

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE association of non-panel doctors that met in conference last week do not seem to possess many ideas more than their panelled fellows. One Dr. Porter carefully explained to the meeting that the Insurance Act was an instance of "the whole trend of Socialist legislation," the effect of which would be "to kill individuality." Considering that every Socialist society or group in this country opposed the Insurance Act, the attribution of the Act's paternity to Socialism is stupid; and considering again that it is just the absence of individuality in such men as Dr. Porter (for he spoke like the "Daily Express") that is smoothing the way towards the Servile State, the postponement of the cause to the effect is self-flattery. Another speaker (Dr. Greenyer) had no better objection to the Act than that the medical profession under it were being "sweated by the Friendly Societies." This charge, we should have thought, had seen its last days during the first year of the operation of the Act: for if there is one thing more clear than another it is that the poor dying Friendly Societies are no longer capable of sweating anything. Alone among the speakers, Dr. Brierley of Manchester contributed a word or two of sense. The Union of non-panel doctors (of whom, by the way, there are thirteen thousand as against twelve thousand on the panel) ought, he said, to become a power capable of resisting "both Parliament and the public." So it ought in the first instance, but in the second instance the Union should be strong enough to co-operate as a profession with both.

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We shall be sorry if, after all these months of heroic resistance, the rank and file of the London building trades are beaten by their leaders. Yet it would seem that the treachery of folly and cowardice on the part of the officials is about to ensure this result. The dispute, as we have before pointed out, turns upon two questions mainly, the recognition of the Federation and the right of the Unions to refuse to work with non-Union labour. Both points, we gather, are to be yielded by the leaders at the earliest moment. But do they really imagine that, by conceding them now, peace will be assured? The same movement of ideas that established the Federation will not only keep it still in existence, but strengthen it in the future to gain what for the moment it has failed to gain. And the question of non-

Union labour is also one that no temporary defeat or suppression can possibly settle for good. No doubt the exercise of compulsion upon non-Unionists to join the Union appears to be tyranny. Journals like the "New Statesmen" and journalists like Mr. H. G. Wells, both still under the Spencerian conceptions of personal liberty, argue, in fact, that any such compulsion must needs be immoral. But the immorality, if we are to use the term, is individualist and not corporate or Socialist. More and more as time goes on it will be the unity of the class rather than the isolation of the individual in it that must form our standard of ethics. And from this point of view a Trade Union, struggling for its spiritual rights (for we agree that lesser rights do not authorise compulsion) has as much ethical justification for compelling its members to join the Union as a country, engaged in a war for liberty, has for compelling the service of all its citizens.

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The distinction, however, between spiritual and material ends is vital, and we willingly make a present to our opponents of the admission that, *for the present*, compulsory trade unionism is out of the question. While, in short, the declared aim of the Unions is no higher than to obtain more wages or more leisure, compulsion upon non-unionists may easily be the use of force by the inferior upon the superior. Let us suppose, for example, that some member of the trade, being a national guildsman, conscientiously objected, not to the Union per se, but to the low and futile objects at present being pursued by the Union, might he not be regarded as what may be called a higher blackleg? And would the Union be morally justified in compelling his membership and co-operation in an object repugnant to his intelligence? We do not think it would. But this, it will be observed, is not to dispute the right of the Union finally to exercise compulsion, but only its right to exercise compulsion for an immoral object. Given that the Union has fixed as its object the emancipation of its members from the wage system—a deliverance, as we repeat, no less beneficent in its effects upon the whole of society than upon the members of the Trade Unions individually—compulsion under such circumstances would not only be morally justifiable, but, *if it were necessary*, morally incumbent upon the Union. The solution, in short, of the whole ethical difficulty of compulsory trade unionism is to be found in the reformulation of the objects of trade unionism. While they remain of the nature of co-operative piracy (how-

ever economically natural under the circumstances), compulsion is at best only masterly prudence where it succeeds and folly when it does not succeed. But so soon as they become spiritual in character the ethical dilemma is solved.

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In the debate on the Budget on Wednesday Mr. Philip Snowden attempted to justify the vote of his group against the reduction of the duty on tea. His explanation, in all simplicity, was that under no circumstances was his party disposed to risk the defeat of the Liberal Government and the return to power of the Unionists. This is a plain enough confession, is it not, of the abandonment by the Labour Party of the last rag of independence; and as such, we make no doubt, it will be duly noted. At the same time we do not join the "Daily Herald" in its sneers at the Labour Party's present attitude. We seek simply to explain it. Having long ago committed itself to co-operation with the Government on the subject of Home Rule and the Parliament Act, the party would be illogical to destroy the work of years just within a week or two of its fruition. Its independence, in fact, was forsworn in 1906, and has been in the Liberal pocket ever since. But this, again, is evidence of our contention that economic power precedes political power; for not only was the Labour Party's independence forsworn in 1906, but its independence was then necessarily forsworn for the simple reason that a good half of the party's candidates owed their election to Liberal favour. The Labour Party, in short, was not and is not rooted in its own strength, but is partially parasitic upon the Liberal caucus and funds; with the necessary consequence that to the same extent the Liberal caucus controls it. In announcing the "decision" of his group Mr. Snowden was therefore only announcing that his pipers would play the tune called by those who paid them.

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Regarding the Irish situation, all the debates in the world will not alter the fact that the Home Rule Bill must be passed. At the outset there were three contingencies upon which the opponents of the Bill might count in expectation of possible profit to themselves—a division in the allied parties supporting the Government, a popular movement in England against the Bill, and the unchecked military resistance of Ulster. But all three have now turned out to be mirages, for the coalition remains solid upon Home Rule, there is no popular movement in England against it, and over against the militia of Ulster stands now the Nationalist militia. When two goats meet upon a precipitous path on which there is no room for either to turn, one must lie down or both must perish. We do not imagine, and never have imagined, that either Ulster or Nationalist Ireland will turn back upon its path; but neither have we ever imagined that they will fight each other for the honour of falling down the precipice. When the Bill has passed (and without, we hope, any Exclusion Bill whatever), the two Irish parties, now aligned sectarianly for temporary purposes, will, we imagine, meet in angry Convention, out of which agreement in the main will come. By the neglect of the Government to forbid either the Ulster or the Nationalist Volunteers, Home Rule has already been granted to Ireland. England, in short, has already wiped its hands of Irish government. This has only formally to be made clear by the signature of the King, to induce the Ulstermen and Nationalists to embrace in Irish fashion and afterwards to settle down in joint contempt for England.

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The Government of British Columbia is quite unable to suggest what might be done with the two or three hundred Indians who have arrived at Vancouver in the "Komagata Maru" and wish to settle down in Canada. The Canadian Government is equally at a loss. As for the Government at Westminster, it does not appear to have considered the subject at all and, after South Africa and the perfunctory criticisms of the India Council Bill,

we wonder what the result would be if it did. Yet the arrival of these Indians at Vancouver has brought to a head a problem which we shall have to solve or perish. By her proclamation after the Mutiny, Queen Victoria laid it down that her Indian subjects were to be considered as on equal terms with her remaining subjects throughout the Empire. This was confirmed by King Edward; and we know with what cordiality King George assented to the principle of the proclamation when he went to Delhi soon after his accession. The Colonies, since the original proclamation, have become Dominions, and their inhabitants have shown anything but an appreciation of Oriental labour. Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Indian Moslems—they are none of them welcome. Australia is frankly hostile to the admission of any "natives"—a word the use of which has been officially prohibited by the Indian Government so far as its application to Indian subjects is concerned. South Africa, via Natal, has had its own troubles, as we shall see in a moment. New Zealand is hostile; Canada is hostile. If we look below the Canadian border line, we shall see that the United States, too, wishes to have nothing to do with the Orient. What is the nature of the objection to the entry of Oriental races, and why have we heard so much more of the subject in recent years?

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Primarily, the feeling is racial. These new white countries are definitely hostile, on purely racial grounds, to men of another colour. The better educated classes will admit that we are culturally indebted for everything we possess to India and China, and, though to a much lesser degree, to Japan. But there the appreciation ends. The very professors in San Francisco who take a delight in editing and translating, not merely the old Sanskrit books, but more recent vernacular works, are among the first to protest against the entry of Indians and Japanese in any capacity into the State of California. The lower classes of whites are bitter and resentful without being able to give any reason. Undoubtedly the element of sex forms part of the objection. Dwellers in the Southern States of America know what an attraction the negro has for the white woman, and vice versa. The same remark applies to the Indians, Chinese and Japanese who have settled in other parts of the United States and in the British oversea Dominions. In view of the difficulties and physical degeneration which almost invariably result from the mixing of races, the instinct which seeks to keep the Indians out is a sound enough one. But how is it to be reconciled with the proclamation of Queen Victoria, confirmed as it has been by her son and her grandson? What are we to reply to the Indians who tell us, and with perfect justice, that they look upon the Emperor of India as the head of the British Empire, and that, as such, they demand from him the recognition of their rights as British subjects?

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While the racial objection to the admission of Orientals into white countries is a strong objection, it did not suffice for years to keep the Orientals out, even at times when they were crowding into white countries at a much faster rate than of recent years. A consideration of the state of things at present prevailing in California and Natal will perhaps enable us to understand another side of the question, its economic, and, as things now stand, its more important side. Down to three or four years ago no strong objection was raised to the admission of Japanese to California. The men who came worked very well as labourers on the fruit farms. They worked so well that they undersold white labour, with the astonishing result that in many counties in California it has often been impossible to see a white labourer on a fruit farm. By 1909 or 1910, however, the Japanese had made such excellent progress that they had invested their money in farms themselves; wealthier Japanese had begun to

come over; and in consequence a measurable proportion of the fruit business passed from the whites to the yellows. Then we had the first signs of a determined agitation against the Japanese. So long as only the labouring classes were competing with white labour, no harm was done. Wages were kept down; and if the white labourer could not work at the Oriental wage he had to go. It was quite a different matter when Japanese owners began to compete with white owners. The Press was appealed to; meetings were held in the town halls; resolutions were passed by local councils; requests first, and then threats, were addressed to the Federal Government at Washington. It was believed that the difficulty could be solved if the Japanese were prohibited from holding land; and in consequence the State Government of California passed an Act to that effect.

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This California Land Law brought a protest from Tokio; and, as the Mexican crisis appeared to be very serious when it came, Washington treated it with deference. Mr. W. J. Bryan urged the State Government to repeal its law; and, when his application failed, President Wilson himself took the field. Tokio was with difficulty pacified for the time being, and the matter is understood to be under consideration at the present moment, without a settlement being in sight. That is one economic difficulty. The case of Australia is not dissimilar. The trade unions in Australia are very powerful bodies, and there is an economic basis at the back of their expressed determination to keep Australia, as far as possible, a white man's country. That Australia must ultimately fall into line with the best sections of English workpeople and demand the entire abolition of the wage system is obvious enough to men of insight; but while the wage system does exist there is to be no undercutting in Australia as a result of Oriental competition—not, at any rate, if the trade unions there can prevent it. In New Zealand an analogous state of things prevails.

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In British Columbia and Natal the economic objection is even stronger, though the details differ considerably. In the case of British Columbia, the moneyed classes are entirely opposed to the entry of the Japanese and Indians, and they have the working classes on their side. In the case of the Indian the objection is specified in black and white and published in the papers even here. Scores of the Indians who have already settled in British Columbia have managed to get hold of land. Numerous others have taken to retail trade and many classes of skilled work. Wherever they go, we are told, the white man must eventually leave; for the Indian standard of living is too low for him and he cannot compete with it. In the case of Natal, the indentured Indians were brought over first of all for the purpose of working on the sugar plantations. No white man could work under the unavoidable conditions, and natives were found to be unsuitable. The Indian labourers were the only people on the face of the earth, apparently, who could do the work satisfactorily. But some of them preferred not to return to India when their period of indenture was at an end. They remained, and went in for shopkeeping, trading, and so on; and in time they were joined by their professional classes—lawyers, doctors, priests, and the like. In a few years the customary howl was heard from various classes of whites. The Indians were cutting out white tradesmen and skilled workers. Efforts were made to repatriate them, to make life too difficult for them; and finally a poll-tax of three pounds per head per annum was imposed on them. As if this were not a sufficient indignity, other marks of contempt were showered on them. Their finger-prints, for example, were taken. Thanks largely to the efforts of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy of India, and to strong pressure exercised from London, the Relief Bill was recently passed—a testimony to the laborious efforts of Mr. Gandhi to help his distressed and downtrodden countrymen. But

Natal is still indignant, and the other States in the South African Union are indignant in a slightly less degree.

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So much for the economic and the racial position. In view of what we know, it must be admitted that the political situation is an exceedingly difficult one; and he would indeed be a dogmatic individual who should rush into print with a ready-made solution. When we have seen, after, say, a year's experience how the South African Relief Act has worked; and when we see, also, what arrangement Washington and Tokio may arrive at, we may perhaps be in a better position to form a judgment. It is clear enough that the raising of the question in the United States has given some indication of the difficulties we shall have to consider here. The Federal Government, concerned with the relations between the United States and a foreign Power, made a request to the State Government. The request was refused, even when the President of the Republic had added his influence to that of the Secretary of State. Supposing the day arrives—as it must inevitably arrive—when the bureaucracy now ruling India gives way to a much stronger form of Indian instead of Anglo-Indian Government; and such a government, holding a position within the Empire similar to that now held by any of our Dominions, makes a request for justice to the Home Government: how shall it be received? Shall we in turn put forward a request to one of the Dominion Governments; and, if we do, is that Government to act the State of California to our London Washington?

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To our thinking, these serious problems which are already arising are due in some measure to a national English characteristic which is susceptible of cure, though slowly. That the characteristic is susceptible of even slow cure is sufficient reason for our past negligence being punished by having these problems forced upon our attention. The characteristic we have in mind is the national habit of muddling through to an indefinite and undetermined end; the habit of paying too much attention to the material and the practical and too little to the ideas which should always be the forerunners of acts. The make-up of our Empire is the result of a series of fortuitous blunders—blunders which were not evident, except to thinking men, when the Empire was being conquered or annexed bit by bit. The East India merchant of the eighteenth century was too busy raking gold into his pockets to trouble about the distinction between an Indian and a negro; to realise how much we owed to the one and how little we owed to the other. Our early civil servants, who went to the country when in their early teens and grew up among the people, have been supplanted by the crammed products of the examination room, who go out to India after they leave the university and become, in far too many cases, merely arrogant and irresponsible Englishmen, unsympathetically administering a very delicate country that should be handled with tact and care. In India alone is the bureaucracy its own master.

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Again, let it never be forgotten who the white men are that in so many instances declaim against the Indian fellow-subjects of Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George. The white men who have raised the howl against Indian labour in Natal and other parts of South Africa are composed largely of Poles, Germans, Russian Jews, a few Frenchmen, and a not inconsiderable number of Slavs. How many people of English descent, one is inclined to ask oneself, are there in Canada? Certainly there are hundreds of German, Swedish, Finnish, and Norwegian and Danish landowners between the Atlantic and the Pacific to the north of the Great Lakes and the remainder of the border line. We know, at any rate, that only 32 per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States are of English descent, and there is a very strong German element in the blood of our Australian cousins. When we hear shrieks about the Empire, therefore, let us make sure where they come from.

Current Cant.

"Flashes of thought."—"The Times."

"Ragtime is more moral than Beethoven's Symphonies."—G. BERNARD SHAW.

"The Royal Academy . . . gives painting a status. . . ."—"The New Statesman."

"We further appeal to those responsible for the Labour and Socialist newspapers—"The Clarion," "The Daily Citizen." . . ."—"Daily Herald."

"A larger income for you."—"The Christian" (Advert.).

"The Suffragettes are doing the Government much harm."—"World's Work."

"The Labour Party moved. . . ."—"Daily Citizen."

"Why do our winters get warmer?"—HARRY LOWERSON, in the "Clarion."

"Mr. Charles Garvice has a wonderful way with women."—"Daily Mirror."

"We, too, have our Utopia, but it is eternal in the Heavens."—"British Weekly."

"We shall never reach finality, but work of this kind brings us nearer to it."—"Times" Literary Supplement.

"Our argosy sails the high seas of thought and imagination."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"Thunder skirts us . . . the cuckoo calls. His voice skirts us. . . . The wind has gone up to Scotland. . . ."—EDWARD THOMAS, in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"We can all be Greek if we choose."—MRS. ROGER WATTS.

"Since my last remarks on the poetic revival. . . ."—BERNARD LINTOT.

"The cinematograph begins educating people when the projection lantern begins clicking, and does not stop until it leaves off."—G. BERNARD SHAW.

"The story of the Cinedrama, 'Satan.' Part One—Satan against the Creator . . . as soon as the workmen heard the decision of the council they became wildly agitated. Satan appeared in their midst, disguised as a Labour agitator. . . ."—Monofilm Film Co.

"Even the worms will turn."—G. R. S. TAYLOR.

"A personal sketch of the shyest Georgian genius—John Masefield. . . . When a maid entered with an afternoon tea service and a spirit kettle, John Masefield rose from his chair, walked over to a cabinet, and took therefrom a teak box. . . . With the utmost care and precision he measured two quantities of tea, emptied them into the teapot, took out his watch, poured a cupful or so of boiling water on the leaves, waited half a minute, poured more water, stirred the contents of the pot, waited another half-minute, and lo! the tea was ready for drinking."—GERALD CUMBERLAND, in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"I have set out to make every sentence in 'T. P.'s Weekly' ring with conviction, for without conviction there can be no literature."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In this journal we always try to speak our minds, and occasionally, to judge from the comments we hear, we are successful enough. A plain statement is sometimes followed by murmurs of indignation: we ought not to be so brutal. Fortunately, we do know what we are talking about, and this gives us a great advantage over average critics. These reflections occur to me on reading the editorial notes in the "New Weekly," for which Mr. Scott-James, I suppose, must assume the responsibility. I don't profess to know why the "New Weekly" editor went out of his way to criticise the political situation abroad. But he did; and, like the Fat Boy, he would like to make our flesh creep. Mr. Scott-James wishes to be plain-spoken about the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. Well, he isn't.

