster. The Catholic theologians in taking up Nationalist politics seem, in my mind, hardly to realise the conclusions to which they will be logically driven: the Orange pastors on the other hand seem no more to realise the harm they are doing the newer faith by associating it thus with the Tsar's dominions. Whether, once politics and religion have been separated, there will grow up a general respect for the splendours of the old orthodoxy as we see every day in Oxford, Cambridge, Louvain and other centres of thought, it is hard to say; for the Protestantism of Ulster is the real, old-fashioned kind. But one thing is certain, that the principles underlying Nationalist politics must sooner or later influence the religion of Nationalists—and in the attainment of that end I think that nothing will have conducted so much as the Protestant Leadership of Catholic Ireland.

I do not wish to anticipate the result: it is the world-problem of the century; but certainly I can say this, that the patriotism shown by the Irish Protestant leaders of Nationalism in Ireland, and the hostility of the Conservative Catholics of England, will have not a little effect upon the moulding of that future decision which Ireland in a free university and a free assembly will be called upon to make in the near future.

Ulster Protestantism in fact, has everything to gain; Nationalist Catholicism everything to lose by the change, provided they are both allowed free play and inter-action: and to the philosopher of history, the study of Ireland in the next few years, combining as it does forces so diametrically opposed, will present as interesting a study in psychology as any nation that has gone through the same crises, even though upon a much larger scale.

L. G. REDMOND-HOWARD.


The “New Statesman” Supplement on Women in Industry.

By Beatrice Hastings

The romantic spinsters, married and single, known as the Fabian Women's Group, issued in last week's "New Statesman," a desperate manifesto. Even in face of the fact that women are averse from reason, I find the irrationality of this group something amazing. Only an attempted parody of the whole supplement would prove their light-mindedness, for parody would need to repeat many passages not to seem further than the original from the world of ideas. Still at their long-detected plan of decoying the loathed and feared domestic woman from her position, they offer us now a model spectacle of runabout quack and cackle, truthless and treacherous. Mrs. Sidney Webb leads off. Woman, she flatters us all, has always and universally participated in the production of wealth. As wives and daughters, "at the smithy or the loom," we have been unpaid producers of wealth. Board, lodging, clothing, pin-money for life from husband or father was, you understand, simply no payment at all. Now, we are out, one-third of the female population over fifteen years of age, gloriously earning our own livelihoods independently of father or husband. The reply to this unamusing speciousness is that the average wage of women is seven shillings a week.

Mrs. Webb, stating that Capitalism and nothing else has driven women into men's industries, indirectly scolds men-workers for not helping women to regulate their competition in the labour market. Unchivalrous men! why do you not assist these women (three-fourths of whom, as Mrs. Hubback is obliged to state in the next article, are girls under twenty-five, "looking forward to marriage as the termination of their industrial careers") to indulge at your expense their hobby for industrialism rather than domestic service? Mrs. Webb ends up with the usual paean of women proving by business capacity and self-subordinating zeal the right of their sex, etc. But I must not omit her inevitable little romance. This time it concerns "a capable housewife," a Durham miner's good woman, with whom Mrs. Webb used to share her, with interest her economy of a dish of meat between the husband and boys, "with a complimentary morsel for myself," while she and the girls cheerfully ate the potatoes in watery gravy. The inference intended is that women axiomatically need less food than men. But I want to know why watery gravy from a capable housewife? And why mention it even if it was watery? How pleased that hostess would be to see the published account of her cookery! If I had been wanting to have a side-fling at the intrenched domestic "serf," I should certainly have mentioned this watery gravy. Mrs. Webb's malice, I conclude, has become sub-conscious.

Mrs. F. W. Hubback's remedies for the low wages of women (while husband-hunting) are compulsory manual-training evening schools for girls (but when would they go a-hunting?); raising of the school age, not in the child's interest, but to raise the value of women's labour; complete political equality; minimum wage for fathers, or child endowment (which I should have supposed must remove every excuse for females in industry) to enable the mother "to work outside the home and to employ skilled assistance in the care of her children."

Shade of the Parodist! But what a bait for the loving mother to leave all and follow the Fabian Group. I see the gentle, gentle, note to the Assisted Assistant as heroine, applauded to the drop as she walks off with the Old-Fashioned Man, while the Industrial Wife indignantly asks little Jacky if he doesn't know Mother when he sees her?
Miss B. L. Hutchins’ bait to the home-keeping woman is “differential protection” if only she will come out and fight the Boards. The Trade Boards can no longer afford the opportunity, she expressly says, is not enough if woman is to fulfil her full functions; that is, women cannot try successfully for man’s place in industry unless Parli-
ament gives her special legislative protection. The appa-
rently plain impudence of this illustrates fundamental
female amoralit.y, and unconscious anarchy. I don’t think it would be possible to show Miss Hutchins’
where she stands with one hand on men’s jobs, and the
other holding a begging-bowl. All but action on the
part of men against women in industry clearly will be
thrown away. But despite the action recently taken
against the pit-brow women, the first thrust in the
banishment of the female industrial vampire, Miss
Hutchins airily observes that opposition from organised
men is “mainly of historic interest.” The history, how-
ever, began at the pit-brow!

Miss Hutchins marshals the female cotton-weavers
to exhibit the great progress of Trade Unionism among
women. Her facts as given are damning enough by
themselves, but, judging by the effect which her style
produces on me, I suspect that, with one or two further
trims, she should be able to even more sceptical of the value
of the aforesaid progress. For instance, she winds a
paragraph around the statement that women cotton-
weavers receive the same piece rates as men; but she
does not say whether or how many of the women do
the same sort of piece-work as the highest-paid
men. She has so many usuallys, mostlys, mainlys, and
earlyls, that an industrial ignoramus like myself is
almost driven to believe she is concealing something.
What is plain is that in the cotton-weaving industry
where women are in the majority, the Trade Union was
organised and is run by men, the indifference of the
women to do more than participate in benefits won by
the Union being the despair of the secretaries; and that
sixty-seven per cent. of cotton workers in the various
Unions is in the cotton industry. “Nevertheless,” says
Miss Hutchins, “it is by no means impossible that
women’s Trade Unions may come to play a much more
important part in the Labour movement than they do at
present. We are told,” etc. And so she goes on,
offering rumour for fact and prophecy for fulfilment,
until she concludes with her instigation to women to de-
mand “differential protection” from what is given to
men-workers, meaning, I suppose, Mrs. Hubback’s
Silly child-endowment, that an industrial serf of
hand may pay a skilled assistant to care for her de-
serted children. But no; I cannot believe they mean
factory workers; they are surely thinking of female
compilers of supplements on the subject.

Mr. J. J. Mallon, “a member of all the Trade Boards
so far established,” contributes an article. The Trade
Boards, so we learn, are so imperfect as to break down
in every other paragraph. They have, according to
Mr. Mallon, failed not only to secure satisfactory rates,
but even to enforce the low rates which the Board have
secured. The remedy is—more investigating officers.
Since this suggestion is invited to appear in the “New
Statesman,” one concludes that a new crop of Fabians
wants planting out. It would seem more publicly useful
to abolish the Boards which have done nothing but
raise rates by a few farthings in three or four trades
for which farthings the employees have to work harder
as is evidenced by Mr. Mallon’s assertion that employers
are satisfied. Mr. Mallon tells several little tales of
hope and joy among women under Trade Unions, so I
will tell what I once heard said of his exploits in Trade
Boardery. “Oh, Miss Hutchins is quite sincere, but the trade
trick him all round. All that the Boa"es have got for
the women workers is speeding-up and weeding out.
There’s no forcing women’s wages above their value.
You can’t bell that cat.” Mr. Mallon states that
wherever “the actual work done by men and women
respectively calls in equal degree for strength and skill,
the output of the man tends to double that of his woman
colleague.” But Miss Hutchins’ brilliant idea of
“differential protection” doubtless will make unequal
things practical and moral. The Trade Board shall not
be the spark from heaven,” Mr. Mallon admits: “but in
women’s trades it is at least a light.” It is certainly
no heavenly ray which is reflected from the beaming
smiles of profiteering employers.

But of these articles offered by women for
women’s perusal, that on “A Policy for Women
Workers” seems to me to compile the most
despairing and demented utstruths, half-truths,
treacheries and flatteries. The ordinary home life of
women is referred to as being “domestic servitude,”
and every woman is told that she is “exploited to get nothing
but her keep,” and she is jeered on to demand maternity
benefit so that she may imitate the “professional
woman” who employs nurses and servants. God knows
who, exactly, are to be the nurses and servants, but
they would evidently be the imbecile scum of femininity.
It is a Bedlamitious document, or, at least, one would
call it so outright but that, spread all over it, is, the
writers’ irritated desire to secure the Servile State.
Obviously, if the Board is merely to be turned into
a band of enterprising, practical women. These
house-workers, however, for their part, are urged
to see the benefits of living-out; so, one must suppose,
that the manual-working mother would return in the
evening to run if the baby cried just as in the old days.
Perhaps Bedlamitious thing of her life would be, Or, would
some other house-worker provide a home for them to rest in?
And, if so, who would house-work for the last, final,
ultimate house-worker?

In the interest of national health, we want the
feminine half of the population driven out of doors—
engaged once more to work on the soil or at least
obliged to go out to workshop or office.” But who is to
cook, sew, wash and mind the baby? It may be true that
the Royal Commission declared agriculture to be a
healthy life, but someone must do the cooking, the
mending and the minding. No matter what you
call the Person—someone must perform these unhealthy
and degrading tasks of a domestic serf! Whether our
shops be co-operative, or our streets be tarnished by some
wholesale process yet undiscovered, our
babies minded in batches like so many foundlings—at
the bottom of everything stands Some Female. Who is
she to be, this type of a chandl to do the unspeakable
office of house-wifery? I very much fear it will be some
depraved wretch like myself, who sneak into the kitchen,
fiddling about with salt and pepper, and scraping a pot
absolutely clean just to see it shine.

Poor fools! Let them cackle. Women will still keep
home at all events. As for the Servile State,
womaned by middle-class Fabians, it will never com
about! They are reckoning without their hosts when
they talk of compelling girls to attend evening classes
for industrial training. But without any such check, the
industrial goods of women is up. They vanish with
co-partnership, in any form, of employees and employers
—because men do not want them in industry! And with
co-management established, even in its first experimental
form, vanishes the menace of the Servile State of which
child-endowment, maternity benefit, cheches, “differen-
tial protection,” and so, are all a part of the
machinery. The two ladies aforesaid finish with an in-
junction to women to “obtain the hearty support of their
male fellow-workers in making good a claim to equal
pay for equal work.” But this is just as well as the Fabian
Women’s Group disclaims responsibility for the views
expressed by these, the pick of its members.
Baa! or, Another False Prophet in Sheep’s Clothing.

By Charles Brookfield.


Student is discovered seated in an uncomfortable room of the big house, which is furnished in European style.

Abdul-Baha enters in sombre Persian dress. He is a wrinkled, tottering, white-bearded old man. He is accompanied by two shifty-eyed lecherous Persians, one of whom acts as interpreter, and three or four angular American women seat themselves by the door and prepare with nasal whispers to take notes. Abdul-Baha greets Student and seats himself, and prepares to speak through the Interpreter.

Student: He says he hopes you are well. He will now address you on the subject of Bahaism. I will translate from Persian to English.

Baha (through the Interpreter): The causes of the unhappiness of humanity in this glorious and wonderful century are all due to prejudice: religious prejudice, patriotic prejudice, political prejudice, and other prejudices. Europe is now no more than an armed camp, and all the wages of the poor are taken away from them for these last armaments. There you have patriotic prejudice. All the earnings of the poor are wasted, for the sake of this patriotic bias and prejudice.

Student: But the poor are very patriotic.

Baha (ignorant of the inappositeness): A great camp with all its prophecies—a glorious camp, and captains, and corporals, and privates. Yes, a great camp in which all must enjoy well-being and comfort. That is the social side of Bahaism. Now, this is its economic side. Let us take the example of a small village. There must be a general store-house and a general clearing-house. The village will be ruled by a village council consisting of the wisest in it.

Student: How will the wisest be known?

Baha: The councillors will be elected by the villagers!

Student (surprised): Ah!

Baha: Now there are seven sources of income for the village and seven sources of expenditure. The general store-house will be filled in this way. The first income is the tithe, and men will be taxed according to their profits! If suppose a farmer has a thousand pounds of wheat left after his harvest, and that he has expenses for the coming year equal to one thousand pounds of wheat. Nowadays those thousand pounds might be taken from him, and devoted to armaments. But we should adopt a scale of tithes. That farmer with one thousand pounds of wheat and expenses equal to that amount would have to pay nothing, nothing. And a farmer with two thousand pounds and one thousand pounds expenses would have, you see, one thousand pounds left over. From that one tenth will be taken. And if another man has five thousand pounds with four thousand left over from that, fifteen hundred will be taken, and if another farmer has ten thousand pounds profit and one thousand pounds expenses, from him two will be taken.

Student: Two what?

Baha: Two thousands—two tens—two, two.

American Female Voice (from outside, in a piercing whisper): Two per cent., two tenths, two per cent.

Baha: And from a man with more, more will be taken.

Student (eagerly): Who will take it from him?

Baha: Of course, the village council.

Student: Ah!

Baha: And there will be a similar rising tax on cattle according to the number of their heads. That will be the second tax. The third tax will be on inheritances. Where there is no heir, the inheritance will go to the general store-house. The fourth tax will be on mines and one-third of their profits will be taken. The fifth tax will be on treasure trove and one half of it will be taken. The sixth source of income will be the donations of charity, coming in by themselves. The seventh source of expenditure for the village, for which it is given, is education. These—with bland, serene content—will be the seven sources of income to the village.

Student: Ah!

Baha (unsurprised): The seven sources of expenditure of the village are these: First, a large proportion of the taxes on property will be sent to the central government, and, secondly, part of the taxes on animals. Thirdly, part will be given to the undeveloped poor, third, of course, who will not work and who walk about the streets.

Student: What will you do with those?

Baha: They will have to keep on walking! As I was saying, part will be given to the undeservedly poor, those who by reason of bad weather or by some other fault, not lost all their money. Then a fourth part will be spent on building schools for those orphans who have no father and no mother, so that there will be no orphans without fathers or mothers. I mean there will be no uneducated orphans! A sixth part will be spent on hygiene, sewers and aqueducts, and so on. And a seventh part will be spent on roads and civil expenses. These are the seven sources of expenditure of the village, so it will be for the district, and so for the country and for the whole world, and there will be a big central council or parliament, like your House of Commons, elected by the people and therefore representing them, and as all this world will be full of love and unity, and it will be a veritable paradise on earth. (Vocal and nasal murmurs of rapture from the Persians and the American dames, and a grant of horror from Student.)

