NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Of all the foolish people who clamoured so loudly at the beginning of the war for the capture of German trade, how many, we wonder, have actually succeeded in capturing any? Probably only one man in a hundred who seriously interested himself in the question at the beginning knew that something more was necessary for the proposed commercial warfare than the writing down and reviews with irritating frequency, have so far restricted themselves to this easy method of building up new business. But much more than that is required; and the difficulties are not yet known even to our business men themselves. Let us refer first of all to one or two of the purely technical obstacles in the way of our commercial advancement at the expense of Germany which have been entirely overlooked by the general public, and even by many exporters and exporters' agents.

We have no intention, in our editorial columns, of dealing with figures in detail; but a few may be brought to the recollection of our readers as a guide. Our own imports from Germany last year were valued at nearly £85,000,000. Of this amount sugar and beet-sugar represented £4,250,000. The figures for 1913 are available to show the value of German goods exported to other British possessions. India, for instance, took nearly £7,000,000 worth; Australia, £7,250,000; Canada, £3,000,000; South Africa, £3,400,000; West Africa, £1,400,000; and the Straits Settlements, £800,000. In the same year, when our exports to Argentina amounted to £23,750,000, the German exports were worth £13,000,000. The German exports to Brazil were valued at £11,000,000, and ours at £16,000,000. The value of our exports to the United States was £54,500,000 and of the German exports £34,000,000.

Superficially examined, it would appear from these figures that there is nothing for us to do but to clear the seas and send out our commercial travellers. A few men of sense, chiefly in the purely technical organs, have warned our enthusiastic journalists that there may be severe competition from the United States and Japan; but little heed has been paid to these warnings. It is assumed, quite erroneously, that we have all the requisite machinery for manufacturing the goods in the export of which we propose to supplant the Germans; and not until they had gone into the question very thoroughly indeed did our manufacturers, or a few of them, find out that they were mistaken. Even before the war there had been an agitation in favour of the starting of sugar-beet enterprises in this country; but let it be well noted that this was not possible without Government aid. Here was an Austro-German industry of which we were forced to take advantage every year to the tune of £15,250,000; yet we could not supplant it without the assistance of the State. How is it proposed to supplant industries, such as the German export of electrical goods, which do not affect us even to this extent? In brass, copper, alloys, and brass tools, the Germans have an almost complete monopoly. In dye-stuffs they are equally well situated. For certain classes of electrical goods they have a monopoly which, even now, four months after the declaration of war, we have not seriously attacked. Despite numerous advertisements in the papers, the German manufacturers still possess a monopoly for certain classes of chemical goods.
It is one thing to exploit German patents; it is quite another to solve German scientific secrets. The glass for our electric lamps comes from Bohemia; and we can manufacture it only with some difficulty. The "ingredients" for the filament are made almost entirely from naturally-tungsten extracted in Germany from wolfram ore. We have depended for years on German tungsten. We began to experiment with the extraction of tungsten from wolfram. The ferro-chrome and ferro-tungsten used for hardening our steel have come from Germany. We find it difficult to manufacture mantles for incandescent gas-lighting, for the thorium nitrate and ramee thread used for the purpose also come from Germany. The carbon for our arc-lamps—yes, the carbon even for our Adirondack's searchlights—has always come from Germany; and only one firm, the General Electric Company, Witton, is manufacturing carbons in this country. German producers, in order to secure a monopoly here, under the General Electric Company system, systematically by fifty per cent, in tendering; and the company lost £600,000 up to August last, and even the Admiralty patronised it. When the German exports are analysed it will be time enough to talk of supplanting them. Many of the German chemical concerns are merely the auxiliary businesses, or rather departments, of other industries; and the advantages of the cartel system (we speak, for the moment, commercially) enable industries to co-operate to an extent which English manufacturers do not realise. The by-products of a chemical firm, a by-product of a steel-mill products, e.g., the by-products of a brass works may be taken over by an electrical engineering company. Only by the so-called "vertical" Trusts in the United States—and, i.e., a Trust which monopolises or at least partly controls all stages of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished article—is as good use made of by-products as in Germany.

Clearly, then, we cannot at once begin to supplant German manufacturers, either in our own country or anywhere else. We have chemical and engineering works, of course; but their machinery is not in all cases adapted to making goods of the kind Germany has been turning out. Manufacture has become specialised; machinery cannot readily be diverted from one class of manufacture to another. Take this as an instance: last year Germany exported to Canada soaks and stockings valued at £150,000. Our exports of almost similar goods to Canada were valued at £18,000. We sent soaks to Chile worth £1,300; but the German hosiery sent to Chile was valued at £101,000. We exported wool; but no hosiery. Similarly, in the case of electric glower-lamps, which Germany exported to the value of £2,500,000, and we to the value of £150,000. In this instance you have to take into account the costly experiments which the Germans had conducted over a series of years. It has always been a common practice for German electrical, chemical, and engineering firms to allocate a large proportion of their profits to research—scientifically carried out by trained scientists, and not left to the scanty leisure of overworked heads of departments. The German monopolies having been acknowledged, then, what are our first steps? Naturally, as we shall be told, the erection of new machinery, the training of skilled workmen, the organisation of a complete sales system in as many parts of the world as we can reach.

Here, however, the manufacturer will find himself faced with a new difficulty. He will discover that for the erection of new plant he must have money; and, although there is plenty of money in the banks, it is hard to come by. The Government, he will find, has put no interest on the banker he was neglecting the interests of the merchant and the manufacturer.

What, under our present commercial organisation, does the investor demand before he signs his cheque? Let an acknowledged authority supply the answer. Towards the end of August—lest we should be accused of concealing essential facts, let us say that it was on August 28, at the close of the National Patriotic Association, 32, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.—certain business men assembled in solemn conclave under the chairmanship of no less a person than Sir George Pragnell. "Replying to a question," say the newspaper reports, "as to whether it would be possible for British traders against German and Austrian imports after the war was over, so that capital invested would not be thrown away by the under-cutting of the foreigner, the chairman said the answer rested with the investor... If there were many chemists and drugs, our Government had gone a long way, and he hoped pressure would be brought by the big chemists to ensure the Government going still further, to make it easier when the war was over, and for six months afterwards, to secure the capital of each industry, to come from Germany; and only one firm, the General Electric Company, Witton, is manufacturing carbons in this country. German producers, in order to secure a monopoly here, took over the General Electric Company system, systematically by fifty per cent, in tendering; and the company lost £600,000 up to August last, even the Admiralty patronised it. When the German exports are analysed it will be time enough to talk of supplanting them. Many of the German chemical concerns are merely the auxiliary businesses, or rather departments, of other industries; and the advantages of the cartel system (we speak, for the moment, commercially) enable industries to co-operate to an extent which English manufacturers do not realise. The by-products of a chemical firm, the by-products of a steel-mill products, e.g., the by-products of a brass works may be taken over by an electrical engineering company. Only by the so-called "vertical" Trusts in the United States—and, i.e., a Trust which monopolises or at least partly controls all stages of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished article—is as good use made of by-products as in Germany.

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For what Trust, however large, let us ask, could hope to compete with a Guild? What vast sum of money could a Trust set aside for new experiments which a Guild could not set aside twice, thrice, six times over? Could a Trust, could a series of Trusts, utilise by-products in a way that Guilds could not improve upon? They could not. The adequate utilisation of by-products (of beer, for instance, for their by-product worth tens of millions of pounds to the German export traders) depends on the size of the Trust or kartel; and no Trust could exceed a Guild in commercial or manufacturing scope. The late Mr. Morgans celebrated Money Trust was able, in defiance of the Government, to control the finance of the United States. What, then, would not be the power of a Banking Guild, acting in partnership with the State! There is, we hold, no disputing these points. We could, given time and space, set forth the arguments in indisputable figures—already at least a decade is a small change in the land situation and in the diplomatic events have appeared in this journal. Above all, granted our new social and industrial organisation, we should not attempt to develop "districts where there is plenty of female labour, such as Tottenham and East Ham."
among Finnish sympathisers here that both Germany and Sweden have concentrated their attention upon this disaffected duchy; and only last year the Germans were confident that they could attack Russia through Finland without troubling themselves about Kronstadt. (One wonders whether this German name of a Russian fortress is to be altered, and whether it is as impregnable as Antwerp was generally believed to be.)

It may be said now that the Scandinavian monarchs and their Governments are thoroughly in sympathy with the Allies, and that Sweden has realised that her pro-German attitude was a mistake. At the same time, Scandinavia is openly perturbed by the great strength displayed by the Germanic Powers, and by the immense reserve forces which can be drawn upon in Germany and Austria. The island has not yet been leased. When it is, the public here is not likely to know of it until after the German Government knows of it; and that will not be for some time. There is nevertheless no doubt, island or no island, that the Russians will make great efforts, with the assistance of the British Navy, to extend their operations along the Baltic. It cannot be said that the Germans command the Baltic, for they do not; but they could make it very dangerous for transports to be sent to a German Baltic port from any available port of embarkation in Russia.

Even at the other end of Europe there is no sympathy for Germany. It is not expected that it will become necessary for Portugal to take any part in the war; and all the same, it should unfortunately fall to her to do so, we shall have the use of her army in Egypt. At least forty thousand men would be available, with modern guns; but it is very doubtful if the Turks will ever reach the Suez Canal, much less cross who it is that this or that country has to meet, whether in any case large-scale production has to be destroyed or retained. It will depend upon the feeling that animates the Guildmen, as well as upon the material needs production has to meet, whether large-scale industrialism was altogether degrading the industry to which it belongs. The method of destroying the bad machine will not be so much the cheapening of production, which is the sole thought of capitalism, as the preservation of a high standard of workmanship coupled with reasonable efficiency and cheapness. The cheap and nasty product will be replaced by well-made goods, sold at a fair price, and produced at a fair cost.

The change will mean not the smashing of large-scale production, but the placing of the workers' industrial destinies in their own hands. It will depend upon the feeling that animates the Guildsmen, as well as upon the material needs production has to meet, whether large-scale industry is to be destroyed or retained. In any case large-scale product is the scale of production that will lead inevitably to the turning out of shoddy work, or to the brutalisation of the workers, then the Guild will see to it that such production shall cease, or be transformed. But the scrapping of machines, where it comes at all, will come not of a general movement against machinery, but in response to the definite discovery that this or that machine is degrading the industry to which it belongs. The method of destroying the bad machine will be experimental; and this method will have the advantage that it will enable both to preserve the good ones, and, in many cases, to transform those that are bad. Here, too, the process will be gradual and not catastrophic; but it will be none the less revolutionary.

Let me return once more to my controversy with Mr. Penty in The New Age of March and April. His point was that modern Industrialism was altogether degrading, and that all attempts to reform it were doomed to failure. The fault of the reformers, on his showing, was that they did not believe in the Socialists' fanatical demands. The Socialists sought to reform: their vision of the Socialist State was only the vision of a more democratic Industrialism. In short, they offered the workers self-government, perhaps; but they did not offer them freedom.

I reply in essence that even if Mr. Penty and his friends are right in their ideal, and right in wishing to inspire men with a faith in that ideal, revolutionaries have to consider not only ends, but also means. It is not enough to have "news from nowhere," unless we
have also a true conception of "the wage-system and the way out." For, after all, we have not only to dream—-which we must do to keep our sanity—but also to bring about the revolution. We have to face the rest of the block of the world, and the material on which we have to work is the modern wage-slave.