A few words may be quoted to show the point of view put forward in the "New Weekly." For example.

The Archduke was the embodiment of that policy which made the Austrian Empire a perpetual menace to the Slav communities. His visit to Sarajevo was the outward and visible sign of the Austrian invasion of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and of the triumph of a tyrannical bureaucracy over the mutilated aspirations of the people. . . . There is no man in Europe who, in the last ten years, has done so much to embroil the Near East as the late Archduke. . . . The aged Emperor has stood for a moderating and peaceful policy. The more Machiavellian diplomacy and the ferocious foreign policy of Austria enjoyed the unfailing support of the Archduke. . . . The annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was an open breach of the Treaty of Berlin, to which Austria-Hungary was a signatory. It was a piece of international brigandage—entirely lawless—entirely criminal. The Archduke was regarded as the author of this crime. The crime that followed it was his assassination.

This is what passes for strong writing where the "Daily News" is read and loved. Unfortunately, it is inaccurate, badly informed. The little truth that is mixed with it merely serves to set off the falsehood. For instance, it is perfectly true to say that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was a piece of international brigandage—if New AGE readers turn to these notes for the latter half of 1910 they will find a somewhat similar phrase employed. But to say that the annexation represents the triumph of a tyrannical bureaucracy over the mutilated aspirations of the people is moonshine. Why? In 1908, when the annexation was effected, there were no "Big Serbia" propagandas; no "aspirations," no nothing. Austria, under the jurisdiction of the Powers, had been administering the two provinces for thirty years. The annexation, while a flagrant breach of the Berlin Treaty, was a mere matter of form. The people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as Mr. Scott-James should have known before rushing into print about their imaginary wrongs, welcomed Austria after Turkey. Under Turkish rule there were no roads, the taxes were iniquitous; not the slightest encouragement was given to trade and commerce. Austria, let it be admitted, changed all that. Roads and railways quickly followed the administration of the Hapsburgs; the two provinces thrived as they had never thrived before; and not until the Balkan war—four years after the annexation—did anyone among the inhabitants dream of "aspirations." This is fact as compared with Mr. Scott-James's fiction.

More than that. The policy of Austrian expansion—as I showed in these columns several weeks ago in a quotation from a semi-official German newspaper—is not so much Austrian as German, and the death of the Archduke makes not the slightest difference to it. Mr. Scott-James takes occasion to remark that Austrian commercial travellers penetrated into Turkey-in-Europe in 1903, after the outrages, and that they increased their hold in succeeding years. "Indirectly Austria was responsible for the Balkan wars, which but for her previous policy

would have been unnecessary." Nothing, except some of the "New Weekly's" other criticisms, could be more untrue. The rise of the Balkan States was fostered, in so far as it was fostered at all by any Great Power, by Russia and Germany. It was Messrs. Krupp who supplied Bulgaria with arms and munitions of war for more than a monetary consideration. Between 1903 and 1912 no more Austrian travellers appeared in the markets of Macedonia and Thrace than the ordinary increase in trade demanded. But during this same period German commercial travellers and consular agents penetrated into Asia Minor in amazing numbers, and the German flag appeared over consulates in districts where German interests were non-existent.

It is true to say that the aged Emperor is of a peaceful disposition—most men are at the age of four-score—and that the Archduke was not so. An explanation may easily be found for this without a slur being cast on the dead man. Austria, forced by her powerful ally, simply had to go ahead or be pushed. The advance could not be helped. It was the Archduke's aim to see that, while the policy of expansion was in progress, Austrian interests did not suffer more than was necessary. He approved of expansion because he had no alternative, and while it was in progress he snatched as many "concessions" from the Porte and from the Balkan States as he could lay his hands on.

So much for Austria's "ferocious" foreign policy. The attempt to saddle the Archduke with the sole responsibility for the annexation, and to point to his assassination as a crime for a crime, is as solemn nonsense as anything else. Let me repeat that the annexation took place in 1908, that the Balkan war broke out in 1912, and that the "Big Servia" and other such propaganda was not really set in motion until 1913. I do not want to be told that there had for years been some agitation among the students, and that national Servian poets and poetasters had been holding out hopes of Pan-Servianism, Pan-Slavism, and so on. Students are always restive, and modern poets are but seldom infallible. If some Servians had merely wished to take revenge on the Archduke for the "crime" of annexing two provinces, they would not have hesitated five years over it.

The truth is that after their victories over Turkey, and their bitter quarrels with one another afterwards, the Balkan States became temporarily insane. My own ears have heard the wild proposals of sober statesmen. The utter break-up of the Austrian Empire, the annexation of Hungary by Servia and Bulgaria, the freeing of all the Slavs in Austria, the conquest of Albania, a reconsideration of the position of Roumania and Bessarabia—those were a few of the suggestions put forward. When normally-minded statesmen spoke in this exuberant strain, it is not surprising that students and poets went delirious. If, after the war, the Servian Skupshina had authorised the construction of a fleet of Dreadnoughts for the protection of Servian interests in the Far East, nobody would have been astonished. The detached foreigner might have shrugged a bored eyebrow; but in Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro even more impracticable proposals were discussed with due solemnity.

It has not been necessary for me, in this article, to touch upon anything but the bare facts. They are strong enough, taken by themselves, to show that the late Archduke could not control the policy of expansion thrust upon him by Germany; he had his hands full to guide it. If the question were considered in greater detail it could be shown that, even if Germany were not there at all, Austria would still have to expand as best she could. The international situation demands it. And, from our point of view, civilisation demands it. However much we may dislike Austria, we must admit that the half-savage denizens of the Balkans have still a long hill to climb before they reach the cultural level of the Hapsburg dominions.

Towards National Guilds.

REVIEWING the review of "National Guilds" that appeared in the "New Statesman" of June 6, we may first remark on a natural misunderstanding of our attitude towards what has been called catastrophism. The writer summarises us to the effect that "Guild Socialism is to be brought about in Great Britain by the tremendous social upheaval of an expropriating strike. . . ." It is true that we have pictured something of the kind as one of the possibilities of the conflux of prevailing currents of opinion; but it is not true either that we advocate it or think it probable. On the contrary, we have many times expressed our hope and belief that the transformation of our industrial system may be accomplished by peaceful rational means. The element of time has here to be taken into account as well as the native conservatism of even the most revolutionary among us. If it were the case that the Trade Unions could at once be brought to realise the nature of the wage-system, and if, further, it were the case that having been brought to realise it, they were disposed instantly to abolish the wage-system; then, indeed, a catastrophic revolution would be probable, and we should admit it might be admirable. But neither the Trade Unions nor human nature in general admits of these suppositions, and, in consequence, we are driven reasonably to the conclusion that, in fact, a catastrophic revolution, however theoretically possible, is highly improbable.

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Let us take the parallel case of the establishment of the Servile State. We know, as a fact, that at this moment everything is in train for the nationalisation of Labour at its source, that is, for the subjection of the proletariat as a whole to the capitalists functioning through the State. But is this end to be attained by a coup d'état? Not at all. If it is eventually attained, the Servile State will appear as the outcome of a long series of legislative and other acts spread over perhaps a century or so. Nevertheless, in the retrospect, as to the eyes of the seer in the prospect, the whole metamorphosis may be made to appear as sudden and almost as catastrophic. Similarly, by concentrating time into a few months instead of leaving it to the natural order, we may see, if we like, in the transformation of industry by the Guild System a sudden rather than a prolonged revolution. A peaceful revolution, in fact, is only a catastrophic revolution spread out thin: as a catastrophic revolution is the peaceful revolution concentrated in point of time and space. We are not catastrophists; on the other hand, it is not our business to delay matters.

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How nearly the "New Statesman" is compelled to agree with us may be seen from the following: the scheme of National Guilds, it says, is "not really an alternative to the collectivism of the State Socialists, but only a particular method of organising each industrial department of the Socialist State." We are satisfied with this position; for in truth we have never put forward the Guilds as a substitute for the State, or as anything but the State's subordinate partners. Not ours to spin Utopian Great States and other cobwebs of the unpractical imagination. Our problem is to bring peace and prosperity to industry without entailing anarchy on society. Hence, as we say, we are satisfied with the place assigned us by the "New Statesman." But if the Industrial Guilds occupy only this subordinate position, why does the "New Statesman" then proceed to raise the objection to them that "what leaps to the eye is the complete ignoring of the interests and desires of the consumers"? Surely, if the Guilds are only departmental committees of the State, their subordination to the consumers whom the State represents is fairly complete! We did not, in fact, think it necessary to labour the point in our book; since it stands to reason that a delegated autonomy leaves in-

tact the sovereign right of the delegating authority. Against Syndicalism, no doubt, the neglect of the interests of the consumer may fairly be charged; precisely as against Collectivism the neglect of the producer may be charged; but in a partnership between Guild and the State neither the interests of the consumer nor of the producer should suffer.

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We fail, we are told, "to give any basis on which to determine either pay or price" under the Guilds. But we thought, on the contrary, that we had defined the principles as nearly as they could be settled in a long forecast. It is certain that, since each industry is both a monopoly and an indispensable monopoly, the pay of the guildsmen will approximate to equality; and it is equally certain for the same reason that prices will tend to equity if not to actual equality. Generally speaking, we should say, prices will be fixed at a rate to secure the equal payment of the guildsmen; the latter being the basis of the former.

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The wage-system, says the "New Statesman," will only be metaphorically abolished by the Guilds, since even under the Guilds a part of the total product must be "kept back" from the price to form a fund for fresh capital, reserves, State taxes, etc., etc.—and how does this differ from rent or interest? The question, we regret to say, seems to us puerile; since these subtractions from price are in the nature of necessary Guild expenditures. It is as absurd to regard a reserve fund, or a payment made to the State out of Guild outcome, as rent or interest as to look upon personal savings or payment for a life assurance policy as taxation. We certainly assume that the Guild will not distribute annually among its members their total annual product. On the other hand, we do assume that the total annual product, if not spent individually by the members of the Guild, will be spent in their behalf. The "New Statesman," however, makes some amends for this misunderstanding the wage system by then proceeding to explain it precisely as we explain it. "What Socialists now mean by the abolition of the wage-system is the abolition of the *competitive* wage-system, when Labour is bought as a commodity in the market. . . ." Exactly, but that is the view we have consistently maintained; and the "now" in the quotation is significant of the effect.

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It is odd to find the Collectivist (or *now* ex-Collectivist?) "New Statesman" warning Guildsmen against the dangers of bureaucracy. Have we in our criticisms of Collectivist bureaucracy overshot the mark and killed bureaucracy for the "New Statesman" for ever? But there is, we have said, a good side to bureaucracy which it is necessary to conserve, and its preservation under the Guilds would be assured, we think, by these two facts: first, that the bureaucracy of the Guild would consist of guildsmen, and secondly, that the object of both the officials of the Guild and of the other members of the Guild would be common. The "New Statesman," however, continues in its reformatory zeal for liberty, and asks what safeguards the Guild provides for minorities. Would it not be necessary for Trade Unionism to arise among the rank and file as a *defence* against the Guild bureaucracy? Well, anything is conceivable at this distance from the event; but we should say that the apprehension of such a contingency is somewhat hysterical. At this moment, as THE NEW AGE is always saying, the rank and file of the Trade Unions are at variance with their executives; but the variance is so remediable by constitutional means that the formation of a Trade Union *within* a Trade Union to fight the present Trade Union is never contemplated. It is even less likely that with a Guild Executive in control the constituent parts would need to strike against their elected representatives. It would be so much easier to dismiss them. As for the minorities, perfect

provision can never be made for them. The best that can be done for them is to provide them with a means of stating their case, with a fair tribunal of judgment to judge it, and with an assurance of redress if they can prove to their fellows the need of it. More than that, even the majority does not possess. Less than that, the Guild organisation would not provide.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Joseph Chamberlain.

By C. H. Norman.

WHAT is the true principle of statesmanship? There are two conflicting principles in the world in which statesmanship plays its part: one, the principle of universal statesmanship; two, the principle of class statesmanship. The universal statesmen are rare, perhaps unknown as statesmen, though they have existed as individuals. The class statesmen are as plentiful as the errors of human society. The class statesman is a man who places his abilities at the service of the existing order of things, so that it can be preserved in its hierarchies and its interests. Some class statesmen proceed upon differing theories. The Liberal believes that by giving away a little you may preserve a lot. The Conservative thinks you should never surrender anything, as it may whet the appetite for more. Those are the lines upon which the English people have been governed for two centuries. The result is to be seen in the vastness of squalor and misery, and the smallness of comfort and happiness in this country.

The universal statesman, actuated by the widest view of politics and life, in England, would devote himself to the end of creating a healthy, free, well-nourished, well-housed and well-educated democracy, because only in that way can a permanent leadership of the world be maintained. Empires have come and gone because poverty has been their basis and their foundation; and that historical law will not cease working in the case of England. Those of us who hold these beliefs should examine a little closely into the career of such a man as Joseph Chamberlain, so that we may discover what this man, who made much noise and clatter in the world during his life, really did accomplish.

He was born in London in 1836, coming from a lower middle-class stock. He received a moderate education, entering at an early age on a business career at Birmingham, in which he prospered. As he was approaching the forties, he turned his attention to municipal politics, as a stepping-stone to a political life. Chamberlain was a class statesman, though many biographers would have one believe that he had the universal ideal before him. He was a strong Republican at the age of 38: a fact upon which the "Times" and the King are equally silent. It is an important circumstance in weighing his character. Many young men live down Republican theories in a class system of society, where most worldly honours and privileges are dispensed by the monarch; but Chamberlain was a Republican well on into middle age. He became, like John Burns, a supporter of hereditary right, not because he was a turncoat, but because he had many political suits, which he donned as the political barometer changed—true, each was a suit well fitted to his own political health. That is the exact explanation of his many alternations in political faith and theory. Unfortunately for his ambitions, his taste in political fashions was not always well considered; and, sometimes, his dress was much out of date; latterly, he had developed into a political dowdy.

Was he successful as a municipal politician? From his point of view, and his own narrow conceptions, he attained a fleeting reputation. But one must reckon the peculiar atmosphere of Birmingham in appraising the municipal influence of Chamberlain. Those who know anything of Birmingham commerce know that

it is of a sham character; it is the product of a commercial civilisation which is founded on fraud and exploitation. This spirit is reflected in the municipality: because for squalor, vice and misery Birmingham is infamous. The domination of Highbury over Birmingham's municipal life recalls a curious atmospheric phenomenon connected with certain kinds of black ooze. As evening approaches, on a hot day, a beautiful mist rises from this ooze, which is glorious in its colouring, concealing the horrid, fever-spreading slime. The influence of Highbury on Birmingham municipal politics was like that mist. By rebuilding a few main streets, by doing a little gas and water Socialism, the festering poison of the Birmingham slums was hidden. To-day, one cannot visit Birmingham without a shudder at the darkness and dreariness of its lower quarters. One was impressed at the Insurance Act inquiry (as to whether married women outworkers should come within the Act) by the comparison between the great Town Hall, the prosperous municipal councillors, and the wretched sweated women. Birmingham would have been a finer and happier city had the Chamberlain family stayed in London, because it is not conceivable that the ordinary civilising influences would have had such slight effect but for the personality of the head of the Chamberlain family.

Chamberlain soon passed from the municipal stage to the wider arena of Imperial politics. He attacked here, there, and everywhere, adopting the ordinary devices by which a politician becomes notorious. Having attained notoriety, he began to conserve his eloquence, and direct it towards a channel which would carry him into high position. His powers of speech were considerable, and soon he had the ear of the easily deceived democracy. Eventually he was given the post of President of the Board of Trade. His administrative record there was completely barren. The tradition of the Board of Trade, in those days, was against anything being done by the Department. Chamberlain was too stupid and too weak to insist upon that Ministry taking its proper place in the life of the nation; it was left for Mr. Lloyd George to galvanise it into some kind of commercial activity.

Then the Home Rule Question was forced to the front by the dimensions of the British misgovernment and incompetence in Ireland. Chamberlain, in the beginning, was a Home Ruler; but, fearing that Home Rule was a losing cause in England, he left the Liberal Party, and put on the Conservative raiment. It was another change of clothes brought about by the political climatic conditions, which looked rather freezing for an ambitious Liberal politician who was keen to hustle into the Premiership. Chamberlain found that it was more difficult to push the abilities of Birmingham morality in the Conservative Party than in the Liberal Party. Still, he was fairly successful, as a political gamester, until he got to the Colonial Office, and came into touch with the Rhodes type of man—the conscienceless exploiter of the weak. Rhodes' principle in life was never to fight his equals in mind or resources. He could cheat a Matabele chief, or deceive a Boer farmer, or a Cape politician; but he put someone else on to the more complex tasks, so that if they were beaten they would get the discredit, and if they were successful, Rhodes would benefit. Rhodes knew that Dr. Leyds would be too much for him; so he selected Mr. Chamberlain, a man with an adventurous type of mind, as the man to take the steps which would place Rhodes as the dominus of South Africa.

