

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

NOT so very long ago the principle of taxing the rich to provide for the poor was denounced as the red peril of Socialism and the probable damnation of democracy. To-day, however, the same parties that professed to fear it are competing with each other to do it homage. It is not only Mr. Lloyd George who advocates the principle at the instigation (as he was told six years ago) of his honourable friend, Mr. Philip Snowden; it is Mr. Austen Chamberlain also. Speaking during the Budget debate last week in the Commons Mr. Chamberlain announced that he fully approved of the *intention* of Mr. Lloyd George in making the rich pay for the social reform of the poor; his only reserve was on points of detail. And even the "Times," as Mr. Chiozza Money triumphantly quoted, now endorses the same principle, which it defines as a proper instrument "for redressing those inequalities of fortune which no one can regard as desirable." Now if we could suppose that these opinions were the outcome of the foolishness of early Socialist preaching, there might be some hope to be derived from them. We could comfort ourselves, at any rate, with the reflection that, after all, the other parties were amenable, though only after many days, to sweet reasonableness. But is this actually the case? Are the new converts to the old (and let us add at once, the *discarded*) principles of Socialism Socialists in any real sense of the word? We are pretty sure that they are not and that new Socialist is only old Capitalist.

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Our objections to the principle and to the Budget based upon it may be summed up as follows: In the first place, as Mr. Chiozza Money observed—though, like the fool he is, only in passing—the principle at best is only the principle of Robin Hood. Doubtless Robin Hood is a popular enough figure, and we shall not be wrong in concluding that his practice by Mr. Lloyd George will be popular too. But nobody can doubt that, in comparison with the proper policy, that of making Robin Hood unnecessary and superfluous, the policy of the latter is really unpopular. What we mean is that, while the present inequalities are permitted to continue, the principle now adopted by Mr. Lloyd George and all the rest of the party leaders must needs be popular; but only as a mitigation of the existing system and not as in any case an excuse or a justification of it. For what, after all, does it amount to? The employing classes are still to continue to exploit the proletariat and to rob them

of the products of their labour (and incidentally of their manhood as well), but, as a salve to their conscience and as an insurance against the consequences of their exploitation, they are to deliver up a part of their plunder to the State which, in turn, will spend it on the working classes. Absolutely nothing more, we are sure, can be discovered in the principle whatever; and he must be a fool indeed who sees any great advance in civilisation in its common acceptance by the employing classes.

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Next we have to ask what the effect of the Budget must be upon wages. Wages, as we thought everybody agreed only a week or two ago, are the real test under the wage-system of the well-being of the proletariat. To be sure, it may be the case that there are advantages more considerable than mere wages. To live almost rent-free, to have the privilege of blankets at Christmas and of taking turnips from your master's field are reckoned, for instance, in the case of the agricultural labourer, as superior substitutes for money wages that you can spend as you please. But that kind of reasoning is disappearing in the discussion even of Hodge; and we see no advantage in importing it now into the discussion of the proletariat generally. Yet, in effect, the *only* defence of the principle now unanimously incorporated in the Budget is that truck is better than wages and that "national services" in the form of doles of every description are a superior substitute for weekly payment in the form of fluid money. For nobody, we hope, will pretend that the Budget is going to raise wages as wages. On the contrary, the hope of raising wages is frankly abandoned with the adoption as a policy of the principle of taxing the rich to provide for the poor. Why should the poor be provided for by the rich while the hope is still cherished that the poor may one day provide for themselves? Plainly the Budget is one of despair; it realises that the poor not only cannot now provide for themselves, but are never likely to be able to do so.

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But if the Budget by tacit admission cannot raise wages, what will be its effect upon profits? Here, in our cool opinion, we arrive at the true explanation of the change that has come over the capitalist classes in respect of the principle referred to. While employers were individualist in principle and competitive among themselves, the idea of taxing them to provide for each other's labourers was thoroughly obnoxious. They did not mind spending a little money on their own particular

workmen; in fact they got a thrill of pride as well as enhanced profits out of it. But to spend money on the whole class of proletariat seemed to be philanthropy without immediate returns. And hence their objection in those days to what they called the red peril. But to-day the employers have that intelligent cohesion among themselves known as a class-consciousness. Detestable as this is, of course, among the mere proletariat, among the employing classes it is enlightened self interest. Each employer now realises that his interest in the long run is in more than the efficiency of his own particular workmen; it is in the general efficiency of workmen as a whole. Consequently he no longer objects to sharing with his fellows the common expense of social reform, since in many ways he knows he will get an equivalent return. After all, as well as providing corn and stabling for one's own horses, one ought to be prepared to contribute to the cost of rearing new breeds, etc., etc.

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There is not the slightest doubt in our mind that in this calculation (for calculation it is) the employing classes will prove correct. Undoubtedly the proletariat, both as animals and still more as wealth-producers, are open to considerable improvement. In a myriad ways, especially while they have the spending of their wages, the foolish creatures impair their own health, jeopardise that of their renewals (we refer to their children) and reduce their working efficiency. How much better to take these delicate matters out of their ignorant hands and to put them into the hands of experts like Mr. Sidney Webb, for example! The cost is inconsiderable to the employing classes as a whole—less than four per cent. of their present profits; the State with the advice of the Fabians and others will see that it is well spent; and the effect will be to raise the efficiency of the proletariat by as much, perhaps, as twenty per cent. A yield of twenty on an outlay of four is five hundred per cent.; and in these hard times such a return is not to be refused on grounds of mere inconsistency. But as well as raising efficiency, the expenditure is an insurance against revolt. Mr. Montagu let this cat out of the bag when he remarked that the new taxes were "a method of insuring the wealthy in the enjoyment of their goods." It was, perhaps, an indiscreet thing to publish in the hearing of the proletariat; but peradventure they are sleeping; and in any case it is the truth. We forecast, in fact, a rich harvest to the employing classes from the expenditure Mr. Lloyd George is undertaking on their behalf. Long before he is dead they will be putting up monuments of gratitude to him.

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For such as are concerned, however, with something more than filling barns with profit, a further reflection on the Budget is that the wage-system has broken down and must now be replaced by something else. The wage-system, we say, has broken down when not only are wages insufficient in themselves to enable men to discharge the duties of citizenship (including that of keeping themselves efficient as well as of contributing their share to national services), but all hope of ever making them sufficient is explicitly abandoned. The older economists—of whom many survive in the pages of the "Spectator" and the "New Statesman" undoubtedly believed that in the long run wages could and would be raised generally to allow the workman to become a self-respecting citizen. But that belief is surely no longer tenable by any honest man. Look, for instance, at the respective items in the Budget of income from and expenditure upon the proletariat directly. They contribute, we calculate, about fifty millions to a Budget of over two hundred millions; and from the Budget as a whole they receive in various special (not national) services about double the amount they contribute. Now this is not contributing at all! It is organised charity. And what is the reason of it? It is not that either the rich love to pay for the poor, or that the poor love to be paid for; it is simply that the wages

of the proletariat do not allow of a single penny of genuine taxation. On the contrary, for every penny they contribute, twopence must be given them both because they cannot afford the penny and cannot live without the twopence. Is that not a proof that, in respect of income, the wage-system has already broken down, seeing that it can no longer support its victims without beggary? But the fact, as we say, is frankly realised nowadays outside, at any rate, the circles we have named. The wage-system has broken down; without assistance from the State wage-earners cannot live upon their wages any longer. What is now to be done?

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We can see very well what is *being* done—for it is no less than the nationalisation of labour. Our poor deluded forefathers who talked of nationalising this and nationalising that never dreamed that the end of it all would be to nationalise their commodity of labour. Yet, in effect, that is what this Budget takes a long step towards doing. What is involved in nationalising any commodity? Is it not making a State monopoly of it, conserving and improving it and employing it for profit? But this is exactly what the policy of the Budget will do for labour. Vast sums drawn from the profits of the wealthy are to be spent in conserving and in improving the stock of common labour; and when it is so improved, the State will then lease it out to employers for a minimum wage (or price) for the purposes of profit. What is the difference between this kind of nationalising and any other? The services of the Post Office, for example, guaranteed to be efficient and wonderfully cheaply run, can be hired by anybody at fixed rates for any reasonable purpose. Similarly, *mutatis mutandis*, when Labour is fully nationalised, the State-guaranteed and State-provided Labour will be at the disposal of employers who like to pay for it. It is true that this consummation is only distantly visible in the vistas of the present Budget; but long sight may be as accurate as short sight. We deny, in fact, that any other conclusion from the present tendencies is possible in the long run. Wages, we see, are not rising but falling; both prices and the demands of civilisation on expenditure generally are, on the other hand, rising rapidly. It is certain that if the proletariat are to continue to exist at all (and they must since they are the geese that lay the golden eggs), more and more State subsidies must be made to them to supplement their dwindling wages; and with every fresh subsidy more and more they will become the absolute property of the State by right of purchase.

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Mr. Snowden plumed himself upon having foretold some years ago that the Budget of this year would be over two hundred millions. Planning a fresh laurel for ten years hence, he announced on Thursday that the Budget of 1924 would be two hundred and fifty millions. The "New Statesman," in a splutter of ecstasy at the thought of its young bureaucrats having the expenditure of these terrific sums, announces that two hundred and fifty millions is a moderate estimate and that the sum will be three hundred millions. Not to be outdone in prophecy (in which art we ought to be known to be skilled), we declare that three hundred millions is nothing to the sum that the State as Capitalist will be prepared to spend upon the monopoly of labour. We have only to see wages reduced to nothing (and the tendency is plain) to see the State assume the whole burden of providing for the proletariat from the cradle (and before it) to the grave. How much, after all, would it cost? Roughly, we suppose, there are some ten million families of wage-earners. At fifty pounds expenditure per annum apiece on them, the cost of the lot to the State would be no more than five hundred millions. This is only twenty per cent. of the present national income. By the time our Budget will be brought in, it will be perhaps less than ten per cent. How's that for prophecy? Smacks it not something of the policy? The wage-system would be abolished indeed.

Before considering whether there may not conceivably be a better way of abolishing the wage-system than by making wage-earners State slaves, we shall pause to glance at the remarks of Sir George Paish. Who, you ask, is Sir George Paish? He is the editor of the "Statist," and has recently returned from a lecturing trip to Canada, where he has been discoursing on economics. But more than this, in reporting his recent address to the National Liberal Club, the "Daily News" described him as "one of the greatest living authorities on economic problems." In short, he is one of the Liberal lights. Sir George Paish, in the lecture referred to, is reported to have said that the economic condition of the British people at the present time is one of great strength and is growing stronger. This, he continued, was true not merely of the owning classes, but of the labouring classes as well. "We may look forward with confidence," he said, "to a time, in the not far distant future, when the incomes of everyone will be over the poverty line and when even the poorest will be able to participate in the great wealth we are accumulating from year to year and from generation to generation." We do not say that Sir George Paish, one of the greatest living authorities on economic problems, may not be right; but we prefer to walk by sight rather than by faith. And by sight assuredly Sir George Paish is not only wrong, but so utterly wrong that we can safely ask him to produce a tittle of evidence for his optimism. For so long as we have kept count, wages have either remained stationary or have fallen at the same time that wealth has increased by leaps and bounds. The very Budget which Sir George Paish proceeded to eulogise is a Budget to supplement wages. Every one of the five new Bills which Mr. Lloyd George is preparing to introduce before the Election is, tacitly or explicitly, in relief of insufficient wages. These things, we think, are more clear than the grounds of Sir George Paish's prophecy of the end of poverty; and they do not point precisely the same way!

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But what is the alternative to the nationalisation of Labour as we have seen it preparing? How can the real red peril be met? What can be done to stay it and, if we are fortunate, to avert it? There is, we reply, only one hope and it lies with the proletariat themselves and chiefly with their associations, the Trade Unions. If these are not prepared to create a monopoly of their only commodity (Labour) and to abolish the wage-system on their own behalf by refusing henceforth to sell their labour, at any price, as a commodity, it is not for us to pretend that any other end than slavery awaits them; for it does not. Industry, it is familiar, has become so highly organised, profits have become of such immense concern to the capitalists of the world, that, in their own interests, the governing classes must abolish the wage-system, with all its disorders and uncertainties, if the workers will not. The constant friction due to the constant fall of wages, the resistance offered and, above all, the inefficiency involved in it, are no longer tolerable to international or national capital. Capital needs security and security can only be obtained when the supply of the commodity of Labour is guaranteed both as to quantity and quality. But these can be secured only by State action; and hence State action is to be adopted to secure them. And to meet this policy we have only the Trade Unions to depend upon. Absolutely nothing else. For it is not conceivable that the employing classes will themselves undertake a liberation from which themselves would, as individuals, be the first to suffer. How many people, it may be asked, could be expected deliberately to support a measure whose immediate effect would be to reduce their own income? Not one in a hundred, twenty centuries after Christ! But if no more, how can it be expected of a whole class? Plainly it ought not to be expected. We have therefore to conclude that, except by the greatest accident, no measure passed by the employing classes will ever reduce their profits to the advantage of wages; and this leads us to the further

conclusion that, unless Labour helps itself, nobody, not even God, will help it.

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We are almost tired of repeating the means that must be adopted by the Unions to save their class from slavery. Sometimes, indeed, it seems that our trying ordeal by repetition is a foolish self-torture. Yet we must continue to suppose that the truth will tell in time. Very well, then, we will repeat for the thousand and oneth time that the first thing for Trade Unions to do is to make themselves blackleg-proof; and the second is to stop striking for higher wages and to demand a higher status instead. Let us look at each of these propositions once more and a little closely. The condition of being blackleg-proof is the condition of a monopoly, and the condition of a monopoly of Labour is the only means the proletariat have of meeting their employers' monopoly of capital. There is really no escape that we can see from this conclusion. If there be, we shall be happy to hear of it. And Capital itself, at any rate, has no doubt of it. With what object, is it supposed, does Capital perpetually endeavour to open up new supplies of Labour whether in native districts abroad or in feminine districts at home? Not to carry the blessings of civilisation to the blacks or to advance the holy cause of Women! Capital is not Culture! No, it is to preserve around the organised ranks of Labour (always *threatening* to become a monopoly) an unorganised and unorganisable mass of Labour upon which to draw for blacklegs at need. But if Capital expends so much ingenuity and ability upon preserving what it calls a free market for Labour, the inference surely is that Capital fears a monopoly of Labour! And is it not a further natural deduction that Labour should endeavour to justify that fear by creating a monopoly? We think it is.

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In the matter now, of striking for wages—what are the objections to that? Firstly, it should be unnecessary to point out even to schoolboys that, despite an era of wage-strikes, real wages have fallen and are still falling. Doubtless fanatical statisticians (mostly interested in lying, though they are unaware of it!) can prove that wages are slowly rising. But their figures refer to *rates* of wages or only to the actual proletariat employed. They do not give us, because they cannot, the relative *unit* of income of every individual member of the proletariat class; nor, except so roughly as to be useless, do they give us the purchasing power of the nominal wages so received. We venture to say that the experience of any wage-earner over sixty is sufficient to prove what the statisticians either cannot or will not tell: that relatively to labour output and relatively even more to profits, the actual price of labour has long been falling, and is still falling. But, supposing this to be the case (and doubt about it is enough for our argument), what advantage has the era of wage-strikes to show? At best it has increased the real wages, perhaps, of a few; at a medium, it has increased the nominal wages of a few more, enabling such workers to eat cherries under a magnifying glass!; at worst it has imposed on the whole class the double burden of speeding up and a rise in the cost of living. For, secondly, without accepting the crude wage-fund theory, it may still be taken for true that the total labour power of the total proletariat has, if not a fixed, a rigidly conditioned price. At any given moment the price of rubber, let us say, could be calculated; so could the price of any other commodity. So many thousands of tons of rubber or copper or cotton exist in the country and they are worth such and such an amount. Similarly, since labour is a commodity differing only superficially from these, we may speak of its total value and regard it as fixed in amount in the same sense that the values of these are fixed. Now if, by combination, one class of labour (say, the Railwaymen or the Miners) raise the price of their labour beyond its free competitive market value, what happens? Certainly the increase of their wages does not come out of profits; but it is put on to prices—as we

have seen in the case of both the industries named above. But who pays the increased prices—in the bulk at any rate? Why, the numerically largest and most helpless class—that of the proletariat. In short, all that the successful strikers of one industry have done is to reduce the *real* wages of their fellows in other industries. Thirdly, we need not dwell on the ignominy of striking for wages simply. For ourselves we say that men who strike for higher wages in future will deserve exactly what they get.

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Once more we will turn aside to consider a case—the case of the new Triple Alliance of the Railwaymen, Transport Workers, and Miners. Speaking last week of the possibilities of this formidable group of labour powers, a well-known Railwaymen's leader and M.P. (the combination of offices is ridiculous) said somewhat as follows: "They were not going to prostitute their great power in obedience to popular clamour, but use it as a reserve strength in their fight for the betterment of the workers' conditions." What objection a *popular* organisation ought to have to obeying a *popular* clamour we cannot very well see. Such an intercourse, in fact, would in our judgment be not prostitution, but holy matrimony. But what are the items in the "betterment of the workers' conditions" to which the speaker referred? If they are higher wages or any of the usual equivalents of higher wages, then we say that the rest of the proletariat should oppose them; for, as we have seen, they cannot be obtained except at our expense. A far better plan for the new alliance would be to apply its triple strength to each of the federated employers of the trades in turn, and to demand partnership in control and participation in profits for each of the Unions concerned. The result would be to lift three sections of the proletariat out of the wage-system and into freedom; and without plunging any other section deeper into the mire.