My complaint, then, against Mr. Peaty is that there are no stages to his revolution. It is a spiritual revolution, which it is hoped may be accompanied by a convulsion in the material world. I too may have a spiritual revolution; but I do not believe that hearts are changed all of a sudden any more than institutions. Let us work for a change of heart, by all means; but at the same time let us begin to alter our institutions. About all we can set out to develop "dans le sein du système capitaliste," as a French writer has said, institutions capable of supplanting capitalism.

I do not know, and I do not believe that any man can know, the part machinery will play in the coming society. We have so regularly used the machine to enslave man that we have no idea how it could be used to free him. A civilisation in which machines do the skilled work and men the dirty work is one way to understand the possibilities of the opposite system. There will, we may hope, be always a growing number of machines to do the dirty work of the community. But, if machinery is to be put in its proper place, if it is to do only work that is both necessary and dirty or mechanical, the first need is that the craftsman should recover the control of his craft, that the Trade Union should once more concern itself with standards of production, and that the unskilled man and his machine should cease to ape the mechanic to the detriment of the quality of the product.

This question of machinery, however, is not the only question involved in the more general problem of Industrialism. We must ask ourselves also how far large-scale production will survive. The two questions are, no doubt, closely connected, since it was the coming of the machine that made large-scale production inevitable; but they are not, for all that, the same. Large-scale industry might survive with much less machinery; or it might, as electric power, easily divisible and cheaply transmitted, continues to develop, disappear even as machinery increased.

Here again I want to lay stress on the difference between production and trading. The Guilds, we have seen, will preserve the large unit for trading purposes; but, whatever may happen to machinery, it is to be hoped that they will keep the small unit of actual production. Recent investigations of industrial phenomena, particularly Professor Chapman's studies of the Lancashire cotton industry, go to show that the size of the "model" business does not necessarily increase with the concentration of capital. That is to say, there is no need for the capitalist to increase his scale of production because he increases his scale of trade. Experience goes to show that the tendency in the past has even been to let the scale of production outrun the limits of economic efficiency, and that the capitalist, even from his own point of view, has let his factories get too big.

But, if a national system does not imply large-scale production, it will clearly rest with the Guilds to determine their own scale. Certain demands of efficiency they will have to satisfy: but they will determine efficiency by quality as well as quantity. The scale on which they choose to produce will doubtless vary very greatly from industry to industry; but there is reason to suppose that there will be a decrease rather than an increase on the scales now in vogue.

All this is not so far away as it may sound from the general question of freedom in the Guild; for freedom will be secured only if the control of the individual over his own work be made a reality. Make a man a voter among voters in a democratic community; it is at least a half-truth that the measure of control he will have will vary inversely to the total number of votes.

So, in the workshop, the control of the individual will be real in most cases only if the workshop is small, unless, as in a coal mine, only the simplest and most uniform questions have, as a rule, to be decided. Wherever at all a complex government is needed, the National Guild will need to be made up into the smallest possible units, or else the individual will possess self-government without freedom. For self-government is only a means to freedom; and freedom is self-government made effective.

Before, however, we can arrange what scale of production the Guilds are to adopt, we have to get the Guilds. "Smashing Industrialism" has a fine sound; but from this point of view it does not help us. Only through the strengthening of Trade Unionism can we hope for a new industrial revolution which man shall govern as he was governed by the last; only through such a revolution can the craftsman hope to get a chance to be a true craftsman once more. If, then, the eyes of Guildsmen seem too often turned on the "wage-system and the way out," or on safeguards and checks upon the power of producer or consumer, and too little on the craftsmen's eternal problem of reconciling art and industry, none the less the craftsman must be lenient to none who once crying in the wilderness; we claim that if we had our way he would at least be able to cry in a more promising place. When Trade Unionism, alive and class-conscious, has given birth to the Guilds, we may hope that men, being at last their own masters, will have the strength and the leisure to understand William Morris. The Guild System will bring Morris into his own: under Collectivism, he would be remembered only as a quite unpractical Socialist who was so little "in the swing" that he refused to join the Fabian Society.

A BALLADE OF THE LONDON WEEKLIES.

The "Saturday Review" in pallid slabs Purveys its modicum of stodgy stuff, While the "New Witness" creaks and bluntly stabs, Enlivening the surnamed with its buff. Then, lo, the "Nation," ponderous and gruff, Trots out as novel every Thursday wheeze. One there is only that is up to snuff— But that's too precious to be named with these.

The "Statesman" with the theories that it grubs Infuses the mould of its decrepitude, And like the spavined hawks of four-wheeled cabs, Heralds its adverb with a snorting puff. "Spectator," and "Academic,"—er! No, Harsh to the sob that echoes on the breezy. One only can convey an honest cuff— But that's too precious to be named with these.

"English Review"... How daintily it blabs Secrets of garrulity with bits of puff! Or probe the real significance of scale So nicely, that its patrons yell: HOT STUFF! What human sisterhood without rebuff, What love for close relations in "T.F.'s!" One, one can put the boobies in a huff— But that's too precious to be named with these.

ENVOL:

Mpret, you take these gentry by the scruff, And trounce them till they grovel on their knees. Your paper brands the mountebank and muff— But that's too precious to be named with these.

P. SELVER.

PRAYER FOR SATURDAY.

Our Clifford which art in Queen Street, Hallowed be thy page; Thy Kingdom come, Thou will be done In England, as it is in Germany. Give us this day our weekly Webb, And forgive us our Current Cant, As for we forgive your puerile supplements. Lead us not into Guild Socialism; But deliver us from Orage. For thine is the Bernard, the Beatrice and Sidney. For ever and ever. AMEN.

A. B. C.
Six Years. VI.

It was a very different Young Turk party which retook power in January, 1913, from that which fell from office in July, 1912. Then its members had been conscious of uppopularity, exasperated by the network of intrigues, native and European, in which they found themselves entangled; now they were once more popular which European intrigue had transferred activity for the moment to Albania and the Balkan States. The leaders had been through the valley of humiliation, both as men and patriots. Some had been in prison in much peril of their lives. More than one of them had served unknown in the ranks of the Turkish army. No vindictive measures followed the January revolution. The new Government gave its whole attention to the task of raising the country out of the deplorable condition into which it had been brought by maladministration and the accident of war. The first consideration was, of course, the army. Military preparations and reforms were hurried on incessantly, with the result that the Turkish army which reoccupied Adrianople in July, 1912, was twice as strong and ten times as efficient and well appointed as the army with which Turkey had begun the war. At the same time, civil reforms of a far-reaching kind were undertaken. The law of the vilayets—an honest avowal of the failure of the military policy—put in fair measure of local self-government for every province, and a fair measure of representation for the different nations and communities of the Empire. A law for the liberation of vásh properties (lands or buildings held in mortmain) gave relief to thousands since more than half the land in Turkey had been thus tied up. These and other sensible measures were devised in the first two months, before the tidings of the fall of Adrianople cast a gloom over the country. The attempts of the Turkish army to advance to the relief of the city had failed, before the tidings of the fall of Adrianople (February and March). The reactionaries had supposed that the fall of Adrianople would bring with it the fall of the Young Turks, who had made it their cry that Adrianople should be saved. But the efforts to relieve the fortress were well known, and the Government and the people were one in sentiment on that occasion. The work of rehabilitation was pursued more eagerly. In the remarkable change which was wrought in five months—months of infinite depression for the Turks—and with the country bankrupt. By the end of those five months the Civil Service had been working without pay a greater part of a year. Ministers were making shift with half, often a third, of their salaries. Every penny that could anyhow be raised was spent upon the army and on public works. A capital in such a case might well deteriorate. Constantinople, in its Turkish aspect, improved steadily, gathering fresh enthusiasm and radiating hope into the provinces.

In the meanwhile, foreign affairs were not neglected, although the Minister for Foreign Affairs might be a negligible member of the Cabinet. The Young Turks felt that Germany had failed to justify her boasts to them. They had been very roughly made to realise that the Triple Entente was stronger than the Triple Alliance. Their sentimental trust in England's good-will with which they entered the political arena had been thoroughly knocked out of them; but there remained the clear perception that England was the one great Power of Europe whose interests were opposed to a partition, or a further spoliation, of the Turkish Empire. Englishmen were more popular with Turks than any other sort of European. Englishmen in the Turkish service had served Turkey honestly, which was more than could be generally said of other foreigners. No Turkish Government, desiring progress for the country, could put itself under the protection of Powers headed by Russia. But England, it was thought, might still be strong enough to take a line of policy apart from Russia, might still be able and willing to protect Turkey if the Turkish Government made over the supreme control to her. The Young Turks asked for a British dictator and for British officials in all departments of the State. When this request was meted as preposterous, the English Government pointing to its languid Naval Mission as proof of its intentions to help Turkey, the Porte made other, less exorbitant, requests. At length they asked for no more than some inspectors for Armenia, which they considered that England was by the terms of the Cyprus convention bound to provide. This last request was at first refused. It was refused months later because Russia objected and, objecting, took a step towards the side of Germany.

I see it stated that with Mahmud Shvket Pasha the Young Turk party lost whatever wis it ever had and rushed immediately into the German net. It is true that, subsequent to Mahmud Shvket's death, the German military mission was renewed with increased powers but that was only after England had, as I have said, refused to take over the instruction of the Turkish army with that of every other State department. But Mahmud Shvket Pasha was assassinated in June, and the negotiations which that Britain went on till October, 1913, with the Porte concerning the Armenian inspectors was finally refused. Indeed, though pretty hopeless after that, the negotiations may be said to have continued until March, 1914. Then, however, the Young Turks and England did not mean to help them. A number of them then declared for Germany, since Turkey needed a protector. Ministers remained divided. Talat Bey, Khalli Bey, Kheyri Bey, Jemal and Enver Pashas are not altogether reckless, unreflecting persons, as they have been represented. I have named them as the most important members of the Turkish Government. Jemal and Talat had an inclination towards the Triple Entente, Khali Bey and Kheyri Bey were neutral, Enver—the enfant terrible of the Cabinet—was a fierce pro-German. Almost all the other less important ministers were in favour of neutrality. But, as I remarked in the first article of this series, the apparent leaders in the Committee of Union and Progress were always really in the servant's place. Behind the Turkish Ministry was a secret tribunal, of which only two of the said ministers—the two least known in England—were members; a tribunal anxious only for the good of Turkey, but ignorantly or under current of European politics. Its judgment of the various Powers was a Muslim judgment, all by works. England expected to be justified by faith alone. The German help was real, if arrogant; the Russian promises were satisfactory, and Germany, if she had driven every hard bargains, had never actually broken faith with Turkey. It is the constant complaint of the old Hamidian officials that the men who have supreme control of the Committee of Union and Progress are quite old-fashioned Turks without any intimate acquaintance with European affairs. That is true. The judgment of those men is quite objective. The English seized two Turkish Dreadnoughts—which had been paid for by a fund subscribed to by the very poor, to which women even gave the hair off their heads—on the outbreak of the European War. They turned German and Austrian subjects out of Egypt, at that time a neutral country under Turkish suzerainty; and at the moment when the three Entente Ambassadors called upon the Grand Vizier with their promise to "defend the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire against all comers," the secret tribunal was aware of their intention to insist upon the Grand Vizier's agreement on some pretence or other at the general settlement. The Committee knew that prosperous peace was what the country needed; but peace is not without its horrors for a bankrupt country. The financial boycott had been borne three years. Germany gave money, made solenm promises, and supposing it were ever in her power to keep them, would save Turkey. So when—by Russia's hostile
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act, as Turks believe—war came to Turkey, the Committee gave the word that war should be.