Student: Please thank Abbas Efendi very much for his lucid descriptions, and please ask him who will harvest the crops for the big farmer. (Inter. is mystified at the question, but repeats it to Baha.)

Baha: The labourers will now gather the crops for the rich farmer, and the landowner must give enough to these people to live comfortably.

Student: Who will judge their means of living commensurate with what they do?

Baha: The wages of labourers will be determined by the village council, so that the landowner will be obliged to give that amount and it will not depend upon his own volition.

Student (sotto voce): A wages board—good Lord help us! (Aloud) And in factories?

Baha: The factories will be arranged for, just the same as the village councils arrange. The greater the income of the factory magnate and the greater the factory, so much the greater will the wages of the labourers be. And there will be a public fund for their benefit and committees will be formed to determine their wages.

Student: Will the workers have any share in the control of the factories?
BAHA: They will have a share in the profits. If the profits in a year are £5,000, they will have some share of this; if the profits are £50,000, they will have more than that share.

STUD. (sotto voce): Profit-sharing now, is it?

BAHA: According to the amount of the profits, the wages must be given, so that all the individual members of humanity will enjoy the utmost comfort. (Murmurs from the disciples.) Thus all enjoy the utmost comfort, and the degrees of society are still preserved. The labourer will labour, the farmer will farm, the merchant will be mercantile, the minister will administer his people, and the lords will lord, and so on, and all will be happy and this world will be a paradise. (Intense joy.)

STUD.: What voice will the workers in a concern have in its management?

BAHA: The miner, for instance—he will get better wages, because he will have a voice in the distribution of the profits.

STUD.: But will the workers be represented on the boards of management?

BAHA: No! Of course only the actual contributors of capital will be upon the board. (Inconsequently) Yes, the miners will be represented on the board for the distribution of wages. It will be the minia-ture of a Parliament, with its upper and lower houses.

STUD. (pegging away): But will the workers have a voice in the management?

BAHA: Why, let us suppose you the commander-in-chief of an army—with enthusiasm—of a great army. Now, if there is the same salary for the commander-in-chief as for a private, you will never aspire to be commander-in-chief! You will lose your ambition! To gain respect, the higher positions must be distinguished from the lower, even in outward respects. Perfect justice must rule and all the members of the body politic must enjoy equality.

STUD.: Equal?

BAHA: Equal according to their distinction! (BAHA continues his economic proos and prophecies, but after a little it is suggested that he is getting tired. STUD. hastens to plumb his metaphysical, ethical and eschatological depths.)

STUD.: Please ask Abbas Effendi what is life and what is reason for life.

BAHA: The excellences and virtues of life are its reason. (Great gladness of heart among the elect.)

STUD.: How must a man live?

BAHA: He should strive to live his natural course of life coupled with the ideal virtues and with the attainment of eternal life.

STUD.: What is this eternal life, and where may it be enjoyed? In this physical body?

BAHA: No, not in this body, for the body is a composition, and what is composed must decompose. Man will lay the foundation here in this world of eternal life in the Kingdom of God after the death of this physical body.

STUD.: Oh, thank you so much for telling me. (STUD. now departs, apparently charming and charmed, and spends a terrible afternoon in the local hotel, where he is fussed over by three American disciples and an English "authorress" and her henepecked husband, all of whom press upon him Bahaist in-

formation, Bahaist enlightenment, postal and written addresses of Bahaists, copies of the "Christian Commonwealth" containing precious distillations of Bahaist wisdom, Bahaist pamphlets, and long accounts of their and other Bahaists' first understandings of Bahaism and their hopes that STUDENT has seen the Bahaist light which is "true Christ'anity for the Christ'an, true Mummid'ism for the Mummidan, and true Budd-ism for the Buddha-ist." One lady even declares that he has "had a won'erful expe'rence an' you've seen the secon' Messiah and I on'y hope yo' re'lise yer won'erful good forten an' that it'll influence yo' fute'er life." In the evening, Stud. leaves for Port Said, cursing openly and in his heart the waste of a day upon the pious old fool and his entourage of rogues and silly women.

The Inadequacy of Ibsen.

By ST. JOHN G. ERVIN.

I went to see a performance of "The Wild Duck" at the Savoy Theatre recently, and came away from it in a state of bewildment. Before going to the theatre I had taken down a volume of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," and had read his eulogy of the play. "I sat," he writes, "without a murmur in a stuffy theatre on a summer afternoon from three to nearly half-past six, spellbound by Ibsen. . . . Where shall I find an epithet magnificent enough for 'The Wild Duck'? To sit there getting deeper and deeper into the Ekdal home, and getting deeper and deeper into your own life, all the time, until you forget that you are life, that you are not only a spectator, but the life. To look on with horror and pity at a profound tragedy, shaking with laughter all the time at an irresistible comedy; to go out, not from diversion, but from an experience deeper than real life ever brings to most men: that is what 'The Wild Duck' was like." . . .

I left the Savoy in a state of bewildment because I had not been spellbound by the play. There were periods during its performance when I felt some boredom; there were periods when I was interested and amused; and periods when I was irritated by the loud creaking of the play's machinery; but there never was a period when I was spellbound and exalted by a profound tragedy. I had a sensation that Ibsen was old-fashioned: "'The Wild Duck' had the date of its first production plainly stamped on it. . . .

One tries to recover some of the spirit which moved the Ibsenites in the early days of the Ibsen drama in England. Mr. Shaw was not very free with his praise when he served the "Saturday Review" as dramatic critic; indeed, there was very little for a man of perception to see in those days. (To be candid, there still is very little for the man of perception to see on the English stage.) No one who reads through Mr. Shaw's two volumes of "Dramatic Essays and Opinions" can fail to understand how bored he was by the majority of the plays he witnessed; and it is not hard to understand why he became as enthusiastic over Ibsen as the late Clement Scott was wont to become over some nonsense by Sardou. The English drama was then no better than it ought to be; and any man who wrote a play of purpose and thought and sincerity and feeling was bound to have followers in that empty age. Ibsen landed on the English stage with terrific force, not altogether because he was a strong man, but partly because the English stage was so weak. Mr. Shaw and Mr.
William Archer on the one hand, and Mr. Clement Scott and the forlorn-fleeing followers of his rather slushy school of criticism, on the other, were terribly moved by Ibsen; and to that degree, Ibsen is of interest to us, though we are not moved by him, just as any man who moves a generation is of interest.

The fact that Ibsen does not move this generation either to undiserning adulation or to undiserning rage proves two things. It proves that Ibsen was not the great genius that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Archer would have had Mr. Clement Scott believe him to be; and it proves that he was not the dirty ruffian that Mr. Scott would have had Mr. Shaw and Mr. Archer believe him to be.

We have assimilated Ibsen; his propaganda is part of the commonplace beliefs of our time; we are not startled by his opinions. A man of strong views and great courage may fill his generation with terror, just as the Chartists threw England into a panic with their demand for the Six Points of their Charter; but if his opinions become general in the generation which follows, that generation will find his opinions very ordinary stuff indeed. We have difficulty to-day in understanding why our grandfathers were so perturbed by the Chartists, because we have accepted three of the Points and shall not be astonished to find the remaining three parts of our normal constitution in a short time. This is the fate of the revolutionary politician and the writer who subordinates art to propaganda, that in impressing his opinions on the minds of his countrymen he brings about his own destruction as a leader. When all men think as he thinks, how then can he continue to be unique?

It is the quality of permanent uniqueness which distinguishes the man of genius from the man of strong views. We cannot tell from Shakespeare's plays what Shakespeare's social and political opinions were. Some would have us believe that he was a foe to democracy because he permitted one of his characters to speak of workmen as "rude mechanicals"; others would have us believe that he loved democracy because he put some of his choicest and wisest speeches into the mouths of clowns and poor people. You may speculate to any extent on Shakespeare: you may try to prove that he was a Roman Catholic in his heart, or that he was the fore-runner of the Orangemen, a good and sturdy Protestant; you may try to prove that he loved kings, or that he despised them; but in the end of all you have to admit that your speculations remain speculations, that you do not know what were his beliefs because he remained supremely an artist.

The artist who subordinates art to propaganda ceases to be an artist and becomes a propagandist. We do not know what views Shakespeare had, but we do know what views Ibsen had; and because Shakespeare kept his beliefs to himself and did not put them into his plays, he is, and will ever remain, universal, transcending every age and every change of thought, while Ibsen is topical and will decline in value and interest as his views become more general. Shakespeare will live for ever: Ibsen lived only during his own lifetime. Shelley had strong views, and he took trouble to express them; but it is not Shelley the propagandist who lives to-day; it is Shelley who wrote of simple eternal things like the song of a skylark who is as near to us as he was to his own time, and will be as near to the people of a hundred years to come as he is to us.

Mr. Shaw wrote of the horror and pity with which he gazed at the tragedy of "The Wild Duck." How can we feel horror or pity in witnessing a tragedy? We feel horror when we witness the horrible; we feel pity when we see some weak thing done to death or brutally used; but neither of these elements is present in a tragedy. Who amongst us does not feel his heart braced and his eye brightened when he read the story of that gallant gentleman, Captain Oates, who went silently out of that lonely tent to die in a blizzard rather than be an encumbrance to his comrades in the broken journey from the South Pole? The story of that man's death fills us neither with pity nor horror: it fills us with exaltation and a sense of a beautiful thing beautifully done. "The Wild Duck" is a melodrama with a great deal of comic relief. It is because "The Wild Duck" is a melodrama that the comic relief is necessary. You do not require the relief of a musical accompaniment when you watch the sun rising or setting: the sunset is sufficient in itself to fill your mind with a vision of the beauty of this world. So it is with a tragedy: it fills you with exaltation. A tragedy does not make you weep: it makes you rejoice. You do not cry over "How pitiful! How horrible!" when you see "Hamlet": you sit still in your seat, entranced by the beauty of a great theme. But you do weep over melodrama; you do spill your tears over the miserable ending of little weak things.

We have pity for those who are helpless and crushed, for those who submit without a fight to their circumstances; but we are full of admiration for those who resist circumstances until they are dead. Falder, in Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," was a failure and a propagandist, and to weep and murmur brokenly, "Poor chap!"; but the great unyielding men going to their death with a high head do not draw a tear from our eyes or a word of pity from our lips. We come from the contemplation of a tragedy with uplifted heart and with the sense that the end is rare and as noble as the dead hero's. Nine out of ten of us are poor creatures, and we are aware of our poverty. What is the good of "The Wild Duck" to us? Why should we be tortured with an exhibit of the poverty of spirit of other men when we are longing for an exhibition of the nobility of the spirit? We come away from a performance of an Ibsen play with a feeling of depression. We know that the Ekdal family is a living family, although we may at times be thankful for the end of little weak things. We do not quarrel with Ibsen on the ground that his people are not real people: we quarrel with him on the ground that they are not people of quality.

There is one infallible means by which you may prove a tragedy: does it close men's lips? Ibsen provoked his generation to argument, but he could not compel them to sit in their seats unable to speak or move for a while because of the great wonder and beauty of the thing they had just seen. He does not horrify us or set us to contention because we are familiar with his themes, not only as he expressed them but as they have been expressed by a multitude of his followers. A man of genius cannot be repeated: a man of strong views can. Shakespeare is unique. There will never in this world be another such as he. He stands alone among the immortals. But there is an Ibsen in every town in Europe.

I came away from "The Wild Duck" unnerved by any quality of beauty. There were moments during the performance when I had a sense of impatience because I could "see the wheels go round," I could hear the machinery of the play creaking clumsily. I used to hear men aver that Ibsen was a master of stage technique, but I do not know why they said that, for it is not true. It may be that their intellects were so perturbed by the arguments that they could not hear the creaking machinery. Yet if you listen very casually, you can hear the straining sound that comes when a machine is badly built or unifit for the purpose to which it is put. There was a terrible creak when Björling Ekdal put his pistol on top of his bookcase, and then turned to Hedvig and told her not to touch it because of its loaded nature. You knew that Ibsen intended to end his play with Hedvig's death by that loaded pistol. You did not feel that this was a simple statement, naturally coming in its place: you felt that Ibsen had made a weak place in his design, that he had developed his purpose clumsily.

You do not listen for creaks in "Hamlet." There are none.
Mincemeat of Morals.

Few people have heard of the National Council of Public Morals. Nevertheless it exists, its headquarters being the Holborn Hall. It "promotes" a series of "New Tracts for the Times" at sixpence each. The motto of the Council claims to be of Oriental origin, "The Foundations of National glory are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple and pure." With each tract is presented gratis a list of the Vice-Presidents of the Council. What an array! Twelve bishops, the select of the lesser clergy, our four moral peers, half a dozen principals of theological colleges, a couple of Privy Councillors, the great Puritan apostles, the Puritan laymen, and a host of others who are not celebrated for anything else in particular, but who must, I suppose, be celebrated for their morality. Of course, we are not to understand that all this company ever comes together into one room at the same time. The walls of the room would burst asunder. Modern buildings are not made to stand the pressure of so much morality. Besides, what would become of the public morals while all its guardians were junketing together? Such were the reflections that passed through my mind as I turned over the pages of one of the "New Tracts"—"The methods of race-regeneration," by Dr. Saleeby. I came to page 14: "...even the supposed ultimate canons of morality must be re-examined and, if necessary revised or re-stated in order to arrive at the supreme end for which the world was made—the production of noble men and women." From reflecting I fell to musing. From musing I must, I suppose, have fallen to dreaming or at least to that happy state between sleeping and waking in which one frequently writes brilliant novels and brilliant plays.

I found myself in the Holborn Hall. There were others there; some wore aprons—these I supposed were bishops; some wore coronets—these I presumed were peers; some had horse's heads—these I took to be knights. It flashed to my mind that I was at a meeting of the National Council of Public Morals. Yes, ..., these were the words; the chairman was speaking, "It is decided, then, that we proceed to re-examine the supposed ultimate canons of morality, preserving in mind, of course, the motto of our council and our great ideal of race-regeneration. Perhaps it would be better for a general discussion to precede any definite proposals as to how we are to proceed. I therefore invite suggestions to form a general discussion on the subject."