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Another case, before going on, may be briefly discussed—the case of Mr. Gardiner, the editor of the "Daily News." In Saturday's issue over the initials of A. G. Mr. Gardiner took the rank and file of the Building Federation to task for disobeying their leaders and repudiating the rules of their Union. The strike is not, he said, a strike against non-union labour, but a strike against the Union; for the latter, by its rules, permits the very conditions against which the men have struck. But what is to be said of Union rules that are obnoxious to the members of the Union? Or of leaders who refuse to alter them though their members repudiate them? Is this also an example of Trade Union leaders resisting the popular clamour of their own members? Loyalty to leaders we agree is necessary; but confidence is the first condition of loyalty. It is plain that in many Trade Unions, and for very good reasons, confidence of the men in their leaders simply does not exist. It is adding insult to injury to demand of such men that they shall be loyal. But it may be urged that they should change their leaders. So they should and so in time they will. But Trade Union leaders are like caucus-fixed Members of Parliament—they take some shifting.

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We have indicated blackleg-proof Unions and the cessation of wage strikes as conditions of Labour progress; there remains to be considered only the question of status. Nobody will deny that the status of slaves was raised when it ceased to be legal to buy and sell and treat them like cattle. Nobody, again, will deny that their status was once more raised when, at the abolition of the Feudal System, they ceased to be bought and sold with land. Can it be denied that their status would be a third time raised if now it were agreed that their labour-power should not be bought and sold as a commodity? At present and under the wage-system the proletariat are little more than a special kind of power-generating machine; and their labour-power, as well as being bought and sold as a commodity like mechanical

and electrical power, is as little under the direction of its generators as the other forms of power. Does Labour determine either the quantity or the quality or the kind of goods it produces? No. Does it determine their subsequent distribution, exchange or use? No. Its sole office is to generate labour-power and to be turned on or off, as it were by a tap, and at a price regulated by the supply and demand of the market. Now we say that this is the real present situation of Labour; and that while it continues nothing can be done. On the other hand, provided that the Unions refused to sell their labour, the beginnings of every reform would be laid down. Higher wages? These would come from sharing in profits. Fewer hours of labour? It would be a question of management. The degrading nature of shoddy industries? The men need not work in them. There is not a single *economic* demand that would not be entailed as an easy consequence of a successful demand for status. With status all things are possible. Without it, nothing is possible, but only slavery is probable.

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Lord Robert Cecil has hit upon one aspect at any rate of the remedy, for in introducing his Bill last week to enable municipalities to share profits with their employees, he said of profit-sharing that it was "the most hopeful way out of our industrial difficulties." But the remaining aspects of the case, ignored, perhaps deliberately, by Lord Robert Cecil, are no less important. Profit-sharing without co-management is similar in principle to robbing the rich to provide for the poor. The profits are first to be made without question or control by the workmen; and afterwards a share of the surplus is to be given back to them. Similarly, co-partnership between individual workmen and employers is all to the bad in the long run for the former. They leave their Union which brought them to their strength and, like stragglers separated from the main body of the army, they are cut off by the enemy at will. Co-partnership is indeed the most hopeful way out of our industrial difficulties; but it must be co-partnership with co-management; and between the Union as a Union and the employers.

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From the collapse of the case against Starchfield, the halfpenny Press has learned perhaps to distrust dramatic identifications in trials for murder; but not even the recent fining of one of the gang of bloodhounds has yet taught them to beware of publicly prejudging a case and hanging a man before he has been found guilty. We have no intention ourselves of commenting on the lamentable and pitiable train murder which was reported recently; but we cannot refrain from quoting, as an instance of calculated insinuation, the descriptive report of the preliminary trial as published by the "Evening News." "When (the prisoner) was brought before the magistrates to-day he listened to the evidence with *absolute composure*." What, in God's name, is that phrase intended to convey but that the prisoner is a stony-hearted monster incapable of being moved by human compassion and *therefore* well deserving to be hung? We challenge the brutes who wrote it to put any other interpretation upon it. But it is no wonder when our Press demands blood in this fashion that the Law and the Doctors dare not say what they know, namely, that *every* case of murder is a case of insanity, permanent or temporary; and that no murderer ever yet "deserved" to be murdered. "As for me," said Swift (who knew, if anybody did, the sudden and darkling metamorphoses even of the sanest mind) "I never see a wretch go to execution but I lament that he had not been in the hands of a good physician, who would have corrected those peccant humours of his body which brought him to that untimely death." Many a man, we say, has been hung for the circulation of advertisement-sheets and the delectation of the wolfish instincts of their readers, whose "crime" was committed for the lack of a hot bath or a skilful massage.

Current Cant.

"Mr. Lloyd George is that rara avis among Chancellors of the Exchequer—the Man of the Hour in the educational world."—"The Teacher's World."

"The Government has been practising anarchy in its most insidious form—that of non-resistance."—"The New Weekly."

"An impressionistic photograph."—E. O. HOPPE, in "The Bookman."

"The Royal Academy—a fine exhibition."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Gabriele d'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet, novelist, and dramatist, has written a play for the cinematograph."—"Illustrated London News."

"Among the most formidable foes to the reform of our industrial system are those who pretend to be most bitterly opposed to it."—"Sunday Times."

"Mr. Asquith, who wound up the debate, began rather fiercely, but, like the other speakers, ended on a peaceful note."—"The Spectator."

"The King this morning received the Bishop of Sheffield, who was introduced to Mr. McKenna, and did homage upon appointment."—"Birmingham Daily Post."

"Mr. Lloyd George's next attack upon the rich."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Shakespeare for all, Shakespeare as a present force, Shakespeare as a living voice, is the demand and the principle of to-day."—"The Times."

"Starchfield, who was recently acquitted on a charge of murdering his little son, is now in Manchester, where his life story is being filmed. In the picture he is seen saving a former employer's daughter from abduction. An exciting incident during the making of a film at Blackfriars yesterday, Mr. Lorraine losing consciousness."—"Daily Mirror."

"The 'English Review' is the finest review in the English language."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Clothes make the man."—Catesby's Advertisement.

"Architecturally the great stores are adding to the attraction of the London streets."—"Daily Express."

"I wonder if it is generally known as it ought to be how a Labour member spends his days. Our party is so differently constituted in comparison with the other parties that each of us has to shoulder a great deal of individual responsibility."—"A Labour Member," in "The Daily Citizen."

"Shaw, as usual, pricks us again in the vulnerable part."—GEORGE EDGAR.

"I rejoice, and speak with sincerity, to bear my testimony to the Press. . . ."—MR. ASQUITH.

"The faith that is in us."—"Daily Express."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN Paris, I find, a very much closer watch is being kept upon Mexican affairs than the Press, either in Paris or London, would wish us to suppose. It is true that French interests in Mexico are not so large as those of the United States or England; but they are large enough to cause investors and speculators a good deal of anxiety. I think I am right in saying that the Dos Estrellas Mine is almost entirely French, and without the assistance of French money many of the greatest Mexican banks would not be in existence. In official circles there is no hesitation shown in tracing the rebellion against President Huerta to its source. The good intentions of President Wilson are admitted, and he is praised for his action over the Tariff and Currency Bills. Confirming my own remarks in these columns, however, officials at the Quai d'Orsay point out that, after all, the financial interests at the back of the Democratic Party wanted these Bills passed into law, and that, when the President is opposed to the financial interests, there is much less rapidity in carrying out his wishes. It was with great difficulty, for example, that the House of Representatives was induced to pass his Panama tolls resolution, despite his personal appeal for justice; and the Senate has still to give its decision. Again, it is well known that Dr. Wilson was not particularly favourable to a war between the United States and Mexico; but the "interests" were relentless.

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In the United States, as the Editor of THE NEW AGE pointed out last week, economic power follows political power just as it does in every other civilised country; and President Wilson will be as powerless in dealing with Mexico as he has been in dealing with the Rockefeller interests in Colorado. Paris financiers—and their information is usually well founded—assert positively that they know, not merely that financial interests in the United States engineered the Mexican risings, but even the amounts of money paid over to Carranza, Villa, and Zapata, and the amounts paid for the arms and ammunition purchased for the use of the revolutionaries. I have not been able to verify the sums of money named to me; but the information, for the rest, coincides with what I have already indicated in previous references to Mexico. Determined to make sure of success, the American interests involved encouraged Carranza and Villa in the north and Zapata in the south; they spent vast sums in bribing Federal soldiers and minor officers; and they have been trying for weeks to stir up a revolt against President Huerta in Mexico City itself. For the bloodshed, misery, devastation, and general unsettlement which their greed for more profits has brought about, these people care nothing at all. They have even gone to the length of offering President Huerta a considerable amount of money in cash, and a safe passage on an American warship, if only he will arrange to go.

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Although some surprise is shown here at the apparent unwillingness of Great Britain to interfere in Mexico—beyond helping American subjects to escape—I think that this country is in a sufficiently strong position now to let things alone. I have stated before that the diplomatic officials in the service of the United States are not remarkable for their training or discrimination. It is as well known in London as it is in Paris that the Washington people fear a Japanese landing in Mexico and a consequent war compared with which the Mexican rebellion would be a schoolboy squabble. I may as well say, if only for the sake of recording the fact, that nothing of this kind is contemplated by the Japanese Government; though they would not be averse, at a favourable moment, from sending an expedition to the Philippines.

* * *

The Balkan problem, although very little is being said

about it in public, is as acute as ever. The Greeks are harrying the Turks in the new Greek territory around Kavalla; and the Turks, in retaliation, are disturbing the peace of mind of the Greek tradesmen in the Levant and in Constantinople. Turks, with their wives and families, are being driven from Greek and Bulgarian possessions by the thousand, their homes destroyed, their property confiscated, and their valuables stolen. In Southern Albania the feeling of the pious Christian against the ungodly Moslem has gone to greater lengths; for it is quite true that more than two hundred Moslems were captured by the Epirotes and crucified in a church, the church being afterwards set on fire. The King of Albania is in the hands, for the moment, of his War Minister, Essad Pasha, and is appealing to Austria and Italy for assistance. These two countries would like to send an armed expedition to Albania—Italy particularly—but they are waiting for the time being in the hope that the other European Powers may be induced to join them by sending small contingents. Germany, France, Russia, and England, however, have intimated their unwillingness to do so.

* * *

In the meantime the revolt in Southern Epirus is as far from being quelled as it was a month ago, when the Greek troops were supposed to have withdrawn. The Epirote rebels, it appears from the accounts of eye-witnesses, are well armed, not only with rifles but with heavy field artillery; and it is precisely heavy field artillery that the Albanian Government does not possess. There is therefore some excuse for the belief held in Durazzo, Rome, and Vienna that the Greek Government is not unacquainted with the motives of the rebellion; and that an independent State of Epirus, if one were set up—the proposal has been made—would soon be taken over by Greece.

* * *

There is, in addition to all this, a dispute between Servia and Austria regarding those sections of the Oriental railways which run through the territory recently conquered by Servia. The shares of the Oriental Railway Company are mostly held in Austria; and when the Servian Government entered into possession of the new territory the Foreign Minister practically announced that the railway there would be "confiscated," a very small sum being offered to the owners by way of compensation. A protest from Vienna promptly followed; and the Servian reply amounted, in effect, to "findings is keepings." A French financial group, headed by Count Vitali, then proposed that the line should be internationalised. This proposal was rejected, the Servian authorities stating that they proposed to make the line State property and to fix the tariffs for the conveyance of goods and passengers on all the sections of the Oriental Railway lying within the extended boundaries of the New Servia. That is how the negotiations stand as I write this article. Whether the latest Austrian Note will be followed by some sort of military demonstration—the seizure of Belgrade, for instance—has not yet been decided; but the French Government has been notified that some such action is under consideration.

* * *

On Wednesday week last, I notice, Mr. Morrell, the Liberal Member for Burnley, called the attention of the Government to the "question of the capture of private property at sea in time of war." The statements by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Acland do not seem to have been very satisfactory to the Liberal Members in the House, or to the Liberal newspapers—at least, to as many of them as I have been able to see here. Nor was it to be expected that they would be. In particular, Sir Edward Grey's statement that continental nations, especially Germany, would not reduce their armaments seems to have been taken amiss. There is, nevertheless, no practical answer to the declarations made on behalf of the Government. I shall take an early opportunity of going into this subject again.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

A YEAR or two ago Mr. Belloc, writing, I believe, in this paper, spoke of anti-militarism as a force which had reached its zenith and was "just on the turn." (He classed it, I believe, with anti-clericalism and anti-alcoholism and anti-patriotism and one or two other isms, which he described as in a like case.) The words interested me at the time: they imprinted themselves on my memory and I determined to watch and see if they were justified. France was the country to which Mr. Belloc particularly referred, and I think that now in May, 1914, we are able to say with certainty that his diagnosis was correct.

* * *

I never doubted that anti-militarism would be on the turn sooner or later. Readers of these notes will scarcely require to be informed of that. War is a necessity of human society, and no State can permanently rid itself of the same, though it can be staved off for a certain number of years. There is therefore no disappearing from the earth, but there is a danger of our disappearing from the earth from a refusal to recognise the fact in time. And a few years ago I confess that the triumph of Webbism and other lunacies made me doubtful whether Western Europe would so awake to reality.

* * *

I now confess that I was over despondent. There were plenty of excuses for me. The circumstances of one who, in the second decade of the twentieth century, honestly attempts to write down the truth, are conducive to despondency. The English educated public is divided into two classes—one, immensely the larger of the two, which deliberately and consciously does not want the truth because the truth is upsetting, and demands the exercise of the brain—a thing irksome to such people: the other, correspondingly smaller, which desires the truth in a feeble, chicken-hearted sort of way, but is too d—d stupid to see that it gets it. Over and above these two great classes there is a scanty residuum of some five to six thousand persons who are more or less determined to get the truth, and have some idea of how to set about the task. For these one writes, and the remuneration just suffices to repair the seat of one's trousers. All this conduces to depression. I do not therefore blame myself too much for my undue pessimism. I am, however, not the less delighted to discover that it was unjustified.

* * *

As a matter of fact the resistance of the military spirit to the corrupting influence of the age has surpassed all expectations, and proves beyond all doubt how deeply rooted it is in the European nature. (I hope S. Verdad does not object to the use of the word "European." If he cannot tell a European from an Asiatic, I can.) Nothing shows this better than the futile exasperation of the profiteers at its continuance. The anti-militarist agitation in Germany—which of course has a real justification in the absurdities of the Prussian spirit—is largely supported by these persons. It is a thorn in their side that, though they have bought every other thing, they have not yet bought the German army, and every one of them must feel a standing reproach to their millions in the persistence of the German officer, who, with his ninety pounds a year and his garret, is yet more honoured than they. That is what supplies the funds to German anti-militarism, and those who sympathise with that movement should remember the fact.

* * *

France has just seen a revival of military and patriotic spirit upon which I need not dilate. The three years' service is secure, and though otherwise the elections have shown no great change, it is no longer possible for that service which is the only really national

thing in France to be seriously damaged by the eloquence of an alien pornographer. Among the smaller nations Sweden has realised that that agglomeration of symbols blacked on paper which we call a European guarantee is not an effective defence against a Russian bayonet. The Balkan States have acquired more in a year's fighting than they have got by thirty years' protestations to that clique of dishonest old drivellers which has brought ridicule upon itself under the title of the "Concert of Europe." America, which has recently been talking greater nonsense upon the subject than all the rest put together, and which had actually gone so far as to make proposals for another stereotyping of oppression in the form of a peace conference, has engaged in an expedition to Mexico: our own dear country has seen an example of the efficacy of arms in the case of the Ulster Volunteers. The reign of peace is as far off as ever; how far even the most pacifist of us have always been from it in our hearts has been seen by the howls of Cadbury for the employment of force in Ulster.

* * *

The desire for peace for peace's sake, and not for the sake of justice (which obviously must frequently demand war), is not an honest desire. It is an unwritten assumption of this age that any opinion can be held honestly. I do not believe that. I believe that there are opinions which a man cannot hold without deliberately sinning against light, and that this peace for peace's sake nonsense is one of them. And this is borne out by the characters of the people who are at the head of the peace movement. Such names as Carnegie, Mond, Cadbury, and Waechter may inspire confidence in Nonconformists. They do not inspire confidence in me. It is my opinion of these gentlemen that they are out for shekels rather than for right, and that their only inspiration is to be found in the desire for cheaper labour. The man who advocates international peace in England is generally to be found shooting his employees on the quiet in Colorado.

* * *

There has only been one period in the history of the European nations when a permanent peace could have been established between them, and that was at the epoch when all were ready, more or less, to submit their quarrels to the arbitrament of the papacy. Since the decline of the power of that institution there has existed no other with even its pretence to impartial and spiritual authority—and consequently not the faintest chance of international peace. For no one will arbitrate except before an impartial arbitrator. Even then, be it noted, peace was to be established only in order that Europe might combine against the infidels. The international peace of that time remained a dream, although a beautiful one. The peace dream of these days has, as Moltke remarked, not even the charm of being beautiful.