Thus end the six years since the Revolution, when the Turks were mad in their enthusiasm for England. The most hopeful movement of progress and toil ever made by the Islamic world has been repudiated to something like fanaticism. And the fate of Turkey, so they say, is sealed. Well, let them try to conquer Turkey! It was still possible to do in Abdul Hamid's time, when to overcome the Turkish army and depose the rulers would have been enough. But now the use of liberty is in the people. Try to crush it, and the fire will scatter through the Muslim world; the Committee of Union and Progress will become no longer merely Turkish, but a great world-power. Cannot our rulers understand? The East is rising. It is really comical to see a group of timeservers endeavouring to stop the rising tide.

MARNADUKE PICTHELP.

A Word to the Middle Class.

Gentlemen,—You have been told many a time that you are in reality proletarians and you have refused to believe it. It was natural, it was natural; while the black-coated proletariat of clerks refused to recognise their unity with the coatless proletariat of manual labourers, the tail-coated proletariat of managers and professional men should scorn with scorn at the very idea of being one with the great mass of dispossessed. Your education, your tradition, your hopes and fears, and above all your natural but incorrigible snobbery has taught you to group yourselves with "the gentlemen" over against "the workers." Your sons go to the same schools and universities as the titled and the rich; they take the same commissions in the army; they imagine themselves to be very different cattle from the men they command in industry or on the field of battle. But they are wrong. If human grouping is to be based upon realities and not upon vanities, then, just as territorial nationalism must supplant sentimental racialism, so a real economic grouping in terms of the purchase and sale of labour must supplant the old artificial association by class and tradition. You have been told this before and you have laughed at the idea because you hated it. I suggest that various forces are working more strongly than ever before which will compel you to listen.

To be frank, your market value is going down. And you are not in a position to prevent that downward tendency as the titled and the rich; they are the poorest loafers at the street corner, have nothing to sell but your labour. Accordingly, you too are the victims of economic law and economic accident. Let us see how you stand to-day.

If there is anything that is obvious in the present situation it is the increase in the rate of interest. You may remember that in 1896 London and North Western 4 per cent. Preferred Stock (to take a notable instance) reached 162½, so that it yielded less than 2½ per cent.

Who would touch the best guaranteed stock in the world on those terms now? In 1913 the same security was dealt in at 97½. Although at the present moment there is a glut of capital lying in wait for investment owing to the closure of the Stock Exchange, and financial stagnation; although, that is to say, there is every reason for interest to be low in those securities which the war does not affect, the rate is abnormally high. The Government War Loan was practically a four per cent. Good stock is now available at five per cent.; for example, the recent issue of South Eastern Preferred was to yield five, and British Preferred Railway Stock is now an exceptionally sound investment owing to the Government guarantee. The Mond Nickel Company floated a six per cent. loan below par. And everywhere investors are hanging on, waiting for things to get better and better.

Their argument is simple. If we are to be mulcted of one-eighth of our dividends before they reach us, then we will do our best to beat up the rate of interest, so that our returns will not suffer so severely. That is the idea. Whether capital is sufficiently controlled and organised by the few who can afford to keep their money on deposit at the bank instead of putting it out at present rates; whether, that is to say, a capital-strike is possible under present conditions remains to be seen. In the meantime, gentlemen, your welfare is at stake.

The reason is not far to go. If the rate of interest is being raised, and is likely to be raised further, then the money must come from somewhere. It can only come from two sources—depreciation funds and wages bills. To take it from the first is puerile finance and destructive of the capitalists' purpose. Now, for the second. Wages bills! You differ from the weekly money of the manual worker and the pay of the salariat. In the majority of cases the wage of the manual worker cannot be forced down because he has already been reduced to the subsistence level. Moreover, our Servile State, which the sound advice of the meliorative Collectivists, have realised what should long ago have been obvious, that a reasonable minimum is a sound investment, and that, up to a point, such experience reveals, better wages mean better profits. The National Minimum, like most of the Fabian devices, has little or no terror for the Cadburys and Levers who govern the country. In addition to this, a further attack on the manual labourer would not only be unprofitable but might well prove futile. There are things called Trade Unions, about which you are ignorant. Weak as these still are, and short-sighted as are their leaders in developing schemes of attack on the profitiers' position, they are good enough for our purposes. In the great industrial war a direct attack on wages by the masters would not be worth the while.

There remains the pay of the salariat, your income, my sublime friends. You have not yet been driven down to the subsistence level. You have still something to spend on tennis lawns and suburban rents, on dress-circles and upper boxes, on public schools and holidays abroad. Remember, too, that the competition of the Fabian devices, has little or no terror for the Cadburys and Levers who govern the country. In addition to this, a further attack on the profitiers' position, they are good enough for our purposes. In the great industrial war a direct attack on wages by the masters would not be worth the while.

I am not talking through my hat. A large proportion of the salariat have lost heavily through the war; incomes have been halved, and things may get worse yet. Look, for instance, at the stage. At present the leading actors are playing for half their usual rates; the chorus and supers are mainly drawing their old pay. What can you do if the Civil Servants are safe enough with their class division, and that the recent Commission did not threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threaten the middle class man. But private employers may threat
that must have cost about two thousand pounds, are left helplessly stranded, hang about for a year or two, and drift in despair, not unaccompanied by debt, into the Churches, the Schools, the Colonies, the Bar, the City, wherever, in fact, they can find a market. Up till now these men have not recognised their community with the working classes because salaries have been sufficiently high to make the distinction between wage and salary immaterial. But the position of these men is getting worse and worse. The newer the school or the living, the worse paid is the pedagogue or parson. They have to face harder competition and a smaller reward. The war has hit them hard and forced even our middle-class War Office to offer a living wage to subalterns. Why? Because it has been seen that the middle-class man has not necessarily a private income but is just as much a proletarian as the merest private.

Your invincible snobbery, your memories of "the old college," and your passion to be "in with the bloods" have blinded you to the reality of your position. And now, perhaps, you will learn by suffering that the vital dichotomy of society is not between gentlemen and workers, but into those who buy a commodity called labour and those who sell it. The first class must unite in the teeth of the second. The doctors banded together and fought the labour-purchasing State with success. Will you nevertheless consider me a philosopher, and he that you are a philosopher, and he you still reject his name of worker and support a Press which does nothing but revile the labourer and cry up the exploiter—your exploiter as well as his—if you have no ideals beyond golf and respectability, then may the profiteers trample you down for the worms that fought the State.

"I don't even read it," I said, "Don't you, man?" "I don't even read it," I said. "Do you talk Latin?" "I don't even read it," I answered. "It is years since I took my fourth in Greats. Why are you thus buried in a dead language? Are you thinking of becoming a monk?" He replied: "I think of it. I don't think that it isn't absolutely necessary. It is enough to think in Latin. Do you remember Wilde's remark on Meredith's style—'that hedge set with wonderful roses wherewith he keeps the world at bay'? But alas, Meredith wrote in English, and to-day I cannot fence myself in except with Latin. The English tongue has become unspeakably vulgar and our literary men only profane it the more. Do you remember that manifesto which our 'representative men of letters' jointly issued some time at the beginning of the spring? But the incident in which the war began they should have jointly retired into a monastery, or staying in the world they should have sought the monastic gift of silence. The English language is now unfitted not only for the speech but even for the thought of a man of sensibility. The violence of the popular Press has carried our mother tongue away, and with it our very thought. A truly philosophic thought cannot now be conceived or expressed in English. There is nought but Latin left to save the dignity of culture. I see you start. Tell me honestly, Simpson, aren't you afraid now to utter the English word culture? I mean, aren't you afraid of being misunderstood? Wouldn't you rather say Kultur if you definitely imply a sneer, and speak of the humanities, perhaps, if you are quite sure you don't imply a sneer, and if by chance you do happen to use the word culture, doesn't it need a little self-collection to have this certainty that you do not sneer in your mental background? In short, my dear fellow, a beautiful English word with beautiful associations has been dragged in the mire. A sensitive writer or speaker will not touch it. This is one word; there are others, kouros, justice, even philosophy. The German militarists may have violated the neutrality of Belgium but English journalists have done worse—they have violated the neutrality of words, they have done a wrong to humanity, for in translation even Japanese and Hindustani neutral words will take the English colour, as they bear the current English import. Yes, our journalists have made beautiful English words ugly by a vulgar annexation, and put neutral words out of circulation by making their use, except in certain contexts, unpatriotic. This war has been called a trade—it certainly is a war on English words. There is good red blood in England, and there is plenty of iron, but our journalists would seem to imply that blood and iron are made in Germany. The same use of certain English words is as unpatriotic as a suave delight in a glass of Munich beer, or a serene absorption in a Turkish cigarette. Go and tell a 'Daily Mail' reader in the Tube that you are a philosopher, and he will shout at you, 'Yah, Bernhardi!' Before the war the 'Daily Mail' did not know that the word was others, but into those who buy a commodity called labour and those who sell it. The first class must unite in the teeth of the second. The doctors banded together and fought the labour-purchasing State with success. Will you nevertheless consider me a philosopher, and he that you are a philosopher, and he you still reject his name of worker and support a Press which does nothing but revile the labourer and cry up the exploiter—your exploiter as well as his—if you have no ideals beyond golf and respectability, then may the profiteers trample you down for the worms that fought the State.

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Eastern Barbarians.' 'To crush militarism,' says the English Press, 'we must become militarists.' You and I, Simpson, may agree that Eastern Barbarism does not deserve to be avoided, and that militarism does not deserve to be crushed; but Germans and Englishmen alike agree on the abstract principle that to cast out the devil you may become the devil. Our men of letters follow the Government, and take the principle for granted; they refuse to discuss Eastern Barbarism and Militarism on their merits—in short, they refuse to discuss the devil. But it is very important for us to know why the devil is, and exactly how far we may go in trying to cast him out. That is why I read the scholastic theologians, and do not read the 'Daily Mail.'

Yes, resume your Latin, Simpson. There is no popular Press in Latin, and Latin words still retain their true meanings. But there were popular speeches in Latin, and I don't read Cicero. There were chronicles, dispatches from the front, and I don't read Tacitus. We have at last found a use for the despised Latin of the Middle Ages; this is the hedge wherewith I keep the world at bay. The Middle Ages possess a familiar knowledge of the devil which we have lost—and scholastic theologians can be so charmingly confidential.' And isn't Chesterton confidential?' asked Simpson.

'Yes, he is confidential, but he fails somehow to give us a satisfying sense of the devil as an entity. He does not give us a sense of sin.'

Impressions of Paris.

No doubt the police arrested all the Germans on the East Coast in their own interest after the bombardment. But what a state the populace must be in to make this necessary. Thank goodness we had no spy-panic when the Germans were our fellow-subjects, not the enemy. If I were God, as it were, I should do in England as they did here when there really was danger: put an extinguisher on the incendiary journals by forbidding more than one issue and that censored, and summarily arrest panic-mongers. It is all very fine to object to the censure, but the censorship kept Paris calm even while the timid and the foreigners were flying in thousands. If any Germans were arrested, nobody knew but those concerned. Of course, now the rudest remarks are being made here about us by neutrals, not by French. And it is a silly figure of speech to be cutting, to have missed the cruisers and arrested... as if that would stop them coming again.

