

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AGAINST the decision of the Lancashire cotton-spinners to limit their output during the present glut in the world-market no economist can have a word to say. It was either this or a temporary reduction in price which might very well have become permanent. Nor can the means of the limitation be cavilled at, since each spinner is left free to consult his convenience in the matter of the three weeks' general suspension. So long as this period is cut off from their usual working time between now and October, the purposes of the holiday will have been served; for by that time the world-market will have made up the leeway between its demand and Lancashire's supply. On the other hand it occurs to us that the mere fact that Lancashire is compelled to go on short time to enable the world to catch up with its output is a pretty challenge to most of the accepted theories of competitive economics. It shows, in the first place, with how comparatively little work the world's simpler needs, at any rate, can be supplied. Here is the small area of Lancashire capable practically of supplying cotton for the world's consumption. Again it indicates the ease with which a practical monopoly can maintain prices even in a market as large as the world. Once again it suggests the reflection of what must happen in the years to come as the result of the multiplication of machinery and the corresponding reduction of the price of labour. Must it not involve a tendency to repeated gluts owing to a simultaneous increase in the potential output and a decrease in the effective demand? Finally, the curt note in the report to the effect that "the operatives were not consulted" proves clearly the extent of *their* co-operation. As little as the convenience of the iron machines is taken into account is the convenience of the human machines considered. The trade required a reduced output as a condition of the maintenance of profits. Wages, being only the commodity value of labour, and by no means a first claim in any sense of the word, may be cut altogether and the human beings who live by wages with them.

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We have nothing, however, to say against this, for while the wage-system remains and is tolerated the

bitter fruit must be gathered by the proletariat. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs upon thistles. The proletariat—even of canny Lancashire!—consent to be treated as machines and cattle, and as machines and cattle they must expect to be closed down or turned out when they are not wanted. On the other hand, we may permit ourselves still to be amazed at the hypocrisy of the employing classes who, while of their own accord in one place they reduce the hours of labour rather than reduce prices or wages, in another place object to precisely the same procedure when it is suggested by the operatives. In the Scotch coal market at this moment, for reasons too intricate to matter here, a temporary glut has been induced that requires in the interest of profits a treatment similar to that given by the Lancashire cotton spinners to the same complaint. That is to say, either prices must be lowered or wages must be reduced or the output must be restricted by means of holidays. Would it be believed, save by the readers of the "Times" and such-like credulous persons, that not only have the Scotch coal-masters chosen to reduce wages, but they have refused to listen to the counter proposals of the men to work on short time, namely, four instead of five or six days a week? Why this perversity, this cruelty? If, as we can easily understand, the owners dare not lower prices temporarily lest they find prices lowered permanently, surely the same objection may reasonably be taken by the men against a temporary lowering of *their* prices, which are wages? The employers would not, we imagine, relish a command from a superior power to lower prices at all risks—how can they expect their men to consent at dictation to the lowering of wages? The scales are uneven and there is no justice in the employers. At worst they might accept the men's demands as fair, since the Lancashire employers have actually forced the same terms upon their operatives without waiting to be invited. What Lancashire thinks to-day surely Scotland can think to-morrow.

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Our axiom that economic power precedes political power has been challenged, but never, to our knowledge, by economists or politicians. Like all good axioms, in fact, it is self-evident, and every relevant event serves only to illustrate it. Take, for example, the Third Interim Report made by the Economic Commission of South Africa. The simple statement therein published that some sixty per cent. of the total Union revenue is obtained from the mining industry gives us

a clue both to the recent history of South Africa and to its probable future. A government, we have often observed, is drawn by necessity to the sources of its revenue; and since these in South Africa are the property of the mineowners, it follows that between the South African Government and the South African mining magnates there is a reciprocity of need and service very confusing to the separate identity of either party. The South African Government, in other words, is the mining interest; and the mining interest is the South African Government. Or, if the terms are not exactly convertible, they are as nearly identical as no matter. These twins being Siamese, is it any wonder, we ask, that the economic policy of the mine-owners is reflected in the political policy of the Union Parliament? On the contrary, it would be a miracle if it were not. Thus easily is it to be seen that the relation between economic and political power is one of cause and consequence.

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But while economic power remains, as it does, in the hands of capitalists, not only may politics be expected to be capitalist in character, but everything that enters the political machine must be converted to capitalist uses. The ingenuity, indeed, with which capitalist politicians masticate and assimilate for the use of their masters the most unpromising material of popular ideas is nothing less than astonishing. We have seen how the movement towards Social Reform, set going in this country *outside Parliament*, and motivated in the first instance by genuine charity and pity, has been taken into Parliament, digested, and made to re-invigorate the capitalist system. In fifty years from now if popular pity continues to maintain the demand for Social Reform, Parliament will have established the Servile State by its means! But a similar use is being made in South Africa—and, indeed, in all parts of the world—of the noble ideal of humanity and of the brotherhood of man. In the name of the citizenship of the Empire Labour is being imported from the cheap to the dear proletarian countries; and in the name of humanity the mining magnates of South Africa are now engaged in an attempt to break down the colour bar. No defence, unfortunately, can be looked for from Governments in general since these, as we have said, are necessarily on the side of their bread and butter; and their bread and butter for the present is in capitalist cupboards. Nor can any defence be expected from the professed humanitarians who are usually too stupid to see that they are creating misery faster than they can relieve it. The defence, therefore, is left to the proletariat themselves, for if they do nothing nobody else will.

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Of all countries in the world France, you would think, would be alive to the Labour situation. Has France not the great and glorious orator Jaurès as its Socialist leader? Has he not just carried a resolution at the Socialist Congress in favour of striking against war, pestilence and bad weather? Is not France the birth-place of Syndicalism and the holy land of the neo-Malthusians? But it is into France, where capitalists were about to be threatened, owing to a limitation of supply, with a rise in the price of Labour, that a new world has been called to redress the balance of the old without a single protest on the part of these Socialist supermen. We are told that in the French Black Country the working population has doubled within the last few years; the addition is wholly foreign labour! In the southern silk factories Chinese coolies are now being employed in large numbers. But worse than all, in the vineyards it has been discovered that the Kabyles of France's African territory are useful, cheap and docile; and their numbers, already nearly ten thousand, are likely to increase every week. That, if you please, is the effect capitalism produces with our doctrine of human brotherhood: it is to make all labour one flesh and all flesh a source of profit. It has proved, in spite of the Socialist

Party, to be the case in France. The African Labour Party, we fear, will not be able to maintain the colour bar (call it the cheap labour bar) in South Africa. And even in England if fresh supplies of cheap labour are not imported yellow and black from abroad, it is only because they are being found at home in the ranks of the crazy women led by Miss Olive Schreiner (always a friend of natives) with her war cry: We take all [cheap] labour for our province.

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It is fortunately no longer necessary for readers of this journal to be warned against the now well-known collusion of the two front benches. The facility with which the Insurance Act was passed through both Houses a couple of years ago was only the most glaring of many glaring instances that showed how it was, and still is, possible to pass any measure about which the leaders of both parties are in agreement. We venture to say that some further information which has come to our knowledge will show up the collusion of the official Conservatives and the official Liberals in even sharper relief. A great deal of surprise was expressed when Mr. Asquith announced his intention of introducing the Amending Bill into the House of Lords instead of the House of Commons. Surely the reason was clear enough. It was necessary to help Mr. Redmond out of his difficulties; and not merely Mr. Redmond, but the Government themselves. It was also necessary to keep up the pretence that there was no agreement, and no indication of an understanding between the Government and the Opposition. If the Bill had been introduced first of all into the Commons, the Opposition would have been forced to move amendments with which the Government would have been equally forced to disagree. Mr. Redmond obviously held the balance with his eighty odd Nationalist votes. If he had joined the Opposition in voting against the Bill, the Government would have been defeated. If he had voted for the Bill, his position in Irish politics would have been utterly untenable from that moment. He would have been in no better case had he abstained from voting; for, while the Irish people can understand both friends and enemies, they have no use for hesitating Tomlinsons.

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This being the predicament in which all parties were placed, it became necessary for recourse to be had to the Upper House, since the Bill, when it afterwards came to the Commons, could then be considered without compromising anybody. In these circumstances it would obviously have been easy to compel the Government to show its hand, and the Opposition to appear in their true chameleon colours, if some means could have been found for bringing about a discussion of the Amending Bill in the Commons before the House of Lords had had an opportunity of considering it at length. A very ingenious plan occurred to Sir Richard Cooper, Unionist Member for Walsall—one of the wealthy members of his party, be it said; and one, consequently, with whom neither leaders nor whips would presumably be over anxious to quarrel. Sir Richard Cooper's plan was to secure the text of the Amending Bill as soon as it was laid on the table of the House of Lords, and to introduce it forthwith into the House of Commons. In spite of the regulation affecting private members' Bills, the ten minutes' rule, the closure, and so forth, we feel sure that Sir Richard could have given both the front benches a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and it would at least have been of vast interest to have heard the Government explain why they could not on any account consider such a contentious measure just then. This plan of Sir Richard Cooper's had the hearty approval of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Pike Pease. It seems, on the other hand, to have worried the Irish Unionist whip, Lord Edmund Talbot—who appears to have mentioned the matter to Lord Lansdowne. If

Lord Lansdowne had been the leader of a united party, desirous only of forcing a hated Government out of office and securing the verdict of the people on the Home Rule question, his course would have been quite clear. He would have had the text of the Amending Bill conveyed post haste—or even more quickly if possible—to Sir Richard Cooper, and as the result of a scene in the House of Commons, and a bitter debate in the House of Lords, the country would probably have had the doubtful luxury of a General Election within the next few days.

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Lord Lansdowne, however, is not the leader of a united party in the House of Lords; he has no mind beyond purely tactical operations; he is always governed at the moment of crisis by his timid Whig instincts; and, far from possessing the noble feelings and breadth of vision which we look for, theoretically, in an aristocrat, he is always ready to enter into any deal with any person which is likely to save him trouble and to clear away the thorns from his path. We have not yet forgotten how he sold a famous Rembrandt to an American millionaire. In the same way his lordship was prepared to sell not merely one pass, but any number of passes, to his nominal enemies across the floor of the House. He at once issued an explicit declaration that no such plan as that proposed by Sir Richard Cooper should be carried into effect. Pope Leo X, on hearing that Luther had laid violent hands on his sacred bull, could not have been more indignant than Lord Lansdowne on hearing that some mere baronet in the House of Commons intended to pollute his sacred little ewe lamb of an Amending Bill. The Whigs rattled their bones, and the venturesome young Tories were sent home with a reprimand. We are not surprised at this incident, though we confess that we regard it as particularly disgraceful. During the last twelve months or so, and more particularly during the last three or four weeks, prominent Liberals and Tories have let themselves go to an unusual degree in the Press, on the platform, in Parliament and in the country, while all the time they must surely have been aware that plans were gradually being concocted by the front benches, not merely for the betrayal of Mr. Redmond, but, let us emphasise, for the betrayal also of Sir Edward Carson. The one relied on the Liberals, the other relied upon the Conservatives; and both will in the long run find themselves simply the dupes of unscrupulous party politicians. We are in consequence more than ever confirmed in our prediction of two or three weeks ago, viz., that both parties in Ireland will ultimately come to an agreement, and settle down in joint contempt of the English.

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This is written without prejudice to the tricky character of the Amending Bill itself. The more the document is examined the more it will be found that, if anything is proved in it, it is not the desire of the Government to reach anything like a permanent or real settlement of the Irish problem, but rather Mr. Asquith's extraordinary Parliamentary ability. The Bill, in fact, shows a curious mixture of the politician and the statesman. It seems to have occurred to the parties who gave directions for framing it that two ends could be served. One was the preparation of some scheme, not necessarily for settling the Irish question definitely, but for quieting the country generally by giving both sides something to talk about. The other end which it was possible to serve by the measure was that of driving a wedge, not merely between the two sections of the Unionist Party in both Houses of Parliament, but between the supporters of the party in the country. It is an open secret that the Ulster Unionists and a certain proportion of the Peers do not like the Bill because it admits the principle that Home Rule is justified for some part of Ireland, if not for the whole country. As our readers know, this is not an attitude

with which we sympathise. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly an attitude of which a clever politician would take advantage, and Mr. Asquith has done so. By introducing a Bill which one section of the Unionists in both Houses of Parliament wish to accept as the best possible solution of a difficult question, and which neither section wishes to reject utterly, he has succeeded, as we have indicated, in splitting the party from top to bottom.

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We do not mean that their absurd and logically unjustifiable attitude towards Home Rule would alone have sufficed to make the Tories look ridiculous and quarrel with one another. The division of opinion caused by the Amending Bill was skilfully planned to re-act upon and intensify the destruction of the Conservative Party, which became evident just before the so-called Edinburgh compromise on Tariff Reform, and has never since been healed. The Conservatives, in so far as they have been prepared to fight seriously and sincerely, have for four or five years been divided into three distinct groups. One group, of which Lord Hugh Cecil is the most prominent member—he emphasised his attitude in the course of the Budget debate last week—still maintains its free trade principles. Of the other two groups, the larger is anxiously engaged in devising some scheme of Tariff Reform which shall benefit the manufacturing classes, however much it may damage the agricultural community; and the other group is equally anxious to impose tariffs on foodstuffs for the sake of assisting the farmer, while admitting manufactured products free of duty as at present in order that the farmer, among other things, may not have to pay more for his already expensive agricultural machinery. Even if there had been no Amending Bill at all, we feel sure that a serious split in the Conservative Party would have been publicly notified before the next election. As it is, we think it is evident that considerable changes, not merely in the leadership but also in the organisation of the party, may be looked for within the next half-year. From the point of view of the workman, the party label of the political group actually holding office does not make very much difference. Each party is determined to maintain profits at the highest level possible, and, in consequence, to uphold the wage-system. From the point of view of the statesmen and the political scientists, however, it is highly regrettable, and indeed dangerous, that the Government in power should be confronted with only a feeble Opposition.

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It seems to be quite likely that in a short time our "news"-papers will cease from giving us any news at all. The attempts of the "Daily News" to make its readers believe that there is no such place as Ireland on the map are more than balanced in their mendacity by the shrieks of the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" and the "Evening News." Lord Northcliffe has recently paid several visits to Ulster, we believe; and the only result is headlines that set one's teeth on edge. It is easy, we have been told, to hurt his Lordship's feelings, so we may take it for granted that the comments of the Ulster people on his latest attitude towards them are being well watered down by his secretaries before reaching him. Of all the forms of interference in their affairs, the people of Ulster resent Lord Northcliffe's patronage most of all. A movement, once the "Daily Mail" becomes connected with it, can no longer be taken seriously. The same remark will shortly have to be applied to the "Times," about the magnificent circulation of which paper we are now hearing suspiciously little—can it have dropped since the boom? Hence the fervent prayer in the Unionist camp that Lord Northcliffe will in future confine himself to business matters, leaving the policy of his journalistic "output" in other hands. But the prayer will be in vain. In the toss-up between noblesse oblige and richesse oblige the latter always wins.

Current Cant.

- "Blast."—WYNDHAM LEWIS.
- "Elephants are very big."—"Blast."
- "We will convert the king if possible."—"Blast."
- "Blast presents an art of individuals."—"Blast."
- "Motor-cars go quickly."—"Blast."
- "Popular art means the art of the individuals."—"Blast."
- "We may hope before long to find a new world."—"Blast."
- "Our vortex is white and abstract with its red-hot swiftness."—"Blast."
- "Leonardo was the first Futurist."—"Blast."
- "Our vortex insists on water-tight compartments."—"Blast."
- "Wilde gushed twenty years ago about the beauty of machinery."—"Blast."
- "Blast will be popular."—"Blast."
- "May we hope for an art from Sir Thomas Lipton?"—"Blast."
- "The actual human body becomes of less importance every day."—"Blast."
- "Blake in France would have been a policeman."—"Blast."
- "Mr. G. K. Chesterton—, his clumsy ideas."—WYNDHAM LEWIS.
- "Beethoven and Shakespeare are for the student, not for the Bechstein Hall and the modern theatre."—"Blast."
- "We need the unconsciousness of humanity, then stupidity, animalism and dreams."—"Blast."
- "We believe in no perfectability except our own."—"Blast."
- "In England there is no vulgarity. . . ."—"Blast."
- "We all foresee. . . ."—"Blast."
- "Stupidity has always been exquisite, and ugliness fine."—"Blast."
- "There are possibilities for the great artist in the Picture Post-card."—"Blast."
- "The vanity of the peacock gives us a pleasant amusement. . . . It implies a satisfaction with the humble past of man, and a readiness to relapse into that past which we all resent as men."—The "Times."
- "The squalidness of the last scene is never brought out by the company in a way which satisfies me."—DESMOND MACCARTHY in "The New Statesman."
- "Meanwhile, if these floating hulks, which will be scrap iron and firewood a year or two hence, could be turned into solid cash, there need be no poverty in London for years."—"Daily Herald."
- "Have you booked the Supreme Exclusive: 'The Baboon's Vengeance, or the Conscience of the Great Unknown'? If not, why not?"—Advt., Supreme Film Co.
- "He [Holbrook Jackson] it was who made THE NEW AGE entertaining, in the days when one read THE NEW AGE."—JOYCE KILMER in the "New York Times."
- "Surely, woman, thy name is Logic."—The "Daily Herald."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN replying to a critic this week in the correspondence columns. I have referred briefly to one or two points in connection with the dispute between Austria and Servia; but in view of the tension prevailing between the two countries, it is only right that what I said in THE NEW AGE of July 9 should be supplemented by one or two further observations. All of us who take an interest in international affairs will have noticed that, ever since the close of the second Balkan War, Servia's policy towards Austria has been one of pin-pricks. This policy was undertaken purely in revenge for Austria's opposition to Servia's possession of a direct route to the Adriatic, but partly also because there had been an exceedingly bad feeling between the two countries since the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908.