TRUTH.

The Truth doth long in darkness dwell
 (It is an uncouth bed)
 Down at the bottom of a well
 Yet, what well, I've not read.
 But, p'haps, the ancients spared us well
 To leave so much unsaid,
 For to the partial human mind
 'Twere best that Truth be undefined.

Now, if the well's a public one
 She's seldom in our sight,
 But, if a neighbour doth it own,
 She's never brought to light;
 Yet if the well is all our own,
 And Truth's convenient quite,
 She's dragged above and hoisted high
 Upon the roof to rot and die.

TRIBOULET.

Towards National Guilds.

A CORRESPONDENT adds to our comments on Mr. Penty's misunderstanding of the nature of Wages by remarking a further misunderstanding. According to Mr. Penty, the wages paid to railwaymen are "so regular as almost to amount to pay." But this is to make a very arbitrary distinction indeed between the two forms of payment. Mr. Penty doubtless has in mind the precariousness of wages and the fact that the wage-earner is usually perpetually under a week's notice. Contrasting this insecurity with the relative security of a railwayman, he concludes that the latter cannot be a wage-slave in the complete sense, but only a kind of private Guildsman! The element of security, however, has nothing to do with the case. Otherwise, how much more nearly a chattel slave under humane laws approximates to a perfect citizen than even a railway servant! The differencing element is the commodity theory of labour power. Wherever wages are paid, whether regularly or irregularly, their amount is fixed by the market price of the commodity of labour. Where "pay" is given, the amount presumably is determined by the need of the individual, and not by the price he can command in the market.

* * *

What, in effect, is the existing organisation of society but a partnership between Government and Capital? For the most part, the partnership has been informal and veiled under the phrase of Government and Property or Government and Order. But at critical moments—during great strikes, for instance—the partnership emerges formal and naked. What we seek to do in the future is to create a new partnership—that of Government and Labour, instead of Government and Capital. There is no reason why as much liberty should not be left to Labour under the new regime as was left to Capital under the old. There is, in fact, good reason to leave Labour *more* liberty than could safely be left to Capital, since Labour will include most of the population, whereas Capital was always a small oligarchic class. The condition, however, of Labour taking the place of Capital in partnership with the State is that Labour must be well organised, responsible and public-spirited. We must make it clear that the new partnership will be of advantage to the State, and that, far from suffering from the new regime, the State (that is, the nation) will in every way benefit by it. Where are the leaders of Labour who can undertake to convince reasonable men that Labour's accession to national partnership is in the interests of civilisation? They are needed at this moment.

* * *

In the "Nation" of April 25 Mr. Nevinson, after avowing his childish delight in the pomp and pageantry of our military regiments, goes on to express the wish that our plumbers, painters, carpenters, etc., were similarly distinguished when on duty. There is little doubt that under National Guilds this would naturally occur; for experience shows that one of the first impulses of men who are proud of their rank and work is to dress it. We can well believe, indeed, that the uniforms of the Guilds would be of as much concern to Guild Councils as gold braid is now to Whitehall. And why not? By the way, we do not take Mr. Nevinson's personal wish very seriously. He is none the more disposed to support the Guilds, because they would mean colour for all!

* * *

Mr. Walling's latest work, "Progressivism and After" (Macmillan, 6s. 6d.), would be more accurately named "The Deluge and After," for it appears that the only American "intellectual" Socialist is now little better than a Liberal economist. Fancy the author of "Socialism As It Is"—that able analysis and defence of the Syndicalist movement—writing of Collectivism that it is "the only effective remedy for plutocracy." On the contrary, Collectivism will be the last refuge

of plutocracy; since the Collectivist State will kindly act not only as the plutocrat's safe-deposit, but as his manager and staff as well. Wait and see if, with the strengthening of the Unions, the capitalist Governments do not attempt to collectivise industry.

* * *

If man were not the most gullible of all creatures (a little reason being a dangerous thing), not the veriest jackass would now believe that "Government can transform industry." Mr. Walling, however, who is no fool, contends in his "Progressivism and After" that this is what Governments must do and are doing. He quotes Roosevelt, to whom progressivism means "social reorganisation"; and Wilson, to whom it means "the economic reconstruction of society"; and Mr. Winston Churchill, to whom (for a moment or two once upon a time) it meant "a more scientific social organisation." But, apart from the essentially bureaucratic character of these formulæ, what reality have they? Can Roosevelt or Wilson or Churchill by Governmental means so reorganise society that the proletariat cease to be the proletariat? And if they cannot do that, what "reorganisation" is possible save C.O.S.? The history has yet to be written of the ameliorative measures that were passed by legislators in ancient Greek and Roman times and in recent American times for the *perpetuation* of slavery. The southern planters doubtless tried to assure the north that they were scientifically reorganising society. But all the reorganisation did not alter the *status* of the slave. Similarly, all the progressivism of all the progressives will not touch the root fact of our social organisation: the existence of the propertyless proletariat.

* * *

The State cannot for ever say to Industry: Thus and thus shalt thou do; thus and thus shalt thou not do. Sooner or later, the dragon-worm of private capitalism will turn, and either refuse to wriggle as told, or bid the State carry on industry itself.

* * *

Remember that it is the difference between the wages paid to Labour and the values produced by Labour that constitutes the whole income of the Capitalist classes. Now ask yourself whether it is probable that the Capitalist classes will agree to forgo their share without a struggle. Next speculate on how much of that share they will be prepared to offer in order to ensure their possession of the rest. Finally, conceive the revolution that must come before the whole of their present robbery is extracted from them. In the answers to these problems lie the history of the world for the next thousand years.

* * *

Engels said: "The modern State, no matter what its form . . . is the ideal personification of the *total* national capital."

* * *

Emerson was not so transcendental that he did not realise that economic power precedes political power. In his essays on Politics he wrote: "The law may in a mad freak say that all shall have power save the owners of property; they even shall have no vote. Nevertheless, by a higher law, the property will, year after year, write every statute that respects property. The non-proprietor will be the scribe of the proprietor. What the owners wish to do the whole power of property will do, either through the law or in defiance of it."

* * *

There was never a more ignominious and contemptible form of government exercised than that of Capitalism; for it says to men, not: Obey me or die; Obey me or be damned; Obey me and God will love you; Obey me and you will be happy; or Obey me because you admire me. No, its alternative is: Work for me or I will not let you work for yourself. The cur in the manger was a pedigree saint to this sort of animal.

"The Servile Statesman"; or, The Dullest Society on Earth.

Reported by Charles Brookfarmer.

A MEETING of Annual Postal Subscribers to "The New Statesman," Tuesday, May 5, 1914, 8.30 p.m. At the Kingsway Hall.

(Messrs. Clifford Sharp, Sidney Webb, G. B. Shaw, and Mrs. Webb climb on to platform and take their chairs in solitary grandeur. Enter Student to balcony. Mr. Webb twiddles his beard, Mr. Shaw puts on huge horn spectacles, while Mrs. Webb gushes over his shoulder. The chairman rises to address the audience, consisting mostly of ugly little men and dowdy women.)

Mr. CLIFFORDUS ACUTUS (licks his lips): Ladies and gentlemen, it is an extr'ordin'rily satisfactory and yet an extr'ordin'rily embarrassing sensation for an editor to meet his readers face to face and yet it is extr'ordin'rily difficult if there is anything I can usefully contribute to this evening's entertainment. . . and I knew that almost all my staff of contributors would be present this evening, so it would be impossible for me to tell the truth . . . crisis was at its height! . . . the line we had taken over the Marconi question . . . but it's extr'ordin'rily difficult to convince people that we do take a Marconi line, I mean, a non-partisan line. . . . We make it particularly our business to expose anything in the nature of a Government job (Mrs. Webb looks up at speaker with a gloating smile. STUDENT sighs). . . . People write to me to say, "You promised when you started that Shaw would be writing every week, and you haven't kept your promise" (Hear, hear! and laughter). And they go on to say, "It's all so dull" (Hear, hear!). "Look at such and such an article in last week's issue, how solid and dull and wearisome that was, and how dull the article on So-and-so was in the issue of the week before, and on So-and-so of the week before that. You're not making use of the greatest ass-et you possess." I have to reply to them, and I say, "My dear sir, all the articles you mention were written by Shaw." (Loud laughter, in which STUD. heartily joins.) I call upon Mr. Webb.

Mr. WEBB (taking his fingers out of his mouth and rising): Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I, too, feel rather an embarrassing (mumbles in his beard) rather portentous subject. . . . more serious *bithneth* to expatiate to you for the reason our objicks are to git over the footlights some of the knowledge which is available about those matters in which all of us are practitioners; for we are all voters, we are all householders. . . . The only way in which you can bring over the footlights to the general reader literary supplement (which we have, too) is nothing but a prodigious publishers' advertisement other supplements unfortunately they are wholly unremunerative we pay as heavily for a review of a blue-book as for a review of the best books, because otherwise we could not keep up the quality. . . . We have wasted our substance in giving away I am not here to-night to ask for money [!!!], our terms are 6d. a week or 26s. a year. . . . If any millionaire wishes what could he do better than to endow a scientific newspaper to bring over the footlights the only difficulty is the money git over the footlights will now give way to more important *bithneth* of th' evening (sits down mumbling. He now rolls himself up on his chair, shoves his fingers in his mouth and gets very red in the face with mingled suffocation, pride and laughter. Mr. Shaw rises to speak.)

Mr. SHAW: I'm in a very unfortunate position to-night. . . . All the years I have been before the public I me I me and

probably any time that I leave over will be very vastly taken up by Mrs. Webb. . . . When I was young and there was such a thing as literary style in the world . . . (several feeble jokes fall flat) . . . some sort of compulsory illiteracy (three or four people laugh). This is one of the many things I say that people laugh at whereas they should shudder at it. (No laughter; SHAW laughs; then everybody laughs.) . . . The new illiterate knows everything all wrong (one man laughs, SHAW laughs; great laughter and applause) . . . perfectly amazing . . . strong feeling . . . the modern journalist puts in what is not to the point at great length and leaves out what is to the point also at great length (joint laughter) . . . great historical event . . . highly educational thing. . . . The Abode of Love . . . ladies who approved of the Abode of Love (Mrs. Webb leads the laughter) . . . dangerous mob and crowd . . . reason that I cite that case . . . I was in Paris in the year 1896, I remember, the year 1906 . . . expecting a revolution . . . by that time fish would be unfit for consumption (laughs: tremendous laughter; WEBB nearly falls off his chair laughing). . . . In the Place de Revolution (laughs: laughter) a vast number of citizens waiting to see the revolution (laughs, laughter). . . . I as an old Socialist . . . my wife suddenly became militant and wanted to throw stones. Now, my wife is a perfectly respectable lady (laughs: laughter). . . . The chance is that if the Press told the right thing at the right moment, no wars and no revolutions would ever take place (loud applause). . . . Starchfield case . . . This gentleman, Mr. Starchfield (laughs, laughter) ran a close chance of being hanged (loud laughter). Unfortunately (laughter), I mean for those who . . . the judge was absolutely forced to stop the case (WEBB rocks with glee) . . . having made up my mind he didn't commit it, I quite expected him to be hanged (laughs: laughter). . . . A play. One character says "Not bloody likely." Many people have written to express surprise that the author didn't use other expressions and proceed to fill their letters with the most filthy language that he might have used and then sign themselves "Champions of outraged decency." (A cry of "Rubbish!") That's dramatic criticism (laughs: tremendous laughter). . . . Mexico. A certain extremely silly man, being an admiral . . . an insult which no nation that values its honour-r-r . . . last drop of blood in his veins . . . this schoolboy freak on the part of the admiral (hear, hear!), this attempt to deliberately humiliate a foreign nation. . . . And at home . . . that year the L.C.C. was founded and Mr. Sidney Webb got on to the committee (WEBB swivels round with a smile, embraces himself, and waits for the usual applause. It doesn't come; he relaxes.) Twenty years afterwards the "Times" discovered that this important gentleman was a Socialist, although in the meanwhile he'd been practically shouting it up and down the country. . . . I was very much struck by the importance of Syndicalism . . . men of remarkable intelligence such as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Wells . . . journalists have reduced the art of saying nothing—I won't say reduced . . . and Wagner. . . . King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales asked the "Daily Telegraph" how long its musical critic was going to make it look foolish. Wagner had just died then, admittedly the greatest musician of the world. And so the "Telegraph" at last made the admission that Wagner was perhaps nearly as great a composer as Mendelssohn (laughs: loud laughter). I just cite this example . . . underhandedness of the Press . . . with regard to myself, too, there has perhaps been a slight (laughs: laughter) . . .

There is no Socialist Press. There are news-

papers which call themselves Socialist and imagine themselves to be Socialist. There are daily newspapers like this, and weekly; but there cannot be Socialist papers under existing circumstances. In these capitalistic days, all papers are capitalistic newspapers. The only difference with these so-called Socialist papers is that although they are capitalistic, they have no capital. (Laughs. Tremendous laughter.) They can't pay heavily for contributions, and so their articles are written by rich people who can afford to write without payment. So the articles consist mainly of bad sense and bad manners. They are very largely written at Oxford University. . . . But let us pass over that painful subject. (Laughs. Laughter.)

The most important man in journalism is the newsman . . . the refuge of the constitutionally inaccurate men. Even a man who starts off to be accurate soon learns that it is quite unnecessary. . . . I'm what you call a public man. (Laughs. Laughter.) . . .

. . . My usual remedy of Socialism . . . the difficulty about journalists is that they are prostitutes! The trouble about most of us is that we are prostitutes! Every person who is paid for the work they do is a prostitute. Until everyone has sufficient for a decent life, you'll never have a decent journalism . . . pension for life for all by the path of the minimum wage. . . . With the help of the "New Statesman" we hope to get the new revolution on a far sounder basis than the old. Journalism will become very largely an amateur thing—people will at last write what they think, not what they're paid to write!!!!!! When I had heterodox views, I never could get them printed in any Socialist paper—(STUD. : Liar!)—or in any Radical paper or any Liberal paper . . . I always had to resort to the extreme Conservative papers. . . . If you had any really independent papers, the "New Statesman" need never have been founded! But you haven't! (He now makes public the case of the widow of the last editor of the "Westminster Review." He had received from her that morning a letter, saying that she, at 81 years old, was entirely destitute. He has the bad taste to publish her name and state, and to suggest that she should be given a Government pension, for, he says :) She won't trouble them long in any case!!!! However, I don't think poor Mrs. * * * * *s case will happen to us. We shall have feathered our nest! And I don't think Mrs. Webb will finish up as . . . I call upon Mrs. Webb. (Laughs. Loud laughter. Sits down.)

Mrs. WEBB (smiling sadly—or is it joyfully?): Laydees and gently-men. My husband said I was the supplement of Mr. Bernard Shaw. . . . I am to speak of the contempt for women in the Press. Why that shows the Press is contemptible. I pass over their gibes and jeers and sneers and impudences; but they used to talk of the futility of women, the jealousy of women, the fatuity of women, the vanity of women, but nowadays that is blue-pencilled by all discreet editors. It is only found to-day in two places, in the music-hall and in the unexpurgated common-sense—er, I mean, commonplaceness of Sir Almroth Wright. . . . I will make it clear with an example. Suppose that in England to-day that, instead of two sexes equally divided, there were two races—one a ruling race and one a subject race; the one compelled to work for the other in destitution of all civil, political and personal rights—

STUD. : Suppose there were, you fool!

Mrs. WEBB : . . . right to earn independent fortunes, to earn independent wages . . . the right to become minor administrators. . . .

 (STUD. wakes up and goes out.)

Fabians, Pigeons, and Dogs.

By Arthur J Penty.

WHEN I was a boy I used to think the Fabian Society was a society of pigeon fanciers. The origin of this idea is rather obscure and presumably is only to be accounted for by the fact that in some mysterious way the word Fabian suggested to my mind something feathery. Fabians, I thought, were a particularly fine breed of prize pigeons, and as I had never kept pigeons myself and, therefore, was not particularly interested in them, I never thought of reading the reports of the "York Fabian Society" which appeared in the local papers. Often have I laughed at myself for this, apparently, childish illusion, but latterly I have begun to think that there was perhaps something in the idea. The Fabian Society have great faith in a theory which they call evolution; and did not evolution receive its popular sanction from the experiments which Darwin made with pigeons?

It is not, however, my intention to discourse on pigeons, for my interest nowadays is centred in dogs. I had the good fortune the other day to get into conversation with a dog fancier of the right sort. He said he was a stranger and had only recently come to live in the district; and being of a friendly disposition he inquired whether I knew any "doggy men" in Hampstead as he was anxious to start a local canine society. This opening led to a more general conversation, in which I became intensely interested. For he was very wonderful. He could explain the universe in terms of dogs. It had been a habit of mine to explain it in terms of architecture, as many of my friends know to their sorrow. I have now outgrown that limitation, and I can see that there are many other possible explanations. But there was one thing I had never suspected—that the universe was capable of being explained in terms of dogs.