I cheerfully mention that Harmsworth is again in ansatoy odour with the French journals over his deal in buying the Livre jaune. This affair will make savage politics later on. Certainly no one but a rogue or a fool would risk doing business with this man; but, then, there are rogues and fools. The French, for the moment, prefer to suppose M. Delcassé merely mad in selling the Livre jaune—"the mad idea of selling the copies to the 'Times'"; "How can M. Delcassé have come to suppose that this was an article to exploit commercially?" M. Clementeau, who used to love the 'Times,' compares the price exacted by that journal with what the 'New York Times' asked; the former being exactly ten times as much. The American paper, of course, sold at cost. It is all very humiliating, though worse for the French than us. And, as they say, Germany could scarcely have played a better game in the way of superseding the evidence of her mensonges. Really, if I were God, I'd put Harmsworth out of politics until the extremest end of the war. Whatever he does is bound to bring disgrace on others, naturally—himself being altogether out of caste. To-day scarcely a reputable journal (if one) here makes any quotation from the 'Daily Mail' or 'Times,' or only of new received by Carmelite House from foreign papers. For which relief much thanks! It always unsettled my intention of admiring the French to find them so ignorant about our Press.
lady who threw over the wicked Vicomte. The joke of sending the little Volanges seduced to the arms of their mutual enemy appeals to the Vicomte, but for the moment he is occupied, wisely in the country by an attack on the pious Madame de Tourvel. So little Volanges finds time to fall in love with a young Chevalier, her mother apparently having eyes for all the peccable world, but not for her own family. None the less, it is the wicked Vicomte who succeeds in seducing Cécile by a wild plan of borrowing the key of her bedroom for the alleged purpose of giving her there in the middle of the night a love-letter from the Chevalier! If any high and warning moral is to be drawn from this scene, I am afraid I missed it. Cécile, after a period of pentiment, dissipated by a single ironical and vulgar note from the Marquise, finds the Vicomte a very amiable man and thoroughly enjoys herself on many lively occasions. For the heightening of the colour, this affair takes place under the same roof in the country which shelters the devout and pursued Madame de Tourvel, who, in her turn, succumbs to the Vicomte. The merciless sequence of the letters which exhibit alternately the roué and the deceived lady makes disgusting reading; but the only possible moral conclusion would be for people passionately fond of each other to trust the person they love—which is against Nature. That nothing may be lacking in vulgar villany, the Vicomte is made to write a letter full of the vilest double entendre to his saint in the bed of an opera girl whom he encounters on voyages abroad to whom he is attached and about which, however, he is really enamoured of the wicked Marquise who promises him to commit an infidelity in his favour against her reigning favourite, on receipt of a certain tender letter written by Madame de Tourvel, and, of course, proof of the latter's passion. The Marquise, however, betrays him and breaks her promise in favour of Cécile's young Chevalier. The moral is perhaps to be found in the disasters which overtake everybody! The Chevalier kills the Vicomte in a duel and retires to Malta; Madame de Tourvel, after receiving a note which should have caused her only a day's indignation, dies mad; Cécile enters a convent; and the Marquise loses all her money and becomes the small object of interest which leaves her hideous.

After so much whipping the flanks in the service of morality, what is left for immorality? The French critic remarks that the profound psychology of this drama astonishes us even to-day. I do not find it profound, but either the letters pass or the character idiosyncrasies are debatable quality. There is a merely apparent fatalism in the scenes. The arm of coincidence moves in hundred directions to force the characters together. Finally, I doubt whether Madame de Tourvel, though by far the most egoistic of all the persons and really moved by a physical passion, would have died after receiving such a silly bad pleasantry as the note which proved the Vicomte simply a mediocre rōué.

"One wearies of everything, my angel, it is a law of Nature; it is not my fault."

If I weary to-day of an adventure which has occupied me entirely for four mortal months, it is not my fault."

This refrain is fitted to a series of insults culminating in "Adieu, my angel, I have taken you with pleasure. I quit you without regret; I shall return perhaps. Thus goes the world. It is not my fault."
The Literature of the Ukraine.

By Vasyl Levitsky.

(Translated by P. Selver.)

The modern literature of the Ukraine is scarcely a hundred and fifteen years old; it has passed through a speedy and successful development, and is to-day worthy of general attention. It was in the eighteenth century that the Ukraine ceased to be politically independent. In 1764 the office of "Hetman" was abolished, and the Republic of the Ukraine on the right bank of the Dnieper was incorporated into the Russian Empire; Austria received a portion of the former Empire of Halitch in 1772 and called the country Galicia. Then in 1775 the Sitch and the Saporog Republic on the left bank of the Dnieper, after being destroyed, became known as "New Russia."

The nation that had come to grief politically was to be restored intellectually. In the year 1798 appeared the first cantos of the "Aeneis" by Ivan Kotlarevsky. This epic travesty ushered in the revival of Ukrainian literature. In this work the poet set up a memorial to his provincial kin, and introducing the unhappy state of things in the Ukraine to the city of Troy, and applying to the Trojans, hounded from their home, the sympathetic features of the scattered Cossacks. Euphonomous language and a regular metrical form endowed the work with a power which was necessary in order to arouse and renew intellectual activity. In Pottawa, where Kotlarevsky lived and laboured, there is to-day a monument in his honour. There also exists a special Kotlarevsky Society, which was founded at Lemberg, and which is concerned with the cultivation of dramatic art and literature.

It was not until some decades later that Galicia, separated politically, was awakened. In 1837 there appeared at Budim (Hungary) the "Rusalka Dnistrovaya" (Fairy of the Dniester), a collection of Ukrainian folksongs, interspersed with songs by several young poets, under the editorship of Markian Shashkevytch. It was in 1911 that the centenary of this poet was celebrated. Together with three young associates, N. Ustianovytch, J. Holovatysky and J. Vahylevytch, he founded in Galicia the first scientific and literary society that set itself the task of furthering the development and elaboration of the Ukrainian language and literature, in order to raise and enlighten the Ukrainian nation.

It was even later still that the Bukovina was aroused to fresh life. In 1859, J. G. Fedko-vytch began his valuable literary activity. This Austrian lieutenant, who had served with his Ukrainian regiment in the campaign against Italy, and who at first wrote German poems, turned his attention to his desolated race. The poet's stories and tales, in which he deals with idyllic lives led by his fellow-countrymen, his love of personal freedom and the freedom of his mountains, are worthy of comparison with the best short stories of other literatures. He also wrote a number of dramas; but, unfortunately, the greater part of his work was still in manuscript when the poet withdrew into solitude and made no further attempt to achieve literary fame. It was only a few years ago that arrangements were made to issue all his works in printed form. Four volumes, published by the Shevchenko Society at Lemberg, have already appeared, and the remaining volumes are in preparation. Although the poet died in 1888, a portion of his works, hitherto unknown, will not appear before next year.

Hungary is the only country where the Ukrainian nation has to a very backward stage of its development, and takes scarcely any share in the intellectual life of its members in Galicia, Bukovina and the Russian Ukraine. It may be said that the people of the Ukraine, which had been divided into four parts politically, first began to unite again intellectually about the middle of last century, and from that time onwards it has shown signs of a mutual and even expansion. This significant intellectual union was brought about by Taras Shevchenko, the greatest Ukrainian poet. Besides his verses he also wrote "The Artist," an autobiographical novel. In this work, the curious vicissitudes of Shevchenko, who was free only for twelve years of his life (he was first a serf for twenty-four years and later banished for a full decade into the Kirghiz steppes because of his spirited chants), are related partly in diary form, partly in the more elaborate manner of fiction. Much can be learned about Shevchenko, the great poet, painter and martyr, by reading his lyrical verses. But his epic poems, breathing as they do the youthful fragrance of Ukrainian poetry, also deserve to be studied. In his "Cantids" he left a splendid and true miniature of those heroes who in 1768 prepared a St. Bartholomew's Eve at Uman for their Polish oppressors, and made a final attempt to shake off the foreign yoke and to gain freedom and independence for their native country. In his ballads the Ukrainian steppe, with the magic of its landscape, and its romantic traditions, is infused with fresh life.

Thousands of Ukrainian pilgrims, like Mohammedians seeking the grave of their prophet, visit Shevchenko's resting-place and many of them, after visiting the Dnieper, and sing and recite the stern words in their poet's bequest, which in its second clause ("Ye shall bury me, then arise, shake off the foreign yoke and purchase liberty with the blood of foes") is still striving towards fulfilment.

Since the year 1873 there has been in existence a Shevchenko Literary Society with its centres at Lemberg and Kiev. It is soon to be raised to the status of an academy, and in addition to the literary monthly "Vistnyk" ("Bulletin") it also issues "Communications of the Shevchenko Society" and arranges systematic reprints of literary monuments.

Soon after the death of Shevchenko (February 21, 1861) Galicia became the focus of intellectual life, and assumed the intellectual leadership for a lengthy period. The guiding spirit here was Ivan Franko, who is still living. The latest instalment of the "Vistnyk" (Vol. IX. 1913) is entirely devoted to the poet Franko, as a mark of respect for a literary activity extending over forty years. Franko has issued numerous volumes of poems; in his lyrics he imitates Heine and his pessimism. In his satires he makes merciless attacks on all empty patriotic show and middle-class prejudices. The tendency of his works is, on the political side, liberal; from the ethical aspect, individualistic. He aims at freeing himself and his friends from all shackles. Hence he is fondest of the patriarchal, uncorrupted literature of a primitive people with many new elements, which were very rarely constructive, and frequently only destructive. He did not always succeed in moulding his style so as to attain ease in form; often enough he was over-rulled by a predilection for the base and ugly. He brought about a period of storm and stress in the intellectual life of his nation. Nearly all the works of Franko and his great school, which eked out an existence till the end of the nineteenth century, foster radicalism and free-thought. The same is true of his tales and novels. Perhaps Franko's greatest merits lie in his translations; he made the great works of literature known to his people, and thus trained a whole generation. He translated the "Faust" and other works of Goethe, the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, and introduced the literature of Western Europe to his fellow-countrymen. Today the inhabitants of the Ukraine hold Franko's versatile activity in high esteem, and his fiftieth year was marked by festive gatherings in his honour.

Franko's school, the so-called "Young Ukraine," is more faithfully true to its master by treating political and social questions in his manner. Occasionally, however, a quieter key-note was struck, as, for instance, in the peasant tales of Vasyl Stefanyk. The youngest generation has emancipated itself completely from Franko's influence, and treads its own independent paths.
The Chameleon.
By Anton P. Chekhov.

Translated from the Russian by P. Selver.

ATCHUMYELOV the police inspector is going across the market-place in a new cloak and with a small bundle in his hand. He has his hat on; his face is turned away and he is holding a sieve filled to the brim with confiscated gooseberries. All is silent... Not a soul is about. The open windows of the shops and taverns gaze moodily upon the wide world, like hungry jaws: the very beggars keep down low the brim of their hats. Atchumyelov frowns and bites 

"So you'd bite, eh, draf't you?" hears Atchumyelov suddenly.

"Don't let him go, my lad. There's no biting allowed nowadays. Stop! Aha-a!"