Chamberlain had no originality of mind, and his commercial Imperialism was borrowed from Lord Beaconsfield. As is the case with so many imitators, he chose the evil of Lord Beaconsfield's conception of Empire, leaving out the good parts. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in his classic essays on the government of Dependencies and their reaction on the colonial parts of the Empire, had warned those who followed him of the perils that lay ahead. Whether Mr. Chamberlain ever read Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's book the present writer cannot say; but his policy showed a wonderful ignor-

ance of it and its wise canons of constructive policy. In his term of office, the Empire had approached a period when it was possible to secure the adhesion of the Colonies to a scheme of unity based on a common citizenship. He was so obsessed with the idea of exploitation, which is the Birmingham staple, that he plunged into every adventure which tempters offered him. One knows now, from the history of the Ocean Island concession granted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when at the Colonial Office, and other transactions, that corruption was rampant at the Colonial Office. That concession of the guano phosphates, valued at a low estimate at fifty millions of money, and probably running into a worth of hundreds of millions, was given away by this clever business man to the Pacific Islands Co. for practically nothing except a nominal royalty! What service has Mr. Chamberlain ever rendered the Empire to equal the sacrifice of those valuable rights? Mr. Chamberlain could help Rhodes and similar filibusters to rob the ignorant aborigines of their land and property in Africa; but the preservation of the rights of England was too arduous a task for his mentality. In that transaction he was either grossly incompetent, or scandalously corrupt; there is no third solution.

He was persuaded by Rhodes to support the Jameson expedition, which was another example of his administrative incapacity, unless at that time he had determined that a war alone would enthrone him as the Premier on Lord Salisbury's death. Blunder followed blunder at the Colonial Office until England was plunged into the South African War—one of the legacies of which was the disintegrating forces set up in the Empire. Yet, we are asked to look upon the Chamberlain policy as tending to the unifying of the Empire! The South African policy was one of fraud and deceit, and the Chinese Labour Ordinance disclosed its real nature. The truth became known in the Colonies, and has done more to determine Colonial statesmen on their independence than anything since the proceedings of Bute and George III. Some of us remember a dramatic moment at the Imperial Conference when the South African representatives were privately asked what was thought of Chamberlain's visit to South Africa after the war. One of the South African statesmen answered: "How would you welcome a man who had introduced, on the pretence of curing a disease, a pestilence into your country which had destroyed some members of every family?"

In two matters, he did some work of that universal type which has been indicated. He took up the case, long established in other countries and argued for here, for legislation in regard to workmen's compensation; and he also lent a certain amount of aid to the School for Tropical Research in Medicine. But it is a wretched administrative record, considering the opportunities that he had, and the time in which he lived.

In the world as we see it with our imperfect vision, humanity would seem to fall into the following values. There is the vast mass whose lives and deaths appear of no importance in the records of life, there is the smaller body of individuals whose work is noticeable in the fabric of society, there is the lesser array of beings whose work, whose ideals, and whose lives are a continual source of inspiration to those who succeed them; then, there is the tiniest band of all, that selected few who have held high stations, were possessed of splendid qualities of energy and vigour, and had secured great influence among the inanimate mass, but concerning whom one must say that the world would have been lovelier, more unsoiled, nobler and happier, had they never lived. Joseph Chamberlain was one of the men who must be placed in this last category of values; because he represented that evil and vulgar corruption, against the consequences of which those of us who cannot think the highest tribute of human character is shown by the success with which one has exploited the labour, brains, or affections of one's fellow beings are struggling with all our might.

Guilds and Prices.

By G. D. H. Cole.

THERE is a school of Socialists which is forever talking glibly about the "consumer." These "consumptive Collectivists" urge that the Guild system fails to protect the consumer; that, while Collectivism orders production in the interests of the whole, there would be nothing to prevent the Guild from raising prices at will and so exploiting Society in the interests of its own members. Against Syndicalism, at any rate in some of its forms, this criticism may be valid: but it has no application whatsoever to the Guild-Socialist idea.

We may here assume that, if control over production is to be restored to the workers, the Guild will have, by one means or another, to dispose by sale of its products. Short of pure Communism, we shall have buying and selling: and, whether the Guilds are retailers or not, they will in any case have to be wholesalers, dealing with other Guilds, with Co-operative Societies or Municipalities, and with the State.

This, say our "consumptive" critics, is highly dangerous. It is admitted that the Guilds will possess a monopoly of Labour, each in its own industry; and we all know that the effect of monopoly is to raise prices or keep them up artificially in nine cases out of ten. What, then, is to prevent a blackleg-proof, monopolistic Guild from raising prices at the expense of the public?

The answer is to be found in the method of taxation to be adopted under Guild-Socialism. Because one industry is more productive than another, because the exchange-value of its product per head is higher than that of its neighbour, it is not to be allowed to absorb the surplus, any more than the urban landowner ought to absorb the surplus value of urban land. But, our critics inquire, is not this precisely what will happen under the Guild system, whether we like it or not?

The answer is in the negative. They have forgotten the "substitute for economic rent" which the State is to receive from the Guilds in return for the use of the industrial plant and for the Guild charter. Each Guild, as we know, is to pay to the State an annual quasi-rent corresponding in some measure to the "rent" of to-day. Each year, the State will estimate its total expenditure, as it does now. But, instead of raising its revenue by means of a number of cumbrous and costly taxes which are for the most part either unjust in their incidence or easily evaded, it will merely demand a lump sum from the Guild Congress, upon which, and upon the various Guilds, the business of collection will fall.

The total sum required being known, there will remain the task of dividing it equitably among the taxpayers. To each Guild must be assigned its quota, and the heaviest burdens must be laid upon the broadest backs. This assigning of proportionate burdens may be carried out either by the Guild Congress or, more probably, by a body representing equally the Guild Congress and the State. Each Guild, then, will be expected to contribute its share to the national exchequer.

Clearly, in apportioning burdens, the competent authority will take into account the productivity of each industry. Just as, in the Census of Production nowadays, the net product per worker employed is calculated for each industry, productivity will be capable of estimation under the Guild system. But as productivities can only be compared in terms of a common standard of value, the product, being expressed in pounds, shillings and pence, obviously depends upon the price. If more is charged for the finished commodity, then, *ceteris paribus*, the net product, in terms of exchange value, will appear as higher.

It is clear, therefore, that, since "economic quasi rent" will be calculated on a basis of productivity, and since the product depends upon the price, price and "economic quasi rent" must stand in a fixed relation.

Even then, if each individual Guild were left to fix prices at its good pleasure, the consumer would run no risk of exploitation by a "profiteering" Guild. Any Guild which increased prices would thereby increase its own productivity, and, consequently, would have to pay a higher rent to the State. The State would thus receive in revenue what the consumer paid as enhanced price.

But, though it must be evident that, under such a system, no Guild would seek to force up prices, that is not to say that prices would be best fixed by the individual Guilds. If they were so fixed, there would probably be an approximation of prices to what we may call "natural values." The price of each commodity would tend, even more than nowadays, to be determined by the cost of raw material plus the cost of Labour reckoned on a basis approximating more or less nearly to a common time-standard of value. So far from being exploited, the community would most often find itself paying, for every article or service, very roughly what it was, economically speaking, really worth. Under a system in which remuneration tended to equality this would involve no great hardship. If therefore, the control of prices is not to be left solely to each individual Guild, this is not because such a method involves any risk of exploitation to the consumer. The State and the Guild Congress could always counter any tendency to advance prices unduly by a manipulation of the Guild rent.

What is by no means clear is that the "natural economic" price of which I have spoken is the best price. Indeed, we continually recognise, alike in theory and in practice, that it is undesirable that prices should in all cases be thus mechanically settled. Socialists have always maintained that it is desirable that many services should be rendered free, and Mr. Shaw has even made the "communisation" or free distribution of bread a plank in his platform. And if it is expedient to give some services and commodities free, will it not also be good to cheapen others? We may well have, under Guild-Socialism, free transit, free bread, free milk, etc., as well as free education. We may also have cheap medical service, cheap food, cheap theatres, and so on. We need not commit ourselves to the particular instances: it is enough to say that Society will probably give free all things which most men need in fairly equal measure, and cheap those things which it wishes, for one reason or another, to see more widely used.

Is it not evident, therefore, that "rent," or compensation, and prices will be fixed by the same authority? A joint committee, equally representative of the State, or the consumers, and the Guild Congress, or the producers, is the body I suggest for this office. The matter is clearly one which affects producers and consumers alike; equally clearly, in assuming a share of control in this sphere, the State will not be interfering with the autonomy of the industrial republic. The producer will remain in command of the productive process: the consumer will share with him the control of the price charged for the product. It is in this sphere, and not in a divided control in the workshop itself, that the interests of producers and consumers can be reconciled. The control of industry does not involve unchecked control of prices: even apart from any question of exploitation, which, as I have seen, does not arise in any case under the Guild system, the determination of prices is a "social function." It is no less foolish to allow prices to be fixed by a competitive standard than to allow remuneration to be so fixed. Both alike should be decided by the organised will of the community, irrespective of the economic standards of "competition" or "supply and demand."

If, then, Collectivists will consider a little more carefully and with rather more honesty of purpose than in the past, they will cease from trying to scotch the Guild idea with the weapons of the economist. For Guild-Socialism is, in one of its aspects, an assertion of the right of Society to defy old-fashioned economic conventions.

The Religion of Home Rule.

By L. G. Redmond Howard.

At a moment when the whole controversy upon Home Rule hinges upon the religious aspect of the question it may be well to ask ourselves candidly what its religious influence will be upon Irishmen, not only on one particular creed but upon the nation as a whole.

Everyone who has heard of Home Rule knows that the one creed, that of the majority, expects the passing of the Bill to be a triumph only preliminary to the final conquest of a Catholic Ireland, while the other party looks upon it with equal certainty as the final defeat of Protestantism.

Few, if any, seem to realise that there is a third alternative, namely, the advent of a purely secular movement which, based upon the disgust of the old disastrous bigotries of the past, will seek to build up a future in which religion will be relegated to the minor importance of personal fancy and individual predilection; yet to the keen observer there are not wanting those signs which indicate the coming of a struggle which will be as bitter and as fierce as any in Ireland's history. And the memory of Michael Davitt's "Unfinished Campaign"—as Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, his eminent biographer, calls it—is still fresh in the minds of those who may yet become leaders in the fray but who have deferred the struggle hitherto because they could not attack their own fellow countrymen without playing into the hands of England.

A Parliament in Dublin, however, and an authority which the people will be able to respect because none other than themselves will change all that, and the consciousness of newly won power will breed a jealousy of any competing authority: while the Church, hitherto the protector of the national rights, will find itself as practically the only rival—and there will be all the difference in the world between the poor hedge-priest educated abroad—exercising his sacred functions at the risk of his life—and the affluent village dictator laying down the law on everything from the greatest problems in philosophy down to the merest details, such as the licity of cinematograph shows on Sunday.

That in mixed matters such as education, legislation, there should be friction, of course, stands to reason. Everyone remembers the story of Parnell when about to launch his manifesto against the priests, and how Barry O'Brien dissuaded him from such a step in view of the circumstances—the famous Kilkenny Election after the divorce proceedings.

Parnell's answer was significant: "Yes, you are right—I could not do it as a Protestant, but it must be done, they have too much power and they must be taught that it is wrong, and a Catholic leader must teach them."

It is a fact conveniently ignored by Nationalists that it was the Catholic Clergy who passed the Union: just as it is a fact equally forgotten for party purposes that it has been the policy, not only of the Conservatives but of the Liberals as well, to strengthen the Church, witness Lord Randolph Churchill's famous letter on ruling Ireland through the bishops, and only lately the case of the National University, which is clerical in all but name—yet there can be no doubt that once the two creeds mix together upon the same native basis and with the same claim to recognition matters will be very different indeed.

It will be no longer possible for Unionists to identify themselves with Protestantism nor Nationalists to laud Catholicism as a form of patriotism—for, as a matter of fact, the Protestant leaders of Catholic Ireland have sufficiently vindicated their patriotism to be able to claim some deference to their creed. Religion has hitherto been Politics: Politics, Religion in Ireland. There is no country in the world, strictly speaking, where the problems raised by the sixteenth century are further from, I will not say solution—but even recogni-

tion. The intellectual and scientific issue, in fact, has never even been raised. Catholicism was Irish: Protestantism was English; that was as far as it went, so that not infrequently to revere the Pope was but a theological form of Anglophobia, to become a Protestant tantamount to being a traitor—selling one's country to the enemy: and this, strange to say, in spite of the fact that Catholicism is, philosophically speaking, the most official religion in the world and Protestantism the most democratic—indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that Catholicism is the Bureaucracy of Religion and Protestantism the Home Rule of Religion.

It must puzzle the logician not a little to find in real life the Conservatives for the most part Protestant in Ireland, and the Catholics for the most part Democratic: for what has Protestantism, the principle of progress, to do with Conservatism the principle of Bigotry: and what has Catholicism, the principle of absolute and unquestioned authority, to do with democracy, the principle of individual freedom?

The breaking up of each new generation into two theological camps under the name of universities will to a certain extent continue the confusion of thought which render such alliances possible, but in a Dublin Parliament where both creeds will find for the first time in the national history representative spokesmen who will have to put their dogmas to the test of verification and their claims to the test of consent, matters will begin to elucidate themselves somewhat. Of course, if such a catastrophe as the permanent exclusion or the compulsory inclusion of Ulster should take place—nothing of the kind could take place. In that case it would almost cease to have any claim to the title of being a deliberative assembly—it would be a one party house, both in a religious and a political sense—but I am taking Home Rule in its fuller and most hopeful sense, and under such circumstances I maintain that it will become necessary to evolve a sort of National attitude towards sectarian problems which one might roughly designate as the Religion of Home Rule.

In other words the House as a whole, continually harassed by the rival claims to dominance with the inevitable historical recriminations tracing themselves centuries back, will find it necessary to adopt a more or less secular attitude in order to save social, industrial and national Ireland from that duality which has been the curse of three centuries. There can be no doubt where the initial fault lay. It lay in making a movement essentially emancipatory compulsory by the hands of aliens: it was continued by complicating an intellectual problem by temporal advantages and penalties, it was made permanent by turning the religious principles into political parties, thus creating an entanglement which may never be unravelled and call for the scissors of secularism to cut the Gordian knot. Whether this will be the ultimate solution it is hard to say, but one thing is certain, and it is that the problems will have to be faced upon their own merits. It will no longer be possible to bring up the country in separate compartments from cradle to grave, as has hitherto been the case. In England, for example, it would be impossible for a Catholic to go through life without coming into intimate and permanent social contact with a Protestant—and vice versa—with the result that both Catholicism and Protestantism are the richer for it. One has only to read a religious paper to see that the "Oxford" entente cordiale, if I may so call it, has never ceased: Ireland never had an Oxford movement to bring together the two intelligences: but she has had a national movement which has welded together her politicians, and Home Rule may, and I sincerely trust will, become the herald of a new entente. But up to now, what with the leagues and the pulpits and the politicians, it is quite possible for a Catholic or a Protestant to pass his whole life without once coming into intimate contact with one of the opposing creed save as an antagonist.

Moreover, it would be a misnomer to speak of Religious Convictions in any true sense of the word as applying to Ireland: convictions, where freedom of selection is impossible, cease to be convictions. The creeds exist in their proportion largely because they follow the parties. It is a matter of tradition more than anything. Your father was such, you were baptised such, it became your duty to learn to defend such, and it remained a matter of honour to die such a creed: apostasy meant social annihilation.

Now all this under Home Rule will have to change if the ceaseless strife of centuries is to be brought to an end—or at least relegated from the forum to the temple. It is idle to speak of toleration when all that one means is an armed truce: such toleration is merely the most diplomatic form of persecution. If a line is to be taken up which is intended to bear the fruit of amity it must be the principle of toleration and not merely the act of toleration, namely, that it is within the right of every man not only to follow the creed he likes, but, if necessary, to change the creed he does not like, and this not merely in the case of individuals but in the case of the nation as a whole—and this is already found in many of the older generation and finds an ever increasing number of echoes in the newer generation.

According to John Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, the late Michael Davitt, and among the new writers and new movements like "Sinn Fein," there is enunciated with no uncertain note the coming of a movement which without being secularist will rid the creeds of those secular aids of bigotry and benefit which have so often subsidised the old traditional hostilities and prolonged the quarrels of dead ancestry into the life of our contemporaries—and, according to these Home Rulers, their ideal is that every man be accepted upon his deed, not upon his creed, that Protestant and Catholic have equal claim to the title of Nationalist, reserving to the nation as a whole, and not to either creed, the last say in what will or will not be adopted as a future polity.

I often think that the pulpit "gag" against emigration in Ireland is one that is singularly unfortunate—I mean the one which describes "three-fourths" of the exiles losing their faith when away from Ireland, for it at once fronts one with the dilemma that either there is something artificial in the adhesion of the native or else there is something inherently vicious about the exile. Now considering that the exile is admittedly the youngest and best part of the nation, in order to save a creed one has to vilify a whole race.

The result is obvious, and there is nothing so striking as the wonderful completeness of the change from dutiful pietism to rebellious individualism which is seen in the Irishman who has once found the courage to claim his own soul. Every Irishman is an individualist: psychologically he is a born Protestant except that accident has made that protest take the form of Catholicism. Yet in a sense there is nothing more Protestant than Catholicism, nothing more Catholic than Protestantism. To-day the one body which stands up in isolation against the consensus of negations and asserts against the thunders of denials in the face of all adverse proof is Rome: while the one bond which unites nearly all free thinking mankind in one Catholic whole is Protestantism. Catholicism is Protestant in its assertions: Protestantism absolutely Catholic in its denials.