And yet, believe me, such is the case. Dog breeding, to this man, was not a mere hobby, but the base on which he had reared an elaborate culture. I regret to say that my memory has not retained all the peculiarly apt and telling illustrations which he drew from his experience of dogs to enforce his opinions regarding human affairs in general. But there was one thing he told me about dog breeding which I shall never forget, for it upset the whole basis of Fabianism.

Dog breeding, he said, had all gone wrong. Take the case of the spaniel. Now the spaniel was a sporting dog; and the point about a good sporting dog is that it has a good nose. Recognising the merits of the spaniel, dog breeders thought they would try and improve the breed. They carefully selected, therefore, spaniels with good noses to breed from. And what has been the result? In each successive generation the nose has tended to become longer and longer. This, of course, would have been all right if it had not been for another thing which they did not foresee, viz., that as the noses became longer and longer the legs became shorter and shorter. The consequence is that the prize spaniel is no good for sport. It cannot run as once it could, and if you take it out you have to lift it over ditches and hedges. Recognising this it has been necessary in dog shows to make a new class. The old-fashioned spaniel is now classed as the sporting spaniel, which is differentiated from the spaniels that have been developed by dog breeders and which have long noses and short legs. My admirable dog fancier then proceeded to apply the principle to society.

"It seems to me," he said, "that everything at the present day has gone wrong just in the same way. If we are gaining in one direction it always means we are losing in some other. Life is becoming more artificial than it was, but men haven't got the same physique. If some people are getting richer it means that other people are becoming poorer."

"Then you are a bit of a Socialist?" I observed.

"No," he said, "I don't hold with them. I realise

of course that things are getting very bad and something will have to be done to put matters right. But they're not the people to do it. They haven't got hold of the right idea. They talk too much about progress and evolution for my liking, and you know it's all rot. There isn't such a thing as progress. Progress would mean that if you bred dogs for longer noses, they would also have longer legs, or at any rate they wouldn't get shorter. But that is not the case, as I've explained to you. Can't you see it yourself?

"Yes," I answered. "I quite agree with you. But how are we to get this idea into their heads?"

"God knows, I don't," he went on. "It's no use arguing with 'em. What's the matter with Socialists is that they think they know; and they don't."

At this point he got up, bade me good day, and went, and I sat musing for some time on what he had said. Somehow or other he had got at the heart of things, and I began to think out means of persuading the Fabian Society to go in for dog breeding, as for the moment I could now see clearly there was no other possible means of salvation for them. Here was a man who had probably never read a book in his life, unless perhaps it were a book of Dickens', for men of this stamp generally like Dickens; and yet he had got the facts of this universe into something like their proper perspective. Why was it? The answer came; it was because he knew facts, whereas Fabians only collect them. And then I began to see the Fabian in a new light. His passion for collecting facts was the instinct of self-preservation asserting itself. He felt himself in some way unrelated to the facts of this universe, and was anxious to re-establish reciprocal relations with it. That is, I think, the explanation. The truth is, of course, that they cannot by this means get hold of the basic facts of life. Nevertheless, if they have failed to learn the truth about men they might at any rate try to get hold of the truth about dogs. It would be a step in the right direction. I would suggest therefore that they should approach the Kennel Club with this object. They might address them in some such words as these:—

To the President of the Kennel Club.

Sir,—As you are probably aware, the Fabian Society exists for the purpose of discovering a solution of the economic problems which afflict our Society, and it has been one of its objects to collect facts for this purpose. You will understand that in such a task as this it is necessary before collecting facts to have a point of view. The point of view of this society dates back to an interesting experiment in pigeon breeding which was conducted by the late Charles Darwin, and which popularised the theory of evolution, the sociological implications of which have been our primary concern. We regret to say that by some unhappy chance we misapplied Darwin's theory, as we overlooked the existence of the law of correlative growth. Of late, however, knowledge has come to us which has revealed to us our error. We learn on good authority that selective dog breeding has brought to light aspects of truth of which we were unaware, and that, for example, in the case of spaniels the attempt to produce a breed with longer noses has been accompanied by a corresponding, but unexpected, shortening of the legs. Now, as you will understand, if this be true it is a most important fact, since it completely undermines the theory of progressive evolution, in which hitherto we have had implicit faith, and upsets all the work which we have been doing for the last thirty years. In these circumstances we should like to know if such are invariably the results of selective breeding, and particularly whether you have any reason to suppose that the same principle holds good with respect to donkeys and monkeys, as one of our members, Mr. Bernard Shaw, is particularly interested in this aspect of the question, holding as he does that the discovery of the truth about these species would throw light upon the conduct of human affairs.

Yours in all humility,
THE FABIAN EXECUTIVE.

Should the Fabian Society neglect this advice we shall know what to do when they talk impressively about progress and evolution. We shall not attempt to controvert them. We shall simply say "dogs."

Transvaluations.

It is natural that it should be at Christie's and at the dealers', rather than on the walls of the exhibiting societies, that we have to look for the material of criticism. In the former places two things have necessarily been eliminated. The more menial productions of uninspired portraiture have duly gone where compliments, more or less successful, are intended to go, to their peaceful and obscure addresses. The picture of the year has had its "notices," and either has or has not found its tomb in some long-suffering public gallery. Neither the one nor the other find, or is even intended to find, its way into the collector's market. Both are sifted out, year by year, from the proper domain of criticism, which has other cats to whip. The deflation of the canvases that are created for the sole purpose of forming "centres," as we call them on Hanging Committees, is automatic. Still-born horses, they need no flogging.

Modern painting has incurred an immense debt to three men living, a debt that it would be impossible to over-state. Signor Marinetti has hurried his little troop of painters through, and past all representative effort, to the *reductio ad absurdum* of statues, built up of cigarettes, and of paintings, with eye-brows and half a moustache, of Clarkson's crape-hair. A band of painters that could consent to take their marching orders from a *littérateur* and lecturer, however brilliant, was destined in advance to self-destruction. Let us reverse the process for a moment, to appreciate the full absurdity of such leadership. Can you see Mr. Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Arnold Bennett putting their literary production under the entire direction, let us say, of Mr. Steer or Professor Brown? The archfuniste Picasso, wearied of what was undeniably clever-doing, has also landed his art in canvases where bits of cloth, and bits of tin, and bits of glass stuck on to their surfaces, recall in less amusing fashion, the tinsel of our grandfathers. Mr. Phelps as Macbeth, or Macready in "The Stranger" were at least amusing and charming bibelots, of a not exalted order, with their cloaks in silver, and their purple tinfoil. Our third benefactor has been Mr. Roger Fry, the critic. I wonder if Mr. Fry has not now and again qualms of regret. Was it worth while to compromise the comprehension in this country of Gauguin, whose majestic genius needed no such defence? Was it worth while, either to confuse the appreciation by the English public of the great qualities of Cézanne by building on his palpable and tragic defects a nonsense-theory? Was it worth while to divert a whole choir of innocents from serious study to the elaboration of a fruitless game at spelicans on canvas? The Neo-pied Piper of Fitzroy Square, may he not still perhaps repent, and lead his little flock of peculiar people back to the impregnable rock of common sense?

To criticism, at least, these three men, Marinetti, Picasso, and Roger Fry, have done incalculable service. They have demonstrated, in four or five years, with the rapidity of a galloping consumption, where lies a blind-alley. Up that cul-de-sac, at least, criticism need spend no time in wandering. To that extent they have helped us in our orientation towards progress.

Let me proceed at once to build, being no dialectician, this structure of orientation on some concrete examples that are under our eyes, here and now, in London.

The Norman peasant has some endearing and peculiar beliefs. He believes, for instance, that the efficacy of manure has the following limitation. He believes that a kind of beneficent explosion takes place in one season, underground, and that, once this explosion over, a given load of manure has no further virtue. His exact phrase is: "After it has fired off"—"Après que ça a fait son feu."

Now the beauty of the old masters is that their efficacy in manuring the work of the moderns is never exhausted. Their fire is inextinguishable, and remains in its beneficent and perpetual glow for the use of all

who may care to warm and nourish themselves. The modern painters to whom the future will belong will have to learn again to draw a head like Millet's portrait of Théodore Rousseau (35) or his head of Barye (29) now exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries. They will have to learn to draw a group like Millet's drawing of the artist sketching (36) with his brother, J. B. Millet, standing behind him (note the affinity with Daumier). They will have to learn to draw a landscape like Girtin's magnificent drawing of Newcastle-on-Tyne (22) or Turner's Dover Harbour (41). They will have to learn to draw architecture like Prout's Venetian Scene (9) or Vicenza (14), or even like Callow's Rialto (3). There are not forty-six ways of doing right, but one way of doing right, and the gods are all on nodding acquaintance with one another, even when they live in different parishes and in different centuries. Callow only died the other day. Such near traditions are recoverable. It will be of no use to them to study Brabazon (22-25). Brabazon's sketches are the decadence. They are sketches of interest to a painter, and of pleasant suggestion. But work that is deficient in form has no permanent warmth for the purposes we have in view just now.

I can hear the objections that the devil's advocate, always most admirably represented in the most perfect, and therefore the most slipshod, form by the supergoose of the tea-table, will put forward. "But, Mr. Sickert, is not Millet's head of Rousseau uncommonly like many bad and smudgy are-school drawings, of which we are all very tired? Must there not have been some progress in water-colour painting since Girtin's time and the time of an early Turner? Is not Prout worn threadbare and discredited? Have we not seen, by both Prout and Callow, many tired and brown water-colour paintings of the very kind you have been condemning ever since the days of the London edition of the 'New York Herald'? Have you not for years been recommending to all your students the purchase of Mr. Neville Lytton's half-crown book on water-colour? Surely the important water-colour paintings of both Prout and Callow are at variance with such recommendation!"

(I have had, for reasons of space, to make my supergoose talk intelligently. I admit that she is, for once, dramatically, a failure.)

Madam, Millet's head of Rousseau is, at first glance, astonishingly reminiscent of the worst type of dull, art-school head. But some of us have time for more than a first glance. At first glance, the most enchanting women in the world may look a great deal more like hags than like chorus-girls. You are welcome to the chorus-girls; leave me the hags.

There has been no progress, only decadence, in water-colour art since the early Turners and the early Girtins. There has been, and is, a revival since this truth has been understood. I will make this the subject of a future essay. Meanwhile, Mr. Neville Lytton's book contains the perfect and complete statement of our case. Half a crown! Will she buy it? Not she!

The cases of Prout and Callow are composite. Prout lived before and during the decadence which is typified by the self-congratulations of the older water-colour societies. These societies, it is on record, hailed with proud satisfaction the substitution of the expression "water-colour painting" for "drawings in water-colour." The frame of English gold has been the bed on which they have been lying in state for a century. Callow lived long enough to see his exquisite drawings appreciated, while his elaborate water-colour paintings, from the drawings, have justly fallen into discredit.

One wink to the more neo-blind of my young friends! You can buy Prout's drawing of Vicenza for five guineas, and a Callow drawing for as much or less. Our customers can hardly be blamed if they expect a little serious work from us for their reluctant guineas. Why not up and do it, instead of wasting your time in too much seeking for *la petite bête* at fourteen o'clock? Some of you have talent. Cultivate it. It will be quicker in the long run. WALTER SICKERT.

Unedited Opinions.

Sociological Catalysis.

THE words catalysis and catalytic have been used in THE NEW AGE several times lately—had they any particular significance in your mind?

They had. I am glad you observed them.

Well, they did leap out, did they not, from the plain vocabulary THE NEW AGE usually employs? But what had the writers in mind in using them?

The possible application, I should say, of the technical term in chemistry to similar phenomena in society.

I am very ignorant. What is the meaning of catalysis in chemistry?

Oh, I am ignorant, too; but I understand it is applied to a very mysterious property of certain bodies by means of which they cause effects in other bodies to be produced without any apparent activity on their own part.

You mean that in the presence of object A, for example, objects B and C are changed without A being changed?

Something like that, I am told; but the operation interests me more as an idea, for whether it applies in chemistry or not, I am sure it applies in human society.

What instances can you give?

Well, they may seem somewhat fabulous or trivial; but have you ever observed the behaviour of a company of people in the absence or presence respectively of some particular individual? Present (or absent as the case may be), the company is lively or the reverse perhaps. I have noticed it often.

So have I. But the explanation is surely that such an individual actively produces the effect. He is not a passive agent, is he?

I am not so sure. He may be to all outward seeming passive enough.

But even then it is from his appearance or from his reputation that the effect on the company is produced. In other words, they are moved by what they see or think of him.

You may be right; but let us take another kind of case, equally familiar. Do you know of any person or place or thing in the presence of which you feel particularly at ease or the reverse? You must, of course.

Yes, many; but here again the effect is produced, it seems to me, by association of ideas. I know, for example, one man in whose company I feel myself to be almost a genius; and many men in whose company I feel a fool. But is that not mere experience? The same is true for me of certain things and places. Surrounded by books I am literary; by trees I am lyrical. Is it not mere association—or perhaps suggestion?

Suggestion comes more nearly to it, I think, than association; for the association is itself built upon experience; and we are trying to get at the cause of the first experience. For instance, your mascot individual in whose presence you feel at your best may produce this effect on you a second time by association of ideas—but how did he produce it the first time? And what, after all, is suggestion?

Tell me, for I do not know.

Nor do I, for it is a question-begging word; but I fancy we have in it the first stage of catalysis in human society.

How is that?

Well, I would not like to say that two chemical substances enter into combination at the simple suggestion of a third substance present to their view; for that would be animism with a vengeance. But I would venture to say that human combinations may occur solely as the result of the suggestion of another mind.

You are not, perchance, thinking of the matchmakers of society?

They must be included, I think—only low in the scale. By the way, I heard the other day of a lady who

simply could not enter a room containing young couples without inducing them to fall in love with each other. She was most dangerous!

So I should think. But what other examples are there?

To take a greater, you remember that the presence of Napoleon was estimated to be worth ten battalions to his army.

Ah, but I fall back once more on association. That was not suggestion, was it?

I really cannot see the difference. Then there was Cecil Rhodes who invented South Africa. Pure suggestion!

Yes, but allow me to say that the suggestor was visible, tangible, articulate; there is nothing mysterious in his influence; it was advertisement.

What do you want then in the way of evidence?

I want, first, to see effects that cannot be traced to any perceptible cause; and, secondly, I want you to show that the cause exists but is passive. For instance, if Cecil Rhodes had been an unknown man *unaware* of the influence he was exerting; and if, further, by alternately withdrawing him and putting him back into South Africa you could have shown by the effects that he was really the cause of the disturbance, your case would be good.

I cannot do that with Cecil Rhodes, though time, I think, actually did it. But the analogy of your conditions ought to have occurred to you.

What is that?

The queen bee in the hive. I do not suppose that the queen bee is aware of her office or that she is an active agent in carrying out its duties. Nor again, I believe, are her subjects aware (in any intelligible sense) of her presence or absence from the hive. Yet they *behave* as if they were aware; and for that reason we conclude that they *are* aware. But they need not be.

Then how does our case stand now?

Guessing, of course, as we are, our case stands thus: that suggestion (as we call it) may operate to produce effects in two ways: by visible and by imperceptible means. Of the former, all the examples we have cited are illustrations; of the latter we have not yet lit upon any in the human field, though the queen bee is there for a guide.

Can you think of any examples?

Ah, but the difficulty would be to prove them. You see, we cannot take them out and put them back again. We can only take them out!

Well, tell me some of them.

Would you agree that all the stories of King Alfred *appear* to show that he was a royal catalytic agent? You know people were actually honest in his day and without fear. And would you agree that times changed when he was withdrawn? Finally, would you expect that, if he could be put back, his golden age would return?

I should, no doubt, if I could see him; but was he not perpetually busy?

I do not gather so. But the recluses of the woods, the communities of devoted students, the solitaries—do you think they had any effect?

They must have had.

And, whatever it was, it ceased when they disappeared?

Certainly; but, once again, we are in the region of known cause and effect.

Are we? What known chain of cause and effect would explain the appearance of social phenomena of a certain kind as a consequence of the presence in cells and woods of men oblivious of society and intent on meditation?

I begin to see your drift now, I think. You suggest that society forms itself in one fashion when men of a certain type are present in its midst; and in another fashion when they are absent.

That is somewhere about my meaning.

Readers and Writers.

SUPERFICIAL critics of style often lay up for themselves a lot of trouble. Instinctively they assume the right doctrine, namely, that style is the man; and then mistakenly expect their hero to live up to their opinion of his character formed on an imperfect realisation of his style. When they learn that in fact their hero was anything but what they supposed, they lay the blame of inconsistency upon him, thus attributing to him the fault of their own laziness or defect of critical insight. Such a surprise awaited those blind devotees of Swinburne who chanced to read the article upon him in the "Spectator" last week. Sometime during 1862, when Swinburne was 26 and had been two years down from Oxford he contributed anonymously to the "Spectator" three articles on the "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo. They were absurdly eulogistic of Hugo's style—a thing that can scarcely be said to exist—but they were much more absurdly critical of Hugo's humanitarian principles, which were the noblest part about him. For instance, Hugo defended his work as necessary "so long as there shall exist through laws and manners a social damnation creating artificial hells in the midst of civilisation and complicating destiny, which is divine, with a human fatality." Hugo, in short, anticipated Nietzsche in denouncing the very idea of punishment. But the young Swinburne who was shortly to publish "Poems and Ballads," had neither then nor at any time an ear for so exalted a doctrine. On the contrary, he defended punishment and deprecated compassion exactly as if he were a magistrate of the bourgeoisie. The era of Draconian legislation, he urged, which might conceivably have justified Hugo's outburst, had passed away; and now that we had an "efficient poor law," no possible excuse remained for crime. "For the man (he said) who, having the workhouse at hand, prefers stealing to breaking stones and a temporary separation from his family, we confess we have little sympathy"; and he went on to marvel that Hugo dared to weaken the appeal of "a resolute conception of morality" by compassionating any breach whatever of it. If the excuse of fatality, he concluded, can be allowed to criminals, then "Christus nos liberavit" has indeed lost its meaning. Away with such compassion and let the law take its course! Now is that, I ask, the opinion that the Swinburnians would expect of their idol? And I answer that it is not; but, on the contrary, that they will be surprised by it and enough ashamed of it to seek to palliate or explain it. Yet in my view, it is neither surprising nor inconsistent with Swinburne's whole character. I could, in fact, have deduced it from his style—that licentious, tyrannical, bullying style! It is only for the superficial to be shocked by such discoveries.