The whining of a dog becomes audible. Atchumyelov and a yellow sawed-off stock turn the corner and stop. The merchant, bent over a sieve filled to the brim of his waistcoat, is hopping on three legs, and peering about, a dog comes running. Behind it dashes a man in a starched cotton shirt with his waistcoat unbuckled. Running behind the dog, he bends his body forward, falls to the ground and seizes the dog by the hind-paws. Again the whining is heard and the cry: "Don't let him go!" Sleepy countenances peep out of the shops and soon, as if it had sprouted out of the earth, a crowd collects around the wood-yard.

"No disorder there, sir, if you please..." observes the constable.

Atchumyelov turns half-way round towards the left and steps up to the crowd. Close by the door of the yard he catches sight of the aforementioned constable holding a sieve filled to the brim with confiscated gooseberries. All is silent... Not a soul is about...

The merchant, bending his waistcoat unbuttoned. Running behind him, a dog is hopping on three legs, and peering about, a dog comes running. Behind it dashes a man in a starched cotton shirt with his waistcoat unbuckled. Running behind the dog, he bends his body forward, falls to the ground and seizes the dog by the hind-paws. Again the whining is heard and the cry: "Don't let him go!" Sleepy countenances peep out of the shops and soon, as if it had sprouted out of the earth, a crowd collects around the wood-yard.

"What's all this here about?" inquires Atchumyelov, pushing into the crowd. "What's up here? What's the meaning of that there finger, eh?... Who hol-lered out?"

"I was going along, boss, not interfering with nobody..." begins Khrvyukin, hiccoughing into his hand, "to Miti Mitritch about some wood, and all of a sudden, afore I knows where I am, this blooming cur cocked his head for me, and I says, 'What's the meaning of your par-don, I'm a working man.' I reckon as how with this here finger, I shan't be able to do a stroke of work for a week... It don't say in the law as how a dog..."

"What's it yours?" inquires Khryukin.

"It don't say in the law how a man may catch his own dog..."

"Who belongs to that dog?" asks Prokhor.

"Hi, Prokhor. Come over here, ole 'sport. Have a squint and see who belongs to that dog. Is it yours?"

"No, it's not mine. It's the General's black dog..."

"Why, it's General Zhigalov's, ain't it?" says Atchumyelov sternly, coughing and moving his eyebrows.

"All right... Who does that dog belong to? We can't allow it to run about..."

"Why, it's General Zhigalov's, ain't it?" says someone in the crowd.

"General Zhigalov's? Hm... Just take off my great-coat, Yeldyrin, will you?... Shocking warm it is! We're in for some rain, if you ask me. There's one thing, though, what gets over me, and that is, how he managed to bite you at all," says Atchumyelov, turning to Khryukin.

"Why, I don't believe he could reach your finger. Him a little mite of a thing, and a great barking chap like you. We've heard of the likes of you before. I know your devilish shady tricks!"

"He was larking about, boss, and shoved his flag in the dog's plait. It ain't fool enough to stand that, and so it snapped out at him. And he's a man with a dirty temper, he is, guv'nor."

"Stow that gab, you one-eyed skunk. You never see it, so what d'yer want to go and tell a parcel of lies for? You knows what you're about, boss—you can tell if a chap's plilling off his larynx, or if he's got a stray 'un. Let me see if I can't a-telling of the truth. Me own brother's in the force, if you wants to know..."

"None of your lip here..."

"Why, that ain't the General's, at all..." remarked the constable sagaciously. "The General ain't got none like that. All his are more setters like."

"Sure?"

"No more he ain't, now I come to think. The General has thoroughbreds—cost a pot of money, they must. Why, as for this one, blow me if I can make head or tail of him. He ain't got no fur, and he ain't got no build. An out-and-out mongrel, he is. Khrvyukin, you've been injured, so don't you take it lying down. You learn 'em a lesson. It's about time."

"I dunno, p'raps it is the General's, though..." ponders the constable aloud. "It ain't wrote up on his dial. But I see individual in the unbuttoned wood-yard stationed with his right hand in the air, and displaying to the crowd a bleeding finger. His half-tipsy face seems to bear the inscription: 'You see if I don't make somebody fork out for you, Yeldyrin, you brute! ' Atchumyelov recognises this man as Khrvyukin, the master-goldsmith. In the centre of the crowd, with its forelegs out-stretched and trembling all over its body, crouches the cause of the bother, a young white hound with a pointed nose and a yellow spot on its back. It's eyes are fairly running over with an expression of grief and terror.

"What's all this here about?" inquires Atchumyelov, pushing into the crowd. "What's up here? What's the meaning of that there finger, eh?... Who hol-lered out?"

"I was going along, boss, not interfering with nobody..." begins Khrvyukin, hiccoughing into his hand, "to Miti Mitritch about some wood, and all of a sudden, afore I knows where I am, this blooming cur cocked his head for me, and I says, 'What's the meaning of your par-don, I'm a working man.' I reckon as how with this here finger, I shan't be able to do a stroke of work for a week... It don't say in the law as how a dog..."

"What's it yours?" inquires Khryukin.

"It don't say in the law how a man may catch his own dog..."

"Who belongs to that dog?" asks Prokhor.

"Hi, Prokhor. Come over here, ole 'sport. Have a squint and see who belongs to that dog. Is it yours?"

"No, it's not mine. It's the General's black dog..."

"Why, it's General Zhigalov's, ain't it?" says Atchumyelov sternly, coughing and moving his eyebrows.

"All right... Who does that dog belong to? We can't allow it to run about..."

"Why, it's General Zhigalov's, ain't it?" says someone in the crowd.

"General Zhigalov's? Hm... Just take off my great-coat, Yeldyrin, will you?... Shocking warm it is! We're in for some rain, if you ask me. There's one thing, though, what gets over me, and that is, how he managed to bite you at all," says Atchumyelov, turning to Khryukin.

"Why, I don't believe
Readers and Writers.

Messrs. Constable have just published a shilling edition of Gissing's collected short stories ("The House of Cobwebs"). I need not mention more than one of them in particular—"Christopherson," that has already found its way into the Oxford Anthology. It is not to my mind the best of the collection by any means; but it is characteristic of Gissing, and as such deserves its place. But who is the writer of the prefatory "Study of Gissing" that appears in this edition? He is a non-successful and excellent. I cannot myself rise to such praise seated, and partly did represent, Gissing's Indian summer. I think, a little over-ripe. The very autumn of his melancholy was upon them. His account of his ramble in Southern Italy, on the contrary, should have represented, Gissing's Indian summer. He was alone. He was comparatively free from money and other troubles. And he delighted in writing. As little melancholy, therefore, as Gissing was capable of might have been expected of his Iliocian diary. And yet I find it saturated with melancholy; and so powerfully as to challenge the reader to a fight to maintain his spirits after only one or two of the eighteen chapters.

Why is this? The incidents of Gissing's travel are not at all unpleasant; many of them are amusing. He met with no depressing misfortunes, and he appears to have enjoyed himself. Despite it all, however, and despite, as well, Gissing's manifest intention to write as cheerfully as he travelled, a heavy air hangs over every chapter, every page and almost every sentence. The secret, of course, is to be found in Gissing's prose-rhythm. On analysis, I find his characteristic "length" or "stride" to be of an essentially melancholy nature. Try these sentences, for example, taken almost at hazard from widely separated pages, and consider how uniform their measure is; each of them is Gissing in little:

So silent it is, so mournfully desolate, so haunted with memories of vanished glory.

A fisherman's boat crept duskily along the rocks, a splash of oars soft-sounding in the stillness.

But here as there, one is possessed of the pathos of immemorial desolation.

Quite apart from the reflective content of each of these examples, the sequence of prose-feet in them naturally produces the effect of melancholy. Though Gissing had wished to express the utmost lightness, the rhythm here employed (and habitually employed) by him would have defeated his purpose. It would be as easy to represent Chaminade on a bassoon as gaiety or wit in these measures.

A more detailed analysis would show, I think, that Gissing was a writer of a single string. It follows, indeed, from the preceding that the last form of which he was capable was drama, in which (when it is written at all) each character must speak in his own rhythm. Gissing could no more than Byron manage this, since his own personal rhythm was too inelastic—his imagination, if you like, too limited and egoistic—to admit new movements. As he was born, so he always remained; he grew up, but he never grew out. Was this, I wonder, the reason why partially at any rate his experiments in all manner of tricks and grotesques as a means to procure the sunlight of appreciation. Gissing's was, I think, one of the more powerful minds. Certainly, as his style shows, he was always repeating himself—like an imprisoned soul. The monotony is depressing and adds its powerful melancholy effect to the choice of rhythm. Look, as a last example, upon this opening passage of "By the Ionian Sea."

It is the key of which there is practically no variation throughout the whole book. He had no mind could not take pleasure in more than a chapter or two of it at a time. There is no movement in it. (I have marked the prose-feet as they naturally fall, and would refer my readers to Saintsbury's "Prose Rhythm" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) for a full account of prose scansion):?

This is the third day of Sirocco, heavy-clouded, sunless. All the colors' have gone out of Naples; the streets are dusty; and stifling. I long for the mountains and the sea. A study of this passage will reveal more of Gissing than all the biographies written of him. The style is the man.

I cannot refrain from mentioning here the sad rhythmic case of Mr. Henry Newbolt, who also, it appears, is repeating himself. Years ago, and without, so far as I know, any great contemporary event to inspire him, he wrote a small song that he thought was: "Drake's Drum," full of sentimental patriotism and pride of race. A few days ago, in the "Times," and apropos not of a story centuries old, but of the great events of current history, Mr. Newbolt could do no better than to parody his earlier poem. Recall "Drake's Drum" and then read these two couplets from his poem of to-day:

Dreary lay the long road, dreary lay the town,
Lights out and never a glint o' moon.

Cheerily goes the night, cheerily goes the day,
Cheerily goes the blood to leap and beat.

Is it not apish? The contrast, however, suggests what every poet instinctively knows, that even the greatest events may be too recent for poetry. Shakespeare was as bold as any modern poet ought to be in even allegorising his contemporary, Queen Elizabeth; and he nearly lost his genius in it. History must sink into the sub-consciousness of the race before it can safely be employed in poetry. The older is almost always the better. The real poetry of this war of ours will not be written for centuries.

The "Daily Telegraph" of Tuesday last published the complete text of Sir J. M. Barrie's so-called "War Play," "Der Tag." Sir J. M. Barrie no doubt persuaded himself that he is a British patriot; but the atrocities he has perpetrated upon English style, language, and character in his brief occupation would get him universally denounced as a literary Hun if there were patriotic critics about. One step only, we are often told, divides the sublime from the ridiculous; but it depends upon the direction. From the sublime to the ridiculous may be only a step, but from the ridiculous to the sublime may be a thousand. Sir J. M. Barrie finds no difficulty, of course, in making the descent, when the sublime has been provided for him; but he has not once succeeded throughout this play in the ascent. Its general level is lower than that of the neighbouring dramatic comments of Mr. W. L. Courtney, of circuit "The War," in the same journal: and that is to be severe! The German Emperor is insulted (but so are we in consequence) by the attribution to him of the raggiestest fustian ever put into the mouth of a penny dreadful. He says: "Red blood boils in my veins... I could eat all the elephants in Hindustan and pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral." Heine heard a sonnet of Strasburg Cathedral.

The Emperor: These wounds might heal suddenly if Ger-
man bugles sounded. It [Britain] is a land that in the past has done things. Or this:

**Emperor:** To dim Napoleon! Paris in three weeks—say four to cover any chance miscalculation.

Culture, "a noble female figure in white robes," comes similar some nasty croppers: "I have never had a home in Germany... I am not of German make."