The first speaker to respond to the invitation was an aged bishop, who said that he was delighted beyond expression at the prospect of the work of the suffragists. He had suggested that such a proceeding would hardly be in accordance with the character of a minister of the Gospel. On being pressed for an explanation, he mentioned something about "common morality," and said that a breach of the supposed ultimate canons of morality generally created a violent prejudice against the man who committed it. "Thus you see," concluded the speaker, "how these supposed ultimate canons can prove a serious obstacle to the highest and noblest work.

He sat down, and up rose one of those with horse's heads. His speech was short, and I remember it word for word. "According to our Dr. Saleeby," he said, "the supreme end for which the world was made is the production of noble men and women. Of course, it would be easy to introduce logic, philosophy, or metaphysical distinctions into the discussion. For his part, however, he would content himself with mentioning one instance of how the supposed ultimate canons of morality once proved a serious hindrance to him in his work for the twin causes of temperance and purity. As soon as it became definitely recognised that the work of the suffragettes had made a dead-letter of the laws against arsint, he and some friends had formed a scheme for setting fire to all the public-houses, clubs, picture-dromes, and theatres in the town in which he had the honour to work. But on the day before his plan was to be put into execution a fellow divine had hinted to him and had suggested that such a proceeding would hardly be in accordance with the character of a minister of the Gospel. On being pressed for an explanation, he mentioned something about "common morality," and said that a breach of the supposed ultimate canons of morality generally created a violent prejudice against the man who committed it. "Thus you see," concluded the speaker, "how these supposed ultimate canons can prove a serious obstacle to the highest and noblest work."

The knight who succeeded was a gentleman who looked rather as a merchant or manufacturer. He was glad to say that he was not quite in the position of his friend Sir (I could not catch the name). As everyone knew, he had the wit enough to buy property but at present, at any rate, he preferred to spend it in other directions. He thought also that he could tell his friend what Dr. Saleeby meant by noble women. They were the creatures, he imagined, that he was trying to make out of the girls that worked at his factory and lived at his model village. But here again the chief difficulty that he found was in the supposed ultimate canons of morality. What he would like would be to be able to treat them entirely as his own property. What he would like would be "security of tenure." It was true that the supposed ultimate canon of morality that prevented him obtaining this power was not as old as Aristotle. He did not know much about Aristotle himself, but he was informed that Aristotle knew a great deal better. How could it be just, he asked, for him, who spent hundreds of pounds, perhaps, in raising a girl to the standard of nobility demanded by Dr. Saleeby and for her to be able then to snap her fingers at him and he entirely free of his clutches?

With this rhetorical question he concluded his speech and sat down. The next speaker I could not place in any definite category. Already, he said, the author of one of the "New Tracts for the Times" had taken his courage in both hands and had boldly stated that perhaps monogamy was not, after all, the highest ideal. He proposed to-day to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with that author and to suggest that perhaps, after all, chastity was not the highest ideal. However, it was not his intention to dwell on these views at the present juncture, although he was quite prepared to explain them to anyone who cared to see him privately. The sentiments of the meeting grew bolder. At last one speaker, possibly with a grain of humour, ventured to call attention to the name of the society—The National Council of Public Morals. He proposed that as a first step the name of the society should be changed. There were loud cries of "No! No!" from all parts of the Hall. So loud were these cries that I woke up and continued my reading.
The Common Man.

By Duxnia.

Citizens!

Obedient to your instructions, as contained in the resolution embodied in the minutes of proceedings, the tenth Prairial, the Year Two of Freedom in England, "That a Committee be formed to inquire into the identity and characteristics of the Common Man": Your Committee have pleasure in reporting that they have sat today, the thirteenth Prairial, and have taken steps as follows:—

Your Committee met in the coffee-bar of the "Jolly Toppers" public-house, Citizen Chesterton presiding. Present: Citizen Belloc, Citizen Cecil Chesterton, Citizen Jean Jacques Rousseau, Citizen Jefferson Brick, the God Bacchus, and Bombardier Wells. Agenda: A continuation of the inquiry into the identity and characteristics of the Common Man. It was resolved that the wine should be diluted to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful conduct of Citizen Belloc at the previous meeting. In accordance with the powers vested in them by your decree 235 of the year 1, your Committee summoned witnesses as follows:

The Natural Man. (Homo sapiens ferus. "Appeasing your hunger under an oak, slaking your thirst at the first brook, finding a bed at the foot of the same tree that furnished your repast." Would that furnished his repast.

Some difficulty was experienced in discovering this witness, a prolonged search in Hyde Park, the Regent's Park, and Kensington remaining entirely without result. Your Committee having refused to accept the heretical suggestion of the Metropolitan Police that he did not exist, the best possible substitute was procured in the shape of an Orang Outang from the Zoological Gardens. Witness appeared in the custody of half a dozen keepers.

Citizen Chesterton: What is your name?

Witness: Oo-oo-oo—WAH.

Citizen Rousseau: Being in a state of Nature he would not possess a name.

The Chief Keeper: Beggin' your washup's pardon, and we calls 'er Popsy-Wopsy.

Citizen Chesterton: Very good, then. Now Citizen Popsy-Wopsy, you are described by Citizen Rousseau, whose works you have doubtless read, as "appeasing your hunger under an oak, slaking your thirst in the first brook, finding a bed at the foot of the same tree that furnished your repast." Would you consider that a fair and adequate description of your mode of gaining an existence?

Witness: Groo-oo-ooFYAH.

Citizen Rousseau: All this confirms what I have said. Being in a state of Nature, she would not yet be possessed of speech.

Citizen Belloc: The stupidity of this witness is incredible. Evidently she has not received the Faith. Perhaps Citizen Rousseau will identify her protecté?

Your Committee regrets to report that, upon Citizen Rousseau's rising to execute this civic duty, Witness became possessed by an uncontrollable fury—apparently attributable to her catching sight of the citizen's pink silk small clothes—and betrayed in general so invincible a determination to do the citizen some bodily damage that steps were taken to remove her. This being accomplished, albeit with difficulty (for her struggles were alarming)—

Your Committee proceeded to examine:

Jonas Makepeace Snufflebottom, a "respectable individual." Upon taking his standing brief, witness expressed the 'ope as 'ow 'e would be found in hevery way most satisfactory for the situation.

Citizen Chesterton: Citizen, there is no situation.

Witness: Yes, yes, that's it. I'm a tough old lot. Expected they were right. His officers were generally right. All his officers were lords.

Citizen Belloc: You b—— y tuft-hunter!

Witness: Was pained at such a remark. He thought he was entitled to an apology, and so forth. Gentlemen always apologised. He had noticed that among the best people—

Witness was removed for execution.

Citizen William Tielines, who succeeded him, informed the Committee that he was a private soldier in the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade. He had served for five years and was still a private. Was likely to remain one. Had been promoted three times and every time reduced for insubordination. Had heard his officers say as how he was a tough old lot. Expected they were right. His officers were generally right. All his officers were lords.

Citizen Belloc: Slave!

Witness: Garn! And 'oo are you gettin' at? You ain't a lord!

Citizen Chesterton: Citizen Belloc (with dignity): He is a man.

Witness (scornfully): Garn! The likes o' me are men! Gimme a lord! Real gentlemen, they are! Let 'em 'ave their little bit! It does me good to watch 'em! (Contemptuously)—' Ain't nobody o' you a lord?

Citizen Chesterton: We are content with the dignity of citizens.

Witness: Hoo, old snuffbags, nobody supposed as 'ow you was anythink in particler—but what's 'im? (pointing to Bacchus).

Citizen Chesterton (reverently): He is a god.

Witness (incredulously): A god? D'ye think 'e'd stand me a drink?

Citizen Chesterton (with rapture): The Committee will! You are a noble fellow!

Witness: That's it, yer Royal 'ighness! Hanythink fer a wetter?

Citizen Chesterton: What shall it be—Guinness, Black and White, Bass?

Witness: Ross, so please yer washup!

Citizen Chesterton (puzzled): Ross?

Witness: Yus—Ross's Belfast ginger ile! Bully! At this point your Committee regrets to report that Citizen Chesterton collapsed and was dragged from the room inanimate by four cart-horses with ropes. Your Committee thereupon reports as follows: "That after the examination of several representative witnesses, it has come to the conclusion that the Common Man does not exist in this Republic: but that search will be made for him in the less-known regions of Tartary, Central Africa, and Paraguay, and that as soon as something has been discovered, your Committee will report further to you."
LIL. By M. A. MATHERS.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Brimley Johnson announces a volume of "Famous Reviews." These presumably are the contemporary opinions which I said last week were so much more interesting to authors than reviews written when they are dead. The volume will include, of course, Scott's review of Jane Austen, the "Edinburgh's" reviews of Keats and Wordsworth, and Macaulay's "Croker." How many, I wonder, of the reviews of living writers of to-day will be reprinted fifty or a hundred years hence? None, I imagine, and for several reasons.

Firstly, our critics make very little attempt to get to the bottom of anything. Secondly, they are afraid to venture off the newspaper track in opinion or in subject. Thirdly, they subordinate their duty to literature to sentimental or commercial considerations. And, finally, they seem to imagine that definite judgments are only possible of the dead. Now all these explanations, while good enough excuses, are thoroughly bad reasons.

The second and fourth in particular are so bad that if they continue to prevail, our age will not only contribute nothing great to English literature, but will leave to the next age the double task of superseding this and doing its own work as well.

I have frequently in these columns indicated subjects for criticism which on no account ought to be shirked by contemporaries. The works of Mr. Allen Upward, for example, positively invite the large-minded and courageous critic. Here is, as I said, a phenomenon of a most paradoxical character from which we have proceeded, during the last fifteen years, works of such mutual inconsistency as "The New Word"—"a tour de force in philosophy"—"Secrets of the Courts of Europe"—superior "Strand Magazine" melodramas; rubbishy articles in the "English current political and critical"; and "The Divine Mystery"—a scholarly treatise on religious folklore. The same author, I believe, has in manuscript or in mind, at least a score of other works of a no less mixed nature—including poems, plays, a digest of English law, a work on primitive Christianity and a Utopia. What are his contemporaries doing, I ask, to let a man like this pass comparatively unnoticed? Amongst all the realists with their eyes profoundly glued on the current moment surely one is capable of posing and attempting to solve the problem of Allen Upward! For a problem manifestly is there. Mind, I do not say that it is a great problem or one is capable of posing and attempting to solve the problem of Allen Upward! For a problem manifestly is there. Mind, I do not say that it is a great problem or that the solution will prove pleasing to either Mr. Upward or to our epoch. But it is an unsolved problem and we ought not to leave more of these than we can help to those who will come after us.

Mr. Grierson, I do not hesitate to say, is another problem of a not altogether dissimilar nature. What is the truth about this extraordinary personality and writer? Somebody ought certainly to make a comprehensive and final study of him. Sometimes I am convinced that he is one of the great charlatans of literature, a writer with nothing original to say, but with an impressive manner of borrowing. At other times I am disposed to give him credit for one of the rares' qualities—originality. A man of an atmosphere. By way of instance, chapters XI and XII of "The Valley of Shadows" and deny, if you can, that the air of genuine tragedy is created. But it is as an essayist that Mr. Grierson challenges valuation; and in this aspect the critic's task is easy. Anybody has attempted it that I can discover—not, that is, on the large scale indispensable to a final judgment. Other nit-picking writers whose names occur to me are Mr. J. W. Bain, of the Indian Stories, Mr. W. H. Hudson, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall,... Has anybody read competent essays on any of these? But why are they not written? Some publisher ought to commission a volume of "Studies in Neglected Contemporaries."

Of studies of Shaw, Chesterton, etc., we have more than enough. Every timid little scribbler can safely write his appreciation or criticism of these, for by this time every opinion possible of them has been well trodden. Editors tell me that their average of manuscripts about these two writers is not to be distinguished from a dozen a week, which, on a fair estimate, means that fifty articles a week or over two thousand a year are being written on these two writers. What cowards essayists must be, and how dull! I suppose, comes next, now that Meredith is dead; and, shortly, no doubt, Henry James and Joseph Conrad will be suffering the tramp of a thousand feet. On each, in fact, a book or two has already been written or is now in course of publication. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "Henry James" (Seeker) is a masterpiece of egotistic vulgarity of infinitely more concern to his friends and himself than to his subject. He says, it is true, in his "Introduction," that his private opinion doesn't in the least matter to anyone, but throughout his whole book I have discovered not a jot of opinion that ought not to be and is not private in the strict sense. Now, where does he attempt to explain why Henry James appears to many people to be a great writer; but everywhere he repeats his banal explanations of why Henry James appears to him to be a great writer. It is his reaction, not ours, that interests him; and this after ostentatiously informing us that his own reaction is not of the smallest account—as indeed it is not. But not only is his the intellectual property of his readers, but it is an affront to his subject. Of Mr. James he says, melodramatically and insincerely, that being, in his opinion, the greatest living writer, he is consequently, in his opinion, the greatest living man. But how does he approach and discuss this being of his professor admirably? In the style not only of unpertinent familiarity (as if, in fact, he despised him), but with equally unpertinent and uncomprehending criticism. It is credible only of the second editor of the "English Review" that the first editor should have written of his "greatest man's" style that "with What Maisie Knew it begins to become, as we should say in talking of pheasants, a little 'high.'" Think of the squallor of a mind to which such an image occurred as a comparison for the style of the "greatest living writer and the greatest living man." Only Mr. James' stable-boy could think of it, and not even a America dared anybody say it. Or observe his loity disclaimer of Mr. James' chef d'oeuvre "Daisy Miller," as "not a real study though lust in which the "The Life of the Party in which "Life is a Dream" (Kegan Paul, 6s.), is an improvement on the first, since the background he has now added characters of fixed and clear outline. It is as if Mr. Curle had begun his studies with backgrounds and
Two or three causes are responsible for this, though the way, though American, maintains a fairly high standard of both writing and subject, and is out. Unfortunately, too, this irrelevant garrulousness in the presence of his own characters grows with time. As his books appear Mr. Conrad does not strike me as becoming simpler, more concrete, more actual—but as becoming the reverse; he is returning from creation to the logos that preceded it! But I shall have more to say on this subject when Mr. Curle’s book is out.