It has been said that there is no greater text-book of agnosticism than the Bible: it is equally true that there is no greater school of Catholicism than Protestantism: but what is far more true is that religious intolerance always breeds secular indifference: and it is here that religion will be touched by Home Rule.

The Irishman is by nature a quick thinker, like the Frenchman; by temperament he is quick tempered. The future of the creeds in Ireland depends entirely upon themselves: but of this they must rest assured—that with the disadvantage of his qualities, the Irish-

man has not that plodding Teuton instinct of logical precision in detail; he is impulsive, intuitive, revolutionary, and the great danger is that the Churches once overstepping their spheres and threatening the new-won liberties of the people, the latter will turn round upon them in their might and fight the matter to a finish.

It will be a bitter struggle with heartrending scenes, for the Celt loves his priest as a man like Renan, long after the last ray of divinity has faded from his name: but it will be a struggle only possible under Home Rule. As in the case of France, it will be a case of everything or nothing: Catholicism or Agnosticism: Protestantism will have its first chance as a "Via Media"—but it is doubtful whether it will make much appeal after its terrible past in Ireland: but it is surely a paradox worth considering that, speaking in terms of nations, the Protestant countries still retain the sense of religion long after the Catholic countries have abandoned the idea of God.

Ireland is in the melting pot: and for the first time, men, movements, dogmas, principles will come together which have been separated for years—and in religion at least, if the old forms are to emerge triumphant, it will be due to the sense of moderation of the Home Rule Parliament.

The Religion of Home Rule is that everyone shall have Home Rule in religion: ascendancy, whether Catholic or Protestant, is at an end. As to intolerance it is its own Nemesis; as far as Catholicism is concerned it has only to show its similarity to the old regime of bureaucracy, substituting the Vatican for Downing Street and Clericalism for Officialism, to raise such a revolt, compared with which the protest against the condemnation of the plan of campaign when men refused the very sacraments and risked excommunication rather than turn against their country, will be mild indeed.

Home Rule in Religion, not merely among the creeds themselves, but as a principle affecting every individual, that must be the religion of Home Rule: otherwise the inevitable result of intolerance seen in every Latin country in Europe will be the fate of Ireland, and if the war once starts it will not be a Reformation, it will be, with that wholeheartedness of the Celt, Revolution.

Praise-God Garvin.

Or, An Unpleasant Sunday Afternoon.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

(REPORT of Mr. J. L. Garvin's lecture on Francis Thompson to the Kingsway Fellowship; Sunday afternoon, June 28. The Kingsway Hall is half full of Christians. Enter Mr. GARVIN and children. He and Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL and a few others ascend the platform. Applause and prayer.)

Sir W. R. N. (what there is of him): We will sing hymn No. 1. (It commences: "Hail, thou once despised Jesus, Hail, thou Galilean king!" and is sung by all but Mr. GARVIN, who does not commit himself. When it is over, a young man on the platform leads the prayer, "O Lord God," etc., etc. Then a young lady sings, "Lead, Kindly Light." Loud applause. A Dapper Young Clergyman rises.)

D. Y. C.: At the close of this meetin'. Tea will be provided. In the gymnasium. Tickets 4d. each. . . . Give as liberally as you can. . . . Join the Fellowship, badges 4d. each. May I say a word. On behalf of the Fellowship. How very delighted we are. To welcome Sir W. R. N. To the chair this afternoon. And also Mr. Garvin. Who visits us for the first time. And we are none the less delighted. Because they've brought Lady R. N. and Mrs. Garvin with them. . . . A collection will be taken during the singing of the next hymn. Which will be No. 7.

AUDIENCE :

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise. . . .

Sir W. R. N. (squeakily) : Very few words are necessary ; in fact, no words are necessary to introduce to you Mr. Garvin . . . The finest and *surest* of our political leaders. I call upon Mr. Garvin to speak to us.

Mr. GARVIN (reading from manuscript. Owing to his poor delivery and a lisp, he is almost inaudible, unfortunately, not entirely) : Francis Thompson whom I am well known to regard as one of the enduring names . . . peculiar and almost necromancing . . . It is something to have touched the hand that wrote "Tintern Abbey" . . . the direct line of succession. . . . It seems but yesterday. (VOICES : "A little louder, please!") Coughing and loud sucking of peppermints.) To have known in the solid flesh the man who wrote "The Hound of Heaven" . . . our human clay . . . Catholic . . . the creed of his poetry is wide enough to include . . . I have known Hindus . . . "East is East and West is West" ; it is not true that "never the twain shall meet." In Francis Thompson they have met ! . . . A perpetual vibration and flashing (?) of God's paradoxes. . . . In quoting Francis Thompson we must put aside our customary associations . . . all sustaining life . . . minute vibrations . . . moving aspect . . . stiffened mask . . . Celestial impulse and Celestial law. . . . The shows and patterns of the world were to him Gobelin tapestries worked by unseen hands. . . . This is no glimpsed fugitive perception. . . . The essence of the poetic faculty . . . Catholic . . . Our souls must remember their lost paradise . . . One short poem which some think to have been his last :—

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there? . . .

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

. . . . So alien from the ordinary thoughts of English readers . . . Reflected in our various personalities (?) as in various coloured mirrors. . . . You can no more explain a poet than you can reduce a sunset to a formula. (Loud suckings, coughing and applause.) . . . Catholic Church . . .

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist. . . .

He thought of Heaven and Earth as often as most people think of meals . . . The magic of earth, the unending drama of the mutual existence around us . . . Keats with unforgettable felicity . . . Ibsenitish [!!!] . . . Thompson . . . a waster, an outcast and a wanderer . . . of course, he failed again . . . carrying a sackful of volumes on his thin shoulders—his very thin shoulders . . . slept on the Embankment when he slept at all . . . frail among the weak and squalid among the miserable . . . de Quincey . . . Thompson . . . Each found a womanly heart in a step-daughter of Oxford Street . . . (Smiles crookedly.) . . . makes me wonder how much was suggestionised [!!!] by de Quincey . . . I have said enough, more than enough, of . . . (Speak up!) You have been waiting to ask me, what is its significance? . . . The almost nothingness of his physical life . . . wild sense of disaster . . . human affections, kindly hosts, the laughter of children and sympathy . . . Wilfred and Alice Meynell.

whom, my friends, you never did better to applaud . . . Our common life. . . . As it were new morning . . . bitter depression of the spirit . . . soul in him felt a flowing of lights . . . fugitive passages of music . . . London, where the flowers of Covent Garden make a temple unawares . . . As if the process of the year might never be renewed . . . A song not of Spring, but of all Springs . . . kindling the whole heaven with a conflagration of colour never seen in one bow by mortal eye. . . . The nearest thing yet done in poetry to a song of evolution . . . He writes even about a snowflake and makes the snowflake as we know it to be, a thing more extraordinary than, shall we say, the Cullinan diamond . . . which convinces us of the existence of God . . . (reads).

TO A SNOWFLAKE.

What heart could have thought you?—

Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From Argentine vapour?—
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmised,
He hammered, he wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind :—
Thou could'st not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinyly, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

. . . . A hundred other of the almost obvious things . . . he shows perhaps unmatched power . . . As all waves are part of one sea . . . Few poets had so brief and yet so vital a period of production. . . . The luminous period commenced . . . without the inward magic, which was gone . . . more intolerable sadness . . . our human joys . . . pain of hopelessness which is no (something) but the mother of eclipses . . . which any mystic can experience . . . A judgment influenced like mine by personal acquaintance . . . an early enthusiasm always idealises its objects, but mature criticism, smiling mellowly . . . You will expect my personal view . . . Witnessed from his own experience to the glory of the mind of man . . . loveliness in speech . . . The mystery of sex . . . that primal theme . . .

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul. . . .

. . . The "Hound of Heaven," enough of itself to ensure enduring fame. It stands alone . . . he makes a new use of ideas . . . joy and trouble of another sphere . . . no other poet we can think of could have ever conceived it . . . orchestral quality of his language . . . the whole poem in two lines :—
Designer infinite!

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it?

. . . . Of course, there is a case against Francis Thompson . . . even gross . . . his plagiarisms are preposterous. . . . But then we all know that Wordsworth could be dull, Shelley could be diffuse and Dickens [!!!] very crude . . . Enough remains that is immortal, in my mind . . . Ensures his place in the firmament of poets, where all are stars and one star differs from another! (Sits down. Loud Applause.)

Sir W. R. N. : We will bring our meeting to an end by singing Hymn No. 6. (Exit STUD. singing :

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet? . . .

Outside two men are posted to sell only the
"Observer.")

Selfridge's on Education.

WHICH of the two weapons should I choose? A difficult question. Since on a Saturday afternoon the editorial rooms in Oxford Street are closed, there would be ample time till Monday morning to think it over. Or should I rather let the paid writer of the article go scot-free and hunt up his employer, the master-mind behind "A Visitor from Another World"? Go and stab him to-morrow morning in his bath with a melodramatic effect à la Charlotte Corday? Or stalk him later on in the day?

But I pushed them back into their drawer, both the grim Browning and the glittering stiletto. Hanging is such an ugly business, and there would be no re-prieve. Again I read the lines in the Saturday "Westminster Gazette": "The real mission of a school-mistress is to prepare those pupils destined to enter the business world with some of the doings of the inhabitants there." Suppose I tackled him with that weapon mightier than the sword? See the motto of The Authors' Club.

Then there arose before me in a vision a company of men, each with a paper crown upon his mighty cranium, and each holding a sceptre, at the end of which dangled a purse full of gold. And I heard them shout, "No, no, no!" These men were the advertising Managers of our Great Daily Papers. "No, no, no!" they cried, and I knew my defence of Plato's Guardians would never be printed. So I buried my face in my hands and mused on the Freedom of the Press.

A month has gone by. I will do my duty. Ours is but to do and die. For the sake of Posterity I will write down my indictment, and I will hide it in one of those volumes in the British Museum which are rarely taken from their shelves. And perhaps one day a future historian may discover it and use it for his learned treatise dealing with the Early Aeroplane Age. That period in the beginning of the twentieth century when the world was governed by Mammon; when sensational newspapers, with their highly intellectual competitions, hypocritical novels, snippety magazines, and tawdry plays, satisfied the enlightened minds of Cinema-Culture. And I shall die happily! Monumentum exegi!

I hold no brief for present-day teachers, nor do I consider our system of education perfect. With a very few exceptions the members of the teaching profession nowadays are not at all like those Guardians of Plato's, who I deem ought to be the ultimate ideal of the noblest profession on earth. Not that it is their fault; for if you pay a music-hall artist three hundred pounds a week and a teacher thirty shillings, what can you expect? And our educational system, too, is but the happy hunting-ground for retired shop-keepers turned county councillors, and for academic faddists; and not until the teachers become a powerful guild like that of the medical men will this sad state of affairs be altered.

I have no personal animosity or ill-feeling towards Mr. Selfridge. On the contrary, I admire his organising power, I believe the goods his house retails to be excellent, and I consider him one of the foremost captains of commerce. The merchant has done as great things for our civilisation as the soldier; both have opened up their countries, and both have still great tasks to perform in the future. But Napoleon was a great man, too, yet he would never have interfered with Goethe.

A definition of what Education is would probably encumber and impede my defence of the future Guardians. Let me state therefore what Education is *not*! Education is not Business. As most of my readers know, the word "school" comes from a Greek word meaning leisure. Leisure is not idleness nor pleasure. Leisure I call that freedom from cares and worries within which only man can develop all his powers harmoniously, at least to some extent. Do let our children have some years of such leisure; do let us keep the atmosphere of our schools free from the feverish pressure of business! Let the children have some education, some culture, at

least up to their fourteenth year; and give them some business training, business drill, *after* that age, in *special* institutes!

Our schools shall not deteriorate into a likeness of certain colleges run for and by clerks! Such institutes and colleges are very useful, and, in our commercial civilisation, unfortunately necessary, because they manufacture smoothly running cogwheels in great numbers. And our Civil Service Commissioners and the heads of great business houses are most grateful to these institutions for the prompt and regular delivery of first-class goods.

Mr. Selfridge would have us send to him a "weekly procession of school-masters and mistresses." He wants a "great convention" to be called, consisting of business men, and head masters and mistresses. Further, he says: "Masters and mistresses who have the older boys and girls under their charge might make a weekly practice of visiting some business." And the Time-table is to have a new item: business talks. That, together with the phrase I quoted before, "the real mission of a school-mistress is to prepare pupils destined to enter the business world with some of the doings of the inhabitants there," forms the evidence of my case.

And therefore I plead: That it is suicidal to the finer aims of a civilisation—and I believe no one desires the commercialism of our time to continue for ever—to introduce the warfare methods and facts of business into our schools, which ought to be places of education; that, since in our good secondary schools and in our public schools such a thing would be impossible, in a *democratic* age therefore for the sake of mere justice the "commercial bias" ought not to neutralise the little culture our elementary schools can give; that not all the eight hundred thousand school-children of London are "destined" to become shopwalkers and shopkeepers, since some other equally distinguished careers are chosen by many of the children to relieve our world from the deadly monotony of one type; that, in my opinion, children before their fourteenth year *ought* not to be "destined" for *any* business or trade, but only at and after this age a decision should be made, and special training (which is not education) should then be given in commercial institutes or craftsmanship centres; that, to sum up, our schools ought to be places of education, culture, and leisure, free from the damnable spirit of profit and gold!

If, however, my pleading is wrong; if my attitude is the antiquated and benighted arrogance of an Athenian aristocrat of intellect, if, in short, I am a fool; then I will mend my ways forthwith! And as a proof of the possibilities hidden within me should I be converted, I make some suggestions out-Heroding Herod:

Let us found a university in Oxford Street. Everyone allowed to enter and to be educated free of cost under the following conditions. A prospective lawyer to receive a guarantee of £10,000 a year if on becoming a judge he will frame all his sentences somehow like this: three years' penal servitude or ten years' customer at Selfridge's!

A prospective physician to be guaranteed £100,000 a year if after being duly registered he will regulate illness in women customers so as never to occur during time of sales, and insist on large families for the sake of the lingerie department. A prospective teacher to obtain guarantee of £1,000,000 a year if he undertakes to alter in his lessons the first four answers of the Catechism, thus:

1. What is your name?—Charles Brown.
2. Who gave you this name?—Selfridge's Eugenics Department presided over by the Planets' Statistician.
3. What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?—Went to Selfridge's and bought me a special comforter at 2s. 11½d.
4. Dost thou not think thou art bound to believe and to do as they have promised for thee?—Yes, verily, I believe that Selfridge's means the salvation of the world and I promise never to buy things anywhere else!

CARNEADES.

Readers and Writers.

It is no longer the case that Stevenson needs to be put into his place. The reaction from his maudlin worship has, if anything, gone too far in our day. For perfect justice we must allow him one or two merits. Otherwise, however, the coincidence of the publication of some letters of his with some letters of Carlyle's would have served in the cause of his depopularisation. The letters, now first published, from Carlyle to the late Mr. Ward were obviously never intended for any other eye than the recipient's; that is to say, Carlyle was not posing in them in the very least. Yet they are on exactly the same plane as his published work, neither more exalted nor more familiar; they show, in fact, that Carlyle was always Carlyle. How unlike in this respect was Stevenson! It is the habit, I know, for an effeminate reading public to dote on a notable writer's personal letters, and most when these are in sharpest contrast with his public works. They admire the unbent bow, the touches of kinship with themselves, the peeps afforded of the great man at his ease. And Stevenson obliged the world with them! In these letters, for example, he confides to somebody or other that his personal friends were the models of his fictitious characters, Henley of John Silver, Baxter of Michael Faraday, his cousin of Prince Otto, and so on. And to no less a person than Mr. Henry James he announces his coming "Weir of Hermiston" as likely to be "a snorter and a blower." This gossip about his work—and so vulgarly expressed—is not characteristic, I will say it is not even possible, in a man of letters; it is pure Fleet Street. And that is where Stevenson, with all his talent, belonged. Carlyle's letters, on the other hand, show him occupied privately as well as publicly in the same subjects. Above all, they prove his mind to have been large by nature. Never, even under the temptation of addressing a fool, did he relax his habitual attitude of really caring for great things. Listen to this sentence, written during 1870 to his obscure and not very gifted or promising correspondent: "I believe magnanimous, pious, striving and modest Germany is henceforth to be Queen of the West, instead of vain, vapouring, impious and mischievous France, which I take to be the most blessed event in European politics I have witnessed in my time." We need not agree with the opinion—though I rather do—but the elevation of outlook implied in expressing it is far greater than Stevenson's in his pottering comments upon his own books and style.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis' new quarterly magazine, "Blast" (Lane, 2s. 6d.), has been announced as the successor of the "Yellow Book." But that, I imagine, is no great credit to it, for who, looking back to that period, can admit that there was any philosophy in it? Aubrey Beardsley was something of a genius, but his mind was never equal to his talents; in other words, he was a decadent genius; and who else was there of the smallest importance on the "Yellow Book"? "Blast" has the relative disadvantage of being launched without even a decadent genius to give it a symptomatic importance. It is, I find, not unintelligible—as most of the reviewers will doubtless say—but not worth the understanding. Blake, it is certain, has gone into the making of it—but Blake without vision, Blake without spiritual certitude. More, no doubt, will be said of it in these columns, for in the absence of any movement of ideas, any movement must be discussed. All the same, its significance will have to be put into it; for of its own self it contains none.