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It is perfectly true, as I pointed out a fortnight ago, that this annexation could not be strictly justified in International Law. Nevertheless, it was in reality a matter of form more than anything else. The two provinces had been administered by Austrian officials, and administered very well, for thirty years. There were, if anything, rather fewer complaints against the Austrian Administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina than there have been recently on the part of Hindus and Moslems against our administration in India. Apart from the semi-barbaric condition of rather more than half the Servian people—especially the Southerners—it must surely be admitted on all sides that the actions of the Servians in such parts of Albania as they were permitted to take over would most emphatically not justify any Power in assenting to the partition of Austro-Hungarian territory in such a way as to enable Servia to take over those districts which are chiefly inhabited by people who are racially Servians. It is more than ever a principle of modern administration that minorities must be protected as far as possible, and their rights safeguarded. It is bad enough, if minorities are made to suffer through expropriation, unjust taxes, and other disadvantages of a like nature; but it is much worse if, in addition to these minor outrages, minorities are to be shot at, maimed, mutilated, driven from their homes, crucified, thrown into rivers, burned at the stake, or buried alive. These barbarities, to read about which carries us back to the earliest historic eras, have all been perpetrated by the Servians on the unfortunate Albanian populations over whose districts they are now supposed to be exercising lawful control. True, outrages of equally scandalous nature were attributed to the Greeks and the Bulgarians during the war, and in many cases proved. I do not propose to enter upon these old controversies. The point is that Servia's record since the close of the war, and even Servia's record since 1908, when plots began to be hatched against Austria, does not, in my opinion, justify her in securing the control of a square inch of territory in any part of the Balkans.

* * *

In the policy of pin-pricks I have referred to, one of the most irritating wounds was caused by Servia's attitude on the question of the Oriental Railways running through her territory. Large blocks of Oriental Railway shares are held in Austria, and there was naturally a more than usually emphatic protest from the Vienna Foreign Office when the Servian Government spoke of its intention to take over and nationalise its section of the railway on the basis of utterly inadequate compensation. This scheme was dropped for the time being in April or May last, only to be followed by Servia's contention that she had the right to fix the tariffs over the lines running through Servia. As this claim, if admitted, would have seriously interfered with Austrian goods traffic to the Ægean via Salonika, it was naturally not admitted either. To ease the situation, some French

financiers suggested that the line might be internationalised, but this proposal, which was put forward semi-officially in the joint names of France and Austria, was likewise received with disfavour in Belgrade. This matter is one of several which are still under discussion, and still far from a settlement owing to the intractable attitude of the Servian authorities.

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In addition to this irritating state of things, definite proofs have recently come into the possession of the Austrian police showing that the plot which resulted in the recent assassination of the Archduke and his wife is widespread in its ramifications, and is known to many well-known Servian public men. It is not suggested, of course, that the Government directly instigated the murder, or even that the Government approves of the plans of the pan-Servians. The fact remains that both in Servian and Austrian territory, innumerable plans are being discussed for the removal of Austrian rule.

* * *

President Huerta has retired at his own time; not at President Wilson's. His retirement safeguards himself and his friends and their property; but it leaves the Mexican situation in the same condition as it was when he took up office as Provisional President in February, 1913. General Carranza asserts that he can maintain order; but this is very doubtful. Even if we assume that General Villa, having played a very prominent part during recent stages of the revolution, will be content to practice self-sacrifice, there are at least two other generals—men, by the way, who have a right to the title; for General Villa was never a soldier at all—who are likely to cause the leader of the "Constitutionalists" a considerable amount of annoyance. One is his friend General Orozco, and another is General Zapata. One is threatening to operate in the north; and the other has never ceased from operating in the south.

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These things apart, the situation is equally chaotic in other respects. It may be recalled, for instance, that General Carranza has repeatedly declared that he will not recognise any loans floated by President Huerta. It is doubtful whether he is in a position to assert anything of the sort, especially as President Wilson has declared officially that he will refuse to recognise General Carranza even as Provisional President. Even if General Carranza does refuse to recognise President Huerta's loans, it is not likely that European financiers will suffer to any extent. So far as can be ascertained, the only really large loan floated during President Huerta's tenure of office was one of six millions sterling; and the people responsible for it are the bankers at the back of the so-called American Money Trust. These men lent money to President Huerta in defiance of Dr. Wilson's express wish that they should not bolster up his enemy by doing so. So, no matter what happens in regard to the "Constitutionalists'" treatment of foreign loans, somebody in the United States is pretty sure to be annoyed.

* * *

From the international point of view, neither General Carranza nor General Villa is a favourite. After the mysterious murder of Mr. Benton the British Government formally notified the parties concerned—including the Government of the United States—that Villa would not be recognised by this country and that Carranza would be held responsible for the action of his subordinate.

* * *

In saying that the situation was left as it had been in 1913 I make one important exception. A revised interpretation, as I announced at the time, has been given to the Monroe doctrine; and Dr. Wilson's refusal to allow the Powers to interfere is a matter which has not yet been anything like settled. The South American peoples, too, have changed their views as to the protection they may expect from the United States in the event of international difficulties.

Towards National Guilds.

Of the attempts made by our reviewers to proceed with us from the known to the unknown, most have failed. The "Clarion," for instance, insists that the National Guilds System is simply Collectivism under a new name; while Mr. G. R. S. Taylor and others see it as our artful nom de plume for Syndicalism. Somewhat to our surprise the "New Witness," writing as Mr. Cecil Chesterton, has fallen by the wayside also and has confounded National Guilds with Collectivism, for the reason apparently that, since both assume a national organisation, both will fall under bureaucracy. We have spent so much space upon the point that we really have no more to say upon it for the present. If sufficient words of one syllable each should occur to us we may try our hand at the subject again one day. Meanwhile, the "New Witness" must be satisfied with reflecting on the *difference* between Home Rule and Crown Government and with applying it to the National Guilds and Collectivism respectively. By this circuitous route its subtle intellect may come home.

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A point for which Mr. Chesterton has no warrant is his knowing assertion that Mr. Penty and Mr. Orage are the Moses and Aaron of Aaron and Moses (we are not sure of the order) of the new Exodus from Collectivism. These columns bear old witness that Mr. Penty has become a National Guildsman only since our book was published; and is still so uncertain in the faith that as likely as not his next article will be heretical as his last article certainly was. As a matter of fact not a word of our book was written by Mr. Penty, nor had Mr. Penty the smallest finger in the printers' pie. We used his book, as we used many others, but more as a spring board than as a plank in our foundation. As for Mr. Orage his share in the book was to edit it. His direct contributions are few. Most of the actual writing was done by one hand, the name of whom will appear on the second edition of the work when this is happily called for.

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Obsessed with its professional hatred of politicians, the "New Witness" equates these with the State in our National Guilds. Those beastly people, it says in effect, are anathema under all circumstances; and assuredly they will control the Guilds for their personal advantage. But to condemn politicians in general because the particular politicians of our day are no better than ordinary business men is to empty out the baby with the bath. A State cannot be conceived without statesmen, and if the "New Witness" is attempting such a process the sooner it comes out in its true colours as a Catholic Anarchist organ the better. We quite understand that statesmen who are not Roman Catholics are by that fact alone condemned to be mere politicians in the eyes of the "New Witness," whatever their policy may be. On the other hand, it is equally clear that in the opinion of the "New Witness," a Catholic State could do no wrong. Well, all that is needed is that Spain, say, or Austria, should adopt the National Guilds System (as the former, we hear, may before long), when at once Mr. Cecil Chesterton will be an enthusiastic politician and guildsman. Once more, the sooner the better.

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But is there not something silly in this denunciation of politicians, per se? Mr. Cecil Chesterton is the editor of a paper—are his views of policy necessarily the sum or even the difference of the views of his contributors and readers? Does he not, by virtue of his position and its obligations, look round and round any given subject and from the standpoint of the totality rather than the partiality, of his journal? We know, in fact, that this is what an editor does who is worth his salt. But the business of the politician in relation to the

various parts of society is not very different. He too must judge the parts from the standpoint of the whole; and if not he, who is to do it? Very likely there are few minds in politics to-day comprehensive enough to take this view—as there are, perhaps, few editors now capable of it. But because the race is small, their office is neither made unnecessary nor our hope of restoring its ancient efficiency vain. We look, in fact, for an elevation of political thinking and to the rise of a new type of politician. Remove from their temptation the control of industry and from their backs the power of Capital, and the present time-servers and place-men would tend to disappear.

* * *

Says Mr. Chesterton—"the most serious gap in the book is the failure to emphasize the drift towards servile conditions." Must we say Hamlet in every line or be accused of omitting the Prince from the play? Why does Mr. Chesterton suppose our book was written if not to counteract the present drift towards servile conditions? The Servile State or National Guilds!

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We know what Mr. Chesterton's constructive alternative to both the Guilds and the Servile State is—for Mr. Belloc has told us it—it is Distributivism. Apart from its name, which is a powerful argument against it, we have already left it dead on the field of discussion many new ages ago. To our reply to Mr. Belloc's series of expository articles in these pages there has so far been no rejoinder. Yet Mr. Chesterton rushes, a corpse, upon the field as if he were unaware of what has happened to his theory. Strange how ghosts linger in Fleet Street! Distributivism, he tells us once more, involves that each man shall live partly by the sale of his own labour and partly on investment in other men's labour: by wages and interest, in short. But how this is going to abolish the wage system and thereby to lift labour out of the category of commodities; or how each of us will profit by making wage slaves of all the rest, deponent sayeth not. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton does make us a present of the admission that of the two systems of the Guilds and Distributivism, the former, as things are, can be more easily established. For the latter, he says, implies the revival in the mass of men of the desire to own; and this passion, it appears, though natural *de profundis*, has "undoubtedly been almost obliterated" from the minds of the proletariat during their long divorce from property.

* * *

It is clear from these pathetic cadences that Mr. Chesterton is no psychologist and no sociological historian. For, on the one side, psychology would assure him that a passion that can be obliterated in a few generations is not natural *au fond*; and, on the other side, history would support psychology by proving that, in fact, *capitalistic* property is a comparatively modern invention. Profiteering, to be quite explicit, is a bourgeois institution and the passion to own capital is its psychic counterpart. Both are equally repugnant alike to the proletariat and to the intellectuals.

* * *

In whose interest, however, is Mr. Chesterton so seriously concerned to re-inscribe on men's souls the almost obliterated passion to live on the labour of others? We decline to be consistent and to believe that it is in the interests of the profiteering bourgeoisie, for Mr. Chesterton would be the first to deny it. No, but it is in the interests of the individual, that wretched little rebellious ego of whose doings the nineteenth century is the eternal witness. Perish, however, the individual who cannot survive and even come to perfection except under a system of money-lending. The National Guilds will ring out economic individualism, but only to ring in a communal economic with its communal and, we were going to say, *Catholic* psychological accompaniment.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Sir Edward Carson.

The Greatest Living Home Ruler.

By L. G. Redmond Howard.

THE Irish question is always full of surprises, and one seldom rises from its study without being startled by some astounding paradox, which, with Chestertonian perversity, seems to bring every preconceived notion crashing to the ground: but the apparent ruin is never without its lesson for the constructive thinker.

Possibly there is none so striking, however, especially when we see it in the context of the twelfth of July celebrations, as the paradox which makes of "Sir Edward Carson the greatest of living Home Rulers and of John Redmond the greatest of living Unionists."* Of course no one would resent the designation more than the worthy leaders themselves: at the same time it would be hard to find among their contemporaries better exponents of, or most fervid enthusiasts for, those very principles which they appear to combat and denounce: always, of course, understanding that one cares to dig below the surface of party catch words and get at the bedrock meaning of their respective policies.

I have never quite been able to understand how it is that this has never dawned upon the Englishman, making him almost frantic to pack back the Irish Party whence they came, like Botha did the undesirable Labour leaders, except it be that the flag has somehow been seized by one party before the other, thereby blinding him to all further arguments: for loyalty like charity covers a multitude of sins, and crimes have before now been committed in the name of liberty.

Now, personally, I may be suffering from a kind of political colour blindness: but I must confess that I fail to see the "Unionism" of the "Unionist" leader: in fact the more I study him the more he appears to me in the guise of a Home Ruler—perhaps it may not be too much to say—the Greatest of Living Home Rulers: what is more, the present demonstration of the Volunteers of Ulster is to my mind the greatest declaration in favour of Home Rule that has ever occurred in Irish history: for it stands to reason that if England has so far misunderstood the spirit of the North as to raise an army in protest even from her own special "protégés," then it is the once conclusive proof needed that England has always misunderstood the Spirit of the South.

With the average Englishman of the present day the belief in Sir Edward Carson comes next to belief in the Bible: Tory patriotism has almost endowed him with political infallibility: the Conservative leader himself is far more subservient to him than the Liberal Premier is to John Redmond—the greatest Conservative statesman that ever lived. Benjamin Disraeli once declared that he took no exaggerated view of the articles of union: the modern party have erected them into a kind of dogma which it is almost blasphemy to submit to criticism: so be it: but this merely makes it all the more necessary to study that dogma in the light of its most authoritative expositors.

Let us examine the psychology of Carsonism point by point: in the last analysis it will be found to be Home Rule, pure and simple.

There are three main points in his creed.

The first is the intolerability of the Irish dictatorship of England.

The second is the intolerability of the English coercion of Ireland.

The third is the necessity of some sort of special treatment for Ulster.

Concerning the Irish dictatorship of England it would be hard to talk too severely: nor can Sir Edward Carson be blamed for his attitude: if anything, however, it

* Cf. "An Irishman's Home." A topical play on the Ulster Crisis. By L. G. Redmond Howard and Harry Carson.

should be Mr. Bonar Law who should be raising an army of volunteers to resist that dictatorship, for it is England that needs Home Rule far more than Ireland.

But how few realise that the title deeds of the dictator are the very terms of the Act of Union? Yet so it is, and the office was created when the two Parliaments were amalgamated without any distinction being made between Imperial and local affairs, and so it will continue until such a distinction is made again and the possibility of such a dictatorship finally abolished.

Now what is the lesson of experience in this matter? According to Lecky it amounts to this—that ever since the Reform Bill of 1832 there is not a measure of importance which has not been decided purely by the Irish Vote—which simply means that the grievance of the present Tory Party (namely that all the iniquitous legislation of the past few years would never have been passed by the English people acting for themselves) has been the disadvantage of the Union to England for close on a century.

That this was the original intention of Pitt in passing the Union no one for a moment can admit: that such has been the inevitable result no historian can deny: in fact, the only statesman who seems to have foreseen it in his day was Henry Grattan, who warned the English Premier of the Irish revenge. "Do it if you will," he said in effect. I forget the exact words, "but if you do we will send you a hundred of the worst ruffians we can find and we will play havoc with your constitution till you send us back in despair."

All this may seem irrelevant and obvious: but it is of the utmost significance at the moment, for Sir Edward Carson in condemning the disastrous results is thereby calling for a reversal of the policy to which they owe their origin: in a word, every argument in favour of Home Rule for England is an argument in favour of Home Rule for Ireland.

We often hear from Sir Edward Carson the cry for a General Election to rid the country of the odious dictatorship (which, by the way, weighs on Ulster's shoulders far more than on England)—but would a General Election rid the Empire of it for ever. Alas, I am afraid it is too much like the other election cries: based upon the hopes of getting into power. Yet, given another election with a result in favour of the Liberals, under practically the same conditions as the last elections, the evil would remain, and even were the English electorate to send back a party pledged to coerce the men of the North, Sir Edward Carson has openly declared he would not accept its authority. What is this but a declaration in favour of Home Rule?—"for" Ulster, of course, but by "big" Ulster, also!

Surely there must have been something very unsound about the Act of Union if the only result of being able to pull the wires at Skibbereen from Downing Street has been to place the two houses of Westminster at the mercy of Tammany Hall in New York: and the more loud the protest from Sir Edward Carson the stronger the argument for rendering unto Empire the things that pertain to Empire and to localities what belong to localities, whether these be islands, provinces or colonies or nationalities.

Next about these volunteers of Sir Edward Carson. Personally, I consider every Ulster volunteer a Home Ruler in the making, and as to the principle which has given them birth, I think it is the greatest demonstration in favour of Home Rule that has ever arisen in Ireland since the days of Owen Roe O'Neil, and it is all the more patent because, coming from "loyalists," it resembles that wonderful amalgamation of the old Norman families of the English invasion into the national life which made them Hiberniores Hibernis Ipsio, and for aught we know it is only a prelude to the protest of a limited Ireland against the hateful rule which has caused so many of her sufferings and may yet again try to renew the tyranny which it is now Ulster's turn to feel.