I have long been waiting to catch a typical modern fallacy in a typical form; and its.” “The Yale Review,” for January I have found it. The “Yale Review,” by the way, though American, maintains a fairly high standard of both writing and subject, and is worth the occasional notice of any colleague, “E. A. R.” In an article on Mr. Masefield, Mr. H. S. Carby spoke of “Supremely great literature, like the very finest living, rises above misery and coarse speaking and physical pain; but the reader who shuns his mind to all but supremely great literature will go hungry for knowledge, for his own times not pay for his fastidiousness by feeding upon beautiful husks of rhetoric which contain no life.” I ask my readers to examine this passage with critical attention, for it is full of the most interesting lies of our day. Note first that it is in defence of Mr. Masefield’s method that this unanswerable statement is put forward, and reflect that a bad case is likely to require bad principles to support it. Good things need no subtlety or trickery or ambiguity. The more plainly they are defended the better. But to defend Mr. Masefield a great deal of special pleading is necessary. And mark the special pleading. Great literature is assumed in the opening to be of the same nature as great living; but in the close the two are assumed to be separable. You cannot be great literature (which is also great life), and yet miss the life of to-day and decline upon rhetoric! But if great literature is precisely not rhetoric, and is indissolubly related with great life, how can its study involve the missing of anything of real value? And, indeed, what the statement which needs to be supplemented, since we cannot unfortunately abolish it altogether.

Henri Béyle, better known as Stendhal, dying in 1842, prophesied that he would only begin to be generally read in 1880. His forecast was so far false that long before 1880 he was read and admired by Balzac and Taine, read and hated by St. Beuve and Goethe; and was so far true that until about 1880, more popular writers (I mean journalists) like Zola, Bourget, Maurice Barrès and André Gide, did not inspire his publishers to large editions. At present, however, there is a cult of “Beylsisme” in France and every scrap of his writing, memoirs, letters, note-books, etc., is finding its way into elaborately annotated editions. Two or three causes are responsible for this, though none of them is mentioned in the study of Stendhal contributed to the current “Edinburgh Review” by Mr. Strachey. Nietzsche’s profound homage to Stendhal should be put as the main excitation from the outside of the new cult. To the extent that Nietzsche himself is read and admired, naturally his sources will be examined—for who would not wish to retrace the path of one’s hero in the hope of becoming a hero on one’s own? A second cause is the present political condition of France, with its critical hesitation between a new movement forward and a reaction backwards. This is not the place to discuss the state of political thought in France; but the hint of Mr. John Eglington that the French Revolution marked “the end of the Christian era” should prepare us to realise the still doubtful issue of what should come after that event. Is France, having closed one epoch, to open another, the post-domini; or, in fearful panic, to crawl back to a mere A.D.? That is the question now being put everywhere, though nowhere, I think, with the foregoing blindness. Stendhal, in my judgment, belongs definitely to the post-domini era; and for this reason is now become a rallying-point for progress. Nor does it refuse me to point out that French reactionaries like Bourget also appeal to him; for reactionaries are always very stupid, and Nietzsche’s admiration for Stendhal was not, however, a misunderstanding but, if not, how comes M. Bourget or even M. Barrès to praise Stendhal? Have they misunderstood? But no, M. Barrès says that Stendhal is “a collection of finest energies”, and is somewhere near the truth. The truth itself, however, is that Stendhal substituted energy for “goodness” as the criterion of virtue. And here, I am sure, M. Barrès would not agree with him.

But do my readers—for, after all, who is M. Barrès to us? Assuming that the character of Christian civilisation is the elevation of “goodness,” with or without strength, as the ideal—is it permissible to eliminate the question of “goodness” and to measure virtue in energy only? From this point of view, what is to be sought and admired in man is primarily his energy, his power, represented by his will to assert himself; and only of secondary consideration is the direction or extent of his activity. It will be seen that in adopting this code, we should find our preferences consort with strange companies—criminals, for instance, provided they did not suffer remorse, and people of that type. Are we prepared for it? Well, personally, I am not. On the contrary, it appears to me, first, that the doctrine assumes an apathy requiring to be whipped into movement. France is fatigued, France is asleep, France needs to be roused—hence Stendhal as the whip of France. Secondly, I hate a universal commandment that is not at the same time natural to everybody. Are we all to be always storing energy quantitatively and none of us to be refining what we have? Surely the double process might go on simultaneously; and that, I hope, will be the case. Stendhal, I may add, hailed in the energy. He made his style powerful (he modelled it, in fact, on the Code Napoléon), but nobody can say he made it beautiful. Of beauty none of us need be afraid; but energy without beauty (are you listening, France?) is not post-domini, but a-c.

A correspondent, Mr. Hallwood, kindly corrects my statement that the National had associated Mr. Bazin- zewsky’s Exhibition with The New Age. The “Sunday Times,” it appears, was the exception.

The drawing by Mr. Fred Richards which appeared in The New Age last week is one of a series which will be published this spring in volume form by Messrs. A and C. Black.

R. H. C.
Views and Reviews.

That Mr. Adams has chosen to write what he calls “an elementary book” is a pity: the melodrama of the French Revolution is so well known, even to the readers of small books, that it is not necessary to recount it, more particularly because Mr. H. F. B. Wheeler did it only a few months ago in a volume published by Messrs. Jack. Besides, Mr. Adams lacks the gift of rhetoric that alone can make melodrama interesting; Danton’s “l’aude, encore l’aude, toujours l’aude” loses its rhetorical power by being translated: “Boldly! Boldly! Always boldly.” For reasons of this nature, I can only regret that Mr. Adams chose to make his appeal to the readers of small books. He has certainly made the story clear, but, in its main outlines, the story was never obscure. It is precisely those questions which arise almost casually in Mr. Adams’ narrative that are the important ones to us at this time; and if I say that Mr. Adams ought to have developed his own thesis, instead of stating it perfunctorily and telling the old, old story again with some modification, I do not mean that his book is of no value. A clear, concise statement is always valuable; and Mr. Adams has made it.

One of the questions to which I have referred is the question of the cause of the Revolution. Mr. Adams attempts to be comprehensive, and says that “its causes included almost every division by which we classify human life. They were spiritual, economic, political; they owed much also to coincidence.” But this tells us too much and too little at the same time. A multitude of causes is unthinkable, and Mr. Adams’ enumeration of them only shows that he is confusing cause with consequence. Coincidence, for example, is obviously not a cause; we only call it ‘synchronism’ to understand that it leaves every event indivisible. A multitude of causes, if unintelligible, is at least conceivable. Nor can I regard Rousseau and Voltaire, or even the Encyclopedists, as primary or contributory causes of the Revolution; they were symptomatic of it, but not the cause. Without them, the Revolution would have run its course from despotism to despotism; as Mr. Adams truly says, “injustice and ideas do not make a revolution; there must above all be power.” Mr. Adams gets on firmer ground when he points out Usury as the cause of the Revolution, and lays “supreme stress” on it. Had Mr. Adams devoted his labours to the demonstration of this power behind the events he narrates, his book would have been a considerable addition to economic history, and to political thought.

The principle of The New Age that “economic power precedes political power” has been challenged in the case of the French Revolution. The “hunger” motive, the “return to Nature” motive, Carlyle’s “death to simulacra” motives, have all been urged against us privately by persons who dislike the consequence of the principle. The only one of these that is worthy of being called a motive is hunger; the others are simply the fatigues of ideologists; and hunger is incapable of producing a revolution. Hungry people may riot; they did throughout the eighteenth century; they may revolt, as they did in Dauphiné in 1789; but they cannot make a revolution. When Thorkild Rogers says that “revolutions are born of prosperity,” he expressed an idea practically identical with our principle; for the purpose of politics, as revealed by history, is the conservation of the possession of property, and the provision of opportunities for or guarantees of aggrandisement. Indeed, if we consider the famous introduction to the second pamphlet of Abbe Sieyès, as well as the details of his Constitutions, we can see that he accepted our principle as the natural order of things. “What is the Third Estate? Everything! What has it hitherto been is a political sedition. Nothing! What does it ask? To be something! What? The Revolution. Mr. What? The cause.” If we remember that the Third Estate was not the people, but the professional, financing, employing class, we shall not mis

understand Siéyès. Feudalism was not suddenly abolished on the night of the 4th of August, 1789; it had been passing away silently long before. From the time of the Crusaders, rents were paid against the personal service of the agricultural workers. This service was bestowed by nobles who needed money for their expeditions; and the extravagant life at Versailles compelled many of them to raise money on their estates. Tsaien has told us, in his Les Origines de la France Contempo

raine. L’ancien Régime passed into the hands of merchants, lawyers, rich townspeople; and the change of ownership was not confined to them can be seen in the statement that “towards 1770, it is said that one quarter of the soil had already passed into the hands of the agricultural workers.” Indeed, Toubeau, who was secretary of the 1886 International Congress of Land Reformers, proved that the peasants actually owned more land before the Revolution than they owned in 1789. Moreover, although he does not mention these facts, is probably aware of them; for he says: “The peasantry were not all sinking into squalid hunger; many were improving their position; these were such as were able to become capitalists on a small scale, and to take advantage of improvements.” This appearance of a village middle-class is not to be considered as a back-eddy or counter-current in the Revolution; there was no class more active in overthrowing the old aristocracy; those that are waxing fat kick the hardest, if not the soonest.

Indeed, an incident recounted by Rousseau in his “Confessions,” although it relates to so early a time as 1732, warns us not to be misled by the apparent poverty of the people. Rousseau, it will be remembered, entered a peasant’s hut, and offered to pay for it. The countryman gave him some skimmed milk and coarse barley bread, saying that it was all he had. After some conversation, the countryman concluded that Rousseau was not a Government spy, and bought up from the landlord a gallon of pure wine, the remains of a well-flavoured ham, and a bottle of wine; and, in addition, he prepared a good omelette for Rousseau. He refused all payment; and told Rousseau that he would conceal the wine because of the Excise and the bread because of the tax on it; and added that he would be ruined if it was suspected that he was not almost perishing with want. Certainly, Arthur Young’s story of his tour in 1787 gives a different impression—and his criticism is, of course, authoritative; but he was himself such an object of suspicion to the peasants that we are entitled to doubt whether his observation of the condition of the people was as accurate as that of Rousseau. It would be more correct to say that it was not the poverty of the people, but the poverty of the Government, which had exhausted its credit with the usurers, that made the French Revolution. The economic power of the nobles had largely passed to the middle-class; a large proportion of the land of France was in the hands of the peasants; but the status of serfdom was breaking down, for the King freed the serfs on his own domain in 1779; and the dis-

parity between the economic and the political constitution became apparent.

All that the Revolution really effected was the reorganisation of the political structure in accordance with the economic facts. That is the economic achievement that is somewhat disguised by the history of the Revolution itself. Mr. Adams has said, “the method of the Revolutionists was to fix upon one class after another; to deprive each in turn of its privileges, rights, and property; to revile and degrade it until it necessarily represented a foe to the Revolution itself, and then, when it was the personal service of the people’s persecutors or not, declare it to be a public enemy and proceed to exterminate it.” The Revolution devoured its children, and destroyed itself; and in the constitu-

tion of juries, the assembly of the Third Estate of the National Convention, the condition of complete citizenship. The usurers and the speculators were established in power, and the people had the privilege of sacrificing their sons to Napoleon.

A. F. R.
REVIEWS.

Here are Ladies. By James Stephens. (Macmillan 5s.)

Now this was the first time he had found his wife take trouble lying down. As a rule she was reader for a fight than he was. She jumped into a fight with the alacrity of a dog: and the change worked on him, Mr. Massingham dear! He looked at her listless hands and the sight of those masculine hands hanging powerlessly wrought on her. Women often forget that their weakness is really their strength, Mr. Massingham dear! The weakest things in the world are by a queer paradox, Mr. Massingham dear, always the strongest. They wear away under the dropping of water, Mr. Massingham dear; a mushroom will lift a rock (of a ton weight) on its delicate head; a child will make its father work for it (or the police will). So the too capable woman will always have that to say (so to say). If she buttresses her womanhood too much she saps his manhood, Mr. Massingham dear. Let her love all she can and never stint that blessing, Mr. Massingham dear, but a woman cannot obey a woman constantly, Mr. Massingham dear, and retain his self-respect! A young lady trod softly up the steps. She draped snowy garments about her, but, far dear, Mr. Massingham dear! Whoever looked quickly saw them at once, and then she spoke very severely to them, and they hid themselves, Mr. Massingham dear. It was plain that she could scarcely control them, and that they would escape again, Mr. Massingham dear, when she wasn’t looking. A young man bounded up the steps; he was too late to see them, and he looked as if he knew it, Mr. Massingham dear!

Sex-blindness carries with it many other darkesses. We do not know that a man projects his humanity on the feminine consciousness, Mr. Massingham dear, and civilisation, even life itself, Mr. Massingham dear, must stand at a halt (that is to say, we must all stay the age we are now and no more babies must be born) until that has been discovered or created; but art is the female projected by the male: science is the male projected by the male—as yet a poor thing, Mr. Massingham dear, and to remain so until it become art (that is to say, feministic, what’s that the good for any man?). That is, Mr. Massingham dear, has become fertilised and so more psychological than mechanical (for, of course, only a female is projected fertilised, but males are projected unfertilised). Surely Mr. Stephens was projecting quarters fertilised, and the rest of him, a poor thing, quite willing to be.

The Case for Co-Education. By Cecil Grant and Norman Hodgson. (Grant Richards, 5s. net.)

The authors of this book have made a fundamental mistake. They have stated a debating case, and have left it to be supposed that when they have shown that the opponents of co-education have contradicted themselves they have proved the case for co-education. But the fact that they themselves are compelled to admit the necessity of alternative subjects in the curriculum shows that the triumph of the principle of non-fusion of the meaning of the word, is impossible. It is certain that, after puberty, the rate of intellectual progress differs in the two sexes; and if the curriculum has to be altered in accordance with this fact, obviously co-education in its real sense is not attained. Moreover, puberty marks the beginning of the period of increasing differentiation; and the attempt to treat both sexes as being essentially the same can only delay, or thwart, this process of differentiation. If the ideal is to abolish, so far as is possible, the differentiation between the sexes, then co-education, in the plain meaning of the word, is apparently the best method of realising the ideal. The only positive argument advanced by the authors is that co-education will end to diminish vice in public schools; the suggestion being that boys who play games with girls, dance with them, study with them, will have their characters purified and ennobled by this acquaintance with the gentler sex, at the time when that sex is not remarkable for gentleness or refinement; the argument being that contact with females is destructive, or at least restrictive, of sexual desire. That may be true at a later period of life, but it is dubious argument when applied to the period of adolescence. However, co-education, as propounded by the authors of this book, provides amply for the separation of the sexes; and the exceptions to the rule of co-education are so many that it seems hardly worth while to establish a system of education for the sake of such problematical benefit as the reduction of vice in our public schools. The book does not deal with public elementary education; presumably the poor are unworthy of the benefits of co-education; the case is stated only for the reform of boarding schools, and really all that it amounts to is that the two sexes shall have some opportunity to study together and play together. There is no suggestion that women should teach boys, or men teach girls, although there is the proviso that in some cases this would be beneficial; in fact, the further we go, the less do we understand what actually is proposed by the authors. A principle that has so many exceptions and qualifications is obviously in need of clearer definition.