In the same issue of the "Spectator," by the way, there was a comment on a volume of short stories which I regard as both malicious and ignorant. "There have been, the writer said, too many volumes of short stories issued in the last few months. . . . They sap little of the writers' energy and call forth none of their best work. . . . The short story by reason of its condensed plot and freedom from detailed drawing of character may cover a multitude of sins in the way of careless writing." Why, so it may, and so may an editorial review such as this; but what has that to do with the critic whose business is just to reveal those sins? To complain that the short story easily conceals these sins is to admit that you mistrust your own discernment; but it is a little too much to ask that the short story shall cease to exist because critics cannot readily discover its defects. And then who is to judge whether too many or too few volumes of short stories, as distinct from novels, are published; and how does the writer know that they sap little of the author's energy or are not his best work? If that be so, then so much the worse for the stories. But plainly it is not necessarily the case. As well condemn the sonnet for not being an ode, or an ode for not being an epic. In my opinion, we have

(comparatively speaking) not enough short stories, nor are they fairly enough considered to be produced in high perfection. But the hobnails of the "Spectator" will scarcely remedy the defect.

* * *

Dr. Oscar Levy is himself a monument to the greatness of Nietzsche, and his proposal to raise a stone one to his master at Weimar strikes me as both a little superfluous and a little ironical. I can never see a public memorial to a great man who was neglected during his lifetime without reflecting that the apology is almost as offensive as the original neglect. On the other hand, in the case of Nietzsche the present monument is to be as much an act of propaganda as of attempted atonement; for it is proposed that the Nietzsche Archiv shall be associated with it and constituted "an intellectual centre for securing that cultural unity of Europe which must precede its political and commercial unions." Vain dream, I fear—though not on that account to be undreamed. An age that only likes great men as the Americans liked their Indians—dead—needs first to have its wits sharpened on its living contemporaries before it can really honour even the dead.

* * *

An admirer, as I am, of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I find many occasions to wince at his taste. One of these days I must go into the matter and discover the cause. Several times recently, for example, he has been publicly associated with things that a more severe judgment, I am sure, would have warned him to avoid—not, of course, in his personal interest, but in the interest of the very exalted type of mind he represents. I, for one, by no means admired his participation in the public mock-trial of "Edwin Drood." It was harmless enough in its way; but we are not living in a time when the dignity of humane letters can be squandered. Nor was it wise of him to speak last week for Literature at the annual dinner of the "Royal Literary Fund" only to have his remarks crowded out of the reports to give room to the opinions of the American Ambassador. I am aware, of course, that the Press thinks nothing of literature; and that even on the occasion of a banquet in honour of Literature, its reports will be confined to the speeches of the unlettered bigwigs. But so was Mr. Chesterton aware of this before he went. He should, therefore, either have refused to attend or have commanded attention when he got there. For a prince of letters to be dismissed in a line after a mere commercial ambassador has been reported in half a column, is to procure no honour to literature.

* * *

By chance I had just finished reading Professor T. G. Tucker's short essay on Sappho (Lothian: Melbourne. 2s. 6d.) when I read in the "Times" of the discovery in Egypt of another of her poems. Professor Tucker, although a Professor in the University of Melbourne, is an accomplished writer and a good critic; and his essay contains all that it should and nothing that it should not. He rightly emphasises the character of charm in Sappho's lyrics—a quality in which she excels all others, men or women, that ever wrote. Professor Tucker calls her the "Burns of Greece"; but this is not delicate criticism; though I see what he means. Lesbian Greek was a variety of Greek, after all; and not, as Burns' English was, a dialect merely. Also Burns had too much manly spirit for perfect and constant charm: a line or two and he was splashing in feeling instead of floating upon it. Shelley, too, was a little over-thoughtful for perfect charm; and both Catullus and Heine (all of whom Professor Tucker names as partial parallels) were less charming than Sappho. As for Mrs. Browning, I am really surprised that Professor Tucker mentions her in the same breath with Sappho. There is no doubt that Mrs. Browning was in love—which is seldom a charming mood; but Sappho appears to me to have never been in love—except with love. Mrs. Hastings comes in some of her lyrics much nearer Sappho than ever did Mrs. Browning.

I have succumbed to the merits of the Home University Library (Williams and Norgate. 1s. each, 100 volumes), and now think it worth setting alongside of Messrs. Dent's "Everyman" Library. Certainly there are exceptions in the series; most, in fact, of the volumes on Literature are either dull or controversial; but the series as a whole is excellent. The latest issues I have seen unfortunately belong mainly to the literary class. Miss Grace Hadow's "Chaucer and His Times" and Mr. Clutton Brock's "William Morris" are among them. The former, however, is painstaking, correct and very full of matter; and Mr. Brock, at any rate, is expository if not critical. But, then, I am all for judgment in matters of literature. Exposition seems to me suitable only for science.

* * *

Mr. Martin Secker takes good care never to send THE NEW AGE a book for review; and perhaps it is as well for his business. For if he is responsible for the prefatory announcement of his new series of "The Art and Craft of Letters," his pretensions to taste would meet a shock in these pages. The notion of the series is fairly good, being of a complete library of technical literary form. Each volume will be devoted to a single form, e.g., tragedy, satire, the essay, dialogue, etc.; and each, presumably, will discuss its subject fully and with "craftsmen" in view. The announcement issued by Mr. Secker, however, is not satisfied to state these facts simply, but must needs break into jargon and nonsense. "Style, unlike grammar, cannot be learned or acquired, though it may be developed like a physiological function or shrink like an etiolated personality." This is a fine introduction, is it not, to a series "addressed to that small number who instinctively regard writing as one of the finest arts"? Fancy associating style with a physiological function; or look at the grammar of "(may be) shrink"; or examine the shrinkage caused by etiolation! The names of the authors of the first four volumes do not feed me with much hope either. Mr. John Palmer, who will write on "Comedy," is an irresponsible rattle in the pages of the "Saturday Review." Mr. Gilbert Cannan has never written a word of "Satire" that I know of; Mr. R. H. Gretton's idea of "History," as I have said before in these columns, is to blend the "Times" news-summaries with the observations of, say, "London Opinion"; while Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who will discourse on the "Epic," has as yet no sense even of manners in literature. In sum, I imagine these writers will learn more than they have at present to teach.

* * *

Mr. Marinetti's Futurist Manifesto published in THE NEW AGE last week is, I suppose, like everything else in these pages, open to discussion. My view is that Mr. Marinetti is reviving an old quarrel that ought to have been drowned and damned by the Flood,—the quarrel of presentation with representation; and that he is on the wrong side of the controversy. The jealousy of every writer for the omnipotence of pure literature is something fanatic. As Hokusai used to hope that by the time he was a hundred and twenty every one of his drawings would be alive, every man of letters looks forward one day to writing living sentences. Absolutely no writer of any rank has ever complained, in my recollection, that his own language was not sufficient for him; but all of them have despaired of ever employing it fully. Mr. Marinetti, however, appears to assume that artists feel cramped by the common language and desire new materials of expression; and he proceeds to invent crazy typographical and onomatopœic tricks as means to this end. But as well as mistaking the despair of writers (which, as I have said, is with themselves and not with their medium), he mistakes the whole *raison d'être* of literature which is precisely not to present and reproduce, but to represent and produce. The logical mind, I maintain, has the intention of ultimately expressing in words the universe that proceeded, myth says, from a word; and our common speech is the base on which this

Jacob's ladder is planted. To return now to animal sounds and typographical glyphs would be to abandon our task and to relapse into barbarism. Simplicity, lucidity, charm—those are the qualities in which our style can never be perfect enough. And Mr. Marinetti has not one of them.

R. H. C.

An Open Letter to Mr. Selfridge.

SIR,—In addressing you particularly among many traders who are displaying themselves, or being displayed, to disadvantage, I intend no personal reflections. On the point of *œsthetique savoir faire*, with which this letter is concerned, I would no more affront you than I would a country cousin whom I saw being misled about Town by a wag. You and many other traders are being misled about the artistic world by journalistic wags, called advertisement agents, none the less wags because their joke is profitable to themselves. I select you because your bear-leader is more offensive to good taste than is tolerable. Sir, your man, "Callisthenes," is making such a figure of you that, I assure you, no comic dramatist could do better than borrow your public appearance entire from the columns where your advertisements are permitted to appear. I will not outline more than is inevitable this caricature of you, who must be as far from knowing how ridiculous you are being made as from desiring to make an immortal fool of yourself. I proceed upon the supposition that a man of your success must often have needed to use considerable tact, that you must be aware of the importance of dignity, and that you would not willingly try conclusions with your head against a stone wall: wherefore I assume that you have so much intellectual comprehension as will make you averse from standing in a false position.

Let me warn you, then, that this "Callisthenes" who pretends to be introducing your business through his advertisements upon the plane of art and letters could never himself obtain one moment's standing here. I take one of his compositions which appeared in the "Evening Standard," to the disgrace of that journal, and shall hopefully point out to you how far from respect and how close to contempt this sort of man will bring you and with you, Sir, the commercial world.

The advertisement I refer to is headed "Art and Trade." On such a subject as an alliance between art and trade I suppose you will admit that a trader would be well advised to speak with caution, not too familiarly, not committing himself—since he would be addressing those whom the world regards as his superiors. A rebuff from the artist would result in the trader's taking a lower position than was previously his in public estimation. He would be known to have presumed, an action always regarded as self-betrayal to which the belittlement of spectators is added. Your "Callisthenes," who speaks as if for you, approaches artists and men of letters without this caution, with so little regard as to seem nakedly impudent. He affects to know the sentiments of artists—he who cannot write a paragraph which does not prove him outside consideration. He speaks of art who is illiterate—and insensitive. He signs and seals an alliance in the absence of one of the parties, an alliance *de bouffe*!

I will try to make a formal examination of his article, although the criticism of incoherent writing is no less difficult than the exploration by a doctor of the mind of an imbecile: in both cases the layman looking on is liable to be deceived by an occasional appearance of sense, the which the expert knows to be mere parrot-talk. In this connection, I may repeat to you the comment of a great draughtsman on being shown your advertisement; if you have really any notion of an alliance between art and trade, you will scarcely care to hear the attitude of this artist described: in common phrase—his blood boiled! "These people," he said, "*steal our ideas.*"

Your "Callisthenes" begins:—

It has been said so often that Art and Trade are dia-

metrically opposed, and that the true Artist, living on a higher plane than the man of Commerce, cannot do justice to himself in a commercial atmosphere, that many people have come to accept the dictum as gospel truth. So far is it from being true, however, that (in our opinion) it can be proved to demonstration that Commerce, in so far as it deals with merchandise that is manufactured, depends for its very life on the inspiration of the man of Art.

I will not waste words on the literary style of this man: it is the leavings of writers. But, Sir, you will please understand that the dictum referred to is the dictum of the artists themselves. People accept it because they see that artists act on it. And, surely it is true whether you examine it from one side or the other. You yourself must have seen at least once the collapse of a business house which had come into the hands of a man with a "dash" of the artistic temperament. A trader may need to comprehend something of the products of art, but if he is not heart and mind in his business he will be, at best, a good business man at intervals: he will be ultimately successful only by extraordinary luck. The difference to be noted here between the trader and the artist is that a man can never succeed in art by luck. All the luck in the world will not turn an insignificant picture into twenty powerful ones, as the picture sold by the trader may be turned by luck into twenty pounds. We begin to see, surely, that the artist is self-responsible to a degree unrequired of the trader! He has, indeed, something to guard which, if once impaired, is as good as lost. This something is his creative power. If the artist allowed any consideration but art to influence him, he would forfeit his freedom to create. He must live so as to preserve this freedom. I need say no more than that artists are of such a make that they do *not* forfeit it. The works they produce are indebted to the trader for nothing whatsoever. The trader if he sells these works is able to sell them because people want them; he sells only to make a profit for himself. He need never pretend to be a patron! Where, then, is the least inducement for the artist to ally himself with the trader if association with the trader would be worse than useless with regard to the creation of the work, and if the finished work must ultimately rest on its merits? No alliance, but for some species of temporary sharp dealing, is conceivable. If public good taste does not demand works of art, the artist not only will not, but cannot produce them; he will never produce them by any scheming alliance with the trader to push sales! The trader, on his side, will push wherever profit lies in pushing!

The second half of the above paragraph shows "Callisthenes" weakening unconsciously on his bombast. You, Sir, according to him, depend on the artist for your very existence as a manufacturer. You see that you cannot very well dictate any alliance, wherefore good sense would have preferred to wait for an advance from the superior side.

Art as commonly understood is the expression of the beautiful in painting, music, sculpture, oratory, and literature, and in each of these forms "Art for Art's sake" is an ideal that only under the rarest circumstances becomes practicable. To stigmatise a picture as a "pot-boiler" and disallow its Art because it has a price on it, and so presumably was made to sell, is as ridiculous and unreasonable as it would be to condemn for the same reason a masterpiece of Schumann or Wagner.

This rigmarole of a parrot! But it is not difficult to see what he is after with his "art for art's sake," an impracticable *ideal*; he would have you suppose that these art-chaps are quite willing to be sensible about a deal if only "Callisthenes" et hoc genus omne will stand between them and the sneering critics. Sir, a work of art is not called a "pot-boiler" even if it subsequently is sold. A "pot-boiler" is a work done to order, or begun for the mere sake of making money. There have been one or two instances when tragic circumstances added to poverty have torn a work of art out of a man; but we do not speak of these things with fellows like "Callisthenes."

As to Art applied to Commerce, what would merchandise be without it? Where would be the harmonious blends in colour, the rich designs, the exquisite details that make the different fabrics desirable, and, therefore, marketable? Shall we decry the craftsman, or deny him the title of Artist, who gives his skill and puts his heart into his work, and achieves a beautiful result, merely because he makes his living by so doing?

As an instance of the close ties of relationship existing between Art and Commerce, consider how much a mere advertisement nowadays depends for its effectiveness on Art—the Art of letters, of typography, of illustration. We of this House have always attached the utmost importance to the preparation of our written and pictorial appeals to the great reading Public, and by enlisting the services of famous Artists in Black and White, from time to time, have done something towards breaking down the barrier that, illogical as it was, certainly existed between Art and Trade.

This paragraph is repetitive of those above, except for the especial inference that Art concerns itself with the manufacture of drapery. "Callisthenes" is still rebuking someone or other who stigmatises these so saleable high-class coloured and designed productions. He defends the artist. He might spare his pains. No artist ever set out to benefit a drapery house. If you, Sir, use the colours and designs discovered by artists, you have common right to the common gifts with which they have endowed the world. But you must not misunderstand this usage as anything more than what is called "applied art." Not one of your craftsmen would mistake such work for creative art; nor would any art-dealer!

I pass over the second paragraph and omit one following wherein "Callisthenes" makes his wag's claim to pass for a man of letters. I should get no credit from literary men for more than the merest notice of his absurdity.

Art is the ally of Commerce, but not its servant, and with the realisation of the self-respecting dignity of this relationship will disappear the stupid misconceptions that hitherto have existed in the matter.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.

You, Sir, whose manufacturer's existence has been said to depend on the creators of Art, are now admonished that Art is not your servant. Could you ever have supposed that it was? Does not all this article read like a satire on some ignorant impertinences of commercial men, whose folly "Callisthenes" is just sufficiently au fait to comprehend? You must now see that as, along with the rest of the world, a beneficiary of artists, you can be neither dignified nor self-respecting in your proposal, via "Callisthenes," to make an alliance with those to whom you have nothing acceptable to offer, and with whom you cannot profitably dispense. It is as the proposition of a floating barnacle to a torpedo. Commerce will hang on to Art as opportunity permits.

Yours faithfully, for THE NEW AGE,
T. K. L.

LIBERTY.

Liberty's a derivation
Of Libra, which is scales,
And freemen understood once
The truth the symbol veils.
But centuries of talking,
Enlightment misnamed,
Have lost the root so ancient
And made the word ill-famed.
The world has lost its balance
For Liberty to most
Is the privilege of riot
That one or some can boast.
It is no equal judgment
That weighs 'twixt citizens
For liberties are taken
And bulk has outed sense,
Its one signification
Is scope of selfish might
And tyranny has risen
To universal right.
It would not be a mental slip
To see its symbol in a whip.