What, from this point of view, is its significance? My answer is that it is another sign of the spiritual anarchism of modern society. This, believe me, is not cant on my part. I am old enough to have lived through the "Yellow Book" period from its start and to have shared in every phase since, both in what may be called their practice as well as their theories. Without boasting, I can say I have known them all. And the conclu-

sion left in my mind is that for the last thirty years the spiritual character of our intellectuals has been declining. To what we must look for a renaissance I have often tried to say in these Notes; but I can see now, from the appearance of "Blast" and from the number and quality of its probable victims, that THE NEW AGE must be more definite than ever in the future. To tell the truth, the work is at present incredibly difficult. Even to think straight in these days requires an effort; as the alienist often finds it hard to preserve his sanity among his patients.

* * *

An excellent standard edition of Meredith has just begun to be published, and I have received the first two volumes (6s. each) from Messrs. Constable. They are "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." Of Meredith's novels, including the "Ordeal," I have long ago said my last word—I shall never re-read a novel of Meredith's in my life; nobody was more terribly misleading and mistaken on the subject of women; he has been a cause of great disaster among both sexes. But the "Shaving of Shagpat," being not a novel but a deliberate grotesque, is worth re-reading many a time. It was Meredith's first book, and naturally indicated the bent of his genius, which was as decidedly non-human as his admirers believe it to have been human. When I say that Meredith had the genius for the grotesque, I indicate by it something utterly different from the decadent. The decadent is the *distortion* of great human ideas; the grotesque is the *creation* of non-human ideas. Consult for more light upon the subject an article by Mr. W. M. Letts in the "Contemporary Review" for July. Mr. Letts makes the prevalent mistake of attributing creative artistry to children—it is his mistaken homage to the cult of infantilism—but he makes no mistake in discriminating the sane from the insane in matters of the grotesque and the decadent—together a useful article. As I was saying, Meredith was at his best in the world of the "Shaving of Shagpat." There his Welsh blood—some of the oldest in Europe and therefore charged with pre-European tendencies—found its proper medium of expression—the extravagant, the non-human, the bizarre, the grotesque. (Note that Mr. Wyndham Lewis is partly Welsh.) But to cast the oblique ray of his vision upon modern European society was not only to see modern society all awry, but to assist in putting it awry.

* * *

Another book I would have intensely read is "The Man of Genius," by Dr. Hermann Türck (Black, 12s 6d. net). Now first translated into English, it has been through seven editions in Germany since 1896, and is likely to go through many more. In one sense, it is a reply to Nietzsche; but in another, it is a reply to the spiritual anarchism of modern Europe. Dr. Türck set himself to the work of analysing the characters of the great men of genius with the intention of discovering in them, if he could, any justification for Nietzsche's generalisations and doctrines concerning their necessary anti-Christianity. He has found no justification, but, on the contrary, confirmation of the common and moral view. He then takes up in detail the writings of the two schools, the philosophic and the "antisophic," and discusses very fairly the defects of the latter. It is something to find a really competent modern writer challenging Nietzsche and the rest on their own ground; for Dr. Türck is no reactionary, nor in his life was he a recluse from the world. In short, he had been through the Nietzschean school. He emerged, however, with views only to be distinguished from the conventional by the fact that they have been tried in fire. I miss, nevertheless, one element in him which the fire unfortunately appears to have destroyed with the dross. There is no Dionysus left in him! His Christ, as Carlyle would say, has no Falstaff. Yet to transcend Nietzsche this element, which constitutes his eternal if fatal attraction, must be carried with us. If we are to return to the old conventions—as I believe we shall—it must be with a new spirit.

R. H. C.

Modern Art.

IV.—Mr. David Bomberg's Show.

MR. BOMBERG stands somewhat apart from the other English Cubists. I noticed that in signing a collective protest, published a few weeks ago, he added in a footnote that he had nothing whatever to do with the Rebel Art Centre—very wisely, in my opinion, for his work is certainly much more individual and less derivative than the work of the members of that group. The tendency to abstraction does seem in his case to have been a logical development of tendencies which were always present even in his earlier drawings, and not merely the result of a feverish hurry to copy the latest thing from Paris. The fact that his work shows these individual qualities justifies much more than is generally the case a one-man show, and separate consideration. But while I have great admiration for some of Mr. Bomberg's work, that does not make it any easier for me to write an article about it. An article about one man's pictures is not a thing I should ever do naturally. The only absolutely honest and direct and straightforward word expression of what I think as I go round such an exhibition would be a monotonous repetition of the words "This is good or fairly good. How much does that cost?" for I would certainly rather buy a picture than write about it. It seems a much more appropriate gesture. Any more rotund or fluent expression than these short sentences must, however admirable, be artificial. Only the expert art critic can prolong the gesture of admiration artificially by cliché—that, of course, is his métier. I wish I could do it myself. The fact that naturally one's expression is inadequate, springs entirely from a certain physical difference of pace. What you feel before a picture is long, slow, seems important. The rattle of sounds which expresses it is quick, short and unimpressive. The body as a tool of expression is obviously a failure, it is too light weight. Your sentence over, you feel that you have finished too soon; you feel uncomfortable and want to prolong the gesture. Hence is born the whole system of cliché; a system enabling you to "last out" the feeling; hence also we might even say to the whole mechanism of literary expression. It all exists to cover the body's inefficiency. If only our arms were so heavy that an appreciative sweep lasted ten minutes we should be saved from literature. Opera, of course, can "last out" by raising the sentence into *aria*. The American has his drawl, and consequently has no literature—not needing any. But I haven't these expedients; nor as an outsider in this business have I the necessary cliché at my command. I can only then write an article on one man's pictures by using the only form of incense natural to me; I can get up an argument about them—which I therefore proceed to do.

Mr. Bomberg starts off by stating in the preface to his catalogue that his object in all his painting is the construction of "pure form," and that he appeals constantly to a sense of form. We might all admit that this is true as a description of pure fact, at any rate. All the paintings are of the character he describes. They do appeal to very little else but a sense of form. Take, for example, one of the best of the drawings (No. 6) "Ju Jitsu." What strikes you first as excellent is the contrast between the bareness of certain parts as contrasted with the complex and intricate liveliness of others. Wherever it was felt to be necessary, representation has been sacrificed. The body line of one figure, which would be in reality hidden behind another figure in the foreground, is clearly shown. The realist would here urge that if that line was necessary in order to get a certain arrangement of form, it should have been continued by a line on the front figure, so that representation should not have been sacrificed. I will deal later with the validity of this kind of objection; I only mention the point here to show that the intention of the artist is clearly what he announces it to be. It is still clearer in the remarkable drawing,

"Zin" (No. 26), which contains hardly any representative element at all. In the upper part, which strikes me as best, there are no recognisable forms at all, but only an arrangement of abstract lines outlining no object. It is very difficult to state why one considers a drawing of this kind good when one hasn't it before one. Perhaps the best way of describing it would be to say that it looks like a peculiarly interesting kind of scaffolding. It is obvious, therefore, that the only interest in it must be an interest in form. I should probably find it difficult to say what I found interesting in it if I had the drawing here before me and could show it you. Its interest depends on qualities peculiarly indescribable in words. Indescribable not for any mysterious reason, but because forms are of their nature rather indescribable, and even difficult, to point out. They depend, for example, very often on a three dimensional relation between planes which is very difficult to get at. The artist in front of a picture endeavouring to explain it, by inexpressive motions of his hands, has often been laughed at; but laughed at, I think, for a wrong reason. It is supposed that he waves his hands, makes strange gestures with his thumbs, peculiar twists with his wrists, because he lacks the power of expressing himself in words; because he is a painter, in fact, and not a literary man. This I believe to be a mistaken view of the phenomenon. He is not using his hands through poverty of words, through lack of the ability to express himself in the proper manner. He is trying to describe the qualities of the picture in the only way they can be described. But he is a figure for laughter because he is employing a miserably inadequate tool. It is impossible to suppose that those ancient prehensile implements, our hands, could ever be turned to this new use—a description of the subtleties and intricacies of form. It cannot be done, and surely the designer of the universe never intended that it should be done. I think of designing a little brass instrument which shall adequately perform the function which the hands now so inefficiently perform. An arrangement of revolving graduated spheres will enable you to indicate at once all the complicated twists and relations of form that you perceive in a picture. This invention would have two advantages. It would do away with the art critic. On each picture would be an indication as to how you must graduate your instrument, in order to grasp the relations of forms the artist was after; this would do away with any necessity for the confused and stuttering metaphors by which the critic endeavours to express the inexpressible; one painful scene the less in this world of trouble. Moreover, it would please the conservatives in these matters, for the manufacture of my instrument would soon fall into the hands of a trust, who, whenever a new generation began to experiment with a new kind of form unprovided for by the instrument, would see that the Press unanimously denounced it.

To return, however, to Mr. Bomberg's exhibition. Those who are curious as to the genesis of abstract form, as to the way in which it is actually constructed in the artist's mind, should find Nos. 23, 11, 1, which probably represent three stages in the development of the same idea, interesting. The first step towards the understanding of this process of genesis is to recognise that the mind cannot *create* form, it can only *edit* it. In this, as in other very different matters, existing here in this world, bound to this body, we have little spontaneity. Asked to fill a space with a *new* abstract design, and told at the same time to empty his mind of all recollection of the external world, an artist would produce nothing but a few arbitrary and uninteresting repetitions. The first suggestion must always come from some existing outside shape. This sets the mind going. Consider now the three things I mentioned above. No. 23 is the first drawing. The artist probably got the lines of his main design from some accidental material arrangement. The suggestions of form this contained were then probably continued and developed by thinking of them as parts of human figures. (This use of doll-like human figures is a characteristic of Mr.

Bomberg's work, as those who saw his drawings in THE NEW AGE will remember.) In the final stage, these figures are so abstract that they are not recognisable as such. In all this process what suggestions of real objects occur, are only as a means of getting the mind going, as fertiliser of the design. In themselves they are of no importance, the controlling interest all the time being the selection and production of abstract form. The first of these three works, No. 23, I do not think successful, taken by itself. One notes it as interesting, but it produces no definite effect. The two paintings developed from it, however, are much more interesting; No. 1, "The Mud Bath," being one of the best things Mr. Bomberg has done; the colour in it being much more vigorous than in the earlier study, No. 11 of the drawings, which, while being abstract, at the same time contains recognisable representative elements. No. 5, reading from Torak, seems to me to be the best. The abstract shapes here do reinforce a quite human and even dramatic effect, at the same time being interesting in themselves merely as a construction of shapes. They would probably be even more interesting carried out as three dimensional shapes in wood or something of that kind. Another extremely good drawing of an almost sculptural quality is "Chinnereth," about which, however, I need say nothing, as it has already been reproduced in this paper.

So far I have only been concerned to show that on the assumption that an interest in pure form is a sufficient basis in itself Mr. Bomberg's work is, as a matter of fact, good work. It may be worth while here to examine that assumption. Is pure form alone a sufficient basis for interest in art? The best answer is, of course, that certain people do find it enough. They find that they are moved by, and interested in, the suggestions of abstract form they see about them, and do feel themselves prompted either to then organise these suggestions, or to look for them in art. When a man simply says: "I do feel interested in abstract form, as another might in atmosphere and landscape," no objection can be made to his statement. But there is an erroneous way of transforming the statement into a theory, which makes it impossible for the layman to understand the motives of abstract art. For this reason I want to contradict it. The theory is that we contemplate *form* for its own sake—that it produces a particular emotion different from the ordinary everyday emotions—a specific *æsthetic* emotion. If this were a true account of the matter, it would be incomprehensible to the layman. "Pictures with some dramatic or human interest I like, . . . but this damned stylistic bunkum. . . ." And he would be right. If form has no dramatic or human interest, then it is obviously stupid for a human to be interested in it.

But the theory is erroneous. There is no such thing as a specific *æsthetic* emotion, a peculiar kind of emotion produced by *form* alone, only of interest to aesthetes. I think it could be shown that the emotions produced by abstract form, are the ordinary everyday human emotions—they are produced in a different way, that is all.

What happens, then, is not

S (f).....F

where S is the spectator, F the outside form, and (f) the specific form emotion, but much more this—

S (de)F (if)

where (de) stands for quite ordinary *dramatic human emotions*, which occur in daily life, and not only in the contemplation of works of art. I do not say that in looking at pure form we are *conscious* of this emotion they produce. We are not fully conscious of it, but *project* it outside ourselves into the outside form F, and may only be conscious of it as (if) "*interesting form*." But the (if) only exists because of the (de).

After all, this possibility of living our own emotions into outside shapes and colours is the basic fact on which the whole of plastic art rests. People admit it in the case of atmosphere, colour, and landscape, but they will not admit it in the case of abstract form. Very possibly

the number of people who can thus be affected by form is much more limited, but the phenomena is the same. There is nothing mysterious in this process by which *form* becomes the *porter* or *carrier* of internal emotions. It admits of a simple psychological explanation which I need not give here, however; all that concerns us for the moment is the *fact*. Bare abstract form can be dramatic; the mere shape of a tree as tragic as a long explicit history. As a rule, of course, much milder emotions of tension, balance, contrast, etc., are called up. But it remains possible to say all one wants about arrangements of pure form without ever once using the word *beauty* and employing always the vocabulary with which one would speak of a man's character, commonplace . . . vigorous . . . empty, etc.

It must be insisted that there is nothing esoteric or mysterious about this interest in abstract forms. Once he has awakened to it, once it has been emphasised and indicated to him by art, then just as in the case of colour perception and impression the layman will derive great pleasure from it, not only as it is presented to him organised in Cubism, but as he perceives it for himself in outside nature. He will feel, for example, probably for the first time, an interest in the extraordinary variety of the abstract forms suggested by bare trees in winter (an interest, I must repeat, which is really an interest in himself as these forms, by an obscure psychological process, become for him the bearers of certain emotions) or in the morning, he may contemplate with interest the shapes into which his shirt thrown over a chair has fallen.

Here comes a common objection. Admitting the existence of this special interest in form, it is asked, Why cannot these forms, instead of being abstracted, be given in the objects in which they actually occurred, i.e., in a realistic setting? If an artist looking out of a high window on the street beneath is interested in the fish-like interweaving of the motor traffic, why cannot that interweaving be given in a representation of the motor? Why attempt to give the interweaving alone? Why attempt to give the soul without the body—an impossible feat? Why could not Mr. Bomberg have given the shape-design of his "Men and Lads" or his "Acrobats," embodied in a more realistic representation? For two reasons: First that the only element of the real scene which interests the artist is the abstract element; the others are for that interest irrelevant, and, if reproduced, would only damp down the vigour of the naked form itself. And secondly, the fact that the abstract element did occur as a matter of fact in external nature mixed up with other things is of no importance. The forms are either interesting in themselves, or not. They derive no justification from their natural occurrence. The only importance of nature in this connection is that it does suggest forms, which the artist can develop; the mind here, as elsewhere, having very little natural spontaneity.

The use of form is then constructive. The same may be said of Mr. Bomberg's use of colour. The relations of colours used are not *right* because they are the kind of sets of colour that do, as a matter of fact, actually occur in nature. In some of his earlier work, however, this is the case. (No. 23) "The Song of Songs," a very beautiful work, is an example of this older use of colour. The combination of greys, dead black and gold strikes one as distinguished, but at the same time the pleasure it gives may be partly the pleasures of association; it is the kind of colour that might occur in nature at times of the day which have a certain emotional accompaniment. In the "Mud Bath," on the contrary, the colour is used in an entirely constructive way, and in no sense derivative from nature. Here I might deal with a quite reasonable objection which is frequently brought against this kind of art. I went round Mr. Bomberg's show with a very intelligent painter of an older school. "Although I find these abstract drawings extremely interesting," he said, "yet if I were buying I should get this"—pointing out No. 32, I think. "I feel abstract work would become tiring when one

continually saw it in a room." Though this sounds plausible, yet I don't think that it would as a matter of fact turn out to be the case. Personally, I think I should find drawings in which your imagination was continually focussed in one direction by a subject more fatiguing. The proportions of a room or the shape of a good window, though they exercise a definite effect on one, do not become tiresome. And the pleasure to be got from good abstract art is of the same kind, though infinitely more elaborate, as the pleasure you get from these other fixed elements of a room.

To turn now to Mr. Bomberg's earlier work. Here I have a convenient opportunity of dealing with an entirely fallacious argument which I am now thoroughly tired of reading. The baffled art critic, being entirely at sea in dealing with quite abstract work, and feeling himself unable to pass any secure judgment on it, turns to the artist's earlier and more conventional work, and says, "This earlier work which I *can* understand is commonplace, I can therefore legitimately infer that this abstract work which I cannot understand is also entirely commonplace." Now this argument, although attractively simple, is a *non sequitur*. Suppose that the qualities of a good naturalistic drawing are A B C F where F is a sense of form. In any particular case (F) might be good, but the man's attention and interest might be so concentrated on (F) that A B C were comparatively uninteresting, so that on the whole the drawing might be pronounced commonplace. But when you came to the man's abstract work which entirely depended on his sense of form, his work might be far from commonplace. I see, however, that one critic has already applied this faulty criterion to Mr. Bomberg's earlier work. "This earlier work," he says, "shows energy without patience . . . is very ordinary student's work . . . he has never had the patience to master form," and so on. These judgments I consider to be entirely unjust. Bearing in mind what I said in the last paragraph, I find it decidedly *not* commonplace, because all of it shows emphasis on, and understanding of, that quality which, while it may only be one element in the excellence of a naturalistic drawing, is yet the whole of a more abstract one—a sense of form. That seems to have been always excellent. He has all the time, and apparently quite spontaneously, and without imitation, been more interested in form than anything else. Take No. 46, a bedroom picture, for example. I mention it because it shows the transitional period very clearly—the bed and room quite in the Sickert tradition, quite realistic and with Sickert's ideas about paint, but the figure of the girl in it treated quite differently, very much simplified, getting on to abstraction, and looking consequently very unreal in the midst of the other very solid realistic things. All the early drawings show a preoccupation with form—the heads, though, less than the figure studies. In all of them, there is an insistency on shapes running through. You can see this most clearly in the figure study in the first room. Done realistically the lines of the deltoids in the two arms, and the line of the chest, would form three broken parts of one line. As he has done it, the three are joined to make one line running through. I am quite aware, of course, that this sort of thing has always been one element in good drawing, but I do think you find it emphasised here in a way which makes his later development very understandable. No. 32 is good, and gets a certain monumental effect.