My Life in Sarawak. By The Rance of Sarawak. (Methuen, 6s. net.)

This book calls for no more than the announcement of its publication. The Rance of Sarawak is not a literary person, and her first book has interest only for her personal friends. Had she set herself the task of recording the history of Sarawak, or of dealing authoritatively with any one of its features, her book would have had some value for the general public. But to write an autobiography to tell us that the wife of a Rajah is a very important person among her people, that she is loved by her people, and that the too capable woman is always the heart is ever with them although her person is absent from them, that if she were to return to Sarawak her people would love her just as they did before, that she found walking up notched poles difficult and the migration of rats through her bedroom unpleasant, and all the rest of the trivialities that appertain to the status of tropical wifehood, is to win only from Grub Street the commendation and admiration that she commanded from the Sanyukters of Sarawak. That the Rance of Sarawak is now given precedence at the Court of St. James’s immediately after that of the ruling princes of India, and that the eldest son can now be presented as Rajah Muda, although a similar privilege is not allowed to the younger sons, may and may not be a gratification to the Rance, but is only matter for derision to the general reader.

Sorrelsykes. By Harold Armitage. (Wheeler. 6s. net.)

We must tell Mr. Armitage that not even for the sake of Sorrelsykes will we allow him to dispense with the forms of art. Mr. George Bourne, with his “Betterworth” books, his tales of “our village,” set this fashion of sociological fiction without art, for Barrie did make tales of his memories of Thrums. But even Mr. Bourne did “observe phenomena,” did look at “Bettesworth” as though he were a louse under a microscope: Mr. Armitage only quotes all his childhood memories of Sorrelsykes, bits of the play of the mummers, of the history of the Spa house, of the biography of unknown and unknowable persons. Even if “Johnny Come Softly” did sit in the ditch when he was drunk, and refuse to enter the house until his little daughter invited him, who wonders and who cares? What does it matter, anyway? If we were to write down all that we have heard and seen in London during our no nearer understanding London than it is now; nor should we have enriched the world with a work of art. But Mr. Armitage confidently offers his reminiscences as “Sorrelsykes,” and it is only a medley of bad jokes, bad manners, worse poetry, and still worse philosophy.

February 26, 1914

The New Age
Pastiche

Off in the silent night I meditate,
And bless the noble rulers of our State,
Who work so hard to glorify our nation,
And almost quite without remark.

First comes bluff Asquith, ponderous and slow,
Standing four-square to all the winds that blow:
Mou of his words with a rich, rich
That no one ever can remember which.
Turn where you will, you never find him fail,
So long as someone pushes at his tail.
Attack his front, he takes to his heels,
If Redmond holds him firmly with his hands.
He stoops to conquer—none e'er stooped so low,
And leads, by following, where others stumble.
His words so subtle, that without pretense
They may be twisted into any sense.
He fears no law, no army, no foreign foe,
He fears no God, but only Redmond's toe.

At his birth Fate dowered with a curse:
To know the better, and to do the worse.

Next him the quick-change artist Churchill comes,
With blaring trumpets and with rolling drums.
Once sugar saved him from a nasty fall:
He keeps his seat by vinegar and gall.
No other man, though he is young in years,
Has been a nuisance in so many spheres.
He traversed in a few hot-fevered hours
Dominions, principalities, and powers,
And still, where'er his wandering footsteps came,
He traversed in a few hot-fevered hours
Has been a nuisance in so many spheres.

Ever a fighting man, he turned his feet
Turn where you will, you never find him fail,
To trample on the wicked country gent.
From heaven, or some other region, sent
Hard to be paralleled in any age,
Denouncing riches to a greedy mob.
As soon as he is really on the job,
And keeps the naval holiday himself.
Standing four-square to all the winds that blow
He fears no law, no strife, no foreign foe,
If Redmond holds him firmly with his hands.
So long as someone pushes at his tail.
He fears no God, but only Redmond's toe.
Him at his birth Fate dowered with a curse
To know the better, and to do the worse.

A doughty champion now takes the stage,
Hard to be paralleled in any age,
From heaven, or some other region, sent
To trample on the wicked country gent.
For which a higher salary was paid;
Ever a fighting man, he turned his feet
Once more unto the breach, in Sidney Street.
Sated with war, he yearned to help the poor,
He takes the Navy as a forlorn hope
Beginning with the shepherd of Dartmoor.
Last, feeling that his talents have no scope,
He brings the Gospel precepts to our door,
Our great professional philanthropist,
He waves his wand
And sells his neighbour's goods to feed the poor.
This happy consummation's brought to pass
Without the ruin of a single class,
Or when he beats the Bible with his fist,
Then borne along by storms of righteous ire,
Of losing his five thousand pounds a year.
Which smashes plate-glass windows in the Strand.
In leisure hours, to Nature's charm he yields,
That drop like diamonds from Isaac's lips.
Lloyd George's swelling heart or swollen head.
Which is the softer part can scarce be said,
Stout Haldane, now degraded to the Lords,
Who with his everlasting bagpipe drone
Sings how the Territorials have grown.
This man of infinite address and tact,
Is never disconcerted by a fact;
His subtle logic turns it inside out,
And makes it go straight.
He wants a million men, but half will do,
Then thousand at a pinch, or even two;
For once of them, by twenty Drills a year,
Is worth a hundred Germans, never fear.
Our horses beat all earthly breeds so far
That one can mount a dozen men in war:
Artillery figs best without a gun.
For the mere sight of them makes conscripts run.

Again, our Army, though it may be small,
Is yet in quality the best of all;
So Haldane, with one stroke of his goose-quill,
To make it better, makes it smaller still.
Our soldiers are so strong that they can eat
And thrive on rotten, maggot-swarming meat.
And meanwhile J. M. D., who sees the sham,
Is sent post-haste to the Niletic dam.

So much for these; the others I omit;
The other men, but I can't connect one little bit.
Why speak of that light-comedy buffoon,
While Ireland blazes, fiddles to the moon?
Or all the hangers-on, a vampire breed,
That suck the blood of England for their food?
I must not here detail a striking fact.
All that do dirty work for solid thanks,
Well drilled, well paid, our statesmen more or stand
Obedient to the wires in Redmond's hand;
They need not think, the closure bars debate,
And every measure passes soon or late.

Until we get all that the heart can think—
Free food, free non-intoxicating drink,
Free school, free medicine, insurance free,
All free in England except you and me.

JUNIUS JUNIOR.

"RETRENCHMENT."

The manager rang the bell, and in a moment a well-trained clerk glided through the doorway and stood motionless.

The door had opened silently; everything spoke of automatic perfection. The floor was covered with solid marble. The manager was a man of thirty-five, with a brown face and a rather coarse blue eye.

"Now, sir," said the manager, turning to the pale-faced man sitting opposite to him; "we can now settle the points at issue. I see we have still 78 men in the erecting shops. According to our automatic graphing machine, I see the force has dwindled from 492. Not bad for seven years, eh?"

The pale-faced man shudder at his recital of the fate of over 400 men cast out. He himself was making a last desperate effort to gain some chance of salvation. In his hands he carried a small box containing another labour-saving device. He didn't care to speak of it. Any man would be a fair barker for him. But, at any rate, it would earn him a pittance. He would like to speak of that. For himself he had and done before, with the catch-phrases, "Survival of the fittest" and "Struggle for existence."

"You say your machine will eliminate at least 50 per cent. of the labour in the erecting shop? Frankly, things are very finely in there now. I do not think retrenchment can go much further. However, we'll see." He touched a button on his desk, and in a moment another automatic figure shot through the infernal doorway.

It was the chief engineer, a man with an enormous head and attenuated body. As manual labour had been superseded by machinery, muscular energy was at a discount. Hence muscles wasted through disuse. There was the same servile, soulless air about him also.

"Number 1.E., examine that model," the manager commanded.

The man moved forward, looked at the new machine, and turned with a dazed look to the manager.

"Well, then?" demanded the latter.

"As I feared, this improvement has come at last. It will do the work of half the erecting staff." As 1.E. said these words, the inventor's eyes lighted up for the first time. It looked like the last flicker of an escaping soul.

The manager nodded to dismiss Number 1.E. Before the engineer moved away he spoke, and a little fire crept into his words. "What are the thirty or forty men to do, sir?"

"Do? My position here depends on my retrenching. I must save all unnecessary expense. I am not here to look after workmen."
“True, sir,” said Number 1.E., now again in the voice of a dehumanised being. “Do you never think that there are now so many means to support a manless? It means another body of men to starve. All through the country, erecting staffs will be halved. There is no prospect for them. All industries are being so cut down.”

“Yes, Number 1.E.; but that’s enough. I must retract.” Immediately the engineer disappeared, and the manager and the inventor haggled over terms. As the inventor went out, a cynical look twitched the face of the manager.

“Another one to be rehired by the crowd,” he said to himself.

Scarcely a week passed but some unfortunate entered the works with a new idea. Naturally, the place was guarded by a high and thick wall, and entrance was made difficult. Once permission was obtained, the way along silently moving platforms was easy, and another victim shot through the fatal doorway. Exit was as easy; and, outside, the crowd waited for the sinner to appear. Very few ever claimed the reward for their brainwork!

So things moved in the way of retrenchment and the manager was satisfied. The annual meeting of the few shareholders was held inside the works, each one arriving by aeroplane, a capitalist monopoly. Number One E. was present, a mere shadow of a man. He had asked leave to attend, and this had been mockingly granted. The report was read by the manager. “In the year 1920, matters have proved that one policy of retrenchment was justified. I find from the graph that the staffs have been reduced by over 50 per cent. The erecting shop was the greatest difficulty, but an inventor cleared the way. I may add that he has not claimed the amount we agreed upon for his invention. Facilities for production have improved, and prime costs have been falling considerably. There is little of special importance to add to my last report. I declare the dividend for the past year to be five hundred and thirty-eight per cent.” (Applause.)

Number One E., whose insignificance had made him unobserved, rose and spoke. The shareholders were startled somewhat, then eyed the engineer contemptuously.

“Before you accept that report, I should like you to consider the ‘retrenched’ men,” he said, bitterly. “How long will it be before I am retrenched too? What is there for me now? Only starvation! I shall be amongst the thousands howling outside of the walls of this place. I am aged now; I shall be thirty-five next summer. Then I shall go so that you may retrench still more. What matter if I go now? None. It is idle asking you to consider humanity. As the horse went before petrol, so men go before machinery. Retrenchment takes the place of regeneration. You will get someone to take my place: your schemes are well enough formed for that. There, take that: it is a model of another improvement. Instead of thirty men in the erecting shop, you will need only three. No, I am not asking for terms. I am going out—into the Crowd, to tell them what I have done. The weird door swung open, and Number One E. whose insignificance had made him unobserved, rose and spoke. The shareholders were startled somewhat, then eyed the engineer contemptuously.

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BALLADE OF CANARDS.

Last week Keir Hardie was observed to play
At Scouts with Norman Angell in the dell. . . . . . . .
Old Phil derided Clapham P.S.A.

When Oxford made Jim Larkin D.C.L.;
At which the Labour lot went off like hell,
Sending their sacred seats to Jericho . . . . . . . . . . . . .

But in the year 1920, matters have proved that one policy of retrenchment was justified. I find from the graph that the staffs have been reduced by over 50 per cent. The erecting shop was the greatest difficulty, but an inventor cleared the way. I may add that he has not claimed the amount we agreed upon for his invention. Facilities for production have improved, and prime costs have been falling considerably. There is little of special importance to add to my last report. I declare the dividend for the past year to be five hundred and thirty-eight per cent.” (Applause.)

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Before Rousseau woman was just plain, honest woman. After Rousseau woman became the eternal feminine.

Before Rousseau there was no “Inav.” Now we have the novelette, Five Nights, and Ann Veronica.

Before Rousseau men knew how to keep to themselves. Afterwards it was not always easy to tell a man by his dress. Rousseau sang of virtue—and confessed himself a sentimental rake with the pluck of a louse.

Before Rousseau life may have been more or less artificial, especially in regard to the relation of the sexes as seen from our licence-loving age, but certainly life was masculine and not emasculate. After Rousseau the civilised barbarian, sham chivalry, and the female factory drudge.

Rousseau, in order to glorify woman, and to astound the senses of the male (who knew her before he did?) took woman off her pedestal, and not all the king’s horses nor all the king’s men can put her back again.

Séancour could not see a real woman for the Rousseau ideal.

Chateaubriand was likewise bitten.

Goethe wrote Werther under the spell of La Nouvelle Héloise, and Werther “stirred thousands upon thousands of minds, awoke lively enthusiasm and a morbid longing for death in a whole generation, and in not a few cases induced hysterical sentimentality, idleness, despair and suicide.” And yet Dr. Brandes, from whom this quotation comes, could say of Werther “that it contained all the merits and none of the defects of La Nouvelle Héloise!” Goethe wished later that he had never written the damned thing.

There is no need for men to sneer at genius as being akin to insanity. After the demise of the military age the aberrations of the normal man have more than equalled the aberrations of genius, and with less excuse. It would seem that unless conditions alter very much (I am referring specifically to the governing classes), unless we say, the aeroplane breaks down the Brummagem defences of the modern town, we may never again have a pronounced masculine outlook on life.

It is not significant that that fine animal, woman—and the effects of a tradition linger longest in the least intelligent—should still have a large eye, so to speak, for anything that looks like a man—a swaddy, a uniform, or a parson? Ltv.

ENVOI.

Prince of bright Hades, what is this you yell . . .
You have a bunch of Bishops down below,
Piling up brimstone? . . . What a horrid smell!
I pray my maiden aunt may never know.