"What do you want of the nations? Bites out of each!" The German Emperor is left to suicide, but it would really be superfluous.

To end the year on a pleasanter theme—this issue of The New Age is the four-hundredth under the present editorship. Now could I eulogise—but it is forbidden. Our epitaph shall be all; and it shall be written by a generation we cannot know.

**R. H. C.**

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**The Adventures of a Young Russian.**

By C. E. Bethschof

I was sitting in a café overlooking the Nevski (which is just Unter den Linden, only more so) with my friend Fyodor, the student. You could not mistake his occupation, for he was wearing the semi-military student's uniform. I had been telling him how once I had woke up to find a scorpion on my breast, but had escaped without a bite. Fyodor seemed to consider for a moment. Then he smiled and said: I also have had adventures in my life, two real adventures. I don't estimate them by their magnitude, for they were all very trivial, but by their queerness. I judge of their queerness by this: they have so stuck in my memory that, whenever I sit and muse, they are sure to pass before me. I am certain that if I lived to an old age, that state of mind in which a man reflects upon the whole of his past life these events would be the first to present themselves and the last to fade.

I should like to hear of them, I said.

Very well, I don't mind telling you, said Fyodor. We used to give some of them a lift when ever we could stand an extra weight on our carriages. I remember how, in the middle of the main street at Cana, one of the horses in my carriage fell slap into a great hole full of mud, and the peasant that was sitting with the driver lost his balance and fell on top of the beast and brought the other horse into the hole too. You never saw such a sight as those two horses when we got them out. They were grey when we came into Cana, but they had a thick overcoat of brown mud by the time we got away. And to think that all the time the little imps of Mission School children were pestering us to buy clay models of the water-jug with which Jesus worked the miracle. They still have the original jars in the church, so the priests said, and we saw all our pilgrims giving little presents to the church, just as they did in all the holy places along the route.

I am afraid I am making a long story of it with all this description of our journey.

Never mind, I said, I should do the same thing myself.

Anyhow, we came through all sorts of holy places mentioned in Scripture, Shechem and Nazareth and Samaria, and we saw Edom in the distance and places like that, and at last we came to the place where the Holy Mother and Joseph looked for Jesus on their return from Jerusalem and could not find Him. We knew now that we were near Jerusalem. We came to the top of a steep hill, and suddenly one of us gave a cry and pointed over the crest. There was Jerusalem, in sight. My friend, there is only one place beautiful from near, beautiful from far off; but there is no sight in the world so wonderful as that first view of Jerusalem. You know the phrase, "A city set on a hill.

That city is Jerusalem! There, as far as one can see, all round, there are great ridges and ranges of bare limestone rock, bare as the barrenest place on earth, so bare is this desert of Judea. But in the middle, on the crest of the highest hill, is that wonderful city of gleaming limestone all round; I tell you, it is "a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid." We came to it at dusk. We were too excited to go and sleep in our Government's buildings because we got the first thing in the morning, and we feared formalities. So we went to one of the hotels and got rooms.

How excited we were! For the next week we did nothing but ride donkeys all over the town, to Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, from where I saw a marvellous rainbow stand over the city, to the Temple also and the Rock, to Mount Zion, to St. Stephen's martyrdom, to little Bethlehem, and, above all, to the Holy Sepulchre. In the church there I saw some of our peasants cross themselves a hundred times and prostrate themselves a hundred times and say a hundred prayers before the tomb, daily, for ever so long, and then they entered the little tomb and kissed the
A young woman opened it, who clearly was not a Jew. She spoke to me in Arabic, but I answered her in Russian. She understood, and gave a little cry of surprise and called down an old woman. Her husband was inside. Yes, that was all her family, too. It was probably a relative! She smiled ever so kindly and led me in by the hand. The Christian woman went away and left us. There sat a noble-looking old man in Jewish gabardine and hat; the second I looked at, him I knew we were related.

"How so?" I asked.

"Have you ever noticed this rather curious hollow in my chin? It isn't very noticeable in me; it was more so in my mother, but that small detail would have enabled me to pick out my mother's relatives from all the world. I told him I was Fyodor, the son of Anastasia, whose parents had left their native town for Petersburg. Yes, he had known my grandparents well, had this old man; my grandfather was his cousin. How glad he was to see me, he said; and his wife, the kindly old lady, bustled about preparing me some refreshment. The room was poor, but comfortable and spotlessly clean. The old man, my cousin as he was, told me how he had left Russia and come to Jerusalem in the prime of life and had been a schoolmaster. Now he was growing old and had retired; but was it not pleasant to sit up there, looking out over the orchard far away over the country? The house was right on the border of the town and there there was nothing to mar the view. The old lady gave me some delicious chocolate to drink and a sort of dry cake. It tasted all the better (and it was superb) for the hospitality with which it was offered. It was such a strange world I had stumbled into—this quiet old Hebrew house among its kindly people. All the time I wondered how the youth of Russia could be reared in such hatred of the Jews—hatred and contempt so great that I, who am not without courage in some things, had always had to join in with them and fear of being criticized. By that daring to acknowledge that I was half a Jew.

We chatted there for an hour or so, until it grew dark. How kind they were! But I knew my friends would be waiting for me at the hotel, and the donkey and the boy were down below. At last I made ready to go. They both came to the door with me, smiling so hospitably. The old lady shook hands with me, and then the old man raised his hand, and I could see he was about to bless me. Not thinking what the consequences might be, I said quickly, "Of course, you know, I am not a Jew. My father is a Catholic, and I was brought up in the Catholic Church." The old lady started back, and my cousin's hand stayed in mid-air, trembling. "You are not a Jew," he said slowly. "But you have touched my wife's hand and have eaten and drunk with our vessels. It is against our custom for one who is not a Jew to touch even the hands of our women." The old dame had gone back into the kitchen, and he and I were alone. "God bless you, my boy," he said, and smiled tenderly. "Good-bye. You are going away early to-morrow. But you should never have come here. You have broken our custom."

"But," I said, "you are a Jew"—I did not say "Only a Jew," though I hardly knew what I was saying—"I am not a Jew."
Views and Reviews.

Law and Opinion.

This second edition of Professor Dicey's Harvard lectures is made more valuable by an introduction, wherein the author traces the connection between opinion and legislation during the twentieth century in England. But the chief interest of the book for readers of The New Age will lie in its demonstration of the fact that ideas (mere ideas, as we call them in our testy moods) do tend to be realised in the law of the land. "Opinion rules everything," said Napoleon, who had no particular affection for ideologues; and opinion can be, and is, created. Professor Dicey shows no new truth when he says that "the evidence opinion which affects the development of the law has, in modern England at least, often originated with some single thinker or school of thinkers"; but he does establish a fact that must comfort all those who wish to control or guide the political destinies of our country. He provides us with a standard of criticism for ideas when he says: "Success, however, in converting mankind to a new faith, whether religious, or economical, or political, depends but slightly on the strength of the reasoning by which the faith can be defended, or even on the enthusiasm of its adherents. A change of belief arises, in the main, from the occurrence of circumstances which incline the majority of the world to hear with favour theories which, at one time, men of common sense declined as absurdities, or distrusted as paradoxes." There is no hope, in England, for theories that are utra vires; but for those that are related to the probable trend of events, however revolutionary they may seem at the moment, there is every prospect of being realised in legislation.

Professor Dicey reminds us of another characteristic of law-making opinion in England which will discourage only those pragmatists who regard organic life as one long series of experiments: "The current of legislative opinion is, in the main, determined by the ideas of the leaders of the party in office. There is no hope of hearing, in this country. For it is more than possible that English legislation may, through this inconsistency of thought, combine disastrously the defects of Socialism with the defects of Democratic Government." The warning must, I think, be directed to the Democrats, who have steadily become more and more vague in their definition of Democracy since Rousseau gave the word new currency, and the Constitution of 1793 for Old Age Pensions with the Insurance Act; are we to pay for "Democratic Government" with consequent Socialism? "The main current of legislative opinion from the beginning of the Twentieth Century has run vehemently towards Collectivism," or Socialism (Professor Dicey uses both words indifferently). It is being checked and countered by "the surviving belief in the policy of laissez faire," by the "inconsistency between Democracy and Collectivism," by the "opposition to the expensiveness of the financial burdens of Collectivism." But Professor Dicey notes that "the Socialists of England who desire 'the abolition of the wage-system' are aiming at a fundamental revolution in the whole condition of English society. The change may be the most beneficial of reforms or the most impracticable of ideals. But in any case it will involve a severe conflict, and a conflict which may last not for years, but for generations. The arduousness of the fight is certain." It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Professor Dicey quotes Charles Booth as his only reference to this passage; a criticism of National Guilds from him would have been interesting. He seems to suppose that "the abolition of the wage system" is a logical development of collectivism, but it is not even a logical development of Democracy. It is a practical development of Trades Unionism, which was always a development of aristocracy; and since 1906, according to Professor Dicey's own description of the Trade Disputes Act, it has obtained the insignia of aristocracy, privilege. The Trade Disputes Act, he says, "makes a Trade Union a privileged body exempted from the ordinary law of the land"; and we may justly predict that one of the most powerful counter-currents to Collectivism will come from this revival of aristocracy in our midst.

All the more necessary is it, therefore, that we should be quite clear in our minds concerning the principles that we advocate. Democracy may be the "spirit" and "atmosphere" of the coming conflict, but aristocracy will be the principle at stake; and the aspiration of a reasonable Englishman, "that we may carry the individualistic virtues and laws of the Nineteenth into the Twentieth Century, and there blend them with the socialistic virtues of the coming conflict so as to realise this condition of the last of the necessary monopolies, the monopoly of labour by the labourers.

A. E. R.
REVIEWS.

The Right Track. By C. L. Burnham. (Constable. 6s.)

There was no love in this home, so the daughter went to a finishing school, and the boy was frightened into nightmares by nurses. But one of the friends of her husband in his boyhood, a female who had quite recently “got religion” of the Christian Science type through taking care of someone else’s baby, was introduced into the household, makes her first conquest of the boy with the nightmares, her second, of the father (this was quite platonic, for she was a hunchback, and he was a good man, because unhappily married), her third, of the daughter, and her fourth, of the wife. To her, she preached the Universal Love and the Denial of Evil and Self, as the only means of bridging the gulf between the wife and the husband. The poor wife tried, failed, was encouraged, persevered with the affirmation of Universal Love and the denial of Evil; but what really “touched” her husband was the fact that she was the family way. They are now so happy that the husband has determined to retire from business so that he may devote his energies to the realisation of the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number by providing every known aid to fertility; and we confidently expect to hear of a rise in the female birth-rate of America.

The Woman Who Looked Back. By M. Hamilton. (Paul. 6s.)