TRIBOULET.

Views and Reviews.*

Freud on Dreams.

THERE are moods in which we are willing to agree with Nietzsche that "idleness is the parent of all psychology," and to ask, with him: "What! is psychology then a — vice?" But such moods only prevail, such questions are only asked, when we want to do something else than study psychology. Sooner or later, we come back to the subject; if there be a categorical imperative, it is surely the command of the Delphic oracle, and in our quest for knowledge of ourselves, we stumble on the question asked by the Duke in Chesterton's play "Magic": "Well, as old Buffle used to say, what is a man?" The answer supplied by Freud and his school is not flattering to our vanity. Dr. Ernest Jones, one of Freud's most brilliant disciples, has said: "We are beginning to see man not as the smooth, self-acting agent he pretends to be, but as he really is, a creature only dimly conscious of the various influences that mould his thoughts and action, and blindly resisting with all the means at his command the forces that are making for a higher and fuller consciousness." Whether man can bear the demonstration of this fact remains to be seen. Dr. Eder, lecturing on this subject to the Psycho-Medical Society, quoted Pfister as saying, "it will soon become a rule that dreams are never related in polite society." But Freud himself has demonstrated the evil consequences of repression; indeed, psycho-analysis as a treatment consists in bringing to consciousness activities that have been suppressed. Consciousness, of course, does not imply publicity; but if not merely the desire, but the transformed representation of it, has to be suppressed, it would seem that the last state of man must be worse than the first. Without some hearty carelessness of other people's opinion of us, without an emphatic response to the clarion call of Nietzsche: "Become what thou art": our knowledge of ourselves is likely to be the cause of still more repression, with its morbid effects, and psychology will stand revealed as a vice indeed. It is significant in this connection that Dr. Eder withholds the translation of a number of interpretations of dream symbols "in deference to English opinion." These concessions to social habits that are admittedly productive of disease are not really well-advised.

But the social consequences of Freud's interpretation of dreams need not concern us just yet; for it is not likely that the conclusions based on the results of psycho-analysis will survive criticism without some modification. When Freud says, for example, that he is "prepared to maintain that no dream is inspired by other than egoistic emotions," he has surely exaggerated the value of the results yielded by psycho-analysis. One cannot urge the class of prophetic dreams against this conclusion of Freud, for his theory will fit them; but surely telepathic dreams, what are usually called coincidental dreams, are not inspired by egoistic emotions? If I dream, for example, that someone has died, or is ill, or anything of that sort, and that person has died, or been ill, then surely my dream has not arisen from any emotion of my own. Anyhow, I should like to know how the psycho-analysts interpret such dreams; and in this essay, Freud does not acknowledge even the occurrence of such dreams.

A similar objection will probably be raised to Freud's contention that suppressed sexuality is the true cause of all our troubles. We may grant, indeed we are obliged

to grant, that, as Dr. Leslie Mackenzie says in his introduction, "the emotions of sex play an enormous part in the processes of analysis"; but we are not therefore willing to admit that they alone are the motives of our imaginings. So much must depend on the ideals that prevail in the family or society from which the individual is taken. Almost every family has one throw-out; a penurious tribe or family may give birth to a person of generous temperament, for example, with the consequence that that individual would find his generous instincts, so far as they related to people outside his own circle, checked and frustrated at every turn. If he were broken in to the acceptance of the ideals and customs of his immediate fellows, it would only be by the exercise of a most powerful repression of his generous instinct; and it would be likely, at least, that that repression would lead to the usual results. An example occurs to me. Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge has written a very interesting historical novel of the boyhood and youth of Frederick the Great, called "That Little Marquis of Brandenburg." Here we have such a case as I posit, a person of generous instincts, of hyper-sensitive feelings, and of artistic tastes, subjected to the tyranny of his brutal old drill-sergeant of a father. It would seem that his father set out deliberately to break Frederick's heart; and when he had Frederick's best friend executed, and forced Frederick to witness the execution, he succeeded. "It was on the ramparts of Custrin that Frederick the Great became possible," says Mr. Trowbridge. It was not one emotion that had to be suppressed, it was many; more correctly, it was a whole personality, or, at least, a temperament that was forced below the threshold of consciousness; and Freud's theory will not suffice to explain such a transformation.

Considerations of this nature do not invalidate the results reached by the use of the technique of psycho-analysis; but they should warn people of the danger of accepting too simple a solution of problems that are probably complex even in their origins. It seems truer to suppose that all the passions are on the same level, so to speak, and intercommunicate; and that the stimulation of one may be transmitted to any or all of the others. Women habitually act on this hypothesis with remarkable success; whatever passion they arouse at first, sooner or later they transfer the stimulation to the sex passion which they can manipulate as they please. I am reminded of the veterinary surgeon who was called in to see Mark Twain. He confessed that he did not know what was the matter with Mark Twain, but he offered to give him something which would convert his complaint into blind staggers, and "then," he said, "I shall know what to do with you."

Whatever we may think of Freud's theory of the causation of dreams, there can be no doubt that his revelation of the processes of dream formation and his statement of the function of dreams must command considerable attention, and perhaps approval. Against the dictum of Binz that "the dream is to be regarded as a physical process always useless, frequently morbid," I may summarise Freud's conclusion in the phrase: "The dream is to be regarded as a psychical process always useful, frequently healthy." For if the function of the dream is to preserve sleep, it cannot be regarded as useless; and if the dream serves as a psychical discharge of suppressed emotions, it cannot be regarded as morbid. Of the processes of dream formation, I have not space to speak; Freud has described them with admirable brevity and clearness, but he could not do it in less space than is occupied by his essay. What is clear is this, that the analysis of dreams does enable the psychologist to penetrate into the subconscious mind of his subject, he is enabled to see the mind at work, and to understand thereby not merely the ætiology of psycho-neurotic disorders, but the normal mental processes that disguise their origin from the introspective consciousness. If some of the interpretations seem to be arbitrary, that is probably due to the brevity of the exposition.

A. E. R.

* "On Dreams." By Prof. Sigmund Freud. Translated by M. D. Eder. With a Preface by Dr. Leslie Mackenzie. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Case of Mrs. Maybrick.*

By C. H. Norman.

THE Maybrick trial was one which raised a considerable storm in England and in the United States, partly because the prisoner was a young and attractive American-born woman, partly because she was defended by Sir Charles Russell, who had just defeated the "Times" in the Parnell Commission, partly because she was tried by Sir James FitzJames Stephen, an eminent judge who was then rumoured to be entering upon the first stages of the malady to which he succumbed—he had been described as the "mad judge"—and partly because of the doubts concerning the validity of the conviction. It is true, as the late Sir George Lewis and Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out, that Russell never expressed a confident belief in his client's innocence, but merely asserted that she ought never to have been convicted. But the tradition of the English Bar is opposed to the expression of a personal opinion by an advocate concerning the guilt or innocence of a client. Moreover, as most doubtful crimes are committed under circumstances which prevent positive proof of guilt or innocence, a statement by counsel would not be of any value, beyond being the expression of an informed opinion. But what Lord Russell of Killowen wrote to the Home Secretary in 1892 should settle this part of the matter to any reasonable mind. "I now say that if I were called upon to advise in my character of head of the Criminal Judicature of this country, I should advise you that Florence Maybrick ought to be allowed to go free." It cannot be conceived that the Lord Chief Justice of England would have addressed such a remonstrance to Lord Llandaff had he entertained the vestige of a doubt in his own mind that Mrs. Maybrick was not innocent of the murder of her husband. He worked unceasingly, as occasion offered, by memorialising each new Secretary for the Home Department, to secure his client's release, but without avail. Florence Maybrick served her full term of imprisonment permitted by the English law, namely, just upon fifteen years.

Florence Elizabeth Chandler was married to James Maybrick in London (not in America, as erroneously stated by Mr. H. B. Irving) on July 27, 1881. She was an American girl of eighteen; her husband was a cotton broker of Liverpool, aged forty-two. In 1888 Mrs. Maybrick made a friendship with a young man named Brierley; and she committed adultery with him on one occasion, at any rate. The true circumstances of the marital life of the Maybricks were not investigated at the trial; and this reticence told heavily against Mrs. Maybrick, as the learned Judge lost no opportunity of reminding the jury that the intrigue with Brierley supplied the motive for the alleged murder. It is clear, however, from the testimony of the servants, that Mrs. Maybrick had some affection for her husband; and a temporary passion for a young lover would not necessarily set up any notion of murdering her husband.

One would have thought, in a case of this complexity, the questions submitted to the jury would have been explicit and detailed; but the only one put was: "Do you find the prisoner guilty of the murder of James Maybrick or not guilty?" The vice of that form of question was that it completely ignored the line of defence that James Maybrick died from natural causes. The learned Judge cannot be acquitted of having wantonly misled the jury into thinking that there was no issue for them as to whether James Maybrick was murdered; but that the sole problem to which they had to apply their minds was: Who had killed him? The proper points for consideration on the evidence and disclosed facts were two: (1) Did James Maybrick die of arsenical poisoning? (2) If yea, was it feloniously administered by Mrs. Maybrick with the intention of causing death? It is a grave reflection upon the whole trial that inadequate directions were given to the jury,

in that the question asked them *assumed* that a murder had been perpetrated, and that the only matter for them to judge upon was the person who had done it.

The evidence against Mrs. Maybrick rested upon the purchase of flypapers, upon certain dealings with medicine bottles, and upon her admission as to putting a white powder in a bottle of beef extract, which was *not* given to her husband, and upon her intrigue with Brierley. It was contended that there were grave elements of suspicion in the purchasing of the flypapers, because she paid for them at chemists where she had an account running. But she purchased the flypapers at chemists where she was known; and it is a common incident with everyone to pay for small purchases at tradesmen's shops though one has a running account at the shop. It was further said that she lied about the reason she wanted them in that she told the chemists that she required them for flies in the kitchen, whereas her case at the trial was that she needed them for cosmetic purposes. There is some foundation for the criticism upon this discrepancy; yet, a reluctance to tell a chemist the exact purpose of a purchase is not unknown among quite innocent people, and it was admitted by one witness that scented water with arsenic in it was discovered among Mrs. Maybrick's toilet utensils. Mrs. Maybrick was tried at a time when a prisoner could not be called into the witness-box; so that the manipulation of the medicine bottles could not be completely explained away. But the nurses' minds had been already biased against Mrs. Maybrick; and over-watchful persons may easily imagine many acts as doubtful which are innocent and innocuous. Mr. Justice Stephen, in summing up, remarked: "There is evidence about a considerable quantity of poison in this house, and more particularly, about one or two receptacles which were in Mr. Maybrick's dressing-room." Previously he had said: "In the whole case there is no evidence at all of her having bought any poison, or definitely having had anything to do with procuring any, with the exception of flypapers." Mrs. Maybrick's explanation of "the white powder" incident was that she added the powder to the meat juice at the pressing request of her husband. Concerning the credibility of this, it is important to know that she volunteered this story about the white powder; it was not in answer to any evidence against her, though it related to the manipulation of the medicine bottles. Another piece of evidence against Mrs. Maybrick was read into these words, testified to by a nurse as being muttered by the dying man some twenty hours before his death: "Oh, Bunny, Bunny, how could you do it. I did not think it of you." Yet there was no suggestion that the dying man accused his wife of having attempted to poison him; although the only relevance of these words, as played upon by the Judge, could be as indicating that he knew she was murdering him. Is it credible that he would not have protested to the nurses, the whole evidence being that he was continually demanding his wife's presence, to the annoyance of his charming brothers? Two explanations can be tendered of these remarkable words: (1) That they referred to the Brierley intrigue; (2) That they concerned the threat of divorce proceedings by his wife. Whatever may be the truth about them, it cannot be that they were meant as an accusation against his wife of murdering him; because the after-circumstances destroy such a theory. A still more important fact is that this woman, who was supposed to have planned a wicked and horrible crime, with every artifice of cunning, collapsed completely on the death of her husband, that is, on the successful outcome of her scheme, remaining in a collapsed state for several days. It was proved that she had been nursing him assiduously, and had stayed up all night: that her whole attitude was that of an affectionate and anxious wife. Against this must be cited a love letter, written at the same time to Brierley, in which these words occurred: "Since my return I have been nursing M. day and night." That was admitted to be the truth. "*He is sick unto death.*" The doctors held a consultation yesterday, and now all

* "Trial of Mrs. Maybrick." Edited by H. B. Irving. (W. Hodge and Co. 5s. net.)

depends upon how long his strength will hold out. Both my brothers-in-law and we are terribly anxious." It was urged by the prosecution that the phrase "sick unto death" had no medical justification at that moment, but was an intelligent anticipation by a murderess of the coming event. Mrs. Maybrick answered that "sick unto death" was an Americanism, indicating that a person was exceedingly unwell. That term is used sometimes in the Southern States in that meaning—not as conveying that all hope has been abandoned, which would be the interpretation most English people would place upon it.

The above was the substantial evidence of incriminating details against Mrs. Maybrick; and that evidence was strengthened by the doctors who swore to a sudden change in the patient's condition, from which he never recovered. The doctors in attendance were of opinion that he had died from arsenical poisoning; but strong evidence was called by the defence to rebut this presumption on medical and scientific grounds. That evidence was open to the comment that it was expert but theoretical; whereas the prosecution could rely upon a combination of practical, theoretical, and expert physicians, who had had the man under their care. A good deal of weight should attach to this state of facts but for the extraordinary variety of medicines that the deceased man had been dosing himself with. These are the medicines which were floating about this man's system at the period of his fatal illness: strychnine, nuxvomica, hop bitters, bromide of potassium, oxide of zinc, hypophosphates, ipecacuanha wine, cascara, Fowler's solution consisting of arsenious acid, carbonate of potash and lavender water, sulphuret of antimony, sulphur lozenges, sweet spirits of nitre, powdered rhubarb, extract of aloes, extract of camomile flowers, arrowroot, prussic acid, tincture of henbane, Seymour's preparation of papaine and iridin, Dubarry's Revalenta food, capsules of gelatine mixed with morphia, Valentine's beef juice, tincture of jaborandi and antipyrine, Neave's food, sulphonal, cocaine, Plummer's pills in which are found antimony and mercury in the form of calomel, tincture of hyoscyamus, bismuth and opium suppository, nitro-glycerine, glycerine and borax, nitro-hydrochloric acid, hydrate of potash, and, as mouth washes, Condy's fluid, chlorine water, and phosphoric acid. One would require an iron constitution to survive this avalanche of concoctions. It is comprehensible why the Home Secretary should have recorded this judgment.

Although the evidence leads clearly to the conclusion that the prisoner administered and attempted to administer arsenic to her husband with intent to murder, yet it does not wholly exclude a reasonable doubt whether his death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic.

It was a doubt which, under the law of England, the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of; it was a doubt which a correct appreciation of the medical treatment this man was submitted to would almost turn into a certainty; and it was a doubt which negated the whole basis of the case for the Crown, namely, that he was a man of good health, foully done away with by the machinations of his unfaithful wife.

There is a tradition in England that judges are men whose conduct should be always looked at in the most favourable light, irrespective of the true facts; and Mr. H. B. Irving has endeavoured to obey that rule by committing himself to this opinion: "Of the judge's scrupulous anxiety to be fair, just and considerate towards the prisoner no impartial person can doubt." As a fact, the summing-up teemed with examples to the contrary; and the learned judge concluded his address to the jury in a whirlwind of invective.

The case lasted only seven days; and he devoted two days in summing up to the jury. The first day's summing-up, dealing with the medical evidence, on the whole was couched in moderate language, though every time a twist could be given to the evidence against the prisoner Mr. Justice Stephen was most willing to do so.

On the second day, the learned judge abandoned all pretence to be impartial, and the change in tone was much commented upon. These are some of the passages in the summing-up which were, in the circumstances, infamous in their innuendo, and scandalous in their mode of expression. "It is not my business to speak as a moralist, but there is one horrible and lamentable result of a connection of this sort which renders it almost a moral necessity for entering upon a system of this most disgraceful intrigue and telling a great number of lies. . . . So much as to motive in such a case as this, she had an awful temptation, and I have pointed out to you such evidence as there was that she may have given way to it." This impartial judge proceeded, in an inquiry of this complexity, in this strain:

I think that every human being in this case must feel vividly conscious of the horrible nature of the inquiry in which you are engaged. I feel that it is a dreadful thing that you are deliberately considering whether or not you are to convict that woman of really as horrible and dreadful a crime as ever any poor wretch who stood in the dock was accused of.

What was the character of Sir James Stephen? His biographer, Sir Leslie Stephen, explained his brother's view of a judge to be "the organ of the moral indignation of mankind." The spectacle of a man in receipt of £5,000 per annum, having subscribed to the oath set out, carrying out his function as "the organ of the moral indignation of mankind," by abusing an unconvicted prisoner in such terms is so loathsome and degrading to anyone who has any respect for human nature, that one would not willingly dwell upon this aspect of the inquiry. There are some incidents in this biography which reveal the true character of this man, who was one of an association of brutes whose handiwork often can be seen in the wrecks standing today in the Assize Courts, with a long list of ferocious sentences in punishment for trivial crimes. Sir James Stephen, Sir John Day, Sir Henry Hawkins, Sir William Grantham, and Sir John Lawrence were men whose judicial atrocities far exceeded in iniquity the acts of any individual criminal tried since the Prosecution of the Tribunal of the Terror. The following picturesque instance is related by Sir Leslie Stephen, with apparent glee, of his brother's moral indignation in action: "There was a scream from the women, and the prisoner dropped to the ground as if he had been actually struck." To resume the analysis of this creature's summing-up:—

For a person to go on deliberately administering poison to a poor, helpless, sick man upon whom she has already inflicted a dreadful injury—an injury fatal to married life—the person who could do such a thing as that must, indeed, be destitute of the last trace of human feeling.