Robert Williamson.

THE WAGE SLAVE.

As I gaze upon the mighty throng
Each morning as they pass,
I see the wage-slave tramp along
Amongst the solemn mass.

I see the long-drawn face of each
With hunger in their eyes;
No pleasures are within their reach;
No God that hears their cries.

Nothing in life have they t’ attain;
Their haven is in death.
They pray, devoutly, but in vain,
They do but waste their breath.

For who shall hear their tales of woe?
Who shall share their grief?
The masters will no mercy show,
From them there’s no relief.

These demons drink their brethren’s blood;
They cry for more and more.
Men’s lives are but that lives of daily food,
They revel in their lore.

Is there no Christ to save this slave,
No hope for them to build?
Yes! There is One hope that they have,
That hope is in the Guild.

C. S. DAVIS.

ON ROUSSEAU.

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Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

II.

Much of what I have to say is obvious, but that is unavoidable, for the most well-accepted principles are generally ignored in practice; and the conduct of most people is founded on the principles they most condemn.

I have said that when you consider a child you will find, as Stevenson says, that ""the play-business bent"" is all on his play-business bent"; and, therefore, whatever you want a child to do heartily must be contrived and conducted as play. It might seem a strange thing to suggest that the boys and girls of the upper school should have as much play as the infants in the kindergarten, but this is what I do propose. Boys and girls nowadays have their play gradually thinned out until little is left to them as adults but a round of golf or a game of cards. When work and play are separate, one becomes mere drudgery, the other mere pastime. Neither is then of any value in life. It is the core of my faith that the only work worth doing is really play; and what is more, have a sense of fairplay, and in chief, play with all our hearts in the game.

The Play Way is a means, but I cannot say what the end may be, except more play. In like manner the whole purpose of life for me, being no philosopher, is simply living. What I have now to say sounds very puerile, but I have no doubt the same could be found subtly said in many learned books. We must let ourselves live fully, by doing thoroughly those things we have a natural desire to do; the sole restrictions being that we so order the course of our life as not to impair those energies by which we live, nor hinder other men so long as they also seem to be living well. Right and wrong in the play of life are not different from the right and wrong of the playing field. We must obey the clear rules; and what is more, have a sense of fairplay, and in chief, play with all our hearts in the game.

Is this foundation of the Play Way so simple as to need no statement? Look in our nurseries, look in our schools, look in our fields, factories and workshops. Which of us has the chance to do thoroughly that which he has the desire to do? But the right one becomes the better way to live. What I mean is what I do propose. Boys and girls nowadays have their play gradually thinned out until little is left to them as adults but a round of golf or a game of cards. When work and play are separate, one becomes mere drudgery, the other mere pastime. Neither is then of any value in life. It is the core of my faith that the only work worth doing is really play; and what is more, have a sense of fairplay, and in chief, play with all our hearts in the game.

But my especial concern is with the schools. Can anyone say that life in school is so ordered as not to impair those energies by which the children live? If the children were moved by natural desire to do as we now make them do in school, then there would be no need of this same compulsion. Of the children's view of the work we give them it is not still true to say, "love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books"? And as for their view of the play we plan, who has not heard of compulsory games? "Some boys are by nature slack," says the public-school man, "and have to be brought up to scratch." "By nature they are the children of evil," said the teacher of old time, "conceived in wickedness and born in sin." "Many of us are born blind," say I. "Let us have the Play Way.

The advice in "Hamlet" that "the purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," is said of actors. But Shakespeare also said:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

So the words in "Hamlet" come fitly as a text; the more so since childplay, being less artificial, is a nearer parallel to life than is stage-play.

However dense a maze of difficulty may arise in the application of it, the one principle of human conduct is clear enough. A man's aim in life is to carry out the promptings of his nature, to do what he was born to do, to be natural. It is possible to go wrong of course, because man has a faculty of freewill, as anyone may learn in the third book of "Paradise Lost." The sole directions towards right are the example of the external world and the promptings of the man heart by which we live. The urging of nature is subject to the control of reason, but reason is not the compelling force. Thoughts and deeds can only be held by reason as right or wrong, wise or unwise, fair or unjust. Men are in so far as they further or retard the one end of life, which is to live in accord with our nature, giving scope to every faculty, exercise to every power (for good, we might add, but that vice is only virtue misdirected, power ill-used).

The function of reason is to maintain a just equipoise. Take the analogy of the body. Food is necessary, but if a man eat too much his body is made unfit to live well: the same if he eat too little. And so with sleep, exercise, and the other functions of the body; all of which are pleasant in order that man may be persuaded to live and be healthy. A natural function is instinctively pleasant so that it may not fall into disuse: and the one end of life is to take these pleasures indicated by nature as a means to life. But "with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

Health of body or mind is a matter of balance, it is the level. But health is a positive thing, not merely the negation of sickness and disease. To be fit should be our first endeavour. But fitness implies fitness for something. Health itself is only the beginning of things, the floor cleared for dancing. But how few of us go in for large spaces in our dealing. How many are content with compromise, with a modicum of comfort, with freedom from pain. Having said a little space to the children we are happy to sit down in it. Having borne a little burden we look for sleep; and there is neither room nor time for play.

A healthy body tingles with an intense power of joy, is triumphant in his great hold upon life, looks in the face of heaven and is himself a god. The body that is full of health knows neither labour nor loafing, but only play. It seems there is nothing he cannot do with ease and delight. The red of his cheek is not hectic, there is no exertion in his vigour, and his calm is without strain. His very walking is full of unthought grace, for he does nothing unlovely. But I find that I have described the Playway. Just as this feeling of bodily well-being comes only with the fitness of every nerve and muscle, so there is a fullness of life that can come to the spirit of man only in the freeplay of all his natural desires.

There are necessary functions of the body without whose operation it dies; and some which, though not so essential to existence, are essential to well-being. Nearly every man or woman you know lives only on those functions which are essential to existence. As some men starve their bodies, so other starve their souls. It is clearly as sinful to take too little of a good thing as to take too much. But of this the narrow-minded, stay-at-home type of mind will never be persuaded.

Home-keeping youths have ever lonely wits. The present-day puritan has that negative habit of mind which condemns all forms of excess but excess of restraint; though all may see that the nonconformist conscience stands for a very debauch of denial. What a talk there is nowadays, too, of saving time. It was easy to say that time is to be saved, not spent on the children, to avoid the one end of life, which is to live in accord with our nature, giving scope to every faculty, exercise to every power (for good, we might add, but that vice is only virtue misdirected, power ill-used).

The sole concern of such as are wise is to take the full yield of every harvest, not to sow acres that shall never be reaped. Not he who covers the most ground, but he who has the most delightful in his journey, is the better traveller. Hard labour now in the hope of a longer rest later on is a delusion that any child may discover. When
my brothers and I, as little boys, grew tired in walking we used to run ahead of the nurse to rest on the next seat or milestone. But she came upon us unpleasantly soon and we were still panting. To-day cannot be set aside to be spent next year. This sacrifice of a present joy in the hope of obtaining a greater in the future is immoral only because it is so hopelessly futile: it is selling one’s soul with no prospect of anything better to buy. He who saved up all the meals of a week for one great feed on Saturday finds himself with no stomach for the banquet.

The application to our schools is this: Education nowadays is study or at best training. That is, the learning how things have been done, or at least, how to do them. Study, simple of itself, is a means only; and training, as training, has always some distant end or other. When the joy is not yet felt the value is still to seek. But whenever we have joy in what we are doing it is then the doing that is of first importance. Of course, in doing we are doing something, and some may look upon the Play Way simply as a notion of adding interest to undertakings; in going we are going somewhere, so the whole of my suggestion is not merely that we go gaily. The claim here put forward is not for the destination, but chiefly for the journey. Any means that becomes in this way an end in itself I call the Play Way. Play is the one means that is an end in itself, for, “that we would do, we should do when we would.”

Musical Snobbery.

Musical London is in real danger of being submerged by one of those waves of pseudo-cultural slime which are an inevitable by-product—and the most nauseating at that—of all progress, in its recent growth. It was plainly visible some years ago, but the current season promises its most luxurious harvest. Like most similar phenomena this particular form of snobbery is due to a reaction. In the beginning of time—in the narrow contemporary sense—there reigned in musical England the most complete indifference to everything new. From the point of view of this article that was the Golden Age, for its only snobs belonged to the mandaric class and lived chiefly in opera-lofts, where they did little harm beyond maintaining the standard degree of moisture in the wet blanket which the preceding generation had thrown over British music. Very little happened in those days to trouble the even tenor of life, and our musical discipline of perchance an adventurous hero visited us from abroad he was gaily conducted to Oxford or Cambridge, and offered up, decked in academic millinery, at a sacrificial dinner. This was the fate of Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, and many of the musical treasures which were accumulating material for the inevitable volume of reminiscences that follows in their wake, the musical world had in fact been moving; that Russian music did not consist exclusively of Tchaikovsky; that French music had not come to an end with Gounod and Saint-Saëns. Several new reputations loomed on the horizon, and went through a process of evolution, of which that of Debussy will serve for example. First he was openly ridiculed. Then he was preached at as a dangerous musical anarchist. This led to a measure of contempt from ambitious young artists who proved their emancipation from the prevailing conservativeness by including in their programmes works like the song “Mandoline,” representing an early, relatively innocent phase of the composer’s development. So far, been observed, all was for the best, as it denoted the awakening of an interest which was on the whole intelligent, and therefore genuine. Unfortunately, however, worse was to follow. Debussy was the one of the cult. A sign of the time was that a lady who sang his songs not particularly well was advertised as its “arch-priestess,” notwithstanding that such artists as Bathori had meanwhile visited our shores and shown to the discerning how Debussy ought to be sung. Now, about the worst thing that can happen to a composer is to be made a cult, and especially a fashionable cult. It means that intelligent appreciation of his works is swept by a flood of meaningless, insincere, snobbery. That is what happened to Debussy in this country. As a great admirer of his genius, I did not know which I hated more, his uncomprehending detractors of a few years before, or his equally incomprehending supporters at this time. A debatable point which offered the more serious resistance to his taking his right rank among his peers. That Debussy’s works have survived both phases, and are now a vital force among musicians, is the strong proof of their high quality, which alone has preserved them from the fate of a side-show.

The ultimate triumph of Debussy was the herald of a series of incidents in which the same process was progressively accelerated, culminating in the recent rejection of Schoenberg, which almost entirely dispensed with even uncomprehending admiration. His recent reception in the London musical circle was an orgy offlagrant insincerity—insincerity far beyond that which is frequently laid to the charge of his compositions. It was the most astounding joke of the day, except, of course, the literary dinner to Anatole France, which will long remain unsurpassed. It was, indeed, inexplicable, except perhaps as a revanche of the Anglo-German majority, which has been somewhat out of the light of late. The preceding reception of Ravel was on a different footing, for even among the autograph-hunters there was a powerful nucleus of intelligently convinced admirers. It was, however, not these that make the social success of such functions, but the crowd of musical snobs, caring little who the central figure is, so long as they can scatter adjectives about in each other’s hearing. If we survive the avalanche of high falutin occasioned by the Anglo-German majority, we may doubtless go through the whole nauseating procedure once more over “ Scriabine.” The same adjectives will do duty again.

It is, in fact, largely by his adjectives, metaphors, and comparisons, that you may know the musical snob. He finds it absolutely impossible to speak sanely and rationally of music. I heard one of the species the other day refer to Schoenberg’s five orchestral pieces as “exquisite.” There is a lot to be said concerning those pieces. I tried to say some of it myself. But the one thing that is not to be said about them is that they are exquisite. An intelligent admirer would have found, if not the right adjective, at least one that fitted. It reminds me of a single word which I now to show his appreciation of Mme. Piltz’s famous pose in Le Sacre du Printemps, could only refer to it as “graceful,” the one thing it was not, or ever intended to be. Such people would be made into dandies by the very solemn examination of the social success of such functions, but the crowd of musical snobs, caring little who the central figure is, so long as they can scatter adjectives about in each other’s hearing. If we survive the avalanche of high falutin occasioned by the Anglo-German majority, we may doubtless go through the whole nauseating procedure once more over “ Scriabine.” The same adjectives will do duty again.

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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is expected of all public men that, at some time or other, they should express gratitude to God. I am not sure that I am a public man, nor am I sure that a dramatic critic has anything for which to thank God. But I think it is Izaak Walton who said: "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy, and therefore let us be thankful!" and, as I would like to thank God, I must think of the women who write the plays that I read.

Recently at the Vaudeville Mr. Richard Pryce's adaptation of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Helen with the High Hand"; and I thank God that I have never read one of Arnold Bennett's novels. They must be worse than the play, because there is more of them. In spite of such things were left to the "hot-house" essayist. Now, recently at the Vaudeville Mr. Richard Pryce's adaptation of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Helen with the High Hand"; and I thank God that I have never read one of Arnold Bennett's novels. They must be worse than the play, because there is more of them. In spite of the title of the play, the woman suffers from no physical deformity; the height of the hand is only figurative. But the play should have as a sequel, "Henry with the Hard Boot," or some similar corrective to feminist tragedy.

For what are we asked to laugh at, by what are we to be charmed? Helen is supposed to be a highly qualified school teacher, able to teach mathematics, sewing, and cooking, at least; and she is employed to teach presumably all these things at a salary of £72 a year. This is feminist tragedy, for, as becomes a true feminist, she hates her work. Helen is not only high-handed, she is high-minded; that is, she wants to go into society. "Social invasions are not rare," said Disraeli, "but they are seldom fortunate, or success, if achieved, is partial, and then only sustained at immense cost, like the French in Algiers." Had Helen been born in one of Disraeli's novels, she would have been satirised to death: the Guy Foulceys have practically exhausted the possibilities of the successful parvenu. Helen, with all her hard feet, would never "arive," as Mrs. Guy Foulcey did; but let us return to the Potteryers. Helen is a step-uncle, or great step-uncle, or some similar mythical relative. Said step-uncle is a wealthy man, in the Potteries; he has about £100,000 invested and an income of about £5,000 a year. The Guy Foulceys had about seven or eight a year; and, said Disraeli, "a good fortune, with good management, no country house, and no children, is Aladdin's lamp." But I must put Disraeli away; he is too interesting.