The first woman who looked back was Lot’s wife; since that time, women have been the salt of the earth. But no miracles happen in this case. Oliver and Sara have been married for twelve years, and have two children, when it is discovered that they are not really married at all. A youthful indiscretion of Oliver is still alive with a marriage certificate; and even if Oliver got a divorce, the children could not get legitimised in England. Sara decides to go on living with her husband as though nothing had happened, although she had previously longed to be free, for Oliver was a dull dog. But the man around whom her dreams of freedom had centred broke this unnatural and immoral compact, and forced her away from her husband, and they have two children. But dilly-dally, shilly-shally; and they do not get married after all. She goes back to her husband unsoiled, except for the reasonable wear and tear of her married life; and the lover will probably find another woman in a year or so. This is that if a woman looks long enough and hardly enough, she goes back, and he was a good man, because unhappily married, and she frantically pleads with him to marry her. She carries home the paraffin for her husband; and he objects so violently to the disturbance of the domestic arrangements caused by the flight of his wife’s sister that he follows her to Belfast for the purpose of telling her not to interfere with his family. But he is not the man he was, and he is so drunk when he arrives that the real import of his message is not conveyed with authority. The next morning, Mrs. Martin preaches on the text: “What is the use of quarrelling?” with a sub-heading for her husband: “What will Aggie say?” She applies similar consolatory methods to her son, and he agrees to forgive his aunt for having had her pleasure of his father, and to be the hero of her hardware shop to solace her declining years. His father goes back to the other hardware shop, and he gets divorced and buys paraffin can; and Mrs. Martin, having proved herself to be the superior female, is conscious of the loneliness that accompanies all superiority. “Och, ochone!” she said a little wearily, as she [she [the tramp] on the table]; and with this cryptic utterance the story ends. Mr. Ervine’s method is so suitable to his material that we see no reason why he should not write a novel about every cottage in Ulster; such a labour, we suggest, would have all the value of a psychological census, and we commend the suggestion to the notice of this young writer. Life would thus be, for him, all his eye and Mr. Martin.

My Husband Still. A Working Woman’s Story. By Helen Hamilton. (Maunsel. 6s.)

This is a story of a girl who ran away from home to marry a man, who subsequently took to drink and burglary. In the intervals between his terms of imprisonment, he interrupts her love affairs and usurps her family life. With the chance of going to Canada with a real working-man, she prefers to marry him, but he is finally assassinated by a political revolutionary, just in time to save herself from arrest as a murderer and one or two other sorts of criminal. There is a gang of shady financial people whose exploits also occupy the attention of the author; and as the heroine’s brother is a police official, it is impossible to avoid these criminal associations. The heroine marries the journalist at the end, but we think that Mr. White has gone the longest way round to create sympathy for journalists.

Mrs. Martin’s Man. By St. John G. Ervine. (Maunsel. 6s.)

This should have been called “St. John Ervine’s Man,” for Mr. Ervine is specializing in the interior male. Just as “Jane Clegg” was the only person of character in Mr. Ervine’s play of that name, so Mrs. Martin is the only person of character in this novel. It may be so in Ulster; it must necessarily be so in a novel dedicated “To My Wife.” It seems that Mrs. Martin was wooed and won by a masterful sailor; was deserted by him after she had borne one child, and was pregnant with another, and he had seduced her sister; opened a hardware shop and prospered in a small way until, and after, he returned to her, sixteen years later, a broken man. The sister had nursed immortal hopes of his return; when she discovered that he had ceased to love her before he went away, she fled from the house, and finally bought a hardware shop in Belfast. To come to this glorious end, she has first to confess to the father the woman in India. The moral is that if a woman looks back long enough and hardly enough, she goes back, and he was a good man, because unhappily married, and she frantically pleads with him to marry her. She carries home the paraffin for her husband; and he objects so violently to the disturbance of the domestic arrangements caused by the flight of his wife’s sister that he follows her to Belfast for the purpose of telling her not to interfere with his family. But he is not the man he was, and he is so drunk when he arrives that the real import of his message is not conveyed with authority. The next morning, Mrs. Martin preaches on the text: “What is the use of quarrelling?” with a sub-heading for her husband: “What will Aggie say?” She applies similar consolatory methods to her son, and he agrees to forgive his aunt for having had her pleasure of his father, and to be the hero of her hardware shop to solace her declining years. His father goes back to the other hardware shop, and he gets divorced and buys paraffin can; and Mrs. Martin, having proved herself to be the superior female, is conscious of the loneliness that accompanies all superiority. “Och, ochone!” she said a little wearily, as she [the tramp] on the table; and with this cryptic utterance the story ends. Mr. Ervine’s method is so suitable to his material that we see no reason why he should not write a novel about every cottage in Ulster; such a labour, we suggest, would have all the value of a psychological census, and we commend the suggestion to the notice of this young writer. Life would thus be, for him, all his eye and Mr. Martin.
The Second Blooming. By W. L. George. (Unwin. £6.)

Mr. George has suffered many things at the hands of Mr. H. G. Wells, if one-half of what he says in his dedication is true. Listen! "To the writer who turned the strongest light upon the complexities of his day; showed me my fellow-man struggling through endless misunderstandings and pangs towards a hidden goal; restored to me a trust that is to say, he knew intuitively when his mother was really his son; so, of course, the story begins to get tragic; that is to say, everybody begins to fall in love with everybody else. The baronet's wife falls in love with the noble friend to whom the baronet had told his story, and the noble friend falls in love with the baronet's wife; but they, being honourable people, only tell their love and wait for the death of the baronet before beginning business. The "water-fly" falls in love with and marries an English girl, of that queer, lopsided stuff that Futurists, or Cubists, or anything you choose to call them, are made of"; and her nice, clean, athletic Irish lover comes down from Oxford, and shoots her and himself before she is dishonoured by the "water-fly." The "water-fly" seeks to save his baby and murders his father, and then departs for the Gold Coast; and then the noble friend and the faithful wife can "wait no longer." There is something about "warm velvet lips," and "letting herself go," and a honeymoon on the Italian lakes; and thus concludes this melancholy story of miscegenation.

The One Outside. By Mary Fitzpatrick. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a collection of eight short stories, nearly all of which are contrived to end unhappily. "The One Outside" is an Irishman who returns to his wife after an absence of sixteen years (like Mr. Ervine's "Mrs. Martin's Man"), and takes to drink and attempted murder because the children have grown up. The children go to America so that he may murder his wife without interference; but she dies conveniently of heart disease, and he will probably go raving mad from disappointment. This going away and coming back again to disappointment seems to be a habit in Ireland, for another story tells of a woman who went to America, and came back years after to find her own sister married to her lover. She carefully walks down to the bog and drowners herself. Then there is another story of a man who went to Dublin for six weeks, and when he came home his girl had died of consumption, or a broken heart, or lack of parents, or something like that. Then there is another story of an Irish girl who comes to London; her mother comes to find her, and does so—she finds her sitting on a door-step, stone-dead. So the poor old woman goes mad. There are several more stories of this kind, all warranted to be Celtic, and to give an Englishman the "blues." Perhaps it is a subtle form of Irish gratitude for Home Rule.
**Current Cant.**

"I admit that the Fabian basis is somewhat stale."—Dr. BEATRICE WEBB.

"Of course, I believe in democratic control."—Professor SIDNEY WEBB.

"God and the War."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Wales and the War."—MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

"The War is at bottom a religious War."—Cecil Chesterton.

"Lead Kindly Light" at the Front."—"Sphere." 

"Christmas cheer in the trenches."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Something cheery for the wounded."—Daily Graphic! War Cartoons."—"Daily Graphic."

"My powerful intellect."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"'Der Tag,' by Sir James M. Barrie. The burning words of a great mind."—Coliseum Poster.

"In extremity even secular newspapers are sermons on Bible ethics."—Dr. W. T. A. Barber.

"An Englishman's house is his castle."—"Spectator."

"If Methodist ministers will forget their German teaching they will be better preachers."—Sir Robert Perks.

"Rudyard Kipling—Prophet."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"My. Masefield, like Euripides, is a moralist."—Cecil Chisholm.

"Poets have always stimulated practical patriotism."—Holbrook Jackson.

"I have lived all my life on the power of my imagination."—George Robert Sims.

"The Germans will be able to land troops on this coast."—Lord Derby.

"O Lord, do Thou strengthen us day by day. ... A brilliant Naval Victory."—British Weekly.

"Appreciation of good food comes with middle-age and matures in later years."—"Academy."

"Mr. Gordon Selfridge looks for a New Year that shall be full of desire to build finer character."—"Evening News."

"There are more of the Christ spirit manifest to-day than there was a year ago."—Rev. K. J. Campbell.

"Which is the best advertisement that has appeared during the War?"—"Weekly Dispatch."


"Canon E. Mc'Clure's little book called 'Germany's War Inspirers'—'Nietzsche and 'Christlike (with two portraits)—is being published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. ..."—"Globe."

"It remained for Sir Herbert Tree to remove the taunt that the actor-manager is the sole lessee of the Timelight."—Rodd Lawson.

"He told us, so naturally, and without any sense of their greatness, some of the things which he had seen in a wild island, where the inhabitants were the worst savages in the South Seas. Only seven years later, when the British Governor visited that island, a choir of these men came down to the shore with the missionary and sang in English, 'God Save the Queen.' What is it that can transform humanity in such a wondrous way? There is but one reply. It is the power of the Cross."—Professor J. H. Moulton.

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**Pastiche.**

**CHRISTIAN WORSHIP UP TO DATE.**

"Sheriff Max Grifenhagen has been appealed to by several clergymen for protection against any possible bomb outrages, and in response to these appeals he has already enrolled the head ushers of six churches as special deputy sheriffs, with the right to carry arms while on duty in the churches to which they are attached. The churches whose ushers are obtained are: New York "World," the Rivington Street Synagogue, the Church of the Incarnation, and the Church of St. Stanslaus."—New York "World," November 17.

Jesus, lover of my soul, 
(Wonder if my pistol shows!) 
Let me to Thy bosom fly, 
(Sticking out behind my clothes!) 
While the nearer waters roll, 
(Coat-tails hanging in the way!) 
And the tempest still is high, 
(Couldn't get it quick in play!) 
Hide me, O Saviour, hide, 
(Wonder if that chap's Bouch White!) 
Till the storm of life is past 
(He got out of jail last night!) 
Safe into Thy haven guide— 
(If that fellow tries to speak) 
O receive my soul at last! 
(Throw him out upon his back!) 
Other refuge have I none— 
(Six detectives in the choir?) 
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; 
(Police Headquarters on the wire!) 
Leave, sh! leave me not alone— 
(See that chap in red neck-tie!) 
Still support and comfort me. 
(Glad that copper's standing by!) 
All my trust on Thee is stayed, 
(Could that hand-bag hold a gun?) 
All my help from Thee I bring: 
(Gee! This ushering's no fun!) 
Cover my defenceless head 
(God Almighty! What was that?) 
With the shadow of Thy wing, 
(Feather in a woman's hat!) 
Wilt Thou not regard my call? 
(Jesus Christ! A bomb at last!) 
Wilt Thou not regard my prayer? 
(No, it was a subway blast!) 
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall— 
(Dawn all Anarchists to hell — er —) 
Lo! on Thee I cast my care. 
(Good morning—Mr. Rockefeller!)

**THE 'LARGE COMBAT.'**

**FLEET STREET STYLE.**

I was present at the great fight, and, as a woman, I jotted down my impressions for the benefit of your female readers. I have never met any of your male readers, but I should imagine that they are fearful creatures. However, this article is written expressly for women, and I don't mind what the dear men think about it. There are blazing lights, pole blue lights, many lights, large quantities of sound, swift, quick volleys of applause, and oceans of faces, beerly and billious, round the fighting place, and the sawdust was kindly lent by Messrs. Wood Tool and Co., the well-known builders. They had a duck of a little board announcing the fact; I thought it looked so nice, and besides, my dears, people must advertise, mustn't they? There were lots of women all about the place everywhere, chic little Chilians and fussy little Frenchwomen; the latter are so smart, I think.