There is a lot of talk about flag and king and loyalty

by both sides, and it is always a useful election device, but at root the true Orangeman is as ready "to kick the King's crown into the Boyne" as the true Nationalist is to fight for the expulsion of the last Saxon from his country—should the need ever arise. For let nobody imagine that Ulster is really Unionist: time was when she was the most republican province in Ireland: time was when, as Lodge 381 declared in 1800, Ulster Protestants "were ready to take the field" and "shed the last drop of their blood in the glorious cause" of legislative independence, for, in the words of seven other lodges, they considered that the Union was degrading for Ireland to be reduced to the humiliating position of a dependency: and who knows but that the same spirit may not again awaken: the situation has changed, it is true, but the spirit remains the same, and the thing to note is that the spirit of nineteen fourteen is the spirit of seventeen ninety-eight.

For, what is this vast army of soldiers with loaded rifles parading the streets of Belfast for, if not to demonstrate to Irishmen the utter futility of trusting to the English sense of justice once the usefulness of the moment has passed, and the enunciation of that eternal principle which empires must respect as the first condition of their existence—Home Rule.

What is that crowd of imported Pressmen doing, quartered in every village in Ulster and sending their daily batch of copy over to London, if not a practical admission of the utter impossibility of the Parliament at Westminster understanding the intricacies of Irish domestic concerns. What is that squadron of cinematograph operators photographing the manoeuvres and preparations to flash them over the whole United Kingdom, if not to try and make the ignorant electorate realise a situation which ever since the days of Henry VIII English statesmen have only felt "as in a dream"—looking on minorities as if they were mere pawns in a game of chess and forgetting that they are living men with souls and passions.

All this is Home Rule. Home Rule, Home Rule all the time, and Carson has out-Redmonded Redmond in Home Rule.

Why then, it will be asked, is not Sir Edward Carson a declared Home Ruler. One might reply that it would be hard to find a more forcible declaration: but the answer would be to a certain extent superficial, and one would lose sight of a point which I venture to think has not been raised before, but which is of the utmost importance in the analysis of Carsonism.

In the first place, be it noted, Sir Edward Carson has never defended what the Union really stands for in Ireland, viz., Bureaucracy; in fact his whole attitude at the present moment is the greatest indictment of Bureaucracy that has ever been made in England, and until I find a passage in his speeches in which he absolutely declares that Mr. Bonar Law understands the Irish situation better than himself, so long must I look upon him as in spirit at least a Home Ruler. If anything, Sir Edward Carson might be said to believe far too much in Home Rule to be a Home Ruler, being in his heart of hearts more of a Home Ruler than Home Rulers themselves, and he has merely taken up the attitude that Home Rule in theory would not mean Home Rule in practice.

This point is, to my mind, the hinge upon which the whole situation now turns.

I am not concerned for the moment with the truth or the falsity of the contention, and the fears of Ulster may or may not be justified, but I am not going to assume the insincerity of the charge, for Sir Edward Carson has only to go into the ranks of the Home Rulers themselves to get these reluctant admissions which by the very fact that they are reluctant are probably nearest the truth, and these admissions entirely justify him in the attitude he has taken up with regard to Ulster.

For nearly half a century Catholic pulpits and Nationalist platforms have been vilifying the Protestant Orangemen of the North, the one denouncing their

creed as the mental poison of Ireland, the other their race as the natural enemies of the country. Very well, is Sir Edward Carson's answer, then why should you wish to rule us—on what principle do you ask us to trust ourselves into your power any more than you trust yourselves into that of England. Do what you like among yourselves, take Home Rule if you like, but do not take Home Rule from us.

We wish you well in your experiment. Perhaps some day it may prove such a success, and you may show such tolerance, that we will join you, but meanwhile, we do not see our way to do so. The consent of the governed, however, is the first principle of Home Rule, and if you deny us that, how are we to believe you will respect our freedom afterwards?

This must not be thought an entirely selfish point of view, nor one limited to one single geographical point, quite the contrary: it affects the working of Home Rule outside Ulster, if possible, more than Ulster.

If every advantage is taken by Nationalist controversialists of the reluctant admissions of prominent Unionists, then it would be absurd to be squeamish about Orangemen taking the same advantage of like confessions from Home Rulers. Let me explain.

Probably it would be hard to find two more eminent, sincere, experienced and capable critics than Frank Hugh O'Donnell on Catholicism and William O'Brien on Nationalism: but at the same time the onslaught of the one on clericalism in Ireland and the other on Parliamentarianism would almost justify a French Revolution on the one hand and an absolute bureaucracy on the other. Now, were these exceptional outbursts, they might be discounted as eccentric; but on the contrary, they are very typical indeed of two movements which are growing so rapidly that there is hardly any new organisation, book or personality which does not in some way attack the official Church or the official party in terms which cannot but arouse mistrust in a small minority like Ulster.

One need not necessarily blame either the Church or the Party: indeed both have more than fulfilled their respective ideals: but it is something in the very nature of such organisations in themselves which tends to produce the results of which many Catholic Nationalists themselves complain and which consequently Protestant Orangemen have a double cause to fear.

Now in fairness let it be said that Sir Edward Carson himself even does not go to the lengths which some Home Rulers themselves do in their attack upon their own Church and their own Party, but he would be a fool were he to disregard the warnings and go blindly without the guarantee which power alone can give unto an hostile assembly in which the evils complained of will be almost automatically supreme: and for this attitude he might almost be described as far more of a Home Ruler than Home Rulers themselves. There will be a peculiar difference under Home Rule, however, which will be vastly significant once the Dublin Assembly begins to work out its own evolution. In England it is the peers who are Conservative and the people who are Liberal, their very religion makes them so: in Ireland it is the peers—or rather upper classes—who are liberal in religious thought and the people who are conservative.

In the immediate shuffling of cards which will follow the creation of an Irish Legislature strange hands will probably be dealt. John Redmond will probably be the first Premier, but he will then be found to be really a Conservative. The next deal, especially if economics come to the fore, will probably give Ireland a Labour Premier like Jim Larkin. But if once the real differences and real grievances which exist between priest and flock, between the Nation and the Nationalists, as indicated by the rum things one hears from time to time in the writings of William O'Brien and Frank Hugh O'Donnell, come to the front and call for a man who will make it a first principle to give every home over to its own rule, to save the man from the master, the thinker from the dogmatist, the unit from the organisa-

tion, in a word, to give the country social, religious and intellectual Home Rule, the man to make Liberal Premier of Ireland will be Sir Edward Carson—whom for these reasons I have ventured to call, paradoxically, I admit, but not, I hope, illogically, the greatest living Home Ruler in the Empire.

The Workmen's "Property."

By J. M. Kennedy.

SOME of us who opposed the Insurance Act from the beginning, spoke of it occasionally as an infringement of the Truck Acts—I plead guilty to having used the expression myself once or twice. This, nevertheless, in all strictness, is inaccurate; though it may perhaps be more or less plausibly asserted that the Insurance Act violates the spirit of the Truck Acts, if not its strict letter. We must not forget that the Truck Acts were designed, in the first place, to prevent employers from paying their men in goods instead of in cash; and, in the second place, to prevent employers from selling to their workmen the necessities of life at excessive prices. Technically speaking, the principal Truck Act is that passed in the reign of William IV, viz., the Truck Act of 1831; but long before his time attempts had been made to remedy what, even in the early part of such an industrial century as the nineteenth, was regarded as a grave evil.

In the reign of Edward IV, for example, an Act was passed—in 1465—compelling the master cloth-makers to pay their men in "lawful money," as hitherto, "in the occupations of cloth-making the labourers have been compelled to take a great part of their wages in unprofitable wares." This Act was only a partial remedy, because it applied to a single trade; and the same remark may be made concerning the various Truck Acts passed in the reigns of Elizabeth, Anne, George I, George II, and George III. The Great Truck Act of 1831 was of general application; but it was not sufficiently "watertight," and employers were able to evade its provisions by using agents to carry out schemes indirectly which had formerly been carried out by the employer himself. To remedy this defect, especially as regards Scotland, a Truck Commission was appointed in 1870, and presented two reports in 1871 and 1872. These reports undoubtedly amazed the public, which had forgotten or were entirely ignorant of the curious practice of barter which prevailed in the Shetland Islands, in various parts of the Scottish mainland, and also in Cornwall and Devonshire. Throughout England, however, many instances were to be found of evasions of the Act of 1831.

No really adequate legislation followed these reports of the Truck Commission until 1887, and the Act which was passed in 1887 was adopted mainly in consequence of a report presented by the Chief Inspector of Factories regarding the Truck system in Scotland. Generally speaking, the Act of 1887 put an end to the essential evils of the Truck Act system, viz., payment in kind instead of in money. The Truck Acts were only indirectly connected with factory legislation; for, as we know, it is still quite legal for employers to inflict fines on certain of their workpeople. Again, even if it were admitted—which, of course, it is not—that the Insurance Act was an utter contravention of the Truck Act of 1831, we could naturally not grumble at it from a legal point of view. An Act may be modified, repealed, or extended by a subsequent Act, and, in theory, Parliament is still the supreme power in the State, and is responsible to the people. Blackstone, in that section of his Commentaries dealing with the rights of persons, is clear on this point. In Book I, Chapter I, Section 3, after Blackstone has referred to the right to security and the right to liberty, we may read: "The third absolute right, inherent in every Englishman, is that of property: which

consists in the free use, enjoyment and disposal of all his acquisitions without any control or domination, save only by the law of the land." The Insurance Act is now one of these laws. Legally we are not permitted to criticise its application, though we may perhaps venture to consider whether or not it is in accordance with the spirit of the English law.

If we do so, we must bear in mind one very important fact in the development of the English political system, and that is that this country has never been a land of equal rights. From Sir Edward Coke to Blackstone, and from Blackstone onwards, English jurists are careful to distinguish among the ruling classes—the several degrees of nobility, for example; and subsequently the several degrees of lesser title, such as the knight of the garter, the knight banneret, the baronets, the knights of the bath, the esquires and gentlemen, the members of the learned and martial professions and so on. The last in the scale of rank appears to be the yeoman—"A yeoman is he that hath free land of forty shillings by the year; who was anciently thereby qualified to serve on juries, vote for knights of the shire, and do any other act where the law requires one; one that is probus et legalis homo." The remainder of the community—the tradesmen, artificers, and labourers, were grouped together without any special status, and formed simply the lowest part of the commonalty. They were British subjects, and, generally speaking, entitled to the rights which were common to all Englishmen. They were not, however, citizens in the sense that the Roman "Civis" was a citizen, that is to say, they took no part whatever in making the laws of the land. To this day, indeed, an indefinite number of adult males—it is usually put, I understand, at about six millions—are excluded from all share in the government of the country in so far as the possession of a vote empowers a man to influence the making of the laws of the kingdom.

From the establishment of Anglo-Norman rule, the governing power of England was concentrated in a few hands. This power, when it was extended to the lower ranks and classes, was always extended by means of the vote; and the vote was conferred invariably as a privilege, and not as a right. It should not, therefore, be a matter of surprise to us if we hear the large employers that now form the bulk of the ruling classes refer to their men as if they were so many chattels, who ought not to possess wills of their own. This attitude is an age-long survival of the attitude of our original ruling caste. It thus follows that although the English laws relating to property are of a severe character, and although it usually happens that crimes committed against property are more harshly dealt with than crimes against the person, the property which the framers of the law had in mind was real and personal property—money, furniture, land, houses, crops, live stock and the like and not at all the property a man may be said to possess in his capacity for manual or artistic production. Blackstone's own words regarding property are significant of this attitude. He says, for example: "The great Charter has declared that no free man shall be disseized or divested of his freehold, or of his liberties or free customs, but by the judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. And by a variety of ancient statutes it is enacted that no man's lands or goods shall be seized into the king's hands against the Great Charter and the law of the land; and that no man shall be disinherited nor put out of his franchise or freehold unless he be duly brought to answer and be fore-judged by course of law."

The word "peers" in the quotation just given means, of course, people of the same standing or status, and not necessarily the nobility. It is quite obvious that the commentator is thinking much more of real and personal property than the property a man may be said to possess in his freedom of action and the exercise of his "free customs." Nevertheless, liberties and freedom of customs are referred to. The spirit of justice is there and is confirmed by many other passages which might be quoted in support of it. It is our duty rather to emphasise this neglect of the reference to freedom

and to ascertain how modern legal measures uphold or contravene this unmistakable spirit of personal liberty, which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, really does pervade English jurisprudence.

At this juncture we are again confronted with the Insurance Act. This was not by any means the first piece of what we now call class legislation. According to a statute passed in the fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "all single men between twelve years old and sixty, and married ones under thirty years of age, and all single women between twelve and forty not having any visible livelihood, are compellable by two justices to go out to service in husbandry or certain specific trades." The same Act provides that "children of poor persons may be apprenticed out by the overseers with the consent of two justices, till twenty-one years of age, to such persons as are thought fitting, who are also compellable to take them"—the Right to Work Bill! Certainly many of the statutes regulating the status—or, to use the English legal expression, the capacity—of labourers and other work-people which we find passed in the reigns of Elizabeth, the Stuarts, and Anne, were repealed by subsequent measures. Enough, nevertheless, remains to show that English employers of three centuries ago, or even less, freely exercised through the State their claim to regulate the status, conditions, and wages of the classes below them.

It will be seen from this that those of us who are anxious to find some legal as well as moral support for the working classes in their struggles will discover little to help us in the various statutes I have mentioned. We cannot reasonably appeal, as a few sentimental economists think themselves justified in doing, to the "distributive" state; to the former alleged wide distribution of property in England. There never was such a thing; for the people who held property in England during the Middle Ages cannot be compared with the working men of the present day. Indeed, if we are to be just to the craftsmen of centuries ago, we must in all fairness admit that only a small proportion of modern working men are entitled to be called craftsmen at all. At the same time, it would be equally absurd to call them unskilled labourers or vagabonds. They are simply a class which has grown up with the growth of machinery; they are modern products; and we can find few mediæval parallels to them.

What we must aim at then, rather than vague appeals to the past which are not justified by our national traditions, is some method of compelling the public to recognise the fact that the expression "property" includes more than tangible objects. If you divest a man of the exercise of his liberties or his free customs, surely you commit against him as great an offence as if you knocked him down and decamped with his watch and chain.

The Insurance Act establishes, for the time being, the very retrograde principle that the exercise of liberties and free customs does not matter. The assault on this intangible form of property is carried out by the compulsory deduction of specified amounts from the workman's weekly wages. It is frequently maintained that the compulsory principle is not one to be combated, because, after all, we must every one of us pay for, say, battleships, even though we may not believe in war. I have met with this criticism so often recently that I mention it here by way of suggesting its obvious fallacy. We must all pay for battleships; but we need not all pay compulsory insurance contributions. Only the unfortunates among us who earn less than £160 a year have to do so. This is the new standard of official supervision. In the spacious times of great Elizabeth only helpless vagabonds were taken in hand by the State; and it was "compellable" on certain people to find work for them. A few hundreds of them, then, perhaps? Nous avons changé tout cela. There are fourteen millions of them now in the anything-but-spacious times of George the Fifth.

The L.C.C. Profiteers' Pimp.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

(EXACT report of a meeting of employers of labour to consider the question of continuation schools for the workers, Hampstead Town Hall, July 13, 6 p.m. About sixty people are present. Enter STUDENT.)

The MAYOR OF HAMPSTEAD: Er, ladies and gentlemen, this meeting of employers of labour has been called together by the London County Council, by the local care commissioners and myself to impress upon employers the absolute necessity there is to induce the young people to continue their education after leaving school. I wish to point out to employers that not only will they reap vast benefits for any small sacrifices they themselves are called upon to make, but also the country will benefit. . . Class two are youths employed in some trade which would allow them to join these night-classes at 7.30 if they wished to. Ordinarily, however, they don't wish—er—without some persuasion. . . These youths look to the employer for encouragement and advancement . . . how by making some sacrifices they can get a better servant. . . I call upon Alderman Gilbert, Chairman of the Council.

Mr. GIL: Education Council (VOICES: "Ah! The next step!" and applause. Mr. GIL. rises. His nose is very red and he speaks with some difficulty). Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, may I begin, Sir, by explaining on behalf of the London County Council Educational Committee . . . I believe that there is no section of public work dealt with by a public body that receives a greater share of criticism. The criticism that is usually most heard, particularly in the case of elementary schools, is that the result is not at all commensurate with the expenses involved . . . If our elementary day-schools are to justify all the expense which is made upon them, then the children when they leave the elementary schools must continue their education at evening schools. . . A course-system. . . If a boy wishes to learn shorthand he has to take a course in which shorthand is the principal subject, but in which other English subjects have a part . . . particularleh . . . To meet the poverty of certain districts, free institutes have been introduced, so that the poorest students can attend entirely without cost. . . A very determined effort is being made to secure the interest of employers all over London. (Ten minutes for figures.) One thing and one thing only is required—a good attendance among students who will attend punctually and regularly. (More figures.) In Germany the matter's been settled by a compulsory system; here at present we have a voluntary system. If the London employers will co-operate with the L.C.C. not only would the students benefit, but the employers would themselves gain immeasurably by the improvement in the calibre of their employees. . . Now, don't run away with the impression that I am giving you any new ideas. (Sighs of relief.) The suggestions which I am making to you have already been tried by employers in London, and they say that not only are the students benefited, but they themselves are greatly benefited. . . Personally, I should prefer a successful voluntary system; but in any case London must have a successful system of evening schools. (Applause. A local business man supports the scheme.)