The scheme of the comedy is simply the distribution of wealth, the lowering of the old man's bank balance and the raising of the young woman's ambition. The old man is living, as he has always lived, in a small house with six rooms; and he spends about 17s. a week on food. His amusements consist of a game of bowls, and the occasional playing on a concertina of the "Hallelujah Chorus." It is not for nothing, you see, that Mr. Arnold Bennett (editor of the "Historian," is it not Nationalist?) of the Five Towns. In "Liberty Hall," the old bookseller of Bursley regarded a smoked haddock as a "relish" to his tea; in Bursley, a veal kidney is the "relish." Hang it all, this is life! But to resume. The problem is how to make the old miser disgorgé: the first solution is, tickle his tummy with an omelette. The old miser has a housekeeper (so, by the way, had Todman, in "Liberty Hall"); she supplies most of the comedy of the piece with her exclamations: "We want some more coals!": and: "The boiler's busted,": and the housekeeper has to go. Her name is Butt, so we can resurrect the mystic formula, and say that B. M. This is easily done. Her absence is a serious matter, and a result of this is that the place shows that no woman touches it, or that servants never vary a man's diet, etc., rouse her to the declaration of her refusal to stay any longer. Banging the veil kidney on the floor, she departs; and Helen proceeds to make the omelette with her high hand.

At this rate, I shall never finish the story; so I shall continue at this rate. We have reached the end of the first act, and the sum total of comic action is, first, a performance of the "Hallelujah Chorus" on the concertina, second, one veal kidney on the floor, and third, Ha, ha, ha! One laugh more than the number of jokes, for I am a merry man. By the way, there is a love affair, symptoms of which appear in the first act; comedy, you know, real comedy! Have you ever heard of "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea?" We are considering an adaptation of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Helen with the High Hand." As I was saying (I shall never finish at this rate), there is a love affair: in other words, Helen is in love, with the high hand, I suppose. Andrew Wilbram (Petroleum magnate, or is it not a man; too much, of course, for he will have to play the part of Mr. Guy Foulcey after they are married. Comedy is very complicated. Helen is in love with Andrew Wilbram; don't tell me, until the end of the third act. As I said before, Andrew is a working man, he is also what Helen calls a bully and a bear (nothing to do with the Stock Exchange). Oh, this awful play! Helen's high hand had, therefore, waved him aside; and when he saw her in the kitchen of her great step-uncle's house (scene 2, act 1), he rushed away without a word, and banged the door. Perhaps this was comic, so I say, ha!

Let me see. I have mentioned the step-uncle, James Ollerenshaw, his nephew (which I suppose, means early-bone, for she did not promise to be fat), Andrew Wilbram, and Mrs. Butt. There was also a gardener in the first act. He did not know his business. If, instead of trying to talk dialect with a pipe in his mouth, he had flattened out some of these people with his roller, he would have done a service to comedy. Also in the first act appeared Mrs. Prickett and her nephew, Emanuel Prickett. This person is the "complication"; he suffers from sentimental songs, and an apparent infatuation for Helen. Emanuel is a tenor. Helen adopts him for the purpose of making Andrew Wilbram jealous. What strategy! In the third act, Emanuel is thrown into the lake by Andrew; and although in H. V. Esmond's "One Summer's Day," old Bendyshe is thrown into the lake by Seth, there is no plagiarism. Old Bendyshe did have one funny line to speak: "I keep on finding tadpoles in my hair," said he. But Emanuel only stands and dries; and all the comedy that is obtained from his appearance on the stage is provided by his exit wearing a mackintosh and a smoking cap with a tassel. This is real original comedy, and therefore—ha, ha!

The comedy ends, of course, in Wilbur double aitch all. I spell it this way to reproduce the emphasis on the aspirate. Wilbram H Hall was the property of Andrew Wilbram, but, having no use for it, he sold it to James Ollerenshaw for four thousand five hundred pounds. James Ollerenshaw intended to pull the place down, and build "salt-boxes" and gridiron streets on the estate. No doubt about it, he was no artist; a mackintosh, cunningly Mr. Arnold Bennett reveals the fact. For, in addition to this proposed vandalism (Wilbram Hall actually contains "panelling," a sort of dealer's synonym for art.), the old man has a model of the "Victory," which he calls to the amusement of the audience. This work of art is carefully smashed by Andrew Wilbram in the third act; more comedy. He had to fall off the steps to do it; but did it, he did. Helen, of course (by high-handed strategy
which lack of space prevents me from detailing) had prevailed on the old man to live in Wilbram Hall; and to escape from Mrs. Prockter (an old woman who represents Society, and Iules Ollersrenshaw into proposing to her), she insists that she (i.e., Helen) and her husband shall live with him. Helen had previously estimated the cost of living in Wilbram Hall at £2,000 a year; but with her husband to provide for, the estimate rises to £3,000 a year, at least. Thus, Helen, with her high hand, obtains everything for which she wishes; Hall, husband, and “sally-box” genealogy, and a place in Society, represented by Mrs. Prockter. Dear Helen, how charming and how clever! Feminism, thou art vindicated! For see, here is a miserly man, with no taste in graphic, plastic, architectural, or literary Art, living on rents derived from slum property in a district that is one of the horrors of England. He represents Savin, she represents Spending. From first to last, she has only one intention: “It’s your money I want.” She gets it, and everybody thinks how clever she is; and such a lady! “Mrs. Guy Flouncey performed her part as if she had received princesses of the blood all her life; so reverent and yet so dignified, so very calm and yet with a sort of winning, sunny innocence.” And the people will still be paying for a week for their “salt-boxes,” which Helen, by a kind of gentle brigandage, will wrest from the old man. That is Feminism.

Art.
The Art of India—II.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

In my last notes I pointed out briefly how the prejudice of three of the most prominent nations of antiquity seems to have been against all salutary changes of occupation through the succeeding generations of the individual families. Both Dr. Coomaraswamy in his “Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon,” and Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie in his “Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt,” allude to this prejudice, and I firmly believe that a similar attitude of mind could be traced throughout the Middle Ages of Europe, where, as I suggested, the tendency of the ancient guilds must have fostered a sort of jealousy regard for blood-occupations.

Now it must be obvious that there is a strong tendency to preserve certain talents and aptitudes in family lines acted in two ways, which, in themselves, would amply suffice to reconcile the two antagonistic modern schools of biology, in as far as the problem of heredity is concerned: it ensured the cumulative process which, with the characteristics acquired by each individual of the family line, for its material, would ultimately lead to that great store of racial experiences so essential to the excellence of any complex action, and it established an environment which from early childhood onwards was favourable to the expression of any inborn tendencies (whether of the nature of stock qualities or of “sport” qualities) in keeping with the requirements of the blood-occupation.

Thus while the ancient races of man knew nothing concerning the apparent hostility between the two modern theories of heredity, they seem to have acted in such a way as to meet the most urgent demands of both. These two modern theories, in themselves, however, are reconcilable to-day, on the ground of tradition, and this means of reconciliation is actually recognised by the respective parties themselves.

It would be more than presumptuous on my part to pretend in these pages that I am able to make a dogmatic or categorical statement concerning a matter which, if modern scientists are to be believed, is so exceedingly problematic. But perhaps the little I have to say on the subject will not be without interest.

Proved or not proved, the theory of the transmission of acquired characteristics is not nearly so important to the advocate of the hereditary principle in great families, or great classes, as is that pre-disposition to acquire good characteristics which finds its root in the inborn virtues and instincts of a good family or caste.

Nevertheless, since the cumulative results of the transmission of acquired characteristics would prove, in the long run, enormous, it is a matter which must interest anyone who is concerned about the improvement or the selection of stock.

Now I think that the attacks made upon the position of the transmissionalists have been of the most ridiculously feeble character. They have attempted practically of four arguments: (1) That the germ-plasm is independent of the soma or body; (2) That mutilations are not transmitted; (3) That the alleged cases of transmitted acquired characteristics are not conclusive; (4) That the mechanism whereby acquired characteristics could be transmitted has not been discovered.

The answer to the first argument which Dr. George Ogilvie provides, is surely acceptable enough; for, without actually introducing that something so sadly lacking in modern biology—I mean the spirit—at least it leaves an opening for its introduction. Dr. Ogilvie says: “In a subject so involved in obscurity the incomprehensibility of certain relations can hardly serve as an argument against their existence.” The answer to the second argument is obvious. Nobody but the veriest dolt would ever have conceived of such a method of testing transmission, as the mutilation of breeding animals, and the experiments made under this head alone would have been sufficient to compromise any modern science.

That which results from a vis major, desceending unexpectedly in the form of an outside unknown cause, upon an animal’s body, can bear no possible relation to the inner working of the body itself, or the conditions which make it grow in a particular way. To cut off a rat’s tail does not even amount to removing the cause of the growth of the tail—unless the tail is its own cause—how then could the amputation of the tail be transmitted as an acquired characteristic of the rat’s offspring? The cause of the growth of the tail is still inextricably associated with the rat’s whole life and growth; it is still part of its nature. By amputating the tail a manifestation of rat-nature is removed, but rat-nature has not necessarily been modified.

This is not the way animals lose their parts. The controlling forces of an animal’s body know nothing either about knives or amputations. How could the repetition of its controlling mechanism in its offspring it knows nothing at all about—save that one day a vis major appeared, and that thenceforward it had no tail?

Watch the way animals—say tadpoles—gradually lose their parts, or fins, or wings, or whatever it may be not! You will find that the process has nothing to do with knives. But the way in which a tadpole loses its tail is understood by nature, and on these lines nature can work. The fact that mutilations which have approached nearest to the controlling system of the body have met with partial success, shows that the nearer you get to the seat of control which consists of the instinct-saturated ganglia, the more likely you are to make a deep-rooted impression upon the parent animal, and therefore upon its offspring.

The argument that acquired characteristics are not transmitted because mutilations are not transmitted, is therefore as utterly futile as any argument possibly could be, and none but supinely mechanical minds would ever have dreamed of such experiments as a test of transmission.

The third argument resolves itself into this: “Because on the whole the transmission of acquired characteristics from one generation to another practically defies detection, we must account for those cases in which it does not defy: detection by pleading coinci- dence.” Let us, however, ask the plain question why there happens to be this insuperable difficulty in detecting the transmission of acquired characteristics? What are the two sets of circumstances likely to be in-
herited by offspring? For convenience we can divide
them into two categories—old and recent attributes; 
old in the sense of having belonged to the race a long
time, recent in the sense of having belonged to the race 
short time. Among the recent attributes, for in-
stance, we may number civilization, venem after venem
of which we are told is peeled 
off, so to speak, by every
successive glass of intoxicating liquor that an intem-
perate man drinks at one sitting. But among the most
recent attributes are surely those that the individual
has himself acquired. Now it will readily be under-
stood, I suppose, that these possessions are almost
bound to yield before the prepotency of earlier and more
long established qualities in the type, and that they
stand but a small chance of contending successfully
for a prominent position here would be absurd.

Just as a highly cultivated and inbred type with a
long pedigree is prepotent when crossed with a less cul-
vated type, owing apparently to the strength garnered
from stability; so, too, it would seem that the older
and more long established qualities of a stock must be
prepotent as against the more recently acquired
qualities.

This fact, I believe, is the cause of a good deal of
the doubt which has been cast upon the possibility of
acquired characteristics being transmitted.

To argue from this fact, however, that acquired char-
acteristics are not transmitted, would seem to be
the height of unscientific and excessive caution. Naturally
the very careful; in the case of the young renet the
slight modification caused by an acquired characteris-
tic a very difficult feature to trace among all the stronger
and older characteristics in the family line. Think of
those which have a prior claim to be pronounced !
But to say that the transmission never occurs, simply
because in an enormous majority of cases it is for all
practical purposes invisible, or concealed amid this host
of stronger and prior claims, is surely quite unjustifi-
able. Think how slowly nature works! Who can de-
fect from hour to hour the changes occurring in a
living leaf! What sort of arrogance is it then
which denies the growth of a virtue or of a characteris-
tic through the generations simply because at the end
of every twenty-five years the single individual effect
appears to be irreversible! 

The last argument mentioned is that which takes its
strength from the fact that the mechanism by which
acquired characteristics could be transmitted is un-
known. The Weismannists say: 'We cannot imagine
how this transmission would occur from the body to the germ cells.' But, as Professor Lloyd
Morgan replies, 
"this does not exclude the possibility that it may actually do." This is the only honest
thing that science can say at present on the question.

To become dogmatic here would be absurd.

But now see the shifts to which these scientists are
driven who, in the face of all appearances to the
contrary, still maintain that acquired characteristics are not
transmissible even in their cumulative results. Pro-
fessors Mark Baldwin and H. P. Osborn suggest that
"adaptive modifications may act as the fostering nurses of
germal variations in the same direction!"

What need is there for this roundabout explanation
depending upon time, when we have a satisfactory
hypothesis which is based upon cunn ing?

Taking it all in all, the statements of the two Pro-
fessors, V. A. S. Walton and L. Doncaster, sum up the
question exceedingly well for the scientific school, and
show how greatly the current of opinion is in the
department of biology. The former says, "To sum up
the main argument, it must be said that there is some
presumptive evidence in favour of the inheritance of ac-
cquired characteristics; but that direct experiments have
given positive results of only the most meagre and in-
conclusive kind."

We know what these experiments have been, for the
most part, and is it not possible that even the best
experiments have been carried out with too sanguine
expectations? Have not the results of the tests always
been expected to manifest themselves in a manner out
of all proportion to the known relative strengths of old
and new attributes in a type?

Doncaster writes as follows: "The tendency of bio-
logical thought is certainly towards a recognition of the
useless of a great many old acquired characters, but
in the germ cell, and especially where the organism adapts itself
to change, it seems possible that this adaptation is
transmissible. The belief that somatic changes could not be
transmitted rests largely on the idea that every
character is determined by a factor or determinant in
the germ cell, but it is clear that any character is not
developed directly from the germinal determinant, but
by the relation existing between the determinant and
its surroundings, viz., the body of the organism." 

The fact which shows why the wind is blowing in the
world of science. For, even if those biologists are
right who maintain that while there is no such thing as
the transmission of persistent modifications, there is a
tendency for germinal variations of a like nature to be
preserved by them, tradition still remains the important
factor; and, to keep that as unbroken as possible must
be the chief aim of all educators, cultivators, and re-
formers.

This reconciliation of the two hostile scientific camps
in the one word tradition ought to be sufficient for the
ordinary man. Both the believers and the disbelievers
in the transmission of acquired characteristics, as we
have seen, believe in the importance of unbroken tradi-
tions—and this is the conclusion for my purpose.