That his work shows the impatience the critic regrets is only to be expected. People with any guts in them do not have catholic tastes. If they realise in a personal and vivid way the importance of *one* element, if they feel that they have anything fresh to say about that, they are naturally impatient with the other elements. Why, if you are only interested in form, should you be asked—once you have got down the elements of that form adequately—to add to it the alien elements which would make it into a solid realistic representation? The water-colour "Rehoboam" (No. 21) admirably expresses the

idea it is based on. Why should it be carried any further? Why not stop with the idea which started it—why artificially prolong it into something not present on that initial idea?

To sum up, then—in my notice of the London Group I said that I thought Mr. Bomberg was an artist of remarkable ability. This show certainly confirms that impression. It also adds something. It convinces me that his work has always been personal and independent—much more independent than that of most Cubists—and never reminiscent. If I am to qualify this, I should add that as yet his use of form satisfies a too purely sensuous or intellectual interest. It is not often used to intensify a more general emotion. I do not feel, then, the same absolute certainty about his work that I do about Epstein's. In Mr. Epstein's work the abstractions have been got at gradually, and always intensify, as abstractions, the general feeling of the whole work. But then Mr. Epstein is in a class by himself. I think that in this merely intellectual use of abstraction Mr. Bomberg is achieving exactly what he sets out to achieve. But at the same time it is quite legitimate for me to point out why I prefer another use of abstraction. In any case, I think he will develop remarkably, and he is probably by this kind of work acquiring an intimate knowledge of form, which he will utilise in a different way later.

T. E. HULME.

The Art of Digression.

THE scene is the stage-door entrance of His Majesty's Theatre. A pleasant-faced individual in uniform bobs out of his little office and glances quickly to left and right as though expecting someone. Presently, a motor-car is heard immediately outside the stage door. The pleasant-faced individual darts through the inner door which faces the prompt corner of the stage and disappears, returning a moment later with an air of authority. He takes up his position in the little glass enclosed office and taps his boot self-consciously upon the oil-cloth. Suddenly, the main stage door swings open and Sir George Alexander steps grandiloquently into the hall. The pleasant-faced individual, who immediately recognises his dignified visitor, opens the inner door, and with a deft salute motions Sir George to follow him. Up one flight of stairs (decorated on either side by most depressing and faded photographs of nineteenth-century histrionic glories), then they turn abruptly to the left, and coming to the third door the pleasant-faced individual knocks upon it respectfully.

Voice of Sir HERBERT: Ye-e-es, ye-e-es, ye-e-es.

Who is it? Who is it? Come in. Come in. Ye-e-es, ye-e-es. (He speaks in a curious bee-buzzing and affected voice which is at once supremely lazy and calculating. The pleasant-faced individual ushers Sir George into the room.)

Sir HERBERT (sits reading his "Thoughts and Afterthoughts" with a puzzled expression upon his countenance. As Sir George enters, he lays the book tenderly upon the table): That you, George. . . . G-e-o-r-g-e. Ye-e-e-s, y-e-e-s. (He almost purrs.) I'm usually up in the Dome . . . rather fine, George, the Dome . . . Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. . .

Sir GEORGE (removing his hat): Phew! Phew! Phew! Great Scott! It's hot! Why on earth don't you have an electric fan up here —? and what a beastly smell of grease paint . . . phew! . . . Ugh! . . .

Sir HERBERT (laughs softly): Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. Grease-paint, George, eh! What is it? What is it? Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. Grease-paint, eh! (They both burst out laughing.)

Sir GEORGE: Doing good?

Sir HERBERT (crooning): Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. Where *does* one get an electric fan? . . . pretty ribbons . . . Dome . . . rather fine . . . Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. Beautiful Theatre . . . too marvellous . . .

Sir GEORGE: What's this new move—producing Shaw?

Views and Reviews.*

Another Social Reform.

WE are used to that sort of Social Reform which proclaims the coming of the millennium if only some trumpery amendment of the wage-system is made, and we are not unacquainted with the Neo-Malthusian proclamation of the John Stuart Mill-ennium (to quote an old pun) that will come when the whole population is composed of adults; but we are not yet used to the sort of Social Reform advocated by Miss Bulkley. Social Reform as a concomitant of social revolution is, at least, a variation of the old theme; Mr. Lloyd George, only a few weeks ago, regarded Social Reform as an "insurance against revolution," and Lord Haldane regarded it quite recently as a necessary condition of our successful competition with other countries for the overseas trade. Miss Bulkley has at least done this service; she has shown that Social Reform needs to be reformed every few years, to become universal, free, and probably compulsory, if it is to be efficient. It was only in 1906 that the "Provision of Meals" Act was passed; and already it is clear that a reform that is almost a revolution of the whole system of elementary education (with its inevitable re-action on the Poor Law) is necessary if the intention of Parliament is to be realised. According to figures given by Miss Bulkley, in the year 1911-12 "a total of about 230,000 children out of a total school population of 5,357,567" were fed, at a total cost of £157,127. What these figures mean can only be understood by reference to Miss Bulkley's volume; sometimes they mean breakfasts of cod-liver oil, but even when food is supplied, they frequently mean a hasty gulping of doubtful food in cellars, or corridors of public baths, or similarly unsuitable places. But the cool proposal of "a free meal for all" opens out a prospect of reform that seems to be endless. "Taking the cost of a school dinner at 2½d. per head, the provision of one meal a day for five days a week during term time for all the six million children in England, Wales and Scotland, would cost about £12,500,000." But this is not all: "There will remain the children for whom one meal a day will not be sufficient, while the discontinuance of the meals during the holidays will cause them serious suffering . . . power must be given to the Local Education Authorities to make this provision when it is required." Nor is this all, for "to the actual cost of supplying the meals there must be added the initial outlay incurred in providing dining-rooms and appliances"; and to this is added the Fabian touch in a foot-note: "We must add one other item of expenditure, which will be necessary whatever course be adopted with regard to the provision of meals, namely, the appointment of salaried organisers for each group of schools, to supervise the work of medical treatment, after-care, and all other activities directed to the physical well-being of the child." That is all, I think; all that is required for the moment.

Yet it is stated by Miss Bulkley herself that "no attempt to deal with effects only, while causes remain untouched, can be wholly satisfactory. Provision must be made for the present generation of school children; their necessities must be relieved, and future inefficiency due to under-feeding in childhood must be prevented. But at the same time, and above all, a determined attack must be made on the evils which lie at the root of the children's malnutrition. Industrial conditions must be so organised that it is possible for every man himself to provide for his children at least the requisite minimum of food, clothing, and other necessities." I begin to understand what the Psalmist meant when he said: "For the zeal of thine House hath

* "The Feeding of School Children." By M. E. Bulkley. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Have you gone mad? (He extracts a pearl-tipped cigarette from a diamond-studded case.)

Sir HERBERT (softly, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes): Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. But remember, George, that the madness of to-day is the wisdom of to-morrow . . . ye-e-es, rather fine. What?

Sir GEORGE: But you were always such a one for Shakespeare. How long is "Pygmalion" going to run. . . . Doing good?

Sir HERBERT (closing his eyes in ecstasy): Splendidly. . . . S-p-l-e-n-d-i-d-l-y. Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. My beautiful theatre . . . Dome . . . rather fine . . . Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es . . . Shaw . . . good chap . . . Box office. Nasty. Nasty—commercial . . .

Sir GEORGE (interrupting): What about Shakespeare? You promised all sorts of things in the "Referee" so they say—I never read it myself.

Sir HERBERT: Sims . . . Ye-e-es, fine chap . . . good chap . . . Sims . . . Ye-e-es—ye-e-es. (He closes his eyes and mumbles indistinctly.)

Sir GEORGE: I'm going strong with Wilde. Sure card, Wilde. Wonderful man . . .

Sir HERBERT (waking up): Charming, George . . . charming. You were *always* charming . . . beautiful theatre . . . Carlton . . . rather fine . . . Shakespeare for the People . . . read "Times" . . . Ah, George . . . rather fine . . . read my book . . . too marvellous . . . Ye-e-es, ye-e-es. (He dozes off again.)

Sir GEORGE (drawing his chair closer to Sir Herbert): Splendid. Splendid. But what are we going to do presently? That's what's worrying me.

Sir HERBERT (sleepily): Don't you think it would be rather fine—rather—fine, George . . . Shakespeare for the People . . . popular prices . . . Ye-e-es, George . . . Shakespeare on the Cinema . . . I wonder . . . F. E. Smith . . . good chap . . . charming. Ye-e-es, beautiful Theatre . . . Carlton . . . too marvellous . . . good chap F. E. Smith . . . Shakespeare splendid . . . too marvellous . . . Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es. Charming chap . . . great play. (His pale blue eyes water a little.) Swear-word, George. Eh! eh! (He chuckles.) Too marvellous . . . Ye-e-es. I am so good . . . so good . . . great part, George . . . Ye-e-es. . . . Bonar Law, and who else was it? (His face becomes seraphic.) Ah! Ye-e-es—Masefield . . . charming Masefield. . . . Splendid. . . . My beautiful theatre . . . too marvellous. . . . Ye-e-es. . . . Social reform . . .

Sir GEORGE: When are you going away?

Sir HERBERT: Ah, yes. . . . Ye-e-es. . . . Very fine. . .

Sir GEORGE: Is it to be the Riviera?

Sir HERBERT (croons): How careless you always were, George. (He chuckles.) Too marvellous.

Sir GEORGE (puzzled): What's wrong?

Sir HERBERT: That exquisite tie . . . Oh, George . . . always charming . . . all over on one side. . . . How can you . . . it's too—too bad . . . (Sir George rises and passes over to a mirror. With a startled exclamation he adjusts his neck-tie.)

Sir HERBERT: There, you see, George. I've saved your reputation. . . . Ye-e-es . . . too marvellous . . . exquisite . . . electric fan . . . rather fine . . .

Sir GEORGE: Doing well?

Sir HERBERT: I am so good . . . beautiful theatre . . . Dome . . . Carlton . . . Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es.

Sir GEORGE: Big houses?

Sir HERBERT (closing his eyes): Ye-e-es—ye-e-es. . . . Beautiful theatre . . . Dome. . . . Ye-e-es. Ye-e-es . . . always charming . . . electric fan . . . big idea . . . little ribbons. . . . So fine. . . . (He lapses into a doze.)

Sir GEORGE sadly shakes his head and gazes tenderly at the silver hair of Sir Herbert. He then rises upon tip-toe, picks up his hat and stick, opens the door very quietly and makes his exit. As the door closes behind him, Sir HERBERT snores.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

eaten me up." Does Miss Bulkley realise that it is impossible to progress in two directions at once? I doubt it. To a woman, all things are possible—except progress.

I can say confidently that Miss Bulkley's advocacy of "free meals for all school children," as a stop-gap while an economic revolution is being made, is ridiculous; it is really only an item in the programme of those who are deliberately introducing the Servile State. So recently as June 26 of this year, Lord Haldane said: "I want to suggest to you five broad purposes which must be accomplished if the future generation is to be cared for, and the accomplishment of these purposes is latent in the Budget of my right hon. friend. The first is that everything that can be done must be done to enable the child to be born healthy. That means that the mother, too, will have to be looked after. The second is that the child when it comes to school must be cared for in its body as well as in its mind. The third is that towards the end of its school life it must be encouraged, and its parents must be assisted, to choose a definite career. Fourthly, we know that the great bulk of boys and girls must earn a livelihood in trade, but you can make of the preparation for that trade a great deal that is very fine. It is a means of education which they know abroad, but which we have not adequately known in this country. Fifthly, the abler and more competent children must have their chance at the end of their school time of going on to the secondary and technical schools, and the best of them to the universities." The only pertinent question: "Cui bono?"; Lord Haldane neither asked nor answered.

It is clear, then, that Miss Bulkley's proposals, whether accepted in their entirety or not, will not be temporary in their effect; indeed, the "salaried organisers," who must be appointed whatever course is adopted, would prevent that. Of what nature, then, will be the "determined attack" on the industrial conditions which are directly responsible for the mal-nutrition of the children? Is it the old programme of the decasualising of labour, insurance against sickness and unemployment, the minimum wage and the eight-hour day? Miss Bulkley does not say clearly, but her remark that "the principal end at which Society should aim is the removal of the causes, low wages, casual employment, recurrent periods of unemployment, and bad housing," indicates sufficiently what her "determined attack" means. That it is impossible to remove these causes without removing the cause of these causes, the system of production for private profit based on the wage-system, does not occur to her. There is no indication, at present, of any intention on the part of the State to organise production for national benefit; but there is every indication of an intention to nationalise the labourers for the benefit of the producers for private profit, and it is to this movement that Miss Bulkley is lending her support. It is a part of this process that even the self-government of the approved societies under the Insurance Act should be destroyed; and Mr. Handel Booth, in his capacity of Chairman of the Council of the Faculty of Insurance, has already raised the alarm against "the officers of the State, in the form of the Commissioners and their staffs . . . seeking to encroach upon the rightful domains of self-governing societies." Nothing else could be expected, for, as the purpose of State interference becomes clear to State officials, they must attempt to remove every obstacle between themselves and complete control of the people. Everything comes to support their purpose, eugenics, sexual morality, medical science, even pity for the women and children; and the purpose of it all is the State provision of cheap, because efficient, labour to the producers for private profit. The Greek poet said that "half a man's worth is taken away on the day that he becomes a slave"; and I do not doubt that the calculations of our rulers will be upset by the introduction of what may be soberly called the psychological factor.

A. E. R.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Do you know what "two years" mean? Two years! Two years to live!! To live!!! Ha!!!! I do not know what they mean, although I saw the play, and saw the actress clasp her forehead and heard her say these things. Two years! Two years to live! It must be a new riddle. Anyhow, she decided to LIVE these two years, but you must not jump to conclusions as her sister-in-law did; for the retort was: "I don't mean what you mean": or words to that effect. But what did she mean? Let us be clear about the premises. Diana Staffurth was not a child; she said so regularly; she was what she called a woman. Well, what is a woman? Consult the back numbers of THE NEW AGE for information on this subject. Diana Staffurth was a woman, the wife of a Member of Parliament. Now, a Member of Parliament does not need a woman for his wife; he needs a sort of automatic hostess. Very well, then; John Staffurth had married a peck of trouble, but, as he said, he had a pair of shoulders, and I must say that the tailor had not disguised the fact. Shoulders? They were like switchbacks.

Here, then, was a Member of Parliament with a pair of shoulders, and a wife on them. His wife. His lamb! His lambkin! Oh! the good shepherd! I suppose that he had his shoulders padded to provide a soft resting-place for his bleating ewe. But the ewe-lamb began to wheeze, or something like that; and the doctors were called in, three of them; two to condemn her to death, one to offer her a chance of life if she suffered his treatment. Would John tell her the truth? No; there were his damned shoulders in the way of the communication; so she listened at the door while the doctors were consulting, and heard the chief consultant pronounce her sentence of "two years at the utmost." Had she listened a little longer, she would have heard Passby-Evans say that she *could* be cured; I waited, and listened, and I heard it—but I am not a woman, I am quite a child in these matters. She heard just enough to suit her own purposes; she wanted to take the lid off her passions, and the "two years to live" gave her the excuse. Besides, the doctors advised that she should be amused. "Let her play bridge," said Maudslay. "Auction-bridge," added Sir William Medlicott. But her name was Diana, and she wanted her husband to take her to Central Africa to shoot lions. This was absurd, for even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald did not take his wife with him. Besides, John was a good politician, and could not leave London while the House was so very busy. There were other uses for his shoulders, so she had to stop at home. But she had to LIVE.

'Tis Life whereof our nerves are scant.
Oh, Life, not Death, for which we pant,
More Life, and fuller, that we want.

Tennyson said that, but she agreed so strongly with the sentiment that the half-rhyme would not have offended her; but how can one LIVE in Lowndes Square?

Enter the villain, the potential co-respondent; an Army man with a symbolical name, Captain Furness.

Men gaze, and then change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the roses and raptures of vice.

He sent her roses, red ones (see Robert Burns' works). Then he called to say good-bye; he was off to Africa, West Africa, the fever country, on an expedition. And, oh, how he, etc. Would she sing to him; would she recite to him? She would have danced for him, if he had asked. Then came the last request: would she write to him? She would; and although no word of love had passed, the fact that he kept the piano between them during most of the scene was indicative of much.