Mr. RICHARD (another local employer): We will do all we can to further the scheme, not from a selfish view entirely, though that must come into all busi-

ness heads to a certain extent, but because also we all feel that we must help the working-classes.

Mr. GREEN (local employer): We educate our own apprentices. . . Their parents want them to earn money nowadays instead of to learn a business—that's the great danger. No one could do more than we do to help them to a further knowledge of their business. . . It would be rather difficult to expect us to pay fees. We already pay very heavily towards the costs of their education. The boys and girls nowadays do not pay for the amount that's spent on them. They don't write so well; they don't speak so well; whether it's because they're allowed to run about the streets too much, I don't know.

Mr. GODWIN (Assistant Inspector, L.C.C.): I don't want to add to the discussion, that would ill become an officer. (Figures.) See he wishes to learn Italian or Russian, we charge the same for the full course as for one subject. (Figures.) We're doing all we can to encourage education for our deaf students. (Figures for twenty minutes.)

Mr. KILLICK (local employer): We don't indenture apprentices nowadays, we take them on trust, and they invariably serve out their term . . . officials who have only to study the requirements of the nation and not to carry on mixed businesses . . . the irresponsibility of the young people to help themselves in these things. They are not trained to subject themselves to control—we never know how they're going to treat us. The irresponsibility of the child is woeful; more responsibility should be placed upon the parents. Of course, we're looking at it from rather a selfish point of view; we want to help the young people, but we want to know where the advantage to ourselves comes in.

Miss PHILLIPPS (L.C.C. Assistant Inspector): Well, in answer to that, look at it like this: The better educated your employee is, the more value she is to you. There's a little responsibility, if I may be excused for saying so, on the employer, and if there's good feeling there's always more work done. And we'll do all we can for you, we'll send the teachers into your firm, if you like.

YOUNG WOMAN (representing Domestic Servants' Union): . . . Why must we stop being educated at fourteen, when you keep your children at school until eighteen or twenty? Out of 800 cases, only twenty-five let their domestics off to attend one evening class a week.

OLD MAN: I'm a Salvationist and I know they don't have time off. I'm very glad I'm sitting next to this lady. I'm going to get to know her. (Applause and laughter.)

WILD-HAIRED MAN: It's pretty clear you'll 'ave to 'ave legislation to make the employers allow time. It's silly to expect employers to 'elp their employees. ("Rubbish," "Rot," "Nonsense.") Some of them working fourteen hours a day. (Mr. KILLICK: "Nonsense.") Yes, in your firm, Sir, going out with the vans.

A LOCAL COUNCILLOR: I am quite ignorant of the subject, but it is quite seldom you find boys with anything like ambition. When their work's done for the day they feel that, well, their day's work's done. (Speaks for twenty minutes.)

Miss ACKWITH: Speaking as an employer, I think this scheme very excellent and inclusive. (Tells anecdotes at great length.) Dr. Kerschensteiner of Munich . . . Dr. Kerschensteiner . . . (Sits down.)

STUDENT (rising): Gentlemen, I came here as a member of the Press and I intend to leave as a member of the public. Mr. Gilbert knows that the intention of his council is to provide more efficient wage-slaves for employers, and these owners of little suburban firms are too silly to realise it. Good-night. (Sensation. Exit STUD.)

Dreams.

By M. B. Oxon.

I.

IN view of the fact that Prof. Freud is at the present moment greatly in vogue, owing to his suggested method of Psycho-Analysis for the treatment of mental diseases, his book on Dreams will most likely be more read than books on dreams usually are. His theory of dreams is no doubt ingenious, and in many ways a just one, but it has, in my opinion, so much which is bad in it that I will try to put forward another scheme which I think for many reasons is a preferable one to his.

My general objection to Prof. Freud's scheme of Psychology is that it stands on rather a Man-Radish basis, even though it is a more complex one than is generally accepted by scientists. As a result of this, his scheme seems to me an upside down one, and to deserve criticism along two lines: the Ethical, shall I say, and the Mechanical. This applies not only to his explanation of dreams, but to his whole theory of psycho-analysis. Psycho-analysis is at the moment the latest toy in the medical world, but even if it does do considerable harm before it is put on the shelf, it is at least a scientific toy, and therefore if it deals almost exclusively with pathology this is quite in place. Pathology is a valuable subject to the doctor for the purpose of treatment, and to him a pathological museum is of great interest and suggests nothing obscene. For the layman, however, even a pathology museum can be a very undesirable place, and he is much better in an art museum, though even this may be made less desirable if he insist on only studying the "anthropological" aspect of the exhibits. But dreams are not all pathological, and I think that ethically it is unfortunate to start people on the road to study and analyse their dreams weighted with a notion that morbidity is the essence of the dream state, instead of only one of its trimmings.

Mechanically, I venture to think, Professor Freud's scheme is unconvincing. Not that it is too complicated, for any scheme of such things must be complicated; nor because he recognises a great many activities at work, for such there must be in complex man; but because the motive which inspires his dream-activities seems quite an inadequate one. These activities he figures as demons engaged on various jobs of transmutation and organisation of the rough material into the finished dream, and if their acts are to be considered purposeful, which is the idea his words about them convey, one feels that this purpose should be something more useful than Professor Freud makes it. Besides the various demons engaged in amplifying, curtailing, and combining the data of which the dream is composed, there is one which Professor Freud calls the Censor, who controls what is to pass out of the sub-conscious region into consciousness, and who during waking life is all-powerful; and the object of all these demons' activities seems to be that anything which does escape the Censor shall be so hashed up that it needs a professor to show how dirty and obnoxious it really is.

When he is caught napping, things escape into consciousness which would otherwise be bottled up for ever. Hence, says Professor Freud, a dream fulfills a desirable end by relieving tension. Apparently, by altering a few words here, we may bring dreams under the same category as other excretions. "When the sphincter is caught napping there is an evacuation of retained secretions." Which is quite in keeping with our knowledge that "the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile."

According to Professor Freud, these evacuations, however harmless they may appear, are, if carefully analysed, found to consist of little but sexual matters and other quite undesirable stuff.

As a matter of fact, the scheme which I will propose really differs very little in its machinery from that of Professor Freud, but I hope to show that, while it

accounts more rationally for the various happenings, it also, by putting sex dirtiness into the background, leads those who study their dreams away from the Kraft-Ebbing land of sexual intrigues with hams and boots into the great world of the old myths and the personal gods. Professor Freud has noticed the myths, I am sorry to say. God forbid that these should ever be labelled with Kraft-Ebbing tickets! as they will certainly be if taken over by psycho-analysts who start with the obsession that sex is at the bottom of everything.

The difficulty is that at the bottom of everything is sex, for sex is, it seems, the most profound reality of which we have any knowledge; but when we find it at the bottom of everything it is barely recognisable as "sex" unless some kind professor has marked it with a figleaf in order that he who runs may not miss the passage as he reads. It is more completely embodied in the propagation of plants in which we instruct our school-children than it is in the banana favoured by those of more mature years, to which Professor Freud says we must now add the airship! To the dirty all things are dirty, and a theory of dreams which postulates that they consist chiefly of things which have "escaped the censor" seems one which we could well do without.

Far be it from me to deny that both pathologically and non-pathologically there is too much sex-thinking and also sex-repression in the civilised world; by all means let us combat it, but even if these perverted ideas are really so prevalent as the sexual pathologists would make them, it seems a pity to start out to prove to those who do not know it that they are really tarred with the same brush inside, even if it were certainly a fact.

The subject is such a huge and difficult one that it is hard to know how and where to start. I think that perhaps the best way will be to follow Professor Freud's plan and push boldly into the middle of things, reanalyse his dream, and having arrived at a different answer from him, withdraw again and open up the subject more methodically.

For the purposes of his book the Professor takes a dream, and by a very subtle and, in many ways, just dissection of its contents, convicts himself of having been driven to dream it by a *repressed desire of getting something for nothing*. Though the description which he gives us in words is rather cold, calculating, and disagreeable, yet I think the Professor's words do him an injustice, for many of us must recognise the massive impression of futility and separateness which his sentences suggest. He also, I believe, does himself an injustice in thinking that he is such a disgruntled pessimist as to dream thus without rhyme or reason. My analysis of his dream is in great measure the same as his, but it goes a little further, and that makes all the difference. I would suggest that the cause or motive-power of his dream, instead of lying entirely in what might be called the lower mechanisms of the mind, really came from himself, possibly from what he would call his Ego, though I do not know exactly what he connotes by the word. I would suggest that in sleep he experienced what—for want of a better word, at any rate for the present—we will call a "soul contact," during which he enjoyed and basked in the love of some friend which expected no payment in return, and that it was the sense of loss, estrangement, confinement connected with the gradual coming into action of his quasi-bodily mind mechanisms as he woke which produced the sense of loneliness and futility, which was dressed up by his brain for the stage of consciousness in such theatrical properties as were to hand, his pessimistic thoughts of yesterday.

Soul contact is a phrase which some readers may perhaps boggle at, but if they will be patient I hope to be able to show that it is not really such a "deus ex machina" as I have accused Professor Freud's demons of being.

The *mechanism* of dreaming is, presumably, identical with that of thought, though it seems as if it must be employed in rather a different way. Wherein lies this

difference of application which so usually distinguishes for us dreams from thinking is a question we shall probably not be able to answer, but we may get some ideas on it.

We must first of all consider a rough analysis of the processes of thought as they can be observed, *mutatis mutandis*, by anyone who cares to take the trouble to try.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THIS is an age when everyone gives advice to every other one. The bibulous person is told how to leave it off gradually; the procrastinator is informed of the necessity of doing it now; and even our mothers and aunts, and other persons too venerable to mention, are instructed in the art of growing old gracefully. On this latter subject a dramatic critic may be permitted to say a word. Experience and intelligence combine to produce dicta that are practically axiomatic; and to our mothers and aunts I offer my advice in this form: Modern plays should be seen but not heard. This may seem difficult to all those people who are not deaf, as a quite well-known dramatic critic is; he sits and admires (or, rather, does not admire) the scenery. But the acoustic properties of our London theatres are so variable that almost every theatre contains what Browning's Bishop (the dying one) called "those silent seats." Those are the seats to get. They come not with observation; neither can any man say, Lo, here, or Lo, there; I say it with all reverence and thankfulness for the blessing; they are the gift of God.

I discovered the magic seat at the Savoy Theatre; nay, I did not discover it. Some unseen watcher guided me to it. It was a seat that permitted me to hear every word of the farce that followed the three-decker; "The Van Dyck" was perfectly audible to me. But when the actors talked seriously about adultery in the first play, when "The Sin of David" should have roused all the moral apprehensions of a not too cynical soul, not a word reached me. I could hear what the prosodists call the a b, a b, a b, a b, a b of the metre; I could hear all the pauses, all the blanks, of the blank verse; but what was said I do not know. It was probably something rude, so I do not complain. But what a wonderful seat was mine!

I have referred to adultery, but who knows what happened between the second and third acts? According to the Biblical story, David saw Bathsheba Bathsheathing herself, fell in love with her, and went the way of all flesh. But Mr. Stephen Phillips' play has neither a David nor a Bathsheba; had I seen a woman in a bath I should have said, "Kismet"; but I saw nothing and said nothing. But although Mr. Phillips has eliminated the bath, he has reproduced the Biblical story in an English setting, and when we see history repeating itself on the stage (with emendations, of course) we call it an analogue. It is good to be clear about these things. There is no evidence to prove that David, King of Israel, was a Puritan; but in a vague, general way, we may say that the period of the Civil War in England provided circumstances not unlike those necessary to the reproduction of the Biblical story. Certainly men were at war with each other, cantered with recanters, and both with decanters, and so on; and the canterers are usually regarded as Old Testament men. If the sin of David is to be reproduced, the playwright must have a war, or how can he get rid of Uriah the Hittite? The Civil War it is that Mr. Phillips chooses, as most resembling the circumstances of the original sin of David.

I cannot call Sir Hubert Lisle valiant in war, for the part is played by Mr. H. B. Irving, and I do not know his fighting weight. But that is his reputation; valiant in war, sage in counsel, steadfast in adversity,

zealous in victory, sober in his cups, and cold in bed. I can only say that he looks it. As Commander-in-Chief of the Rushland Rangers (or whatever they call themselves), his first action is to give a casting vote on a question of discipline. One of the Puritan lieutenants has shamefully enforced a maiden, and the court-martial is divided equally on the question of punishment between death and expulsion from the army of the Lord. Sir Hubert plumps for death, which is, of course, the easy solution of most difficulties. The young man pleads his youth and human weakness in the presence of desirable females, but Sir Hubert is obdurate, and in words that would be prophetic anywhere but on the stage the young man trusts that Sir Hubert may never be at the mercy of his fellows for a similar offence. In the purity of his conscience, in the strength of his consciousness of rectitude, Sir Hubert calls upon God to mete to him the justice he has measured to this young man if ever he should be guilty of a similar offence. Instantly he meets the lady of the house and falls in love with her.

Now comes the recondite question: How is it possible to commit adultery with the wife of a Puritan? The question did not arise in the case of Bathsheba, but the imagination of the poet has no difficulty in solving the problem it has raised. The woman is not named Bathsheba, but Miriam; and Miriam is a Biblical name with other significations. For instance, she took a tumbrel or timbrel in her hand and sung one verse of the Book of Exodus; she conspired against her brother Moses' monopoly of the vocation of prophet, because Moses had married a black woman—and she was smitten with leprosy as a punishment; later, she died, and there was no water for the congregation. If, then, the wife of the Puritan is named Miriam, she will not be so easy as Bathsheba was, but still will not seem so inaccessible as she would if she were named, say, Mary, or Ursula, or Teresa, or some similar name with historical associations of virtue. But what's in a Hebrew name? Miriam Mardyke had French blood in her veins, she had come from the sunny plains of Champagne to the low fenlands of the Eastern counties; her native taste for adornment received the violent censure of her Puritan husband as tending to vanity, and the shadow had fallen between them before Sir Hubert appeared. Thus the poet paved the way to the bed-chamber.

For the rest, the poet follows the Biblical story very closely, with the exception that I am not sure whether they did commit adultery. So many years elapse between the second and third acts that, even if I had known, I should have forgotten. But in the third act Sir Hubert Lisle and Miriam are lawfully married; indeed, Sir Hubert seems to be residuary legatee of the estate of Colonel Mardyke, for he is also attended by Mardyke's old servant. Now we have got to kill the child, to conform with the Biblical story. The child cannot sleep, so his mother brings him on the stage; there is a Puritanically paternal passage of affection, and then the child shrinks from his father. This is ominous. Sir Hubert is called away to relieve Pomfret, and by this time the child has sickened. Some of the symptoms resemble diphtheria, but the doctor has to resemble the doctor in "Macbeth," and he hints mysteriously at mental or spiritual trouble. Anyhow, that does not matter; the child has got to die, and diphtheria or no diphtheria, anti-toxin or no anti-toxin, I was meant to attend that child's funeral. Next morning everyone is "ssssh-ing" about the place; the crisis is momentarily expected, when Sir Hubert returns victorious, his followers singing and playing on what are apparently musical instruments. The child dies: I nearly did; and the husband and wife begin to blame themselves. Each is quite certain that God has killed the child because he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity; there is a casuistical passage, mostly inaudible, defining the relative degrees of guilt of husband and wife; but they turn to each other at the end, and enter on a really spiritual marriage. The moral of the play is: Find my seat.

Readers and Writers.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Scotsman who thought that Londoners had improved in their pronunciation during the six weeks he had been in town. I mention the story that it may not be cited against me for thinking that the literary reviews now appearing in our contemporaries are a little less ridiculous than they used to be before. . . . The "Nation," in particular, now takes literature seriously occasionally, though still with too much care for the mere "feelings" of living writers. Feelings be damned, when anything more important is at stake, and the maintenance of the standard of taste is by common consent of more importance than the feelings of any writer who lowers it. In a judicious article on "Our Younger Novelists," the "Nation" recently told these gentry off with a fair amount of general directness. They were inordinately egoistic and consequently wrote autobiographically of insignificant people. At best they lived in a group-consciousness and not in a world-consciousness, they had no pregnant [!!] association with the inarticulate needs of the people . . . they were deplorably without any sense of self-criticism. All this, of course, is perfectly true; but the effect was marred by excepting practically every novelist by name from the general definition. This one had this redeeming feature, that one had that, and so on; till one was expected to conclude that bad as the lot really were, each was good. I should like to know—mere curiosity—which of the novelists named felt in the smallest degree moved to improvement. Will they kindly communicate with me?

The foregoing paragraph is not to be taken as guaranteeing anything in the literary Press of to-day. The reader must still walk most warily and in expectation of a shock at least once in every review. The chief novel-reviewer of the "New Statesman," for example, after some paragraphs of careful innocuousness—no opinion is better than wrong opinion—suddenly produces this: "The book leaves us depressed, but it is a good book . . . thoughtful and powerful." Need I draw out the absurdity of this sentence or formulate the heresy contained in it? I think not. It is enough to say that the man who wrote it is still in the infants' school of literary criticism. And there are the following phrases which I met in the "Daily News" review of Mr. Frederick Niven's "Justice of the Peace." "A novel which the careless might confuse with an Arnold Bennett . . . a genuine novel of ideas." Who ever—even the most careless—could mistake "an Arnold Bennett" for a novel of ideas? The conjunction is incongruous, and Mr. Bennett would probably be the last to admit it. Now if it were Mr. Wells—ah, the incongruity would then be less obvious.