This learned judge had a high standard for the woman whose eye had been blackened by her affectionate husband, and who had consulted her solicitor with a view to instituting divorce proceedings:—

It seems a horrible and incredible thought that a woman should be plotting the death of her husband in order that she might be left at liberty to follow her own degrading vices. . . . There is no doubt that the propensities which lead persons to vices of that kind do kill all the more tender, all the more manly, or all the more womanly feelings of the human mind. That is a comment upon which I will not insist; I will spare you what would be very painful to me, exquisitely painful to her, and not necessary to you. I will not say anything about it, except that it is easy enough to conceive how a horrible woman, in so terrible a position, might be assailed by some fearful and terrible temptation. . . . Recollect, while his life was trembling in the balance, even at that awful moment, there arose in her heart and flowed from her pen various terms of endearment to the man with whom she had behaved so disgracefully. That was an awful thing to think of, and a thing you will have to consider in asking yourselves whether she is guilty or not guilty.

Shortly after this abuse of the prisoner, whose defence was that no crime had been committed, the jury retired.

With a long experience of judicial proceedings it has never been my lot to read such a vicious and crafty production as this summing-up in its closing passages. It is possible that this woman was guilty: she herself alone can tell. But it is probable that she was innocent.

When the judge becomes a pronounced and embittered moral partisan, in a trial involving difficult medical and evidential problems, the whole equilibrium of the machinery of justice is unbalanced. Prejudice to a terrible degree reigns in such a trial. Whereas the jury might have held the prejudices of each other in check assisted by the cool reflections and commentaries of the skilled judge, a diatribe by way of a summing-up must inflame the aggregate of their prejudices. A collected outlook upon the evidence would become almost impossible unless there happened to be a man of outstanding moral qualities among the jury. That was the one thing which could have saved Mrs. Maybrick; but, unfortunately, the jury consisted of petty tradesmen. One is conscious, on a study of this trial, of a monstrous injustice, brought about by the cunning of a horrible man, who held a high station in this country.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control prevented me from visiting theatres during the last few weeks. I did want to see "Pygmalion," for instance, but I suppose that Shaw said to Tree: "Not bloody likely!": and I have not yet been able to join the ranks of the *matinée* girls. However, comedy, being a sort of game, should be kept until it is high; and although I do not suppose that "Pygmalion" will acquire a novel tang before I see it, "Pygmalion" must wait. Other circumstances over which I have no control have induced some publishers to send me some plays to read.

Ninety-five years ago, my friend Lord Byron wrote:

I said the small-pox has gone out of late.
Perhaps it may be followed by the great.

In a certain sense, it has. Wycherley's Mr. Horner said "'tis as hard to find an old whoremaster without jealousy and the gout, as a young one without fear, or the pox." In those times, the pox was only an alternative for young whoremasters; now, according to Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who should know, it is all that about twenty per cent. of all men have gained by their devotion to Venus. That is progress! But I think that Byron's prophecy is more truly fulfilled in the literary world. Mrs. Shaw tells us, in her preface to a shilling edition of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" (published by Fifield) that it was not possible to get the play published, even, until M. Brieux was made a member of the French Academy. "This entirely altered the case," she says, "for mud that may be thrown with impunity at a struggling social reformer and propagandist, must not smirch the robe of one of the Immortals, especially under the linked banners of the *entente cordiale*." Brieux's elevation was good business for Mrs. Shaw, who owns the literary rights, for England and America, of the English versions of Brieux's three plays. Two editions of the "Three Plays" have been sold, and a third is now required; and "Damaged Goods" was published separately for the benefit of the Connecticut Society of Social Hygiene, which has distributed 10,000 copies of it among the young men of the Connecticut colleges, "especially Yale University," and now wants to distribute another 10,000. Brieux is beginning to be a "good seller," since his elevation to the ranks of the Immortals; and that Shaw, the husband of Mrs. G. B. Shaw, should regard Brieux as a greater dramatist than Sophocles, because Sophocles did not write about syphilis, is only a natural exercise of the gifts of this advertising genius.

Brieux is booming, and a new industry is arising; for Mr. Fifield has published, also at a shilling, another pox play for Puritans, entitled "Philip's Wife," written by a Dr. Frank Layton. Of course, Dr. Layton had never heard of Brieux's play before he wrote his own, and, equally of course, Dr. Layton thinks that his play will not be produced, or licensed, for a long time, because it is not improper and does not incite to evil doing. Let me give him some information, extracted from Mrs. Shaw's Preface to "Damaged Goods." Let him call "SyPhilip's Wife" an "educational" or "sociological" play, and send it to the Authors' Producing Society. They established themselves for the purpose of producing this sort of stuff, and began their career with a production of "Damaged Goods." There is quite a large and well-organised public in London for plays that have not obtained or cannot obtain, the license of the Lord Chamberlain; and for this public, sociology covers a multitude of sins against drama. Dr. Layton need not despair; birds of a feather, etc., and he will find himself in bad company very soon.

A pox o' these plays! Cherchez la femme, or is it, place aux dames? Miss Gertrude Robins has induced Mr. Werner Laurie to publish four short plays at the price of a shilling, entitled "Loving As We Do." We don't, and not even the portrait of Miss Robins with a smile like the advertisement of a dentrifice, can induce me to accept this title as a true description of our relations. I do not know Miss Robins. The title play has been produced by Miss Horniman's company, and is another example of the infallible bad taste of that lady. A married woman comes to elope with a man; he protests that elopement is a deuce of a bother, and he doesn't want to be made uncomfortable; wouldn't a nice secret intrigue do as well? She takes advantage of his momentary absence from the room to telephone to her maid, telling her to take charge of the letter of farewell she had left for her husband; and when the lover returns she protests that she only made the proposal to test the sincerity of his love for her. Mene, mene, tekell upharsin; in other words, it was all up with his chances of adultery. Dear, dear, how adroit these women are!

"The Return" exhibits Miss Robins' extraordinary gifts as a writer of tragedy. Evidently she is not used to murdering people, although she apparently recognises that her feminine pretences are worthy precursors of slaughter. Anyhow, she makes the assumption that ten years' residence in America of an adult Russian peasant transforms him into an irrerecognisable being; and the play opens with a scene between Ivan and Stefan, the friend of his youth. Stefan has failed to recognise Ivan, and Ivan bets Stefan that his (Ivan's) mother will recognise him at once. He pretends to be a friend of Ivan's, and, of course, neither his father nor his mother recognises him. His remark that he has 5,000 roubles in his pocket appeals to the maternal feelings of his mother. If only she had 5,000 roubles, she could send his fare to Ivan in America, and he would come back to Russia before she died. Ivan buys some vodka and retires to sleep off the effects; whereupon his mother incites his father to hit him over the head with a hatchet. He does so; and as the loving mother counts the money, the father discovers from the passport that the stranger is their son. Curtain; not before it was needed.

"After the Case" is another tragedy. A woman commits adultery (only once, or she wouldn't be a lady, do you see?), and her husband obtains a divorce, and £800 damages from the co-respondent. What shall she do? Pariah, dead dog, outlaw, castaway, and all that sort of thing! The lover comes, and offers her not marriage, but the irregular relationship that ought to have suited her. Of course, he was wicked, and she was virtuous; "the practised evil in you called to the dormant evil in me, and it awoke." Therefore I hate you, I hate you, I hate you; good-bye, etc., and she jumps out of the window. "Good God," said the crowd; and there was another headline for the evening papers.

"Ilda's Honourable" tells us how a younger son of

the nobility, who had fallen in love with a chorus girl, was not dismayed by the vulgar tastes of her mother, but liked her just as she was. Kind hearts are more than coronets—oh, damn it, I would rather be hen-pecked than read any more modern plays.

Art.

Les Independants and the Salon des Beaux Arts.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

AT the corner of the Champs de Mars, close to the Ecole Militaire, there is a temporary structure something like the low-lying buildings standing at the back of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and in this the Independants are holding their exhibition. It is a vast show—much too vast to be dealt with in one visit, but my relations with the authorities were, I am afraid to say, not sufficiently harmonious for me to pay more than one long call—nor can I say that I was particularly anxious to pay a second one. It is a vast and unwieldy show, full of the most confusing extremes of passéism and futurism, and containing a singularly copious sprinkling of works that ought never to have been hung in any exhibition at all. Except for one or two pieces of sculpture and painting by Mlle. Marthe Stettler, I confess that I was not much impressed by any example of exceptional talent, while the futurist paintings and sculpture (?) were of such an *outré* nature that they surpassed anything I have seen of such kind since that movement first began. However, I was gratified to discover confirmation of something I had written in THE NEW AGE on January 1 of this year. The picture to which I refer hangs in the third room on the left of the centre gangway right of the entrance hall. It is called "Peinture Pure," and consists simply of a formless, practically blank smudge of blue and brown. The blue and the brown are, however, so intricately merged one into the other that the slightest variation in the lighting makes the whole canvas look like a board painted a dirty blue. This is, indeed, *pure* painting, it is nothing but house painting; and it shows the extent to which form-anarchy will go, if one hesitates to draw the fatal line. You will remember that on January 1 I wrote, "Anarchy in form alone, too, ultimately leads to the death of all form, because even the most daring innovator can be outdone by some one who declares that the greatest art is the blank sheet of paper, and that to turn print into smudge or speech into dumbness is, after all, the highest triumph of artistic achievement." I cannot deny that I was gratified to find this striking and conclusive fulfilment of my prophecy.

One of the first things to strike one in entering is the absence of any piece of sculpture by Rodin. The centre of the vestibule, which is the place of honour for the sculpture, is respectfully kept empty in case he might send, but on the 14th nothing had come; and as Rodin is now sunning himself at Cap Martin, it is doubtful whether anything will come. As if, however, to make up for this noticeable absence, Rodin's former pupil and disciple, Bourdelle, has sent some excellent pieces. But these I will discuss in a later article, when I shall deal only with Bourdelle.

To the right of the entrance hall is a striking group by Edouard Marcel Sandoz, entitled "L'Homme enchaîné par l'amour" (No. 1,934). The attitude of the man (the artist?) endeavouring to free himself from woman's embrace is very good indeed. As a symbol of the greatest tragedy on earth—the struggle between the creative and the reproductive instincts—this is excellent. Edouard Wittig sends a sober and conscientious bust in marble of the "Comtesse Xavier Branicka" (No. 1,978); Adèle Schwallenmüller is good in her portrait bust of M.B. (No. 1,938), and Joseph Maratka makes a charming appeal in his "La Jeunesse" (No. 1,858). Other excellent works are: Agostino Giovannini's bust of "H. Reibel" (No. 1,108),

Albert Aublet's "Race immobile" (No. 1,693), Edwin Bucher's "Portrait de M.P.A." (No. 1,735), Carl-Angst's delightful "Enfant marchant" (No. 1,744), Jean Damp's "Jangi" (No. 1,768)—a marvellously dexterous piece of canine realism and something more, De Herain's "Le destin" (No. 1,769), Injalbert's "Nymphe à Tivoli" (No. 1,823), Jaeger's "Rhythme du Silence" (No. 1,826), Lacombe's wooden bust of "M. Antoine" (No. 1,839), and Léon Léonard's "Tête de Savacinesca" (No. 1,851).

The largest piece exhibited is certainly the least attractive. Froment Meurric's "Le Maréchal Soult" for the town of Bayonne is a tame affair. I cannot think why the old convention of the prancing or marching steed and the doughty warrior holding him in is not good enough for all time. There is nothing at all here save the uniform to indicate that Soult is a soldier. He might be a rider in the Row upon a very quiet horse. I daresay soldiers do look like this, but the imagination of the civilian certainly pictures them otherwise. Undress Bartolomeo Colleoni, put him in the costume of a ballet girl and a bather, and he still remains the same quintessence of the warrior type. Divest this Maréchal Soult of his uniform, and he and his horse become absolutely devoid of any identity whatever. Agnès de Frunerie should remember that the eyes of the public as well as the critic are likely to notice the scamped treatment of her hands of "La Frileuse" (No. 1,800), which otherwise is attractive. Poor work is sent by Vranyczany (No. 1,971), and Jacques Escoula (No. 1,785).

It would be impossible for me to deal adequately with the pictures in these columns. The general impression is that a great lasting work is certainly lacking. There are some of the pictures that haunt one long after one has turned one's back on the Avenue d'Antin; such are, for instance, the distinguished group of pictures by the deceased Gaston La Touche, especially "Le Gué" (No. 681), "Les Trois Grâces" (No. 685), and "L'Enfant Prodigue" (No. 702)—all of which, as a French reviewer has already said, make one forget that the Revolution, the Empire, and almost a century of commercialism now separate this age from Watteau. But, on the whole, it is the necessary work, the needed work, the work that could not in any way be dispensed with, which is lacking in this exhibition. There is one picture with the painter of which I certainly feel some sympathy. Most critics seem to have attacked him for cutting his model out in tin. I confess I did not get that impression. On the contrary, the portrait of "Colonel D. d'Osnolochine," by Bernard Boutet de Monvel (No. 152), struck me as being one of the best things in the Grand Palais. I have never seen a picture that gave me a more moving image of a military man. The steely blackness of the sky behind and the almost dramatic white light flooding the figure lend a livid majesty to the painting which is not at all out of keeping either with the true martial spirit or with the type of man represented. Of all the pictures at the Grand Palais, I shall forget this one last. Among the Zuloagas—all very striking—the two best are, I think, "Un cardinal" (No. 1,212) and "Toréadors du Village" (No. 1,213). "La Femme au Perroquet" was disappointing. Roll's ceiling for the Petit Palais (No. 1,044) was also a sad thing. Even admitting that it is in its wrong place, and was never intended to be seen save from a long distance below, I fail to see anything inspired or necessary in the whole conception. His drawing, in any case, must be rather shaky—look at the cat in No. 1,045, "En Juin!"

Let me now run quickly through a few names of artists who have sent good works: Myron Barlow (Nos. 64, 65, 67), Beaumont (No. 79), Besnard (No. 106)—his models surpass all I have seen for ugliness!—Bieler (No. 113), Blanche (No. 129), Claus (No. 254), Davids (No. 313), Denis, Maurice (No. 345), Devallières (No. 357), Triant (No. 443), Laszlo (No. 677), and Marthe Stettler (No. 1,117).

Pastiche.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

He was not a bad chap while he wore a bad hat
And sipped every night with ill-luck.
Men said he was clever, had verve and eclat,
And the tender sex called him a Duck.

But one day Le Hasard by hazard was in
When he called with a credit account,
And the old god settled the bill with a grin—
A solid, substantial amount.

Mais quel chanson arose in the town at a hint
That — was commencing to climb!
Camden to Whitechapel eyed him a-squint.
The bloodeh young puppeh! Gor blime!

Him to be arrivé: Anglice-made!
Him to be sneaking a boom!
Him we nursed on our knee at the Slade!
" 'Im wot pynts wiv a broom!"

While Scorn cooled Envy, Dignity stopped
Just short of the Cross and the Nail,
But soon as 'twas clear that he fairly had copped,
It was clearly as fair he must fail!

O jeune incognito, invite not his fate:
Restez-vous dans la basse Bohême!
Be ne'er such a blackguard as get for your pat-
Rons Milord and Society Dame!

'Twas rumoured a La'ship had asked him to dine,
A Duchess had asked him to tea,
That Royalty couldn't resist him—in fine,
A Princess had sat on his knee!

This did it! Now over his head there burst
A storm of hint, lie, innuendo—
No wight was ever more damned and curst
In a howling mad crescendo.

The Ass declared him a blundering Ox,
The Owl—as blind as a Bat,
The Wolf opined that he sure was a Fox,
And the Weasel called him a Rat.

The Liar deprecated his blisterous tongue,
The Boor said his gall never slept,
The Judas thought he ought to be hung,
And the Petit-maître said he was kept.

Dick Dirty-Shirt hoped now he'd rise to a wash!
Close Fist hoped his meanness would dimin-
ish. Blackball wath thick of thethe Jewths, thelp
me Goth!
And Bob Boaster did *pity* the women!

The Square, the Sphere, and the Circle debated
With Ante-cum-Aunty-cum-Uncle,
And all agreed he already was dated,
This Post-Artistic Carbuncle!

O bons enfants du gai savoir,
Cachez-vous dans la basse Bohême:
Car, quand on monte, la vie n'est plus
Comme le vieux joli carême!

CYNICUS.

DEATHBED ORATION OVER A LABOUR JOURNAL.

ORATOR: Go away, death; fly away, breath,
From the sweet that is mine own,
Where no one may have aught to say
But only I, who now am crying,
"We'll go down with the red flag flying,
The red flag flying,
The red flag flying,
We'll go down with the red flag flying——"

VOICE: Ay, with the red flag flown.