This, then, was LIFE; to write to a courageous but lonely bachelor during his six months' absence in West Africa. Consequences as usual. In the second act, Captain Furness has been back for a week, she has been LIVING, and people have begun to talk. Not that she cares about talk. She rubs her face against his photograph, and writes asking him to return her letters and not to see her again. Because she has not been riding in the Row, he comes; she asks for her letters, he does not wish to part with them, and invites her to dinner and the opera. She declines, not because people are talking, but because—well, where will it all end? You see, she was not a child, she was a woman; so she said to John, her husband: "Take me out to dinner and the opera." John could not; there was to be an important division at the House; she must wait until the following night. So she telephoned to Captain Furness accepting his invitation. Ah! you are nearly right this time.

The third act has two scenes, both in Captain Furness' rooms. She comes to supper after the opera, because people would talk at the Savoy; not that she cares about talk, but he has a career in the Army to consider. Now he makes love to her; now he kisses her; now they arrange to run away and LIVE. He will send in his papers, she will dismiss her husband; and by to-morrow night they will be at the other end of the earth. But she is not a child, she is a woman; and she observes that he has provided a magnificent supper. "You counted on my coming," she says indignantly. "I've never been counted upon in my life." It is all off; and back she goes to her husband.

She telephones next morning. His distinction between "counting" and "hoping" has appealed to her, and it is all on again. She has written, but her letter will not arrive until the second post. He goes out for a few minutes to book seats in expresses, and to do things of that nature; the letter arrives, and is placed on the mantelpiece, where the handwriting is recognised by John Staffurth, M.P., who has called for his wife's letters. The "outraged husband" business is out of date; so John Staffurth talks to Captain Furness, when he returns, as man to man. Both of them want to make Diana happy; which can do it better? She has eighteen months to live, and knows it; does Furness think that he can make her happy? The answer is in the negative; in Furness' opinion, no man could make her happy while she was tortured by the idea that her life was limited. So the letters are given up, the last one unread and unopened. The elderly husband has triumphed over the young and vigorous lover.

Fourth act. The doctors appear again. Passby-Evans was right; Diana may live for ever, if she chooses, so far as medical opinion is concerned. Furness has telephoned to tell her of her husband's visit to him, and its result, and she is just about to blow out her brains when her husband enters with the letters. John's shoulders are exercised again; explanations are curtailed, she offers him the letters to read, particularly the unopened one, but the wise man destroys it unread. He has at last recognised that wives have rights—diurnal and nocturnal rites and rights; and he determines that he and his wife will LIVE together, no definition given. But his sister has told him things, so he compliments his wife concerning her costume. Raptures of the wife. Then to compensate her for the cub of which he had deprived her, he presents her with a Pekinese puppy. "Oh, you darling," she says; but whether to the husband or the puppy, I am not sure. Anyhow, as the curtain descends, she is on her knees adoring either the puppy or the husband, or both; she is going to live for ever, and be a good wife to a politician who lives in Lowndes Square. The play is called, by me, "Drivel"; it is written by E. Temple Thurston, and is presented at the Haymarket Theatre. I was not asked to go, so I have no one to blame but myself for what I suffered. It serves me right for being so temerarious.

Pastiche.

IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS.

VII.

I fell among la jeunesse dorée the other evening. My Roumanian, who I find is a Russian, but it's all the same to me, invited me with a thousand lying assurances. He never said a word about all that red carpet and old oak more than Waring's and Wardour Street together ever dreamed of. But he did say I could leave at once if I were bored—it was a little soirée à la Montparnasse. It wasn't anything of the kind, and I couldn't leave when I wanted to, which was five minutes after I arrived; I had to wait a good half-hour until he had sung. I must say it was nearly worth it. It was miles away from my spot, somewhere awfully gorgeous. Well, waiters and other things opened the door, and in a second I knew I should suffocate. But there was one lark. A crowd of English of the nuttish genre were annoyed to see that I saw them (they were in all sorts of quaint demi-rig-ups) trying to be awfully in everything in face of a nude and foul-mouthed female dancer. I left after with a final scowl at the preposterous oak, and the host said he was desolated. I heard that within an hour everyone was fast asleep. Bah! But there comes a real fête here soon, the fourteenth of July. If God spares me, I shall amuse myself, for they tell me that there run three days of carnival and not an arrest all through Paris; the gendarmes themselves lead the dancing. But, anyway, these Paris police are men of the world. I heard one reason a monsieur out of a situation which would have required three bobbies and a magistrate to deal with in London. It is all this kind of mental elasticity which makes one feel more civilised here than at home, and in spite of the primitive plumbing.

I'm afraid the destinies are trying to thwart my preference for the simple and penniless. Yesterday, I was lured again among the carpets, to correct, if possible, my impressions of the pictures of Rousseau, not to mention Chinese carvings, and the fattest pug I ever saw who guards nine Rousseaus. It's no use, though, I find Rousseau bourgeois, sentimental and rusé. I behaved myself very badly. The large painting was there of Picasso, a well-dressed Colossus with a palette apparently looking for something left to paint amidst a toyshop world of signal-posts and bridges and aeroplanes all clean as enamelled pins. And there was the picture of Rousseau's kindred stiffly arranged like a Victorian family photograph out on the grass in scandalous rejection of the verities, everyone of 'em a standing fib in its best clothes. But Rousseau's portrait of himself with Ma Rousseau nearly killed me! Outside was a big cemetery, and I went and pretended to look at it for fear I should simply bust. They are both in black. hair, moustaches, clothes and all, and rigidly holding hands over some little trees that look like the flora of the Strand Hotel, and a country background superbly painted. It is a tricky contrast, and I can't think why all the grocers don't rush to get done like that. They do not, however. But the great touch! The two heads, etherealised up in the sky, each in a little white heavenly cloud, Pa's moustache gone a bit grey, and Ma sanctified by a life of Sundays in black. The artist does paint (sometimes) a country scene that you would forget it wasn't real except for some rotten little ruse of a square man or a dog à la Gamage, or a tree apparently trimmed with giant ears of corn instead of branches! But perhaps I didn't regard it in the right spirit, since I found never quite the true thing anywhere. It's no good challenging myself to say what the true thing is in art. You see it when it's there, and you don't see it when it's not there. I don't know why I get dragged about Paris to look at Rousseaus, and now it is cold again, and I've made thousands of promises to go everywhere when it grew cool, thinking it never would. Ah, by the way, Mr. Walter Sickert-whom-I-adore's compliments to women painters will not wash with me! All examined, they only amount to a favourable comparison with some young men crack-pots, but you know *no man can* pay us a compliment that will really wash at the expense of his own sex. I wonder if the lady-painters were taken in! I expect they were. But Mr. Sickert can say anything he likes for all I mind about the truth of femininics; when he is en train, he reads well in Paris. I wonder what he would say about the Rousseaus? O bother Rousseau! But it is difficult to drop him for the moment. What beats me is when, for instance, an unsentimental artist like Modigliani says, *Oui, très joli*, about him. One of Modigliani's stone heads was on a

table below the painting of Picasso, and the contrast between the true thing and the true-to-life thing nearly split me. I would like to buy one of those heads, but I'm sure they cost pounds to make, and the Italian is liable to give you anything you look interested in. No wonder he is the spoiled child of the quarter, enfant sometimes-terrible but always forgiven—half Paris is in morally illegal possession of his designs. "Nothing's lost!" he says, and bang goes another drawing for two-pence or nothing, while he dreams off to some café to borrow a franc for some more paper! It's all very New Agey, and, like us, he will have, as an art-dealer said to me, "a very good remember." They say here that he will do no more of these questionless, immobile heads, as his designs begin to set the immobile amidst the mobile. He is a very beautiful person to look at, when he is shaven, about twenty-eight, I should think, always either laughing or quarrelling à la Rotonde, which is a furious tongue-duel umpired by a shrug that never forgets the coffee. If he only hadn't said thingamy was très joli, I would have left off without remarking that he horrifies some English friends of mine whose flat overlooks his studio by tubbing at two hour intervals in the garden, and occasionally lighting all up after midnight apparently as an aid to sculpturing Babel. Speaking about studios, mine is a duck with two rooms and real running water and gas and crowds of chests of drawers and wardrobes, and only sixty-five francs a month. Anyone will know how cheap that is for Montparnasse. I've inspected the whole quarter and seen nothing near it under a hundred and fifty furnished. You've jolly well got to pig if you want to live cheaply here. I call lack of plumbing piggery, which it is! My concierge is also a duck, and everything's very joyful except a large rat which is a shocking thief.

ALICE MORNING.

THE INHERITOR.

After Sully Prudhomme (1839—1907).

I am kind-hearted, wish no creature ill,
Yet take of oxen stunned by hands more strong,
And, spite my gentleness, am glad the thong
Should make my spent horse hasten up the hill.
I am fair-minded, deem the poor I meet
My brothers as I throw them scraps of bread;
And share the meal self-stinting care has spread
That from a burdened table I may eat.

Honest, my sleek well-being knows no debt.
I eat of bread begot of others' sweat
On fields made fertile by my sires' dead help.
Thus on unending massacre I browse.
Nature's elect, I forage or I drowse,
Bland-eyed and bloody as an ogre's whelp.

WILFRID THORLEY.

MORE CONTEMPTORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHÖFER.

(7) THE DAILY SKETCH.

WILL PINK EYELASHES BE THE RAGE?

The fault of these times is too much intellect. It is unpractical; it doesn't pay; it loses time. What we all want to see is lots of good, remunerative work done—good biz. all-round, lots of the sort of thing the public likes. The so-called man of intellect always seems to think he knows everything better than anyone else, but he doesn't; the public knows what it wants and what it wants to pay for, and all the best men and women mean to give it to them. To be smart and up to date is the prime consideration in these days, don't you think so? . . .

"The Man in the Area."

ECHOES OF TOWN.

Why the Cat Whistled.

I witnessed Lady Toodlekin's small reception yesterday through the keyhole of her boudoir at the Savoy Hotel. The Hon. Algernon Nutt was there, looking very tired, I thought. Poor chap! He was telling me only last Sunday morning how fed up he was with invitations. Are our young aristocrats being bored to death? It really begins to look very like it. But, then, London society, as a prominent hostess told a friend of mine last week, is so dull nowadays that it is enough to, in her own phrase, "make a cat whistle."

Sandwiches.

I heard a really good joke last Tuesday. I was dining in Soho with a friend of mine and Miss Lettie Lollipops, who is looking all the better for her recent sea-trip to St. Barts, on the Welsh coast. Halfway through the first course, Lettie leaned over my side and said, "Say, Mr. Gossip, I guess you're a 'cute fan. Just answer me

this. Why needn't no man ever starve in the desert?" I told her I didn't know, and she said, "Why, he needn't starve, because of the sand which is there!" My friend and I applauded her wit. What do you think?

Our Vulgarity Competition.

I am pleased to be able to announce the result of our Vulgarity Competition, in which our readers had to decide which was the most go-ahead and vulgar paper on the bookstalls to-day. As I hoped and expected, the "Daily Sketch" heads the poll by an overwhelming majority. I append herewith a list of the first ten, with the number of votes recorded for each. The prizewinner is Mr. Hal Pickle, 37, Nightingale Tenements, Manchester, whose list came nearest to the correct one.

The 1st Ten.

Daily Sketch	37,051
Ideas	24,432
Daily Mirror	19,560
Daily Mail	19,423
English Review	18,912
John Bull and Times (new style)—equal	16,071
Daily Express	15,978
Punch and Photo Phits—equal	9,721

Good for Oolton.

You know, I suppose, that the two first, the "Daily Sketch" and "Ideas" both belong to the same philanthropist, Mr. Oolton, whom I heartily congratulate on the excellent result. For the rest, I am glad to see the rapid strides to fame that the "Times" is making under the guidance of Lord Harmsworth. They tell me it is called now "The Penny Blood-and-Thunderer." And another pleasing sign, to my mind, is that the business talent and enterprise of Sir Owen Seaman is at last being appreciated by the readers of "Punch-below-the-belt." But I was certain the "Daily Sketch" would win. No one can touch us for go-aheadness. We are It. Don't you think so?

Eggs and Bacon.

The death of Mr. Jeremiah Diddler last Tuesday reminds me that I used to live next door to his stables when he was living in that big house of his at Hull. I became quite intimate with him, and, in fact, I used to see him every morning at breakfast. He always used to have bacon and eggs, with toast and an apple to follow. But after the first two years at Hull, he changed his breakfast-room round to the front of the house, and my field-glasses were no longer of use to me. I wonder if he changed his menu at the same time? Do you fancy he did?

"Mr. Gossip."

HOW THE BRIGHTON MURDERER WAS HANGED.

(Exclusive to the "Daily Sketch.")

Determined to cater for its readers to the best of its ability, the "Daily Sketch" sent a special representative to be early in attendance at Pentonville yesterday. He saw . . . out stepped . . . blanched . . . bandaged . . . chaplain . . . lever . . . calm air and the sparrows twittering . . . gallows bent under the weight (see photographs on front page) . . . I inspected the body later in the mortuary (see photographs on middle page). The face was. . .

VILLAGE LUNATIC LOSES HIS EYE.

(See photographs on middle page.) . . .

STRONG MURDER TRAGEDY.

(See photographs on middle page.) . . .

BIGAMY COMEDY.

(See photographs on middle page.) . . .

SHOULD WOMEN WEAR SOCKS?

(See photographs on front page.) . . .

NEW SUICIDE DRAMA: CORPSE IDENTIFIED.

(See photographs on back page.) . . .

ADVTS.—Wonderful discovery; marvellous Secret Remedy for Blushing; something every sufferer should know; worth £5; only 2s. 6d.; privately.—Ellis, Lambert Street, Hull.

A Private Gentleman will be pleased to oblige ladies and gentlemen with cash accommodation at 10 per cent. through the post.—H. Moore, Bridgecrest, Worthing.

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Face a Mass of Sores. Eczema on Face and Ears. Now Quite Well.—Wonderful New Free Medicine. . . .

How to earn £50 on a capital of 15s. . . . Free Jewellery for readers of the "Daily Sketch." Special Advantageous Offer. . . .

"Matrimonial Gazette," oldest, quickest, and best introductory medium; in plain sealed envelope, 3d.—Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW TRANSPORT COMPANY.

Sir,—I see that you are kind enough to make friendly mention of this company in your issue of the 25th ult.

With the economic reform of transport the tonnage transported would very greatly increase. I do not think that the number of railway workmen would decrease, although the hours per man per week would be less than they now are. 400,000 men working a 10-hour day is equivalent to 500,000 men working an 8-hour day, the sum total in each case being 4,000,000 men-hours per diem. Under economic conditions the increase in the number of men employed in order to allow an 8-hour day would not be necessary. 400,000 men with an 8-hour day could do the whole of the work, and would continue to handle the increased tonnage as greater and greater economies were made by the building of the requisite number of Clearing Houses.

I have not seen the official report of Sir Charles Owen's evidence before the Royal Commission now sitting, but according to the report published by the "Railway News," a very reliable paper, it would seem that he has stated that the present railway crisis has been brought about, *inter alia*, by the increased cost of material used by railways. It would seem that Sir Charles Owen must be under a misapprehension on this head, as during the last forty years the average export price of manufactures of steel, has dropped from £78 per ton to £12 per ton, and steel is, we all know, the chief material used by railway companies. Had it not been for this drop in the price of steel, due to the introduction of the Bessemer process, the railway crisis would have arisen forty years ago, as the appalling waste of railway management could not have been maintained except in the presence of a great compensating scientific economy. How great that waste is, is conclusively shown by the accompanying diagram of the Life of a Goods Wagon.

A. W. GATTIE, *Chairman.*

[Our argument that the effect of economies in railway transport must result in a reduction of the number of men employed was based on the assumption that the present volume of traffic was maintained. Volume for volume, we say that a more economic handling of goods must mean a reduction in the number of men employed. We notice that the General Manager of the S.E. and C. Railway has said: "I do not quite see how the saving can be achieved without a very big reduction in the amount paid in wages . . . if the active life of an engine is to be enormously increased, and machinery is to be used to do work which is done by hand now—if there is to be a big saving, there must be a displacement of labour . . . There must be trouble for the moment, because I do not see how you can make things immediately better for all the railwaymen, and, at the same time, save a lot of money, for the waste of this engine time is mainly in wages." Mr. Gattie relies on the increase in the volume of traffic for his counter-argument that the number of railway workers would not decrease. Apart from the fact that he is dealing in prophecy, we think that Mr. Gattie is unduly optimistic, from our point of view. We do not know what a "man-hour" means in connection with Mr. Gattie's proposals; for we do not know the capacity of the machinery that he is employing, and Mr. Gattie has not, to our knowledge, prepared statistics showing the relation of labour-time to volume of traffic under present conditions and those that he advocates. If an 8-hour day can be granted without increasing the number of men, and the volume of traffic can also be enlarged without increasing the number of men employed in handling it, we can only admit that we are confronted with a labour-saving device whose effect is at present incalculable. There is as much justification for the prophecy that the economies proposed by Mr. Gattie will not only increase the volume of traffic, but actually reduce the number of men employed at present, as for his own assumption that the number of men employed will remain the same, although the volume of traffic will be increased. The fact that the railways at present pay more in dividends than they do in wages makes us sceptical of Mr. Gattie's argument that the economies he proposes will really benefit the railwaymen.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

ON LEADERS.

Sir,—The real implication of Jim Larkin's "ultimatum" and its reception appears to have escaped atten-

tion thus far. The episode is a refutation of democracy as a working principle. The word democracy has been so much mouthed, by earnest men as well as by knaves and fools, that most people regard its desirability as axiomatic.

Carlyle, Ibsen, Nietzsche will yet have to be heeded in this matter. "Democracy," said Carlyle, "means despair of finding Heroes to govern us, and contented putting-up with the want of them." That, indeed, appears to be the pass we are come to. THE NEW AGE has been almost alone in crying out against leaders who do not lead. We have deemed ourselves happy if leaders but did as they were bidden—carried out the mandates of congresses, forsooth!