Selections from the works of two recently deceased Socialist writers have just been published: "Essays," by Hubert Bland (Goschen, 5s.), and "Harry Quelch: Selections," edited by E. B. Bax (Richards, 2s. 6d.). Both writers had many qualities in common—a manly attitude towards life, intellectual honesty, independence and a good stout pen. But Hubert Bland had much the better training in both writing and thinking. There is thus about his essays what may be looked for in vain in those of Quelch—a philosophical background and an occasional grace-note of style. Quelch, on the other hand, I am certain, had the greater native power. He was really rather formidable in mind and used a quarter-staff as easily as Hubert Bland flourished a sword. Neither, of course, belongs to literature nor had any real originality.

An industrious novelist confided to me the other day that he found his plots in the "Agony" columns of the "Times." It is astonishing what this feature has become in that once distinguished paper; but farce is the highest flight my acquaintance will now be able to ex-

tract from it. What a notion of editing, however, Lord Northcliffe must have to encourage a trivial part of the "world's leading daily" to become of more interest than the whole! But a typical decadent (by Nietzsche's definition) must needs sacrifice the whole to the part. "Answers" was Competitions, "John Bull" is Bullets, and now the "Times" is "Agonies." Lord Northcliffe will live (I hope) to repent that he did not raise the price of the "Times" to sixpence and retire on the proceeds.

* * *

A comparison of Euripides and Mr. Bernard Shaw has been suggested, of course, by Mr. Shaw himself, who is, as he says, nothing if not explanatory. But the hint has been taken at the foot of the letter by a Professor of Greek, Mr. Gilbert Norwood, and the result published in a shilling booklet by the St. Catherine's Press. Anything more laboured and superficial it would be easy to discover, no doubt, in the proper place—in one of our monthly reviews, for instance—but in *my* library, no! Four parallels are drawn between the Greek and the Fabian dramatists, and each is more out of drawing than the other. We can pass, if we like, their common "spirit of challenge to all accepted beliefs," for this is in one sense a characteristic of every exceptional intelligence, and, in another sense, it is beautifully fatal to their art. What have artists to do with the accepted or unaccepted beliefs of their immediate generation? Let them leave that work to publicists—as they do! But what of the parallel of Euripides' and Shaw's "study of women"? The author himself destroys all the plausibility of his comparison by remarking that Shaw's notion of women was impossible to Euripides. In what, then, can they be said to be alike save in the fact—not unique in them—that women occur in the plays of both? There is a river in Macedonia and there is a river in Monmouth. The third likeness is in the "directness, wit and athletic brilliancy of their style." Who else but a special and pedantic pleader would have detected it? Mr. Shaw's style has these qualities, but they are the last to be discovered in the style of Euripides. Finally, Mr. Norwood says his heroes are alike in the treatment they received from their contemporaries. What! Euripides wrote nothing but plays for fifty years and won the prize only five times; while Mr. Shaw turned dramatist at forty and has made his fame and fortune within ten or so years! A similar treatment by their contemporaries—the parallel is preposterous. Euripides was one of the best-hated men of his day—agreed! I hate him still. But Mr. Shaw is one of the least-hated men that ever lived. Even I find it hard to do him justice.

* * *

Poor old America has never succeeded yet in writing for itself a Life of Lincoln on anything like the scale of grandeur of Lincoln's life. But the materials are being collected, and one day an imported European will be naturalised to accomplish the national task. It will probably be a Russian! Materials, too, are still accumulating about Whitman, but in such heaps of rubbish that I imagine the man will be completely buried under them for all time. My immortal soul will not grieve, for Whitman was for a day only, and for a day that has passed. The latest addition to the Whitmannish material is the third volume of Mr. Horace Traubel's "Walt Whitman in Camden." If the talk is of photographing life, how is this for our dandy realists? This volume consists of nearly six hundred pages of close type, and records the sayings and doings of Whitman during only four months of his life. Nothing surely can be omitted from it, least of all the deadly dullness of himself and his biographer! Yet I should not be surprised if the portentous work sold well in England!

* * *

Mr. Charles Kelly has published some additional volumes in his "Books for Every Age" series (rod. each). Those sent to me are "Peg Woffington," "Jane Eyre," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight."

R. H. C.

Democracy in Esse among the Art Journalists.

By Arifiglio.

Critics each genuine difficulty shun :
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
(Dr. Young, "Night Thoughts.")

It has always been a source of comfort to me to meditate upon the fate of Longinus : who was burnt alive by the Roman soldiery. There must have been a number of artists and authors among the troops assembled before Palmyra, who, when the city surrendered, managed to get some of their own back—for Longinus, among other things, was a critic.

To be a critic for hire, of other men's work, is to show oneself destitute of some of the finer feelings of our nature : to put oneself outside the pale of humanity.

From Aretino to Harry Quilter—Whistler's 'Arry—they have passed a parasitic existence—battening and fattening like flies, and other horrible creeping things, upon the sufferings and torments of the nobler animal, of a higher nature than themselves.

It is all very well to tell me that they write for bread, and that every man has a right to live. "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité !" There is a piece of old French for you. Talleyrand, I believe. I would sooner get my living, as I do, by spreading dung upon the face of the earth than be a critic.

He had y-lad of dong full many a fother.

A bit of old English, sir—Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales."

Better the meanest hind who begs his bread
(Pope's "Homer")

Than be a critic with a swollen head.
(Arifiglio.)

It has often been asked : Who are the critics? And it has often been answered, "Et responsum est ab omnibus." De Quincey. Essay on Murder—that they are the failures of the Art World—the unpublished poet, the painter yet unhung.

This is a mistake. Most of them have never even painted a picture, or composed an original verse. Where they came from, or what they are, is a secret closely locked in editorial bosoms.

When they begin, many of them have not even an elementary equipment—these Ephemeridæ of modern journalism. They do not even know one end of a picture from the other—or the difference between oil and water. They have a vague idea that the two do not mix well, but "that is all they know."

They spread their sail to catch the gale,
And that is all they know."

(Antique Drawing-Room Ballad.)

Hoping that somehow, with the help of the Muses, they may arrive somewhere without getting capsized. Keats once wrote a poem about a pot of basil, and Ruskin once wrote a paragraph about a pot of paint. I really think the latter is the best known, even among the "High-brows."

Ever since that Ruskin fiasco, critics have always proceeded with exemplary caution in times of storm and stress—they, the leaders and instructors of the popular mind. It was pitiable to watch their agonised contortions during the Post-Impressionist and Cubist spasms, now happily passed. No man, not even the most copper-bottomed, can sit on a fence for ever, waiting to see which side is the safest to jump down upon.

Oliver Goldsmith knew his critic well—and this was his advice to the young beginner : "Always say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and praise the works of Pietro Perugino." Then the young man is advised to glide gracefully away from a subject of which it is patent he is painfully ignorant—and bring the conversation round to "Shakespeare and the musical glasses."

Quod semper, quod ubique. (I do not know where that comes from, but it is a good old tag.) These very arts the critic practises at the present day. You open,

let us say, your NEW AGE, and you see an article entitled "Ginger for Pluck, Black for Beauty," and you fondly imagine that you are going to get a pleasing revelation about colour. Instead of that, you are served with about a column of reminiscences of what Walter said to Whistler, and what Whistler said to Walter; but not a word about Ginger, or Beauty, or Pluck; further on you may meet with a stone or two, flung at the writer's pet aversion of the moment; and you wind up the whole with some rancid old music-hall chorus. I have forgotten to mention the French, "Mais ce n'est moins que rien." And this is Art Criticism—in London in the year 1914 of the common era! The phrase "Cockney impudence" out of the pot of paint paragraph occurs to me.

But there is a worse evil under the sun. You open some modern magazine that professes to devote itself to the subject of Art—and you see an article entitled "The Matisse Movement in Modern Painting." "Ha," you exclaim, poor, trusting, fond fool that you are, "at last I am warm, I have seen the fire." Here, for once in a way, is something of palpitating interest; and you begin to read. You discover that you are put off with a description in page after page—of an æsthetic tea in a Chelsea studio.

I must acknowledge, however, that there is one concession to decency these modern scribes have made. They no longer call their rubbish criticism—but Art Journalism. It is now a case of Triumphant Democracy. Why not? Every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and to be an art journalist if such is his will.

And as such he must gather what straw he can to make his tale of bricks. He must get his copy by any means in his power. He is out for blood. It is amusing to watch the ways of the creature at galleries and places where they paint. Being utterly ignorant of his subject, he attaches himself like a tic to some unfortunate painter, who has the unhappiness to know him, and sucks his brains, going round the gallery with him; asking him his opinion of the pictures, and listening to the remarks he makes to any chance friend or acquaintance who happens to come alongside of them. Then home triumphant to reel off his copy. He is full of blood—the blood of the poor artist—which becomes polluted in passing through his system; but never mind. "Fate cannot touch him, he has dined to-day." Away, thou vampire! away! How it saddens me to reflect that, like Jews and prostitutes, critics seem to be a necessity of our complex civilisation. We should like to abolish them along with other baleful trades, and yet we are unable to do so. As one of themselves, a prophet of their own, would say :

We've got to have 'em,
Whether we like 'em or not :

We've got to have 'em,
That is what touches the spot,

in the words of the long-forgotten melody of the Halls of Harmony. Yes, they are too strong for us.

There is an old rhyme that says :

I takes and paints, hears no complaints;
I'm sold before I'm dry;

When savage Ruskin sticks his tusk in,
Nobody will buy.

Yes, even men like Ruskin and Diderot appear to have smirched their singing robes when they became critics. Critics there have been, I know, and great ones. "Glorious John" Dryden himself, in England, who once wrote "That it was not the chief business of criticism to find fault"; and in France, the modern Hellas, the home of Art, not a few. In later times, I recall the names of Thiers, Taine, Rochfort, the De Goncourts—but they were highly equipped for their office. They had been appointed her high priests by Athene herself. But what have these present-day swarms of lice and locusts to do with the Goddess? This penny-a-lining, ink-slinging, esurient crowd of Art Journalists—what have they to do with the service of her temple? They merely defile it. "Out, dog," say I.

Este procul O profani!

Holiday Observations.

By Peter Fanning.

DATE, Saturday May 9, 1914. Time, 9 a.m. Place, Yorkhill Docks, Glasgow. Class, "Third."

A bustling officer in a raucous voice roars out, "All Scandinavians this way." A young fellow, the ship's interpreter, repeats the command in several different languages, and then there began to concentrate towards the barrier a motley collection of Jews, Germans, Danes, Finns, Swedes, Poles, and Russians. Amongst the latter were several infantrymen, still wearing their military uniforms, who had evidently deserted straight from the ranks. But even these were not so interesting to me as were five females, dressed in the poorest of garments, without jackets or shawls, and with only a clout of common calico for head covering. But their poverty in dress was not their most striking feature. That lay in the expression, or, to be correct, the utter lack of expression in their countenances. Anything so hopelessly dull, soulless, and indifferent I had never observed on a human face. On the faces of cattle I have often noticed a somewhat similar vacancy, but never on the face of a human being. From what part of the Continent they came I do not know. But I realised at a glance that here before me was living evidence of what human beings can be reduced to by generations of oppression and repression. Whilst I watched this strange mixture of races pass through the barrier, being "ticked off" at entry, and medically examined before being allowed to approach the gangway leading to the ship, and wondered what would be their fate in America, a female voice from my left, in a tone of utter disgust, exclaimed:

"What d'ye know about that, now? Fancy all those beastly dirty foreigners being allowed into my country."

"You are an American, I presume?"

"Yeth—sur-r-r!"

There was something beneath the nasal snuffle and the twang (or what I may call the native or bottom accent) which struck me as being familiar, so I inquired:

"Were you born in America, Madam?"

"Yeth. The sur-rest thing you know."

"Were your parents born in America?"

"No, faith; Ireland!"

The excessive American patriotism of this once-removed Irishwoman, with her Yankee twang and slang, more especially the present catch phrase, "What d'ye know about that, now?" which I here heard for the first time, must have appealed to my sense of humour and caused me to smile, for, immediately from my right hand, another female voice declared:

"Wait till you reach America and see how the whole country is being eaten up by Jews, Germans and Dagos. You'll soon think the same as we do."

"Are you an American, also?"

"Yeth—sur-r-r."

"Were your parents born in America?"

"No—Ireland."

These two women were strangers to each other, one having been "raised" in New York and the other in Chicago, a thousand miles away; yet both agreed as to certain prevailing features of American life.

The prospect was decidedly interesting. Here was I with both feet still in Britain, receiving information regarding the internal condition of "God's Own Country" from two fair informants, who, at the moment, never suspected the close racial and religious connection between themselves and me. I made up my mind that I would cultivate their further acquaintance aboard ship.

The "Scandinavians"—the term in this instance being a cover for most of the Continental peoples—having gone aboard, it was now the turn of the British to pass through the barrier. At our entrance an official on the right examined our tickets, whilst another on our left "ticked" us off on a mechanical ticker. From here we

passed to a medical officer, who, in a most perfunctory manner, glanced at the backs of our hands and at our eyes and then passed us onto the ship. I shall recall this alleged medical examination later on.

Having passed the doctor we crossed the gangway and boarded the good ship "California." Here let me say at once I mean "good ship" not in the way the words are usually applied, but in downright earnest. We went aboard by the forward gangway, and then, through a double row of ship's stewards dressed in clean white jackets, we marched right on to the aft part of the vessel and entered the quarters assigned to steerage and emigrant passengers. Here the chief steward took us in hand and allotted us our various bunks. The bunk to which I was consigned contained six berths; but the steward, like the good fellow he really was, put only five of us into it, which allowed us a fair amount of elbow room. My four companions were all young men, and Scotch; three of them were brothers. They, with their mother and two sisters, were going to the far West to join other members of their family who had gone before them. My fourth companion, who had been married only a week, was one of the finest fellows it has ever been my good fortune to come in contact with. He was going to America to seek that livelihood for himself and bride which was denied him in his own country. That he will succeed I am confident. He was a skilled worker, and the day after our arrival in America had no difficulty in obtaining employment at \$4.50 per day. For the nine days we were together we five lived in common, sharing whatever we possessed with each other; and when our journey came to an end we were loath to part. Well, boys, I'll drink good luck to you all wherever you be!

Having selected our berths and disposed of our baggage we went up on deck, from whence we witnessed a most animated scene. The gangways had been drawn in, the fastenings cast off, and the "California" was moving gently forward towards the Clyde. On the dockside were some thousand people following the ship as she moved slowly along, some crying, some cheering, but all wishing us good-bye, good luck, and God speed. On the saloon deck of the ship a second-class passenger was playing the Scotch pipes. He gave forth many a patriotic Scotch air, to which those ashore responded with cheers. And now we were in the fairway of the Clyde, moving slowly down on the out-going tide. The day was fine and dry, but bitterly cold. On either bank of the river we could look right into the ship-building yards and factories, where the wage-slaves of Scotland grind out their lives that they may grind out profits for those who live by exploiting them. We could see the wretched tenements—some of the worst in Europe—where these victims of capitalism are *supposed* to live. At Dumbarton we passed the "Aquitania," which had come over from Belfast the day before. A month later I saw, from the crowded deck of a Hudson River ferry boat, this monster lying in New York Harbour; she created a tremendous sensation amongst the passengers. What feelings she created in the American Press I will show later on by some quotations, which will come, I am inclined to think, as a surprise to Englishmen. From Dumbarton we dropped down to Greenock, where we anchored two and a half hours to take the mails aboard. Although the wind was piercingly cold and my health was wretched, the scene on either side of the river was so interesting that I remained on deck so long as there was daylight. And what struck me most during this journey down the Clyde? I was aware that I had just left a city whose medical officers of health had recently declared that it contained slums which were overcrowded by forty thousand souls. And yet, here, only a few miles away, there were hundreds of thousands of acres of land uncultivated, without a single dwelling, sustaining nothing, so far as one could see, except birds and vermin! I do not wonder at the Scotch flying away in their tens of thousands. But I would rather see them

stay and put up a fight for the land, like the Irish. It is hardly likely though, I fear: as I soon discovered, on board ship, that the old animosity amongst the "clans" still persists.

At noon the bell sounded for dinner, and we all went below. I had read the menu which the Anchor Line professed to give to third-class passengers, so I was naturally anxious to see if it came up to the advertisement. I declare, right here, without hesitation—it did. The food was fresh, abundant, well cooked, and well served. There were many things which I did not touch during the voyage—butter, tea, milk, liver, porridge, etc., but never once did I hear a complaint from my mess-mates regarding these things. They declared that they were quite as good as the things to which I restricted myself.

There is only one complaint I have to make about the dining arrangements, that is—we were too much rushed. Sufficient time should be allowed to third-class passengers to eat their food like civilised people. I do not know who was to blame in this matter, but I hope this hint may help to cause the removal of the grievance.

Views and Reviews.*

The Not Very Terrible Turck.