ORATOR: O rebels meek, O rebels mild,
Weep ye for my stricken child.
Bravely it fought as women taught,
Bravely 'twill die as women can;
But never say die to the brotherhood of man,
The brotherhood of man,
The brotherhood of man,
Never say die to the brotherhood of man—

VOICE: The brotherhoodwinking of man.

ORATOR: Those nasty men, those pagan-souled,
Who will not do what they are told
By Lady Warwick, Webb and me,
Be far from here or hear me say,
We seek a constitutional way,
Constitutional way,
Constitutional way,
We seek a constitutional way—

VOICE: Constitutional wagersy. C. E. BRCHHÖFER.

FUTURISTICS A LA MARINETTI.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

Sinuosity and woman. Wine and barren passion. Waiters
and the lusts of the flesh. Stagnation.
Cease, breath; and let me whirl in geometric splendour
amongst the whizzing spheres.
A comma crawls upon the menu card. My sluggish heart
faints at a full stop.
Joy! Geometric and mechanical joy! A half-brick—
dear cube—sweet architectural slab—shatters the wide
window, and in irresistible impetuosity hisses by me.
What triangles of space appear in yonder glass!
What parallely fissures!—opening parallelier fissures in
my swelling heart!
A flying trapezoid of clear-cut glass severs my fair com-
panion's jugular with a dispatch that defies Time
and Space, while Lightning hides its head.
The scintillating perfection of the speedy act carries away
my spirit like a feather in a hurricane.
A waiter clears up the bloody mess and removes the
inanimate female.

GEORGE A.

HODGE-PODGE.

Being a New Song on the Present Decline.
To the tune of "The Truth Shall Enjoy Its Own Again."
To puzzle the determinist
Effects in scores have unique cause,
Obscuring thus in opaque mist
The sources of eternal laws.
Now our unhappy nation
That's straining to damnation
Gives numberless examples every day.
O sight most melancholy
Of variegated folly,
A fear of thinking is our national decay.
From common tumour they all spring
Tango teas and New Theology,
The Coal, the Meat, the Money king,
The royal nob their poor apology,
The ragtime enervation,
The cubist innovation,
Thought-forms in music and the modern play
That reeks with social stenches,
And the undoing of wenches:
A fear of thinking is our national decay.
There's the cant of new adjustment
To equalise the sexes. Then
The ghastly pictures Satan sent
Reflecting our anæmic men,
The Cinema I'm meaning
Where all the babes are weaning
While fathers' souls and mothers' breasts turn grey
God help the strength we're losing
For there's diminished boozing
Yet fear of thinking is our national decay.
The glut of women novelists,
The horrid stuff the men retail,
The spiritists, the Eugenists,
Civic Spirit of the "Daily Mail,"
The Labour M.P.'s bible,
The hard-worked laws of libel
That shelter cowards who cannot run away.
The Murphies as dictators
With Churchmen dummy waiters;
A fear of thinking is our national decay.
Gather together ye few sane,
'Tis England's midnight deep indeed.
They raise the Instinct over brain,
Bergson but helped to spread the seed.
If I'm no false detractor
The psychologic factor
Is not so sentimental as some say.
Its simply loss of Reason,
For thinking now is treason
And fear of thinking is our national decay.

TRIBOULET.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CATHOLICISM AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—As the letter signed "S. Verdad" goes somewhat out of its way to attack Catholic influence in economics, will you give me a little space to say how these matters seem to an ordinary Catholic reader of THE NEW AGE?

The Catholic Church is not tied to any economic system, of course. She tolerated slavery; but she taught doctrines (chiefly the dignity of human nature, emphasised by the Incarnation) which made slavery impossible to defend. In the same way she tolerates the wage system, the effects of which Leo XIII declared to be "little better than slavery itself"; but she teaches doctrines which make the wage system impossible to defend—e.g., she teaches that a full living wage must be paid as a matter of strict justice; whereas under the modern wage system, as THE NEW AGE has shown, the real living wage cannot be paid all round.

Slavery and Capitalism, therefore, may be tolerated by the Catholic Church, though they are not congenial to her spirit. Collectivism would be uncongenial also, though she would certainly tolerate Collectivism if it arrived by general consent.

But there is one economic system which really is congenial to the Catholic Church, which flourished when she was most powerful, with which she co-operated to the fullest extent, and which everywhere was destroyed by Protestantism and anti-clericalism. That economic system is the existence of free blackleg-proof Guilds.

The fogs of the wage-system still cloud the intellectual atmosphere, and it is not easy even for Catholics to see the full implication of their own principles. But I have at least seen blacklegging condemned, by a Catholic priest in a Catholic newspaper, as a sinful violation of justice, excusable only when a man must choose between blacklegging and starvation.

As for the "spiritual fetters" of Rome at the present time, I will only remark that, if such various-minded men as the late Lord Acton, Professor Windle, Francis Thompson, Hilaire Belloc, Hubert Bland, and James Larkin (to take the first half-dozen that come to mind) can all be sincere Catholics, their fetters cannot be so very heavy.

F. H. DRINKWATER.

A FEW MORE REMARKS.

Sir,—S. Verdad is worth answering because he evidently possesses a certain acquaintance with that Catholic Church which he is criticising. His contention appears to be that the Church is anti-English in character.

Nationality is not the test of truth. You cannot affirm that a proposition is proved or unproved merely because forty million other persons of the same blood and language as yourself accept or reject it. Whole nations can err as easily as individuals—and frequently do. If, then, Englishmen "do not take kindly to divine authority," so much the worse for Englishmen. How much the worse, the history of the last 150 years, culminating in the present truly awful mess, has shown.

It will not, therefore, surprise Mr. Cecil Chesterton to hear that his countrymen have a rooted objection to the truth; though it might well scare Mr. Cecil Chesterton's countrymen. But, in fact, the Catholic Church is not so un-national as S. Verdad supposes. It ruled the hearts and heads of Englishmen during some 900 years, and the period for which it has been formally absent from England is less than the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, the Turkish occupation of Greece, the Saracen occupation of Spain—a mere episode. In looking at the course of history, reverse the maxim of Lord Salisbury and study small-scale charts. Again I would remind S. Verdad that the "calm, exuberant, and mellowing spirit," which he so justly admires, which gave rise to the Guilds, and incidentally to Shakespeare, arose during the Catholic epoch, lasted during it, and for some fifty years beyond it, disappeared only with the effacement of visible Catholicism at the Puritan triumph, and has only revived since the Catholic revival of the last half-century. Any attempt to revive Guilds without the Church will be tantamount to an attempt to revive the body without the soul. You will remember what the magicians said would happen to bodies so revived. They are possessed by demons in the absence of the proper tenant and leaseholder, and their last state is worse than their first.

As a matter of fact, however, enough of the old Catholic soul survives to lend reality to the resuscitation. It was not scotched at the Reformation, but only driven underground. The lands which were Roman have re-

mained Catholic. Britain, though less thoroughly Latinised than Gaul and Spain, is half-Latin, and half-Latin she has remained. Pace S. Verdad, the established Church is only alive in so far as it claims and exercises the same divine authority as Rome, and to appeal to it is to appeal to Rome in intention. The greatest and sanest of Englishmen have been unconscious Catholics: such were Johnson, Dickens, Sterne. Again pace S. Verdad, the English were not glad to be rid of the Church at the Reformation. Froude, Gardiner, and Mrs. Markham must not be regarded as competent historians. The Church was taken from the people of England by foreign mercenaries in the pay of the King and a little clique of nobles. The people rose against the innovations, and continued to rise throughout one and a half centuries, and their resistance was only finally broken by Cromwell's organisation of the extreme Protestant minority into a standing army of fanatics. It is undeniable that the English people did not stir themselves to the depths for the Church, as the Irish have done; but their only fault was that one of gullibility and readiness to compromise at the wrong moment, which has been their ruin throughout history, and which constitutes the most terrible of dangers for the future. If a man tells me that the servile state cannot be imposed upon England, I point him to the history of how Protestantism was imposed on England. But in either case the fault is of submission, not commission. To say that England wanted Protestantism in 1540 is as ridiculous as to say that she wants slavery to-day.

In referring us to an Oriental ideal—that of "spiritual freedom combined with self-discipline"—S. Verdad is asking us to learn from people whom we are accustomed to kick at sight. The main thing which I know about Orientals is this—that 30,000 Englishmen can conquer and keep conquered 300,000,000 of them. Not much of an ideal for a "nationalist." Finally, when S. Verdad asks naïvely whether a Catholic priest is not as alien to us as a Hebrew, he betrays a lack of acquaintance with the nature and feelings of the ordinary Englishman that makes one gasp. Perhaps the best places to find the genuine, unsophisticated Englishman are the barrack-room and the mess. Anyone acquainted with either will inform you that the priest is sure of respect, if not hearty welcome, in either—and the Jew of undisguised contempt. A "nationalist" should know his countrymen.

E. COWLEY.

GUILDS AND THE SALARIAT.

Sir,—Many of your readers will have realised, with yourself, the great importance to the growth of a Guild system of a coherent "salarial" well organised on a professional and economic basis. Moreover, the organisation of the engineers, chemists, metallurgists, technical managers, etc., of our industries is necessary, not only to the future Guilds, but also to these men themselves. For, as they are now slowly discovering, the employer will pick the brains of the technical man almost as ruthlessly as he will exhaust the body of the labouring man, and the subjection of the manager to his financial controller is little less ignominious than that of the artisan. The definite resistance to this encroachment on the economic status of the technologist and the narrowing of his professional liberty is at present only slight, although happily a few encouraging examples have become public during the past year or two. One of the bodies which have been formed to widen the professional liberty and to improve the economic status of such men is the Association of Chemical Technologists, founded three years ago, whose secretary is Mr. J. Wilberforce Green, 30, Victoria Street, Westminster; and I wish to bring this society to the notice of all your readers who agree with its Council in their intention to use all means in their power to achieve the independence of the technologist from the exploiting financier. The association is, however, hampered by the absence of any similar organisation among the responsible engineers, etc., in the industries (in general, chemical works, cement manufacture and metallurgy) with which it deals. It is consequently anxious to get into touch with (and will do what it can to help by secretarial work, etc.) men, preferably engineers themselves, who are willing to start the organisation of all trained engineers in the industries of the country. Either Mr. Green, as above, or myself at the same address, will be glad to receive communications from any volunteers, or to receive any information which will be of value in its work.

The task is a big one; but as you, Sir, have pointed out, the technical man will soon have to decide whether he will be the pawn of financiers or join the manual

worker in putting the administration of the industries in the hands of the men who do the work, subject only to general guidance of the State. During the last few years there has been a rapid increase in the inclination of the "technical" men to realise that their true position is by the side of the "working" men, and I hope to find that among your readers are men willing and able to organise that inclination and to foster its growth until it meets success in the formation of a Guild.

RICHARD MATHER.

* * *

MR. PENTY AND PLUTOCRACY.

Sir,—Doubtless Mr. Penty has a complete explanation of the apparent contradiction existing between his articles in THE NEW AGE and the "Daily Herald." Last week, in your columns, referring to the revolution necessary in architecture, he wrote: "I have now said sufficient to show that the change must come down from above." The day before, in the "Daily Herald," he had written of Ruskin that "he disdained to preach to the people, believing that reform would come down from above." And he added: "We know better than this to-day. Their nightmare out of Bedlam will never come to an end until the people rebel against it and claim their right to be treated as responsible and human beings." On which day did Mr. Penty know better?

BERTRAM POPE.

* * *

WHAT IS SLAVERY?

Sir,—After the very wholesome reproof administered by a correspondent a short time back to your printers for their carelessness, I am sorry to find that there has been no improvement. In my letter to you a fortnight ago, I wrote "Italian" and "China." I gather from a letter in your last issue that these words were printed "Portuguese" and "San Thomé." I hope you will find room to regret your carelessness.

In the meantime I must offer a sincere, though vicarious, apology to "R. M." for having been the innocent cause of dragging him against his will into print.

But since the subject has been raised, perhaps you will permit me to say that I like Mr. Roberts better than Mr. Bomberg, and also to ask Mr. Hulme whether the "slight mound" is the smooth or the crinkly bit?

M.B. OXON.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—A year ago I had never heard of THE NEW AGE; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of potential subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of THE NEW AGE as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improved "status" without the inconvenience of starving for it! If, recognising the value of THE NEW AGE, we fail to exert ourselves to save it, we clearly have nothing "important" in common with you, Sir, and your staff, and Mr. Ludovici could wish for no better illustration of the ignobility of this democratic age.

I have selected from among my friends, not at present subscribers, six men vigorous minded enough to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for THE NEW AGE is not likely to be acquired by reading one issue, I shall be glad if you will send them copies for the following three months. I enclose names and addresses of the potential subscribers and postal orders to cover the subscriptions. This appears to me to be a legitimate method of advertising and one that may appeal to other readers prepared to accept their share of the responsibility for maintaining THE NEW AGE in being.

STEPHEN LACEY.

* * *

Sir,—I was sorry to read your statement that THE NEW AGE will possibly close its career with the next volume. I have taken the paper regularly ever since you took up the editorship. If it should cease now it will feel like something taken out of my domestic life for which I shall be sorry. Being an ordinary labourer, with only an ordinary labourer's wages, I could not very well give financial assistance to the paper. In other ways I have done whatever I could to increase the sales, trying to induce others to read it. My efforts have been confined to workers like myself, with disappointing results. Sometimes I think if you and your writers left us (the workers) to stew in our own juice, it would only be a fitting punishment for our apathy. I often wonder what the educated part of mankind think about us. Instead of their sympathy and help, we deserve their contempt. If THE NEW AGE ceases I shall take it as an indication

that, after all, only a very few have any real concern for us; the rest, while pretending to lift us up, take hold of our feet and as often as not stand us on our heads.

I hope, however, you will find a way to continue. You have sown the seed, but you have not harrowed it in.

S. W.

* * *

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—In view of the seventieth anniversary of Friedrich Nietzsche's birth, which falls on October 15, it is intended to raise a monument to his memory on the hill near Weimar, in the neighbourhood of the Nietzsche Archiv. A considerable fund has already been collected for the purpose, and any surplus that may accrue will be used for the support of the Nietzsche Archiv, which, under the guidance of Nietzsche's sister, Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche, has done and is doing so much good work for the study of Nietzsche. It is likewise proposed that this latter institution shall be constituted an intellectual centre for securing that cultural unity of Europe which must precede its political and commercial union. Contributions from all who wish to show their gratitude for the liberating genius of Nietzsche should be directed to Nietzsche's cousin, Dr. Richard Gehler, the Librarian of Bonn University (70, Königstrasse, Bonn, Germany), or to the Nietzsche Monument Fund, c/o London County and Westminster Bank, 109-111, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

OSCAR LEVY.

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A SERMON.

Sir,—As I did not see your reporter present, I took a verbatim note of this sermon for your journal.

G. R. MALLOCH.

A SERMON

Preached upon the Occasion of a Public Intercession for THE NEW AGE by Canon Dynamite.

"Only where there are graves are there resurrections."

The touching words of our intellectual saviour, which form our text this morning, contain, dear brethren, a solemn warning to the New Age. Let us consider their inner meaning, and see whether we cannot draw from it a lesson applicable to us all in this time of anxiety and threatened bereavement. Graves, as we all know, imply burials, and burials in their turn imply something to be buried, and that which requires burial is a dead thing. The New Age stands in need of a resurrection. Something in it is dead: and that thing requires burial. Let us summon the sexton to his office!

What is that which is dead? What is that which has passed away, is no longer amongst us, from which the breath of life has departed, that which, in a word, has died? Dear friends, anti-feminism is dead.

Shall the New Age, in the first ecstasy of grief, descend into the grave of its old friend, or shall it await hopefully the sure and certain resurrection promised in the words of our text? On this sad occasion, we cannot do better than seek comfort and healing in the words of Nietzsche. "A thousand goals have existed hitherto, for a thousand people existed, but the one goal is lacking." Read into this the meaning, "Two goals have existed hitherto, for man and woman have existed," and the passage and its context become flooded with new light. "And if this goal be lacking, is not humanity lacking?" To women: Let your hope be, "Would that I might give birth to a Superman." Yes—and to men: "Would that I might be the father of a Superwoman." "The (New Age) resolve to find (women) evil and ugly has made (women) evil and ugly." It has also kept them from subscribing to THE NEW AGE. There is danger in the companionship of women, cries the disciple of Nietzsche. "The secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously," replies the master. The Suffragists? "A good war halloweth every cause." Women raised to the level of men—an impossibility! "A philosopher is a man who constantly tries, sees, suspects, hopes, dreams of extraordinary things." Let us be philosophers, my brethren!

Friends, I would ask you this morning, each one, to take home with him this thought, and meditate upon it in the secrecy of his own chamber—when the Dionysian clamour first shook the altars of Apollo, it was shrill with the voices of women. And so it is now. Only the Superwoman may give birth to the Superman. "On that day on which with full hearts we say, 'Forward, march!' our old (anti-feminism), too, is a piece of comedy!"—on that day we shall have discovered—what? Five, ten, twenty, forty, a hundred thousand new subscribers for THE NEW AGE.

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