In a leading article on June 25, the "Daily Herald" gave a quite sympathetic description of the typical Labour leader's decay, and showed no symptoms of nausea. "Nervous about his future should he ever be driven out of this pleasant mode of life"! But, surely, such men are as utterly incapable of leading Britain out of bondage as any caucus of "penny-in-the-pound baronets"!

Carlyle wrote, in prophetic vein—"The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only." One wonders, is that hour now spent? For, observe what has happened. Larkin has kicked away the hobbling reverence for mandates. He has passionately denied the right of every blockhead to say what he, as leader, may do or say, what leave undone, unsaid. He has declared, in effect, "If you will prevail, you must find one wiser, better, braver than you all, and obey him. I am such a one. Accept me on those terms, and I will be your leader, commander, and you shall do my bidding. But as for me, I will obey no blockhead, nor any majority of blockheads." And they have accepted him. Connolly apparently spoke for them all when he said, "I stand for Jim because I believe he is the best man our class has yet turned out in Ireland." In short, we are face to face with a reassertion of aristocracy, and curt denial of democracy.

The question remains, whether this be an isolated, fortuitous case, or a harbinger. If, in the place of the present elevation of mediocrities who will contemptibly flatter their even duller masters and do their stupidest behests, there be raised by Labour a hue and cry for real kings—men who are wise—and real dukes—men who can lead—why then, we shall see what we shall see.

Who shall say that among the deserts and mountains there are not even now *men* groaning like Zarathustra, "Whither shall I now descend with my longing?"

"Many a one who hath turned away from life, hath only turned away from the rabble; he hated to share with them fountain, flame, and fruit." Yet, if there be hands outstretched, we may witness some notable "down-goings."

A WORKING MAN.

* * *

REDMOND HOWARD v. PETER FANNING.

Sir,—I had always fondly thought that the last word upon "the atrocious crime of being a young man" had been spoken when Pitt gave Fox that famous retort in which, while admitting the guilt of the accusation for what it was worth, he replied that at least he could content himself with thinking that at least he did not belong to those on whom all experience is wasted and for whom old age consequently brings no respect, and I had always thought it a far too ludicrous attitude to take up in controversies for anyone to risk employing it as his main argument.

Mr. Peter Fanning's humorous impersonation of Fox in the character of the heavy statesman, however, rather provokes the parallel impersonation of Pitt.

The tone of his letter on myself in regard to Home Rule was delightfully "heavy," but not without a certain touch of humour, if rather pathetic in one so old. First as to the points raised by him, they are singularly ill-chosen for his purpose, singularly fortunate for mine. My ignorance apparently stank to heaven when I detected a similarity of principle between the Republican Ferreira and the aristocratic Volunteers of Ulster, which is none other but the right to resist by open force the injustice of foreign legislation. I repeat the parable with emphasis: if England to-day misunderstands Ulster's true spirit, it is a sign she has always misunderstood

(a fortiori) the Nationalist spirit; if Belfast rises in revolt, the halo of glory is for ever secured to the men of Wexford. I thought it too obvious to amplify at the time, but there was no insinuation that the two resembled each other aught else, so we might have been spared those five paragraphs to prove the self-evident, written with all the passion of an archangel describing the inner meaning of the Apocalypse. Does the dawn of a platitude always have the effect of a divine revelation on you, O aged wisdom?

My second "ecstasy of folly," I believe, was that a concession embodying some sort of exclusive treatment for Ulster was described by me as highly statesmanlike. It is now universally recognised as the only way by everybody, except, apparently, by Peter Athanasius Contra-Wisdom Fanning, who will, like the solitary dissentient jurymen who declared of his fellow-jurors that he had never come across twelve (?) more obstinate men in his life, suddenly singles me out as an example of lying, ignorance, impertinence, and ambitious insincerity, and this chiefly because he has never even heard of me before. The humour of such an attack is colossal to the Celtic mind; the tears rain down my face as I read it.

But to be serious: surely it is too obvious a point to urge that the Unionist Party, having abandoned their main contention, namely, that Home Rule was disastrous and disruptive, and falling back upon the possibility of intolerance being shown towards Ulster by Dublin, the main principle of Home Rule has been acknowledged. I'm sure that this might eventually have been revealed to Peter Fanning had not my signing of the Covenant come to complicate the mystery, especially when I admitted that I believed that ultimately Ulster would find it was a false, if necessary, step.

I purposely chose the apparent inconsistency to point out the paradox of the situation. Home Rule has never meant the Repeal of the Union to begin with. But that's not the point. So convinced an autonomist am I that not only do I believe that the Home Rule Bill is beneficial, and this not merely to the Empire and to Ireland alone, but even to Ulster, which, by the way, could never be under a more potent dictatorship than the present. And so embued am I with the Home Rule spirit that I am willing to await the time when Ulster finds it out for herself rather than run the risk of putting into the Dublin Parliament an element which will be unsympathetic towards its enthusiasm—nay, so hateful is the spirit of coercion to me that I would not have a single county coerced or subdued by force of English arms, and would a thousand times prefer to die defending Ulstermen than to join the force now being raised to compel them to be parties to a contract in which freedom must be the very keynote. And could Peter Fanning give me a better definition of Home Rule out of that ancient head of his than that it is the embodiment of the Right inherent in every minority to preserve what it considers to be its individual needs whenever these do not interfere with the just claims of the majority?

So, after all, speaking of it as a question of fact, there was no foundation for that vast superstructure of insinuation that I had been untrue to my principles; and, by the way, it's a very foolish thing indeed to turn one's coat because one's got a hole in one's pocket. It's like a sock; you can't escape it that way. But I do not resent the error of fact so much as the real accusation underlying it, namely, that all intellectual change is immoral. Was it not Newman who said that to be perfect was to have changed many times?

I do not know what old age, as represented by Mr. Peter Fanning, thinks on this matter, but I know that THE NEW AGE, in which we live and think and have our being, knows of no greater insult than that it should be "accused" of change. Apostacy has long ago been looked upon as the highest form of religious sincerity and fidelity for the sake of tradition the most degraded form of intellectual vice, and you accuse me of daring to think for myself because of a paltry relationship of blood, as if it were both a crime and a folly. My dear sir, take a young man's advice. Surely if he had such opinions, there were other methods of self-stultification than writing to the public Press about it.

He admits he has never heard it before, yet he is perfectly convinced that I am on the make, and he tells me in the same breath that I am pursuing a "falling between two stools" policy, thereby really exculpating me according to any evidence he has got; and all this balderdash about teaching grandmothers to suck eggs and the im-

pertinence of speaking out till finally one can only refuse to take him seriously at all, and controversy becomes like trying to fence with a dancing dervish, and all this rot in the name of an effete great-parental authority which tries to make ancestry into an argument, instead of merely treating it as a fact. I may be young—very young. I hope to be known, as I am proud to be known, by my youth; but from such an old age, good Lord deliver me!

It was a very foolish letter on the whole—that of Mr. Fanning's—but very typical of all I have wanted to exemplify to the readers of THE NEW AGE, and as such, I think it will itself take the place of that comic relief so necessary to such a dull subject. It exemplified all those passing forms of controversy based on the "argumentum ad hominem," which, beginning with an admission of ignorance by the way, was very badly worked. It illustrated all that is most pernicious and despicable in Irish controversy—the inability to see anything in a thinker than an individual on the make—but there is one thing for which I do feel grateful, and that is for giving me an opportunity of explaining my position, and helping me to do so, for, strange to say, there is not a single accusation which will not be understood by my readers as really a tribute of praise; and for that I take off my hat to him. There's not one of his accusations which I do not revel in, from the impertinence of criticising a relative down to the practical certainty, on his assurance, that my work will bring me no rewards from either party; we know now how the older generation of the "Fanning" type thought and were disillusioned about that old parental myth that age automatically confers infallibility; but the tone! The "Papa knows best" stop was too funny for words, one has to read it aloud with blue spectacles, loose teeth, carpet slippers, and a walking-stick to enjoy its full value. "How dare you contradict—yer-yer-elders—when I was a boy I should have been thrashed." Try it on the dog, or at a smoking concert, it's really amusing; but, oh, no, not in THE NEW AGE. The editor must have been over-indulgent, possibly it was a curiosity; but—run away, old man—many a better man has slipped on the banana skin of the Irish question, but never was there such a scene of blustering denunciation against youth that delights in that fruit and knows how to eat it, and, besides, it was a rather unfortunate simile that about the youngster trying to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs, for it is a principle which, if true, should apply to the shying of eggs as well, and I'll back the youngster every time. By the way, all your eggs missed me, but, well, I'm sorry if none of mine have. I can't help joking. The Celt again, I expect, but I never laugh more than at an Irishman in a temper, and old men can be so much most ludicrous when they try, eh?

L. G. REDMOND HOWARD.

* * *

THE SEX OGRESS.

Sir,—Mr. Arundel del Ré's courageous letter positively demands all the attention you can possibly afford. Indeed, I think it would be excellent if you could devote a new special supplement to the sex question in the manner of the "New Waitman." If I may take up so much of your space, I should like to offer the following programme of headings for your use—when you have become a feminist, of course.

1. What Every Woman Wants. By Henry Granville Wails.
- 1a. What Every Woman Cannot Have. By Gregory Brandisher Shakespeare.
- 1b. Three Cases of Hypospadias. By Cling Willowly Sleepy.
2. Prostitutes and How to Prostitute Them by an Abolition Act. By Trundley Tray.
3. The Problem of the Age of Consent. By Mrs. Alcibiades Mcqueeron.
- 3a. Flagellant Purity. By the Bishop of Blundell.
- 3b. Complications Induced by the More Highly Sensitised Menopause. By Scheherazade Crankburst.
4. Tango Teas and Masturbation. By Prudery Pickle.
5. The Percentage of Congenital Hydrocele Among the Fishes of the Sargasso Sea. By Sadly Whipped.
6. A General Summary by Whoever Cares to Do It.

This, of course, merely indicates the appalling depth, height and width of the sex question. I hope that both you and Mr. del Ré will stand shoulder to shoulder with me like the Graces, when I say that until the sexes have congregated together in a congress Sex will remain a

blood-sucking, bone-scrunching Ogress, a vampire brooding blackly over this fair land of England. Sir! Of what use is it to inculcate Guild principles while Hodge, unregenerate, sports with Amaryllis in the shade, and Phyllis empties her milk-pail over their heads? The Wage System, the Insurance Act, the Feminists—none of these can be abolished before prostitutes. The sex congress is the hope of the world. J. MOLONY.

* * *

"TAKE THE CASH AND LET . . ."

Sir,—It is a melancholy duty that we have to perform, but even on that account we cannot leave it undone. Being cursed with the habit of telling the truth as we find it, we approach this task with something of the Nietzschean fortitude, and, if we succeed in slaying a monetary monster, howls, jeers, and curses will be our best reward. On our desk we have the April issue of "The Clerk," and with it a little pile of literature. The latter is supposed to be explanatory of the aims and work of the National Union of Clerks. In the attached circular we are asked to direct our attention to Bulletin No. 10, with table of contributions and benefits; it is rather fortunate advice, as we might have taken it to be a free membership society. Nothing can be done without money. When we remember the tremendous pull from its advertisements in THE NEW AGE's struggle for existence, we at once fall down and lick the golden calves of Mammon; our eyes glisten at the sight of money, of benefits, of increased wages, and, mark you, the National Union of Clerks is also an Approved Society. In these circumstances, and with the joyous cry in our ears of ninepence for fourpence, we wonder if it would be possible to be a free member for the difference of fivepence per week? This finance is good enough for a Chancellor of the Exchequer; would it suit the N.U.C.? The circular is a type-copy, with a stamped signature, and the whole bundle came in a window envelope. What business acumen! What labour-saving! Bulletin No. 10 set our mercenary eyes wobbling again. On it are stated the reasons why all office workers should join. Altogether there are eight, but the fifth is a thing of joy and beauty: "It is an Approved Society for State Insurance Benefits." Nearly approaching this in sublimity is the seventh: "It welcomes both Men and Women Clerks as members on terms of equality—if women clerks do the same work as men, they should receive the same pay." The last word, of course, should read wages, but the compiler unconsciously slipped over a pearl of great price! Lest readers should think that the N.U.C. is not 'cute, slick, and up to date, we may say that they are on the "phone," as they have it. Bulletin No. 12. This states that you get something for 2d. a week, you get something for 4d. a year, you get something for 1s. a year, and you get something for 6d. a year. It would seem that there are marvellous powers in that 2d. To quote from the leaflet: "In short, your 2d. a week will help you to cease being a 'mere clerk,' and to become a human being with a soul of your own." Any man believing a tale of that kind would certainly be in possession of a soul worth 2d.

Another leaflet contains a personal appeal: "Looking at the question from a purely selfish standpoint, by making the N.U.C. your Approved Society, you will not only be getting better Friendly Society benefits, but, by combining with your fellow-clerks in your own organisation, secure great ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL benefits, which will far outweigh any Friendly Society benefits." O Profits, what things are perpetrated in thy vile name! It is not to be expected that those who catch the pieces (not the crumbs) from the rich man's table could think in any other terms but those of profits. They carry on the master's game of everyone for himself and paralyse your rival. It would be high blasphemy to characterise this piece of advertisement as soulless.

Bulletin No. 11. This is entitled, "Can Clerks Kick?" being an open letter to the Clerk's Best Girl, by R. B. Suthers, the "Clarion" genius. As an advertisement for the "Twopenny-Souled" it is good; it would be equally good for Beecham's Pills or Phosferine; if the labour scientists can turn out this stuff, then they and their followers merit all the kicks they get from their monied betters.

And now for the pièce de résistance, the April issue of "The Clerk": "Wolverhampton is Fighting our Battle; have you helped by paying the strike levy promptly?" In this manner the "Twopenny-Souled" are reminded of their obligations. Money, money, all the way, and not a bit to spare! In the name of Heaven,

we protest against this cry of cash. In trying to fight capital with money, there is only one result, the clerks and workers of every grade will suffer defeat. As a parallel, witness the Soudan War; spears and matchlocks were useless against Maxim guns. In a like manner, capitalists, knowing every rope of the golden ship, will win every time. To their attack unlike methods must be used; why not try fighting for stakes?

The paper in question is a mixture of "Everyman," "John Bull," and "Amateur Gardening," and our pen begins to tremble; we sway between irresolution and duty. "To go on or stop?" that is the question. We think we will conclude. To the slobber termed "Local Activities," and the painful moral of "The Black List," being a category of remittances required, the letter from a correspondent signing himself "H. B. H." of Coventry, is in notable contrast. We quote the most striking part of his letter:—

"It may probably be essential that our outlook be changed; that, instead of accepting the perpetuity of the present system, we accept and propagate the creed for the 'Abolition of the Wage System.' Such an ideal would compel us to realise its first necessity before any real progress could be made, which is to so organise the clerical profession to become, as a class, 'blackleg proof.' If our energies and cash are expended in this direction, the appeal to the outsider would be far more enlivening, and it would be better that our activities were merged this way, rather than we should suffer the division of forces which Parliamentary policy is likely to create. All of us can agree on an economic issue, but in the world of politics, where passions are disturbed, we create not unity, but disunity. The line of least resistance should therefore be our path."

The editor adds a footnote to this: "Will 'H. B. H.' do the next thing necessary and present a scheme giving details of finance." The two final words complete our disgust; we wish now that we had accepted the invitation to play "Here we go round the mulberry bush" with our own economic responsibility; it would have been more elevating than our bout with the Twopenny-Souled Union. CHRISTOPHER GAY.

* * *

MR. SICKERT versus "THE THICKEST PAINTERS."

Sir,—I have read with interest Mr. Sickert's article on "The Thickest Painters in London."

Both Mr. George Moore and Mr. Sickert are wrong about the words "l'addition" and "la note." On the one hand, "l'addition" has not ousted the word "la note"; on the other hand, both words are commonly used in France. Nevertheless, there is a slight "nuance" in their application. The word "l'addition" would be used, let us say, after a good lunch at the "Café des Variétés"; while the word "la note" would be used as applied to a larger bill, in the event, let us say, of one having stayed some time at the "Hotel du Lion d'Or et du Prince Eugène, rue du Faubourg Saint Antoine."

I consider the above question far more important than impasto. CHARLES GINNER.

* * *

PHYSIC TO A GAY —

Sir,—What a wasp you have in Christopher Gay! I really believe he thinks the millennium will be at hand when the Insurance Act is destroyed; when the sky falls we shall catch larks. I do not like the latter part of his letter—it is deliberately rude; I am convinced that at one time he must have been familiar with the colours yellow and black. Couldn't he try for a few lines or so to cultivate sweetness, and light would be added unto it? He may be interested to know that I read of a man who poisoned himself through biting his own tongue; I sincerely hope that this fate does not await him.

I have read "The Lotos Eaters" again, but I fail to see any connection between Tennyson's beautiful poem and an insurance card; perhaps there is one in the brain of your contributor. This organ of his seems to be in a perpetual state of white heat; he asks me what is the matter with Tagore. I reply by asking him what is the matter with Aldgate Pump? It seems to me that all men are mad on one subject, and that Prince of Mountebanks from Wales has supplied the one thing needful to C. G. Apparently, he does not peruse "Readers and Writers"; if he had done so and acquired "The Select Works of Plotinus," he would stand a better chance of living in consonance with his pleasant name.

THOMAS SADD.

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