BEFORE considering Dr. Hermann Türck's theory of "Hamlet," I must say a word or two in reply to "R. H. C.'s" objection to the theory that I put forward on the authority of Dr. Ernest Jones. "R. H. C." said in the last issue of *THE NEW AGE*: "My mind, however, revolts from the conclusion, since the tragedy would ex hypothesi depend upon chance and upon disease, and Shakespeare was too great to turn accident to tragical account." I do not understand the reference to disease. The theory that I put forward claimed that "Hamlet" was a play of incestuous fantasy; and Dr. Jones' lecture was entitled: "The *Œdipus*—Complex as an explanation of Hamlet's mystery: A Study in Motive." The incest motive in "*Œdipus*" is manifest and admitted, and "R. H. C." cannot save Shakespeare from psycho-analysis without denying the very obvious inspiration of Sophocles' work. "Chance and disease" are unmistakably the motives of the "*Œdipus*," and Sophocles is, I think, as great a dramatist as Shakespeare.

But why should "R. H. C." call incest "disease"? It is usually regarded as a sin, it is certainly a crime; but I know of no reason whatever for classing it as disease. It has no distinguishing symptoms, and it is not amenable to any medical treatment. It is simply sexual intercourse within certain legally prohibited degrees of relationship: it is endogamy in the narrowest possible sense. I do not think that "R. H. C." will commit himself to the hypothesis that exogamy is an essentially righteous custom, for exogamy is the beginning of miscegenation; and miscegenation is not a lovely spectacle. The "awful consequences" argument against incest proves only that in-breeding intensifies the parental characteristics; and a rule of this nature may be used for good as for evil. The old-fashioned rule of breeding sporting dogs, for example, is "once in, twice out," to keep the family character intact; and Darwin came to the conclusion that the evidence for evil following close in-breeding was not conclusive, as Prof. Lloyd Morgan shows in his work, "*The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom*." Incest may be anything one pleases, but it is much less obviously disease than, say, the Neo-Malthusian practices that are so popular at the present time.

I need hardly say that I do not find Dr. Türck's theory conclusive. So far as it goes, it is attractive; but it does not go far enough. Dr. Türck comes very near to the core of the problem when he says: "In truth, the cause of Hamlet's hesitation is found neither in the difficulty of his task as such, nor in the hindrances presented by his own character, that is to say,

in fear or moral considerations; for on other occasions, as has been proved, he by no means shows himself a man whose actions are determined by such motives." There is the limitation of the problem: Hamlet's hesitancy is confined to the one task of killing his father's murderer. If we are to accept Dr. Türck's explanation that Hamlet hesitates "because his whole mental life is engrossed and all his desires and endeavours are arrested for the time being by the recognition of the fundamental error that has so long influenced all his views of the world and man, that every decision and purposeful activity in themselves become hateful to him," we must ignore the very language of the play, the very quotations that Dr. Türck makes. There is no evidence whatever to support the idea of a general aboulia; it was after the shock that he arranged the play scene, that he deliberately arranged the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, that he fought the pirates, and grappled with Laertes in Ophelia's grave. The aboulia was not general, it was specific; the only thing that Hamlet could not bring himself to do was to murder his uncle.

The only question is: "Why could he not do what he regarded as his duty?" He never doubted that it was his duty; what puzzled him, and puzzled us, was why he could not do it.

I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do";
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't.

He said himself that he was "prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell," and was surprised that he, "a dull and muddy-mettled rascal," should "peak, like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of [his] cause." Again and again, he contrasted this peculiar hesitancy with his normal character.

Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

The cause of Hamlet's hesitancy was hidden from himself, and was not to be revealed by introspection. A merely ethical or philosophical objection to his task would have speedily been recognised by a man of Hamlet's penetration, and would either have been reasoned away or would have been confirmed and strengthened until it issued in action. But to the end of the play, Hamlet remained in ignorance of the cause of the inhibition.

This being so, I can admit all that Dr. Türck says of Hamlet's nature, and yet deny that he has explained the mystery of Hamlet's hesitation. I can agree that Hamlet's "nature is that of a man of genius, in which extremes meet and call each other forth. In him are combined the humblest unpretentiousness with the fullest self-dependence of character, the most perfect modesty of demeanour with an eminent boldness in action, the nicest considerateness towards others with inexorable candour, a mode of thought which pursues things to their uttermost consequences with the greatest distrust of his own judgment, the most uncompromising condemnation of the evil deeds and moral weaknesses of men with the most intense and profound love for mankind, the highest idealism of disposition with the keenest eye for the true relations of life, a most tender conscience that even recognises and condemns the potential elements of all evil in himself, with the untrammelled actions of the real hero who trusts in God alone. His is a personality indomitable in its energy and yet softened by the most delicate feelings; he is a whole man, an intellect of the highest rank, in a word, a genius." I can agree with all this, except the statement that "he was a whole man," in spite of my objection to the mechanical antithesis of the phrases and the too lavish use of superlatives. But all this is merely descriptive of Hamlet's apparent character; it is not explanatory of the mystery of his hesitation. Hamlet was not "a whole man"; he was a man divided against himself on a particular issue, and Dr. Türck apparently

lacks the technical knowledge necessary to explain the cause of this unconscious inhibition. "Hamlet" must be traced back to Shakespeare; one must notice what changes Shakespeare made in the saga, must know the biographical facts connected with the production of "Hamlet," if one wishes thoroughly to understand the mystery of Hamlet, for Shakespeare was as unconscious as his hero of the real cause of the inhibition. It is to the credit of Dr. Ernest Jones that he has complied with all these necessary conditions, and that his theory fits all the facts; Dr. Türck has not even defined the problem properly.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

The Panama Canal. By F. J. Haskin. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

THIS semi-official account of the building of the Panama Canal may be recommended to the general reader who is interested in any struggle of Man with Nature. The chapters dealing with the engineering features of the Canal are certified by Colonel Goethals; but the whole of the manifold activities that made the work successful come under review, and are treated clearly and briefly. The magnitude of everything connected with the Canal is naturally insisted upon by Mr. Haskin; and the consequence that "everything had to be invented and designed for the particular requirement it was necessary to meet" only adds to the marvel of the success. The "margin of safety" is, if anything, excessive; and means, as in the case of the Gatun Dam, that the engineers have done more work than was necessary.

Of most interest to us is the clear revelation of the fact that State Socialism failed as ignominiously as private enterprise had failed to build the Panama Canal. "In the beginning," says Mr. Haskin, "the Americans attempted to build the Canal under the direction of a commission with headquarters in Washington." The attempt failed so utterly that "the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission asserted that [the work] must be let out to a private contractor, this being, in his opinion, the only way possible to escape the toils of governmental red tape." Fortunately, the work was handed over to someone who was not a business man; with the consequence that the level of economic efficiency was probably higher than that of any other undertaking in the history of the world. Twice as much material was excavated in seven years as was expected to be excavated in nine years; and the additional work was accompanied by a decrease in working costs. "With the price of skilled labour fully 50 per cent. higher on the Isthmus than in the States, unit costs were sent down to surprisingly low levels. For instance, in 1908 it was costing 11½ cents a cubic yard to operate a steam shovel; in 1911 this had been forced down to 8½ cents a yard. In 1908 more than 18½ cents were expended to haul a cubic yard of spoil 8 miles; in 1911 a cubic yard was hauled 12 miles for a little more than 15 1-5 cents." The average ton of dynamite did twice as much work in 1911 as in 1908; and £10,000 a month was saved by shaking out cement bags. The explanation of this astonishing efficiency is to be found in the emulation arising necessarily from the esprit de corps induced by the nature of the task and the conditions of its performance, and fostered by the genius of Colonel Goethals. "Men doing identical work were pitted against one another: Army engineers were placed in command of one task here and civilian engineers in command of another task there; and thus a healthy rivalry was established." The records of the best steam-shovel performances were published every week in the "Canal Record," and every steam-shovel gang "made the dirt fly" in the attempt to head the list. The American dictum that one Spaniard or Italian could do as much work as three West Indian negroes stirred the negroes to emulation, and they were soon as good workers, when they worked, as the Spaniards. So we could continue quoting, but there is no need to multiply superlatives. The Americans have "licked creation"

this time, by reviving something of the Guild spirit for this particular purpose. That the instance is, at present, an isolated one only makes it a better example of what men can do when the tyranny of the wage-system is abolished. It is to be regretted that the American Government has no other task for these men to perform.

The Passing of War. By William Leighton Grane. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

That this book should have a fourth edition in two years is a fact that will make most other authors exclaim: "Blessed are the peacemakers"; and it undoubtedly proves the value of organisation. One can do a lot with money; and since Mr. Andrew Carnegie financed the Peace movement a new race has arisen. Within this race there are necessarily sects; the economic argument for peace has given rise to the sect of "Norman Angells," and it is possible that the moral argument for peace will be the means of bringing to birth a new order of "Leighton-Granes." Anyhow, the Vicar of Cobham, Surrey, is concerned to demonstrate that there is no antagonism between the doctrines of Mr. Norman Angell and himself; they are diverse, but complementary. Mr. Norman Angell says that you cannot afford to go to war; Mr. Grane says that you must not—Jesus Christ would not like it, or words to that effect. But there is something else that Jesus Christ would not like, and that is the proposed subservience of all the nations to international law. Jesus Christ was not the best friend of the lawyers; and the epigone of the apostles, Paul, said that "if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." The simple fact is that while the wage-system persists, the preaching of peace is only the saying of the robber: "Stand still while I rob you."

Saturday with my Camera. By S. C. Johnson. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Johnson has prepared a most interesting book on photography for the beginner. What to do, and how to do it, are the questions that Mr. Johnson asks and answers; and there is not a detail of the science that is not explained as lucidly as the subject allows. Particularly valuable to the beginner will be the passages explaining how and why the various mistakes are made. The book is divided into four sections, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; and the various sorts of photography appropriate to the seasons are made clear. The book is full of precise information; indeed, Mr. Johnson is so careful that he adds an appendix on poisons, their symptoms, and their antidotes, to save the tyro from an untimely death in the dark room. The book is illustrated with fifty-one plates, which will make the beginner envious; and innumerable practical diagrams are scattered through the volume. The book should save every amateur photographer from the derision of his friends.

Social Chaos: And The Way Out. By Alfred Baker Read. (Hendersons. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Read has one simple solution for all our troubles: infanticide. But to do justice to his idea, he ought not to stop at infanticide. Adults are sickly: Sir William Osler was saying only a little while ago that 90 per cent. of the population was afflicted with tuberculosis in some degree. Very well: let the 10 per cent. of non-tuberculous people slaughter the 90 per cent., and make a eugenic paradise of England. It might then be discovered that the 10 per cent. suffered from hæmothymia, i.e., the blood lust, and that, if peace is to be maintained, they also must perish. If that be so, they could abolish themselves; and this old planet of ours would be left in peace. Really, when you come to think of it, there would be no problems of any kind if there were no people; and the only way out for the world-weary is suicide. Let us all read Mr. Baker Read's collection of newspaper cuttings, and agree to bring human life to an end at four o'clock next Tuesday afternoon, if Mr. Read will first perform the happy dispatch on himself. Then, having got rid of the problem-solver, we ought, on his reasoning, to be rid of the problem.

Pastiche.

INSURANCE CANT.

"The Insurance Act is doing the work of the man of Nazareth."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"The Insurance Act is actually genuine Socialism."—F. HANDEL BOOTH.

"The Insurance Act is going to bring healing and help to the sick."—"The Star."

"The Insurance Act has been instrumental in adding to the gaiety of nations."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"We are now an insured Nation. No longer will the workman's home be haunted by the grim spectre of poverty."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Many specious arguments have been used against the Insurance Act, but the ten million arguments in golden sovereigns ready to be shared out from Monday next dispose of them all, and the sharing out will go on in perpetuity."—"News and Leader."

"On Wednesday next (January 22, 1913), the Insurance Act comes into full operation. It has overcome all obstacles."—"The Christian World."

"The Insurance Act will help to drive fear out of the land. It will help to make us one people."—JEROME K. JEROME.

"The Insurance Act marks an epoch in the progress of Social reform, and by its message of hope to the workers gives new life to the nation."—SARAH GRAND.

"The Insurance Act is the greatest measure of social reform ever inaugurated."—Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"The Insurance Act is a courageous application in the legislative domain of 'Bear ye another's burdens.'"—"Daily Chronicle."

"The Insurance Act . . . a success."—"Daily News and Leader."

"I am profoundly thankful for the Insurance Act . . . Its principles are distinctly Christian."—Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

"The Insurance Act Committee is now distributing in practically every house in the country a beautifully illustrated paper called the 'Money-Box.'"—"Daily News and Leader."

"We have discovered that the workmen have quite an extraordinary knowledge of the provisions of the Insurance Act; and we have also to acknowledge that all the great employers have rendered us every possible assistance."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Mr. Lloyd George has done us a good turn by his Insurance Act."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The presumed unpopularity of the Insurance Act."—"Nottingham Daily Express."

"The Insurance Act . . . that egregious piece of Socialist legislation."—"Newcastle Chronicle."

"The administration of the Insurance Act is getting more efficient every week."—Mr. MASTERMAN.

"We make no apology for calling attention to the Insurance Act, although a fortnight after New Year's Day (1913) has passed, there will be little need, as it will then speak for itself daily and hourly. In view of the blessings which will then begin to flow in a never-ending stream into the homes of the poor . . ."—"Liberal Monthly."

"Opposition to the Insurance Act is foolish and wrong; it is obviously the part of good citizenship to comply with the law."—"Daily Chronicle."

THE SHOWMEN.

After Leconte de Lisle (1818—1894).

Like to a dismal brute dust-smothered, teased,
That tugs its chain and bays the blistering sky,
Trail thy torn heart who will in the foul sty
That so the lewd, flesh-ravaging mob be pleased;
Let Love's own veil of glorious light be seized
And torn from shuddering limbs divinely shy.
That so the fire re-ignite its dull eye,
Its mirth and boorish pity be appeased!

Though, proud and silent, graveward I go hence
I'd rather plunge to endless darkness down
Than sell my heart-throbs for the rabble's roar;
I would not give my body like a clown
To tumble on its paltry board for pence,
Nor leer for lovers like a shameless whore.

WILFRID THORLEY.

IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS.—IX.

The absurd Fourteenth of July was simply a fiasco. People try to blame the heat, but the fact is there isn't a scrap of truth in the business. You can't get very glad about the fall of a Bastille when you know there's a new one three times as big and bad as the old. For my part I had to go out into the streets after all because that canine barrel-organ played from morning to midnight for three days. And it had only two tunes, a tango and a one-step! I nearly died last Sunday grinding out my impressions to the tango. Saturday night was the real jour de fête. Expectation was abroad. The reality afterwards was nothing. People got up from their chairs outside the cafés, danced or made a joyful beastly row and sat down again. On Tuesday, the fourteenth, spots were crowded and the rest of the boulevards empty. I crawled over to the Panthéon with the aid of several reposees on convenient stone walls. Hundreds of the usual people waited for the usual drinks. A band played the usual tango, and there was some conventional dancing in the road—and I pledge my eyesight that was all. The cafés neighbouring this were all deserted. The same sort of elephantiasis attacked the other favourite cafés. The Rotonde, of course, was packed. Ten steps past the lovely paper roses and Chinese lanterns was gloomy silence. The Avenue du Maine was more amusing. There the Bretons in costume plastered with bands of velvet, danced in their own fashion. Ah, but the best thing I saw was my fruiterer's wife and sister seated on gilt chairs outside the closed shop, in white caps, velvet and satin and gold fringe, and each with an embroidered black satin apron spread out creaseless. If you can imagine the British Sunday out for a lark, there is my impression of Paris en fête. But I'll confess to have been reading the "New Statesman" in the afternoon! I shall read it every week. One really needs something of the kind in a city where the sky is so blue. A little smoke reminds one of home ties. For instance, Solomon Eagle's devotional stirring of the Shavian ashes reminded me that I owe letters to half my relations, I can't think why! By the way, the person who writes the unsigned lighter literature (one may, I think, go so far) in the "New Statesman" very unhappily swears that a curate without a sense of humour imitating Robey would be "as tedious as 'Blast'"—he would be as funny as Robey! A humorist ought never to get in a temper, even with a new movement. He gets mixed. If he is not sure "whether Futurism is the growing pains of a rejuvenated Italy," he *must* not be "offended when people who have left school insist upon taking Futurism seriously," nor ought he in the same breath to adjudge Futurism "no new gospel at all." You can't be not sure and sure at the same time, unless, of course, you *are* Shaw. Then it doesn't matter so much. I love Mrs. Webb on motherhood—the "annual yield of babies" strikes me as truly womanly (modern sense). I hope somebody will send me next week's.

All Paris has gone to the country, and the Rotonde is alive with Germans, but a neat specimen of the American cad turned up last night and took the chair next to me. His wife should never have let him off the telephone; he heard me order coffee in French or something foreign, and he was showing the other man the Rotonde. "See that Negress! I'd like to see her in Noo York! They think em a novelty here, that's why. Ought to see millions of em as we have in Amurica! That's a Swede. . . Don't think much of the girls round here! Not from a medical point of view! Russian poet—has had his hair cut. . . That girl tried to pinch me this morning. No earthly! (asterisks here, please!)" Presently, three American girls came up to me with accent and all complete, and in two ticks his chair was available; I don't know whether one may call American girls awfully jolly, but these really are. I heard a different kind of Yankee, young and athletic, lecturing two young damsels at dinner on the evils of drink—"you begin with just a taste . . . and then . . . and then . . . and then." "Why, never!" they both said. One of the minor amusing things about Montparnasse is how everyone advises you, in friendship, to avoid everyone else. Even the most hopeless vagabond is capable of this well-intentioned warning. How the world is everywhere the same! One has really to get at least as far as the Closerie des Liles to find one of those few to whom all is an equal spectacle. There may be one hidden somewhere here! In my three streets, the loan of a franc invariably buys me a surprise-package of the best possible advice—and frequently regarding the danger of lending money to bad people who have no intention in the world of returning it! Here are a couple of cards of invitation from real church-member Americans.