The fact that after much wandering and disagreement,
modern science has at last endorsed the wisdom of the
ancestors concerning the all-important questions of here-
day and inheritance, will perhaps help many who,
hitherto, seeing things by a false and discordant scene, are
suspicious of ancient wisdom, to approach the civilisa-
tions of the Brahmins, the Incas, and the Egyptians
with greater interest and respect.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
STATEMENT BY THE SOUTH AFRICAN LABOUR
PARTY.
Sir—The position in South Africa has within the last
few days taken an exceedingly serious turn. The facts
expressed have been realised, and nine leaders, whose
names are given on the accompanying note, have been
depor ted without trial and even without a charge having
been laid against them. The utmost stress as to the
Government’s intentions was maintained, with the object
of preventing any appeal to the Courts. The "Rand
Daily Mail" newspaper was threatened with instant sup-
pression for referring to the rumoured intention of the
Government. The plan was successful, since, owing to
the complete absence of authentic information, the Judges
on the ground that such action was so illegal as to be
unthinkable, refused to grant an injunction until the
crime had been accomplished. There was an unparalleled
scene in Court when, after replying to the application of
Advocate Lucas to the above effect, the Judge called
Colonel Truter, Chief of Police, who thereupon insolently
declared that the Court could save itself the trouble, as
the men were already beyond the borders of the Union
and outside the jurisdiction of the Court.

The Judges of the Transvaal Province appear to con-
sider that they have no power to concern themselves with
persons who are outside the boundaries of that province,
even though they have been illegally and forcibly removed.
The Judges hold, moreover, that they have no power to
proceed against the persons responsible for the crime of
contempt of Court on the ground that there is no remem-
bered. The three men deported were arrested before the
dec ree of a General Strike, and before the Proclamation
of Martial Law, and during the interval of days when
dreds of others have been arrested and imprisoned under
Martial Law without charge or trial, including two hun-
dred in the Bokkeveld, who are utterly unknown to
anyone exactly who is or is not in prison, nor where any indi-
vidual prisoner may be. Many, however, have been
released within the last few days by order of the Govern-
ment, but rather with a warning to be careful as
marked men. Mr. Creswell, M.A., was released by the
Government’s order, "to attend Parliament," but in this
and other cases the real reason was undoubtedly the

desire to prevent any cases being brought before the Courts, and to forestall Mr. Creswell's appeal being heard on an appeal on the legality of all cases proceeded with under Martial Law.

The Government fears the Courts (High) for two reasons, viz.: because it is well aware of the entire illegality of its action, because if specific charges are made facts are certain to come out in evidence which would demonstrate how utterly groundless are the Government's assertions of revolt and riot, public violence, which could serve as a justification for the Proclamation of Martial Law, and still less for the Deportation under Martial Law of persons who have not through Parliament by the Nationalist and the Unionist continues, and this applies equally to the publication of facts which are inconsistent with the theory of a "treasonable conspiracy." It is publicity which the Government fears, whether in the Law Courts or elsewhere. The consequence will be that an Indemnity Bill will be rushed through Parliament and the Unionist majority on the strength of ex parte statements by the Government.

The matter has gone far beyond the original issues involved, and has become a National and Imperial question of the first importance. There is no longer a question of the Cortes and strike as such, but of the fundamental principle of constitutional government, of the Habeas Corpus Act, and of the personal freedom of every citizen. Unfortunate the fact that the individuals whose rights are immediately in question are working men, in many cases Socialist or Syndicalist, and, moreover, that the facts which are inconsistent with the theory of "treasonable conspiracy" are the very serious and far-reaching principles which are in question.

On the other hand, we have reason to know that the general public, even those who are entirely out of sympathy with the political ideals of the Labour Party, are boiling with indignation, which so long as Martial Law continues, they cannot express, at this violation of the elementary rights of British citizens, and that the feeling is shared by those who, as they now see under false pretences, have, as citizen soldiers, been used as tools to violate their own rights as civilians.

We yield to none in our desire that South Africa should manage her own affairs, but we strongly maintain that it must be well understood or traditional lines of the British Constitution, and not on those of a third-rate nature of modern society, and that the wage system can be betrayed with impunity, will strike at the root of our trust and loyalty.

Sir,—Silly people, including, of course, the members of the British Labour Party, will urge the failure of the "general" strike in South Africa, as they have urged the failure of every other strike, "general"  or sectional, as a proof that all strikes have been, are, and will be a mistake. But events in South Africa confirm the accuracy of your deductions from the nature of modern society, and that the wage system can be destroyed when the workers have been educated and lashed in the unions, with the consequent power to stop the production of all wealth needful for the maintenance of a nation's life. The Boer Government, acting in collusion with the mine-owners, indicates, without actually reaching it, the extremity of violence to which the day may be carried if the white race in defence of its privileges, and should make it apparent to everyone outside: Bedlam that, so soon as the election to the Legislature of public opinion in South Africa seems to be a wage system seemed likely to take place, the Constitution would be changed. The election of an anti-capitalist majority would be made impossible by a revision of the franchise, or ineffective by the veto of the Upper House, supported by the Army. In short, General Botha has made it plain that he will fight the elections as if he had a majority and those who exploit them will be decided, not by the expression of opinions, but by the use of power. Therefore it behoves you, gentlemen, to continue in the encouragement of the industrialists with a stimulated enthusiasm.

The rapid mobilisation of the defence force and the horrors of battle, which was omitted to the Witwatersrand has, I notice, elicited the applause of the British press. But the fact seems less amazing to these who are aware that the Government decided, at least two months before the strike was declared, to provoke a crisis. Some little time ago, as you may remember, a report that a number of railwaymen were retrenched drew a letter of protest from the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce, which letter caused Mr. Buxton to contradict the report. But no such action was under immediate consideration by him. When, on the lapse of a few weeks, Mr. Hoy issued his sacking instructions, the arrangements for the defence force and the lighthouses had been completed.

The strike is now ended, and the unions are temporarily crushed to powder, an effect deliberately designed, and eminently agreeable to the financiers and to the Government they control. But General Botha has struck a hot iron on the face of the proletarians of British descent. His tender tactics, which he has named the "baas" in this country, and the racial feeling generated will, in the fullness of time, produce other effects somewhat less agreeable to him than the Government or the financiers. I do not suggest that the Imperial Parliament will interfere on behalf of the insulted Englishmen in South Africa, because I know that the selfish instinct, like the sex instinct, is stronger than the instinct of race. But I know, too, that the foundations of an enduring prosperity, even for the rich man, who are aware that two wrongs do not make a right, has been successfully encouraged to hate another in an arena surrounded by a vast and growing population of morally decaying blacks.

Among the immediate effects of the strike and the manner of its repression will be the strengthening of the Botha party at the expense of the Unionists and Mr. Hertzog. General Botha has, by his policy, also engaged the sympathy of a great host of cosmopolitan vermin—stockbrokers, agents, commercial pimps, and much of that description. Added to, and in some cases including these, are the numerous persons of weak intellect to whom a big display of force, provided it is directed against others than themselves, is invariably attractive. The mine-owners, with the collusion of whom the Government acted, know that, had they been in office they could not rely upon the cooperation of the Boer farmers to the extent to which General Botha could rely upon it. And it is for that reason that they strongly support the Botha party. It is their policy to pay General Botha to do the dirty work. Another possibility has emerged. It is the possibility that, with the weakening of the Hertzog faction, General Botha will be able to dispense with the support of the mine-owners. The mine-owners are greedy, but they are not quite so clever as some people may suppose.

A SOUTHERN WAGE SLAVE.

THE "DAILY HERALD." SIR,—The enclosed circular addressed to the members of the "Daily Herald" League may, I take it, be regarded as the official reply to the queries of the "Daily Herald" on the subject of Mr. Lapworth's "resignation." F. T. TO THE MEMBERS OF THE "DAILY HERALD" LEAGUE.

COMRADES,—I have been asked to make an explanation with regard to the resignation of Mr. Lapworth from his position as Editor. I must say that I was clearly understood that there was no personal quarrel between Mr. Lapworth and myself. We disagreed, and when we parted we parted as men, holding opposing views, agreeably of the late lamented Mr. Lapworth's "resignation." Three things, I understand, have been questioned in this matter:—first, the reason of Mr. Lapworth's departure from the paper; second, our use of the word
“resignation”; third, the financial terms on which Mr. Lapworth went. These I will deal with in order.

1. As you will expect, the paper was put under the control of Mr. Lapworth and myself in June. Mr. Meynell was added to our number later on. At the same time the old Management Committee was dismissed: by some mistake, Robert Williams, H. D. Harben, and myself, remained in being. For all practical purposes, however, the management of the “Daily Herald” devolved on Mr. Lapworth and myself. The fundamental question at issue between him and myself was that of office duties of an editor. In more than one of our discussions Mr. Lapworth had threatened to resign, and I finally decided to ask him to carry that threat into effect. There was no difference between us as to the fighting policy of the paper.

2. At our final interview the question arose as to what should be entered in the Minutes. I said that I had no objection to recording that he had been dismissed, but Mr. Lapworth himself preferred to call it a “resignation,” and insisted on it being entered in the Minute Book as such. He also asked, that following general journalistic practice, no reference to the matter should be made in the paper. None was made. He then decided to go abroad. Mr. Lapworth introduced into the paper an advertisement referring to him as the “late editor.” The Management Committee then felt obliged to put in a statement to the effect that I had been dismissed by our unanimous consent of the resignation of Mr. Lapworth. The word “resignation” was deliberately used in honourable conformity with our understanding with Mr. Lapworth. At the final interview I noticed that Mr. Lapworth was taking notes, and suggested that if anything were to made public a shorthand writer should be present to take a verbatim report. Mr. Lapworth assured me that he had no intention of making any public statement, and so no verbatim report was taken.

3. A rumour has been published that Mr. Lapworth was bribed to leave the country. This is absolutely untrue. When Mr. Lapworth left to us the matter of resignation in lieu of notice, he entered the undertaking that he intended to go abroad at once, as he did not want to stay in England under the circumstances. We asked our friends for a further sum for his additional expenses and for the anxieties and difficulties that any man must have that feels that it is necessary for him to leave the country. We were in no way responsible for the suggestion that Mr. Lapworth should go abroad; we were merely interested in seeing that he left us at the moment it is obviously impossible for the League to dismiss it on the grounds that he was bribed.

In the matter of the resigned resignation, no outsiders, rich people or poor people, influenced me one way or the other. I used my own judgment and decided that I could not leave England with Mr. Lapworth in control of the paper.

With regard to the “Daily Herald” League, I have no very clear knowledge of what Mr. Lapworth thought of my attitude in regard to it and the paper, but the position is now what it has always been. There is a weekly loss on the paper, and the friends who make up about 8½ per cent. deliberately forego control in order to emphasise their conviction that money should have no control in a paper worthy of our movement, and a real means toward the accomplishment of the Social Revolution.

With the best of good wishes,

Yours fraternally,

GEORGE LANSBURY.

On behalf of the Management Committee.

February 11, 1914.

UNIONS AS GUILDS.

Sir,—Owing to the domestic turmoil incident to a removal, it was late for me to notice that I noticed that the suggestion contained in my letter (which was published in your issue of January 20, under the heading “Unions as Guilds”) is dealt with in “Notes of the Week” of the same issue. There, after a very able criticism of the Syndicalist suggestion made by the “Times” to the Coal Porters’ Union, you make a “counter-suggestion of an equally ‘interesting,’ but of a much more promising and nearadmittable character than that of the Times,” and undertake to say that not a soul in the world will agree with you. This counter-suggestion is identical in its essential features with the suggestion contained in my letter, viz., that the members of a trade union should go beyond the wage system and the dominion of the employer over the individual wage slave, should endeavour to obtain from their employers a trade union or guild form of association, instead of paying wages to individual members. I considered such an arrangement would be of value as a first step towards the conversion of the capital into a guild.

You, on the other hand, after making use of the counter-suggestion as a gibe against the press, appear to dismiss it on the grounds that 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.

Now, this consideration would have small weight with the members of a union bent on taking the step in question; for, if it is a defect merely from the point of view of the public, from whom the workers in any particular industry usually receive scant consideration, as you argue in the fifth paragraph of your “Notes;” An economic system based on the philosophy of “Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost” may not unnatural give rise to a unionism having as one of its working mottoes, “Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost.”

My point is that, as there seems nothing to prevent many unions from emancipating their members from conditions of individual wage slavery by the means suggested, and by forming themselves into what Mr. Hilaire Belloc has termed in your column a “Proletarian Guild,” would you urge them not to take such a step, and, if so, on what grounds? I really not out of pity for the general public.

FRED MELLOR.
"WEALTH AND LIFE."

Sir,—Yes, your correspondent, "Press-Cutter," is quite right. I have been a New Age reader from the beginning of your present editorship, though I think I have personally grown less interested from talks with you yourself. My "Wealth and Life" articles were, as you know, discussed with you many times before I began writing them. "Press-Cutter" will turn back to Sirs,—Things are improving. National Guilds and The New Age actually find a place in the new "Everyman Encyclopaedia." (Dept.)

The article on "Syndicalism" states that all social theories rest on a consideration of "the ownership and control of industry," for which there are three candidates (1) the present owners of the industry, (2) the worker, and (3) the combination of the worker and the owner. Capitalism, Socialism, and Syndicalism are systems respectively representing these three.

After a very brief description of the extreme forms of these systems and their modifications there comes the following statement—"But most recent of all such social partnerships is Guild Socialism, otherwise, and preferrely, the National Guilds System. This scheme, first expounded in the British journal, The New Age, is a proposal to form a partnership between the State and the workers in the industry. Capitalism, Socialism, and Syndicalism are systems respectively representing these three.

There is, unfortunately, no mention of the all-important matter of the abolition of the wage-system in fact, the substitution of "Trade Union" where "Guild" is meant is very misleading, since it is likely to give the idea that wages are to continue, and that the salary is to have no place in the Union.

In Vol. 9 of the Encyclopaedia, The New Age is described as "A weekly review. Caviar to the general, it is a paper on social partnership in 'Syndicalism,' otherwise, and preferrely, the National Guilds System. This scheme, first expounded in the British journal, The New Age, is a proposal to form a partnership between the State and the workers in the industry. Capitalism, Socialism, and Syndicalism are systems respectively representing these three.

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