A concerted effort! I wonder who I've been seen with? I'm sure they mean to save me from somebody. I will send them a copy of "Aucassin and Nicolette" with that passage marked about the charming people who would not leave hell for heaven on any account. There is certainly a danger in Paris, and this is the number of people who can charm away an hour. People cannot resist going out to see if anyone else is out, and they always are: or one stays at home on the chance that someone will drop in, and they always do. It is an ideal life for women, but if I had a son, he should not have my assistance to live in Paris. The American and English girls here, painters and what-not, stand it best to begin with. They plod solidly through a twelve-hour day at la vie artistique and produce enough of chrysanthemums, dreamy nymphs, and still lives of all kinds to cover the walls of all Pekin, but goodness knows where these things go to. There is even a little group of female cubists, but here, again, is mystery. I've never nowhere seed nothing afterwards. The young men who mean to work live far out, as a rule.

Alice Morning.

A BUBBLE'S CAREER.

Kissed into being by a waterfall,

A bubble glides and glistens down the stream
Fern-fringed in woodland solitude, where call
Birds to their mates, as, interfusing all,

Slant sunbeams strike, and swift-winged insects gleam;
While fragrant air enfolds the rugged stems
And, sighing, thrills their leafy diadems.

Lo, on the bubble's crystal hemisphere,

A convex mirror midst a green-walled world,
In varied sequence beauteous shapes appear
Of rock, reed, flower, and verdure, tier on tier,
Blue depths above and cloudlets light-impearled,
A blazoned butterfly, a gauzy throng,
And birds that swoop or soar or skim along.

A prisoned spirit, from the bubble's core,

Perceives these wonders that its form reflects,
And yearns to grow and blossom on the shore,
Or, wing-borne, yon deep vistas to explore
Far as keen vision's questing urge directs,
Or, cloud-like, in celestial light to bask,
And, being there, not here, nought more to ask.

In vain, in vain that spirit's thirst to know

All gracious things and motions as they are;
Some while it feels the stream's resistless flow,
Its fruitless longings, all the gorgeous show

That, unresponsive, mocks it from afar;
Then strains, and bursts its fragile monad-shell,
Selfless and free in ambient air to dwell.

Charles E. Hooper.

TRUE SERVICE.

Dear youth—thy noble heart athirst for power,
Even for naught but good—can you behold
Your purpose guide you where the tyrants tower
Who arm them with the shining sword of gold?

You would be rich (I know the guileful story)
Only to set your brother bondsmen free,
To work His will and give to God the glory—
So thou must evil do that good may be!

Back! ere the serpent weapon you would treasure
Buries its poisonous fangs your soul within,
Nor marvel if in riches God should measure
An equal reckoning of shame and sin.

For none achieveth by his sole endeavour
The means to the dominion which you seek;
That must be filched from those whose labour ever
Sufficeth but to keep them poor and weak.

Think not to recompense from all your gaining
(Should you still wish) the lives that you have spent:
How should you, deaf through long years of complaining,
Make white your soul with gifts and blandishment.

Dear youth, the end you seek is not high guerdoned,
Nor falls to weapons of a proud device;
You only serve the comfortless, the burdened,
In lowly penance and self-sacrifice.

Harry Reginald King.

MORE CONTEMPTORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHÖFER.

(9) THE OCCULT REVIEW. EDITORIAL.

I propose to raise in this number a point of the highest importance for all students of occultism. It is this: Was Rungum Goobah, mentioned in the wonderful Babylonian cuneiform, "The Tale of the Half-Dead," the grandson or the grandnephew of Singsong Soo, the priest of the Red Rose. Sempronitus, the scholiast, in his well-known treatise, *de saponibus mollibus*, assures his readers that Rungum was really the son of Jimjam Epsilon, but Flavius Eroticus in his *in cyprinos atque criticos* seems to deny this. A more interesting point cannot be imagined, and I propose to devote half this issue to its further elucidation. . . .

The financial side of occultism is one that outside these columns is touched upon all too rarely by thinkers. When we remember that gold signified to the alchemists the human soul, we cannot disregard the possession of it as other than the possession of the symbol of the blessed Godhead which has been incarnated in man through the Holy Ghost for the glory of the spirit and the spherical harmony of the universe. Even the viewpoints of the Ghostly Self pale before its light, and the Upper and Lower Manas are struck dumb. May not then the common workman, with his inward eye panting for the mystic bliss of the eternal, so deem himself, in the words of Jesus the Nazarene, "worthy of his hire"? Though his needs be few and these not satisfied, let him remember that he possesses an Astral body in seven colours and his cravings will be mitigated and the pangs of his desire stilled! . . .

The Alchemical Society wishes to announce that owing to financial straits it will be forced to move into smaller offices. Members are also reminded that they can have their correspondences addressed to c/o the Society.

I have been asked to say that readers finding any of Mr. Marinetti's words at liberty are requested to muzzle them and return them to the owner.

Ralph Shirley.

THE WAIL OF A FIERCE VAMPIRE.

The world falls from me,
Softly I darkle,
The pale moonbeams see,
The dim stars sparkle.

Thou art the world,
The moon and the stars,
The face at the window,
Venus and Mars!

Then, Lord of my Soul,
Mystic Creator, -
Help me and console,
O Eternal Curator.

Mary Smith.

THE WONDERFUL TEACHING.

By Aleister Crowley.

"Lo, the mighty Prophet sate him down and spake magic words. Harken ye unto him!"

Is the toad in the Hole? For the soul has gone astray, a-whoring after strange gods. Men, indeed, there are who strive to—think! Fools are they; they know not the Teaching. They are blind and deaf and dumb and bereft of smell. But I know it. Harken! The Soul is a perfect hole, into which all things flow, fall and disappear. A nest of intertwining boxes full of impressions—*Cast them out!*—full of aspirations—*Beware; devils are about!* full of strange beliefs in existence—*Madness, it dreameth!* I know it. Harken!

Verily, even as copulating beetles in a dung-heap, as couples in a punt on the river, but without the magic ecstasy of their union with the Mystic Essence of God, so is the Soul of man when it striveth to know that which lieth without its boundaries. Life is a cheat, a dream, a bilk. Put not your trust in it. It is not. I know it. Harken!

As a sleeping man sees visions in a dream and watcheth and careth not, so indeed a wise man goeth through life, watching, and caring not. Enjoy and pay not! Take what is offered and cast the cup away ere you drink the poisonous dregs. Say, "I dream," and beware of waking. Thus may ye ever be blissful, neither joyful nor sad, neither brave nor cowardly, but ever content, seated on the sharp edge of a razor-blade. O Initiate, thus have I taught thee the Wonderful Teaching. I know it. Harken! Harken!

So I wrote with my finger in the mud beside the pavilion in the circus, and my soul was glad.

Amen, Amen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

VOLUNTARY INSURANCE.

Sir,—Permit me to point out that the comments of the writer of your Notes of the Week on Lord Willoughby de Broke's Voluntary Insurance Bill will be subject to considerable modification when the complete measure is printed and circulated. The short summary of the Bill which was sent to the Press could not, naturally, contain a complete statement showing how the conversion from compulsory to voluntary insurance might be effected. I have some grounds for saying that this question of transition caused more difficulty than any other to those who drew up the Bill. Again, your editorial writer understands that the system of licences to be taken out by employers in respect of each person employed is likely to mean the institution of forced labour. There is really no ground for any such assumption. You will find when the complete Bill is before you that the mechanical and physical hardship of the present card system is transferred to the employer; and that its moral hardship is removed from the workman. Private individuals take out licences for their menservants, but we have never yet heard of the term "forced labour" being applied to this system. Under the Factory Acts, many thousands of employers have now to send in, for official purposes, a return showing the number of their workmen. The new Bill simply proposes that this system shall be extended, and that for the convenience of all parties the employer shall pay so much per annum per man. Technically speaking, the authorisation or receipt given to the employer by the Board of Trade is a licence. The workman himself, it should be remarked, has no part whatever in this financial transaction between the employer and the Board of Trade; he is concerned solely with his friendly society or his trade union.

It is not quite clear what your editorial writer means by suggesting that the voluntary system would not work nationally. If we are going to have national insurance at all, I think you will find that the voluntary system we propose will be fully entitled to be called national, and that in practice it will work well. Another point made in your Notes of the Week is that a voluntary insurance proposal "lends itself to the effective electioneering cry of free universal insurance." I have heard gossip to the effect that Mr. Lloyd George has some such scheme under consideration. It would be impossible in our present financial circumstances, and in view of the opposition to Mr. Lloyd George's latest Budget, to put forward any proposal of this kind at the next election. No such plan could possibly become practical politics for the next six or seven years. There is no reason why fourteen millions of our fellow-countrymen should continue to suffer for an indefinite period, under the Act at present in force, if their wishes for voluntary insurance can be met at once by a thoroughly practicable scheme.

What appears to me to be the one real point your editorial writer makes is his hint that there is hardly unity enough or ability enough among the Unionists to set a voluntary scheme going even if they were returned at the next election. The answer to this is that it is purely a matter of committing the leaders of the party and their more prominent followers to a voluntary scheme. Many of the Unionist members, as you may perhaps be aware, are already pledged to voluntary insurance. Such complicated measures as new Insurance Bills, I may say, cannot be prepared in a week or two; and I earnestly ask you and your readers to consider the eighty clauses of the Bill, with its schedules, when it is printed and circulated, and to compare it with the present Act. They will agree with me, I feel sure, in saying that the new Bill is not merely more practicable and less onerous for employers and workmen, but also that it is infinitely more in harmony with the traditions of the English people. J. M. KENNEDY.

P.S.—Since writing what precedes, I observe that Mr. Cecil Chesterton kindly praises the new Voluntary Bill as having been drawn up on "New Witness" lines. I may as well add that this is not accurate. Only two members of the very small but expert committee that drew up the new Bill have read the "New Witness" since it was No. 1 of the "Eye-Witness." I happen to be one of the two; and I can safely say that no single reference was ever made to the "New Witness." Indeed, beyond suggesting that the Act should be made voluntary, and that the Friendly Societies and Trade Unions should be helped, I am not aware that the "New Witness" or anybody connected with it, ever put forward any detailed and workable suggestion at all. We all

realised that the Act should be made voluntary; the difficulty was how to set about it. Two official reports have been published on the administration of the Health section of the Act, and one on the Unemployment section. I invite the editor of the "New Witness" to go carefully through them, to observe the wide ramifications of the measure, its financial and other complexities, and the grip it has secured on the people of this country; and then to start drawing up a voluntary scheme. I do not wish to say an offensive word about a paper the support of which I value; but I think it would have to be admitted that nothing that had ever appeared in its columns on this subject was of even slight assistance to the framers of the new Bill. The destructive criticism of the "New Witness" is quite another matter.—J. M. K.

* * *

THE BUILDING STRIKE.

Sir,—A note headed "Another Blow to Syndicalism" appeared in Monday's "Irish Independent," from which I have made two abstracts. These same are particularly worthy of notice, both because they give us some idea of Mr. Murphy's criticism of Guild Socialism, and also because they give us the views of Irish capitalism upon the work undertaken by the men's federation in the building trade:—

(1) "The great building strike in London, which has lasted for the best part of six months, is showing signs of collapsing. . . . The worst part of the story from the men's point of view" (I think we should rather say from Mr. Murphy's and his colleagues' point of view) "is that they could have obtained nearly all they were fighting for if they only had been reasonable and had refused to be led away by the Syndicalists."

(2) "During the progress of the strike the masters had given way on every point except one, and that point they could not concede and carry on their business. The 'penalty' agreement would have been withdrawn, the men's federation recognised, even the 'ticket' inspection was to be allowed if conducted outside working hours. But the men resolved to keep out until the masters agreed not to employ any non-union labour."

After reading this paragraph, I think you can well congratulate yourself on having won a great victory, because the leading Irish capitalist has tacitly admitted that the capitalists will grant any demand, except what will sow the seed of destruction of the wage system, that is monopoly of labour.

(3) "This demand (not to employ any non-union labour) was made at the instance, not of the REGULAR leaders of the unions, but of men whom the 'Daily News' calls 'young revolutionary doctrinaires,' who had no experience whatever in the handling of a labour dispute. They call themselves Syndicalists and Guild Socialists, but whatever their name, they have made a pretty mess of the London building strike."

Sir, it is wonderful what a great love the capitalists have for the regular leaders, gentlemen who, as you have pointed out, are always amenable to anything which will lead to the servile state. The best thing that ever happened to THE NEW AGE is the animosity which the "Daily News" bears it.

Having drawn out this letter longer than I intended, I apologise for taking up so much of your space.

FRAS. W. O'CONNOR.

* * *

THE NEW TRANSPORT COMPANY.

Sir,—You recently appeared to suggest that the introduction of machinery at railway goods terminals would not be of benefit to railway workmen. This view is not taken by Mr. J. E. Williams, the Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, who has written to this company, that in his opinion, our proposals "would not only benefit the railway companies, but also their employees." Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Mr. Walter Hudson, M.P., and Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., all railway men, are all of the same opinion.

If railway workmen are to have an eight-hour day, instead of a ten-hour day, it seems to me that if, by the introduction of machinery, we can enable the men to get through the same amount of work in an eight-hour day as they now do in the ten-hour day, that will be a great advantage.

Much more than this can be done, and the result will be a great advantage, because an enormous amount of poorly productive energy is now absorbed in doing railway work. This energy could, in the presence of a system of cheap transport, find a ready and rich market. Cheap

transport must stimulate all trades, and none more than the building trade. A reduction of 30 per cent. on the transport of building material would work wonders. I remember discussing this subject with the late Lord Collins, who held very strong views on the influence of the wretched housing of the poor on crime. He said "more than half of certain classes of crime may be ascribed to this one adverse circumstance. If you can, by cheapening transport, give the poor better houses to live in, you will do more good than all the machinery of the Law."

The first result of the introduction of Clearing Houses will be vastly to increase the nation's wages bill: then as Clearing House after Clearing House comes into operation, with its consequent effect of cheapening transport, and, therefore, stimulating agriculture, men will be less anxious to leave the land to work for the railways for 2½d. per hour. The freight rates in this country are by far the highest in the world, and this in effect puts a bounty on goods produced abroad, to the detriment of the home producer. I would remind you that £157,000,000 worth of food stuffs are annually imported into this country from abroad, all of which could be produced in this country.

With regard to railway dividends these would undoubtedly be increased, but the advantage of that would be that, directly the benefits in this direction were discovered, there would be no longer any hesitation on the part of rich railway shareholders to produce the capital necessary to build further Clearing Houses.

With regard to Mr. Dent's observations as to Clearing House economies, I understood him to be calling Mr. Edgar Harper's figures into question. These figures are set out in the fullest detail, but Mr. Dent has not as yet sent us the amended copy we have asked for.

These undisputed figures show the appalling amount of waste that is going on in railway working. *Waste cannot possibly benefit anyone, and it must injure the poor more than anyone else.*

A. W. GATTIE, Chairman.

* * *

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—With prophetic insight a contributor of yours wrote the following, at the time of the appointment of the "Herald's" present editor, as the intention of that gentleman:—

"I'll make the "Herald" a paper such as England never has seen
A cross between Votes for Women and the Bow Church magazine."

The thing is accomplished. In spite of the many protestations that there would be no change of policy, a very complete change has been effected. There has been no indecent haste. The change has been Jesuitically gradual, but none the less sure. The erstwhile champion of the rank and file, the sworn foe of timid or false officialdom, the ardent advocate of the class struggle, no longer exists. The body is there (swollen, indeed, to 12 pages!), but the spirit has flown. Where the rank and file were once incited to manifest their independence they are now solemnly urged to remember their responsibilities. Where renegade officialdom was once exposed with pitiless truth, it is now occasionally gently admonished and more frequently slobbered over with insincere flattery. Instead of healthy ridicule of patronising duchesses, canting bishops, and preposterous Fabian expert regimentalists, we get paragraphs about "Rebel Princes" (God help us!) single tax essay competitions and interminable bleatings over the "Queen of the East End," otherwise that conceited and hysterical female, Sylvia Pankhurst.

The "Herald" was never very clear. In its happiest days it was a wild medley of contradictory notes, but ever in the old days a fierce cry of class rebellion rang clear. Now the class rebellion is quite gone, and the paper, colourless and almost incoherent, seeks to rally the workers with a weird and truly thrilling combination of "Hallelujah" and "Votes for Women."

The explanation, of course, is that the paper is a "kept" paper. Like all kept things, it is used to satisfy the whims and caprices of its keepers. It is but natural that the wealthy Suffragettes and Christians who are keeping the paper alive should insist upon the paper's standing for Hosannahs and Votes for Women. With their money they are entitled to buy what they please, and also the men who are ready to be bought. But it is honestly to be regretted that they should succeed in fooling so

many people. There are still to be met with many honest fellows who believe that the "Herald" is a useful force in the working class fight. They fail to realise that while the paper, in blundering, ineffectual fashion, affects to promote rebellion, it is at the same time, and with much more heart, preaching its love and brotherhood, its suffrage and its single tax, and generally doing its damndest to send those who mean business chasing madly after mirages.

In outlook the paper has become more parochial than the parish pump. For it the earth's axis lies somewhere between Bethnal Green and Bow and Bromley, and the world's chief news consists of the exploits of Sylvia Pankhurst and the Poplar Board of Guardians, plus the speeches of the Editor and his man Friday, John Scurr.

Apparently, this man Friday is acquiring influence on the paper, and this fact is eloquent and significant. For who and what is Mr. John Scurr? He has many parts. He is a dockerman who resolutely refuses to dock. He is also a super shoe man, ergo the present darling of the wealthy suffragettes. He is the wandering Parliamentary candidate in perpetuo of the "Herald" "rebels"—a dreary critic of the present inefficient Parliament who would give his right hand to get into that same Parliament. He is desperately anxious to help the long-suffering poor of Bethnal Green, but more desperately anxious still to help himself to £400 a year of the nation's money. He is a persistent purveyor of sobs for suffragettes and bathos for babes and sucklings. In short, Mr. Editor, he is what our American friends call "punk"! And, largely, he represents what the "Daily Herald" has come to!!!

Time was when the death of the "Herald" would have been a matter of real concern to many of us. Now, the sooner the end comes the better. Not that this is likely to happen just yet. No doubt, the paper will be kept alive until the General Election, when a raging, tearing electioneering campaign in support of the "Rebel" candidates for Parliament will be embarked upon. Such dear "Rebels," too! So honest and disinterested!

But, after all, what boots it how wealthy fools and their money are parted! Some like to keep elongated lapdogs, others prefer to keep the long-eared "Daily Herald." It is a matter of whim merely. CANDID.

* * *

REDMOND HOWARD AND PETER FANNING.

Sir,—I am so unfortunately circumstanced regarding time that the letter of mine addressed to Mr. Redmond Howard was written from a few rough notes made before I went to America. Returning home in the same week as his article of June 26 appeared, I had no opportunity to go through his previous contributions. Since then, however, I have read them. Taken all together, they make the most diverting reading I have come across for years. For one who shouts so loudly that he "thinks philosophically," these several articles will stand among the best examples of unconscious humour or effrontery offered to the public during the Home Rule controversy.

What I set out to do was to prove by actual quotations from Mr. Redmond Howard's articles on the Irish question that he was not to be accepted as a safe or reliable guide, that his alleged facts were false and his conclusions utterly foolish.

With your permission I now propose to establish both contentions beyond question or dispute.

So far as I am aware, Mr. Redmond Howard introduced himself to the readers of THE NEW AGE on December 4, 1913, in an article which had a sub-title such as only the Pope might use when speaking ex-cathedra on the subject of faith and morals: "A Last Word on the Irish Question." That Mr. Redmond Howard has given us some thirty columns since that "last word" is all to the good of everyone except himself. In the article referred to, Mr. Redmond Howard, with all the fervour of a convert to a new creed, declares himself thus:—

"When I object to exclusion of Ulster, I do so for purely Orange principles."

And then, thinking, perhaps, that his new associates would not be sufficiently impressed, he raises his voice and shouts:—

"Anything, in fact, to precipitate or conciliate consent, but *exclusion—never!*"

Without liking Mr. Redmond Howard, it is possible to admire his attitude at that time. He evidently had the courage of his convictions and the candour to let his brother Orangemen know on what they were based:—

"A Parliament in Dublin, where the Ulster Party was

not represented, and, consequently, the Ulster spirit is absent, would be the worst form of tyranny conceivable."

He evidently still fears that even that may not be emphatic enough, so he goes on to tell the men of Ulster what a peculiar physical effect their obstinacy has upon himself:—

"That the Orangemen, who by race and creed should be the very pioneers of democracy, should oppose Home Rule leaves me—*dumb*."

How long he remained "dumb." Mr. Redmond Howard saith not, but it was just long enough for him apparently to wet his whistle, for a moment afterwards he exclaims:—

"But Home Rule without Ulster would be more of a curse than a blessing—a curse alike to Orangeman and Catholic."

There is a tone of finality and settled conviction about this "last word" that might have secured for Mr. Redmond Howard, had he been content to remain "dumb," thenceforward, a character for firmness and political stability. But, like the mere weathercock he is, he turns with every wind that blows.

Now let us watch him boxing the compass, point by point, from the "exclusion—never" of December last to the "clean cut" in his latest—accompanied, too, all the time by ridiculous posturings.

By March 26, Mr. Redmond Howard had so far forgotten his declaration regarding "exclusion" that he could write:—

"I consider that by regulating the ballot to the few counties that form the crux of the measure, the Prime Minister has struck the first blow at the artificial party spirit which is becoming the stumbling block to all sane government."

That isn't bad as a first twist. But, according to the same infallible authority, the Premier had by the same deft stroke accomplished a miracle:—

"One thing the Prime Minister's offer had done, and done effectually, it has taken the ground entirely from under the feet of Sir Edward Carson. The Volunteers must philosophically cease to exist after that declaration."

Mr. Redmond Howard has not yet informed us whether he deserted his Orange comrades, handed in his gun, and philosophically ceased to exist as a Volunteer on the appearance of this declaration by the Premier. But it is evident from Mr. Birrell's estimate of 85,000 that the other Orangemen were not impressed either by the offer itself or by Mr. Redmond Howard's opinion of it. Having once abandoned the "exclusion—never" attitude, the political slippery slope presented no difficulties to Mr. Redmond Howard. Consequently, by June 25 we find him declaring indignantly:—

"All that Ulster demands is isolation."

After that, the next and final step, "the clean cut," was quite easy, so on July 9 we find this poor spineless creature doing his final twist and declaring:—

"It (exclusion) was now universally recognised as the only way by everybody. . . ."

I don't think I need offer any comment upon this record of political wobbling beyond this: Is a man who is capable of such jump-Jim-Crowism competent to offer an acceptable opinion upon anything relating to Ireland?

Mr. Redmond Howard claims the right to change his creed or his party as often as he pleases. Personally I should be the last man in the world to deny such freedom to him or anyone else. I have seen too many countries, too many men, and too many religions to have an atom of racial or religious bigotry in me. What I object to in Mr. Redmond Howard is this: as I have shown, he has neither political basis nor knowledge, yet he poses, and would like to be accepted, as one who is competent to hand out, to all and sundry, political ideas ad lib.

So much for the foolishness—now for the falsehood, which, after all, is by far the most objectionable feature about the writings of Mr. Redmond Howard. It is a habit with this gentleman to level charges against Irish Nationalists, which he either discounts beforehand or flatly contradicts afterwards, quite unconscious of the holy show he thereby makes of himself. As an example of this discreditable practice I will take the following from his last article, "The Religion of Home Rule." The latter part of the third paragraph reads thus:—

"And the memory of Michael Davitt's 'unfinished campaign' 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.*" (Italics mine.)

The "unfinished campaign" referred to was Davitt's campaign against clericalism. Mr. Redmond Howard states correctly the reason why this campaign has never been pushed openly, except by men like Davitt, myself, and others, who were prepared to take to the wilderness and conduct our campaign from there. Imagine, then, what it must be like, after reading the explanation of Mr. Redmond Howard, to come across, in the very same column, a charge like this:—

"It is a fact conveniently ignored by Nationalists that it was the Catholic clergy who passed the Union."

Nothing could be further from the truth than this charge, and to convict Mr. Redmond Howard out of hand I quote from THE NEW AGE, August 21, 1913:—

"When Pitt determined to destroy the Irish Parliament he called to his aid the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, and, be it said, to their everlasting infamy, in all Ireland he found no more active supporters for his policy."

I suppose it would be a waste of time to ask Mr. Redmond Howard to withdraw and apologise for this slander upon Nationalists. But I can state this for a certainty—there is not an Irish Nationalist who is not aware of this fact, and there is not a Catholic cleric, above the status of a curate, who does not know that in the back of our minds lies the firm determination, as soon as the Irish and English question is closed, to open the Irish and Roman question, and to make Rome pay dearly for her persistent treachery to Irish nationality.

PETER FANNING.

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"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—For the last week references to THE NEW AGE, independently of the book, have been few and unremarkable. Mr. Will Dyson, in an excellent article in the "Daily Herald" criticising the "Times" suggestions for some sort of partnership between Capital and Labour, defined the Guild policy and mentioned this paper as its originator (though Mr. Huntly Carter, I believe, said not long ago it was due to Mr. Shaw and Mr. and Mrs. Webb!). And naturally the "Herald" has had many references to you, one of the most recent of which is as follows. Reprinting your remark that, by permitting the existence of the Ulster and the Nationalist Volunteers, England has already wiped its hands of Irish government, and that those two parties may soon "settle down in joint contempt for England," your contemporary sagely comments, "A somewhat better course would be to concentrate their minds and energies serenely but strenuously on their own social, intellectual, and national business." No lightness for the "Herald," please; has not "G. R. S. T." accused your writers of spending sleepless nights in order to make jokes about *him*? Mr. Penty, also in the "Herald," mentions that you have repeatedly urged the importance of organising the agricultural workers. "This is important," he says, "but I would go further than this." He suggests that the Unions should buy land and transfer to agriculture such Unionists as are unemployed. "But the formation of such colonies," he goes on, "would need to be preceded by the organisation of the agricultural workers in order to diminish the discrepancy in wages." So that agricultural organisation must come first, even for Mr. Penty's schemes, and his "but I would go further" loses point. "F., in the "Daily Citizen"—yes, the "Daily Citizen"—not only mentions THE NEW AGE—yes, THE NEW AGE—but actually says that "the Guild organisation would seem to be peculiarly well fitted to the building trade"—is wisions about? There is an excellent letter in the "South Wales Argus" by "Lareowa," in which the writer first denounces, on the authority of Bentham, the mere partisan use of the word "Utopian," and then points out that your practicalness is proved. "Their [the National Guildsmen's] first movement was to clear the ground—and their indictment of the present system has never been answered. They were, in fact, accused by their readers of engaging in the work of destruction only. Their constructive ideas are the outcome of their analysis." After a short demonstration of the Guild system, "Lareowa" says that, while the columns of THE NEW AGE are open to any controversialist, only the Rota Club has yet debated there with the Guildsmen. But surely Mr. Belloc also tried his luck and retired silent at the Guildsmen's reply. While some of Mr. Sickert's remarks are quoted, with acknowledgments to THE NEW AGE, by Mr. Frank Rutter and a writer in "South Africa," the "Daily Express" filches a phrase from Mr. Del Ré's translation of

Mr. Marinetti's "Abstract Onomatopœia" without any mention of either THE NEW AGE or the translator. The musical critic of the "Daily Telegraph" talks of praising with faint damns, "as somebody has said." "Mr. Gossip," in the "Daily Sketch," assures his readers that "'Tom Titt' has never before attempted to caricature Royalty, but at last I have induced him to give an impression of King Manuel." But Mr. "Tom Titt" certainly caricatured for you both King George and the Prince of Wales months ago—not to mention King Manuel! "Public Opinion" reprints some of your notes on the Budget and its purpose to make the proletariat the property of the capitalist State. The Cambridge Fabian Society's paper, in a moment of flattery, calls you the most impudent paper in the world, after itself. The "Common Cause" notices Mr. Gibbs' exposure of Mrs. Humphry Ward's antic-feminism, and declares that, "when the day comes [Oh, that day!], Mrs. Ward will speak, for she has shown courage, time and again, worthy of her sex, and she will not fear Mr. Gibbs." And, lest we forget, the other lady's paper, the "Egoist," prints a letter in which you are ranked with it as "advanced." Are you so far behind as that?

PRESSCUTTER.

LOST.

Sir,—I have lost my Insurance Card for the previous six months. If any of your numerous readers should see this, the only intimation, will they kindly drop same down a drain? I shall be most grateful to anyone for this act of charity; I am sure Christopher Gay will assist me in this matter. I was quite sober at the time.

J. W. SPICER.

MODERN ART.

Sir,—Mr. Hulme's dissertations on Cubic Art are always interesting, for he seems to know what he is trying to say and battles with the inherent difficulties of so doing with a considerable amount of success. But there are two rather fundamental points about which I feel doubtful whether I have caught his meaning, and upon which, if I have caught it, I must differ in opinion.

1. What are, in essence, "Abstract form," "pure form," and "interesting form," according to him? What are their relations to each other? and do any of them exist apart from the spectator?

2. How far are form and (say) colour in the same categories? For that two things should come together in one category of one set of categories only does not show more than a superficial, even chance, resemblance.

I think Mr. Hulme has said that by abstract form he means "form without any representative content," but he has also said that the shape of a tree is "bare abstract form."

To simplify the position I will try to state my views on these questions.

I do not think that Mr. Hulme distinguishes between form and shape, so I shall take it that by form he means some kind of outline of whatever dimensionality.

No idea is conveyed to me by the words "abstract form" (unless it means "cohesion"). Form is to me in its essence concrete. The most abstract idea which I can connect with form is "type-form," and this can be represented by such entirely unabstract diagrams as a circle or an equilateral triangle; or in a more detailed and restricted degree by a set of triangles with different angles. Now, type-forms of the circle order are "interesting forms," of the unequilateral triangle order the majority are uninteresting.

The interest of the circle order depends on fundamental simplicity, congruity, finality, and rest.

The lack of interest of the majority of the unequilateral triangles depends on incongruous restlessness.

But among the unequilateral triangles there are some which are interesting, owing to their restlessness not being incongruous, and so leading to a finality of activity though not of rest. And it is among the unequilateral triangles that the whole of the art of form both ancient and modern lies. The success of that art depends on whether it portrays restlessness or activity, incongruity or congruity. The highest result being when a final rest is produced out of activities.

Here, I think the Futurists would differ, their difference if it were analysed turning out to be that such a finality is not to be considered as within practical politics for a living and active world, and that if it occurs it is almost ex hypothesi, illusory and bad.

Now all this depends entirely on the (numerical) position-relationship of the various sides and angles, and has nothing to do with any "imported" meanings. As an example of this, some pages of music are beautiful to look at, quite apart from what they mean, while others are without beauty to the eye.

To say, as Mr. Hulme does, that this "specific emotion" does not exist is surely wrong, for it is the cause of the interest and pleasure of all architecture.

As long as form is devoid of meaning, of rational explanation of any kind, it is, I would say, fairly comparable with colour, comparable, at any rate, to this extent, that the sensation which it awakes directly in the spectator is awakened in some "subconscious" region, or, as I should say, is emotional not intellectual, which is the reason that Mr. Hulme finds it so difficult to describe in words. There is a clear parallelism between all the arts—or shall I say senses?—in this matter. They can all produce a direct and non-intellectual effect, what Mr. Hulme calls, I think, a non-"human" emotion. This we may call their fundamental or physiological effect. Or they can be used to reproduce, more or less exactly, things in the outside world, which by some intellectual connection, more or less direct, convey an *idea* which stirs up some "human" emotion. As a matter of fact we have only to go to music to find that these two types of emotion are in some cases very hard to differentiate. Whether in the different arts the legitimacy of these two procedures is different is open to discussion. But, legitimate or not, they are not to be confounded. For directly form is taken to represent any *thing* and to need a knowledge of this thing (which is, as one may say, of quite a different "psychological magnitude" from the form or the emotion) for its understanding, it then ceases to be at all comparable with colour, and becomes the thing which it actually represents. Assuming the views here expressed as a starting point, it appears to me that the progressive artists are, without recognising it, trying to do two things at once, one of which seems very valuable and towards advance, the other worse than useless. In so far as they are trying to produce meaningless forms which shall convey immediately emotions they are on a very interesting, and, probably, a very fruitful path. In so far as they are trying to make (deliberately) crude representations of "things" convey emotions by association, they are merely returning to picture-writing and a re-invention of the alphabet. This may be a useful thing to do, but it is not what we are now considering. Hence, they are in this respect lower than the old Masters at whom they jeer, just as the modern journalese author is lower than the classics of all dates. For he is content to convey only the banalities of things without their finer shades. Ideas can be conveyed with many degrees of completeness. If I merely say "Damn," I certainly do convey the idea that something has upset me, but very little specific information about it. In fact, as the remark stands, it is of almost no interest to anyone but myself. This seems to me much the kind of information which is conveyed by Mr. Bomberg's rolls of butter, let us say, or Mr. Nevinson's chauffeur. If one understands the elements of the game, one sees that the one conveys the idea "People" and the other "Man." If one goes further, the information seems to be "Abnormal people," "Drunken and bung'd-eyed man." If this were what the artists intended to convey, well and good, but I understand it is not. I think the Progressives are making the old mistake which has been made by all sorts of artists before them, the mistake of thinking that because they have made a certain mark and decided that it is to represent a certain thing, or idea, or effect, therefore it *does* represent it and "curse the fool who can't see it." It is a position not difficult to understand; it arises every time we lose our tempers with a foreigner because he will not understand us when we use a wrong word, and the wronger the word the more annoyed we are.

Either an artist has a "mission" or he has not. If he has not, it does not matter if he is understood. If he has, he must remember what is so often forgotten by all teachers, that they have not finished their work when they have spoken, but only when their hearers have rightly understood.

I feel that at bottom Mr. Wroblewski, who has sometimes written to THE NEW AGE, is really nearer the truth when he says that the day of painting pictures is nearly over, and that the next step is to teach everyone the art of arranging the form and colour among which they have to live, so that its effect on them may be a desirable and not an undesirable one.

M.B. OXON.

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