And then comes Jim Joiner and all the place is crammed with ear-splitting, surging shrills, yells, and squeals. You dear little women who read this have no idea what the dear men think about it. There are glaring lights, pole blue lights, many lights, large quantities of sound, swift, quick volleys of applause, and oceans of faces, beerly and billious, round the fighting place, and the sawdust was kindly lent by Messrs. Wood Tool and Co., the well-known builders. They had a duck of a little board announcing the fact; I thought it looked so nice, and besides, my dears, people must advertise, mustn't they? There were lots of women all about the place everywhere, chic little Chilians and fussy little Frenchwomen; the latter are so smart, I think.

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**December 31, 1914**

**THE NEW AGE**

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**227**
being; you know my mother never would allow me to indulge in mixed bathing. He looks so fresh, so gay, so happy, so while (they say brown in the next column, but I am pretty sure) I thought he must win--he must win--he must win--he must win.

Youth will not be denied--he must win; I think of the glory that was Greece, the blare of hooters filled the heavy air, The smoke of stacks rose black against the sky, The roll of trains roused echoes in the arch. That chattered down the waking street. But he--

His ears were deaf, his eyes had lost their sight, His limbs so long ached, he heeded not. The smoke of stacks rose black against the sky, The roll of trains roused echoes in the arch. That chattered down the waking street. But he--

And Kithakas, that seems so determined, so vast, so smiling; be must not win, but he looks very fierce; I hate him, I don't like the way he parts his hair. More howls; the great roof of the building rises up and down to the sound of shouts. The eternal sweat of travail downward pouring. The forests dense are locks upon his pate; God alone can turn on a heart; The waker of the 'tears that lead to their graves. The forests dense are locks upon his pate; God alone can turn on a heart; The waker of the 'tears that lead to their graves.

AN EPITAPH.
The rain was driving down most steadily, The wind had dropped, the night was hardly lit by one poor gas-lamp in the filthy street. The forests dense are locks upon his pate; God alone can turn on a heart; The waker of the 'tears that lead to their graves.

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operative company, was summoned for libel by the Kautaha. Being an action by a native company against a European, the charge could not be heard by the native courts, therefore, before the Colonial-General, Mr. Campbell, who dismissed the case, and in the alleged interests of the native shareholders impounded the Kautaha’s books. Auditors were then appointed by the Government, due course of law was taken, and this extraordinary gazette closed with an apology to Mr. Cameron. No one was prosecuted for the alleged wrong-doing, but the three or four thousand native shareholders were actually deceived by having their re- operative company, which the auditors acknowledged was solvent, forcibly closed and put into liquidation by the Government, and the prosecution of their president, the native trustees of the Kautaha, who had drawn up a petition and sent it to the Chancellor of the Western Pacific Court was heard in the High Commission Court for the Western Pacific, his Honour the Chief Justice, Sir Charles F. H. May, who dismissed the case, and in the alleged interests of the natives, on the advice of their counsel, made application to the Privy Council in England, for the suspension of the ordinance forbidding natives to form trading companies, and Mr. Skeen suspended it, as illegal and against the Constitution. The Government appealed to the Privy Council, but the King declined to do so, and, though the Prime Minister supported Mr. Cameron when he applied to the Cabinet, the Cabinet, after a meeting, decided not to support Mr. Cameron against the dismissal of the Chief Justice and refused to be coerced.

By a steamer going to Fiji Mr. Campbell sent an official named Mr. Harcourt with an urgent dispatch to his Excellency the High Commissioner, Sir F. H. May, who had succeeded Sir E. M. Thurn, Sir F. H. May came down to Tonga, evidently with the intention of supporting Mr. Campbell, but, after his Excellency, at the King’s request, had thoroughly gone into matters, he found he could not support Mr. Campbell, and that the latter had been the cause of the trouble in Tonga. He made Mr. Campbell apologise to the King, and ordered him to interfere no more in the internal affairs of Tonga.

Mr. Cameron was heard in the High Commission Court for the Western Pacific, his Honour the Acting Chief Justice, Mr. Elrhardt, coming down to Tonga for this case especially, held the case and the prosecution. Mr. Cameron was honourably acquitted, Mr. Elrhardt saying that he was aghast at what had occurred, and that he condemned the breaking up of the Kautaha, the seizing of its assets to prosecute its president, and the animus displayed.

The prosecution itself stood condemned and showed no desire to appeal. The Board of Directors, the Remembrancer, the remaining assets of the Kautaha were sold by the Government, and a gazette was published, dated March 3, 1914, in consequence of the decision of the Court, reaffirmed the allegations against Mr. Cameron, and (though by the prosecution’s own evidence at the trial the Kautaha was solvent) asserted that the Kautaha was insolvent. Its funds were taken and paid the costs of prosecuting the president and winding up the company.

To secure Mr. Campbell and other officials from prosecution for closing and wrecking the Kautaha an ordinance had been published on February 24, 1912, which purported to prevent it illegal to take proceedings against them; the ordinance also forbade the formation of Kautahas, and to prevent the shareholders from assisting their president the following clause was inserted:

"It shall be illegal for any Tongan to give, subscribe, collect, or to aid, assist, or abet in the subscription or collection of any money or produce for the purpose of helping any non-native who in the past may have been associated with natives of Tonga for the purpose of trading or for any Kautaha."

The Assistant High Commissioner, Mr. Mahaffy, came down to Tonga, supported Mr. Campbell, and threw out threats of deporting Mr. Cameron. Solicitors for the Kautaha, however, made application in Fiji, and it was decided that the expediting of officials from prosecution was ultra vires, and in August, 1911, the Consul-General, Mr. Campbell, the Premier’s Assistant, Mr. Roberts, and the Accountant, Mr. Harcourt, issued a High Commission Court for the Western Pacific, held in Tonga before his Honour the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Major, who was then Acting High Commissioner of the Western Pacific while all these illegal acts had been going on. His Honour dismissed the case against the defendants, with costs, holding that acts complained of were Acts of State of the Tongan Government, and that the Court therefore had no jurisdiction in the matter.

The conduct of this trial and the incompleteness of the report of the proceedings issued by the Government were severely commented on. It is stated that the natives’ faith in the justice of a high British court was thoroughly shaken. Notice of appeal to the Privy Council in England was at once given, and, it appears, a few months after the trial, in March, a decision was obtained that the natives were quieted by their leaders.
of the Archbishop of York; and I am afraid that it is Miss Morris whose knowledge of the domestic history of this country is limited, if she does not see the great difference between the two Archbishops, or if she imagines that his Grace of Canterbury would at any time so far forget his policy of habitually following the line of least resistance as to object to vulgar denuncia-
tions of the Kaiser's blood-stained sword being moulded to be popular. I have heard that he would, indeed, be quite likely to walk down the Strand arm in arm with the Prince of Darkness if that polemical came in the country. The Englishman is quiet, and brought his son to support the Allies. In which he would doubtless be followed by the Christian clergy, who are looking for the occasion to pray for Germany. I am glad to see that the "Church Times" supports the Archbishop of York in his protest; and the "Church Times" is Jingo in the extreme. I quote the following from the article on the subject in that paper:—

"In tracing the responsibility for all this carnage we must look far for the men who have been moulding events. It is foolish to fasten upon one who is merely prominent. Being foolish, it is morally harmful. It is an evasion of one's own responsibility—it is either self-deception or hypocrisy to pretend that national jealousy, national vanity, and national ambitions on our side have had nothing to do with the development of those circum-
stances which led to inevitable war. Vulgar abuse of the Kaiser's blood-stained sword should be broken on Reims Cathedral, and that for the very simple reason that it has not been destroyed. We are now being informed by a section of the Press that the Germans have shelled and practically wrecked Whirty Abbey, although Whirty Abbey has been an utter ruin since it was destroyed in the sixteenth century by that Eleanor of Aquitaine, bluff King Hal.

FAIRPLAY.

DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—In your issue of November 5, Mr. G. D. H. Cole says:—"It is generally admitted that, however great a community may be, the individual is more free under a democratic than under an autocratic system." The term "democracy" is an exceedingly vague one. If it simply means the great movement of liberty, equality, and fraternity which has been going on from the days of Milton and Locke to our own time, and which aims at giving the common people more consideration than they have received in the past, then I readily admit that this movement has increased liberty. But if Mr. Cole means that the extension of the franchise has been followed by a decrease of liberty, I have said that the individual, then I most emphatically disagree with him. On the contrary, I maintain that the extension of the franchise has everywhere been followed by drastic meddling interference with the individual, and that there are no men anywhere who have so little faith in liberty as the men who have been specially elected by the common people. "Freedom is only a conversion of the selfish mind which is able to think of the welfare of others," said William Liebknecht. Such is exactly the view of Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Will Crooks, and all their faithful followers.

The United States is the great example of a political democracy. There you have the initiative, referendum, and recall of representatives in full force. Judges are elected by recall acts, and several states have selection laws which enable each individual not merely to vote for the candidate, but to have a share in selecting him. In many States women vote as well as men. What has been the result?

The one definite result perceptible is that restrictions of all kinds on the individual have been multiplied, and every increase of democracy has been immediately followed by an increase of restrictions. There is an endless flood of laws prohibiting alcoholic liquors, prohibiting cigarettes; prohibiting "children" under eighteen from dancing, limiting the hours of dancing for persons over eighteen, compelling "children" under fifteen or sixteen to be indoors after half-past eight in the evening in the sweltering heat of July and August, prohibiting men and women from speaking to each other in public unless they are mutually acquainted, punishing kissing with terrible penalties, sending women to prison for five years for conversing together about the limitation of the family, establishing searchlights in the public parks so that all couples may be closely watched and prevented from from dancing without stockings, establishing a minimum penalty of ten years for rape, making it rape for a boy of fourteen to have relations with a girl of eighteen even at her request, rigorously censoring cinematographs, providing for police interference with plays, prohibiting free speech, interfering with the Press, punishing fornication and adultery with terrible penalties, prohibiting girls from selling newspapers, prohibiting criticism of foreign Governments, prohibiting criticism of clergymen, prohibiting people from speaking unfavourably about the respective real estate rising in value, and so on, and so on.

Many of these laws are enforced by armies of paid spies, who try to inform against him. Private letters are opened in the post office in order to see if they contain forbidden matters. Women detectives walk on the promenades trying to get men to speak to them, and then promptly arrest anyone who speaks.

I will give you just two illustrations of what democratic institutions have done here. A few months ago one of the elected judges in California sentenced a young negro boy to thirty years' imprisonment for kissing a white girl on the cheek. According to the California Californian Act (S. Verdad, "Romney," and Miss Morning), one after the other, goes far to prove my case. It seems useless to spend my breath on any one of these things, which would label me a-German after reading my last letter.

Is there any use in pointing out to Mr. Wake Cook that he will scarcely strengthen his position by the reprehensible and untruthful declaration that he has done away with the censorship? If I once defended such things as the destruction of Reims Cathedral, and that for the very simple reason that it has not been destroyed. We are now being informed by a section of the Press that the Germans have shelled and practically wrecked Whirty Abbey, although Whirty Abbey has been an utter ruin since it was destroyed in the sixteenth century by that Eleanor of Aquitaine, bluff King Hal.

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if it had the power. The German and Austrian Socialists are little better.

Democracy has been a total failure except in the one form of public opinion. The applause of the multitude can only follow leaders. The moment you give the common people the vote, they at once fall a prey to tact-tallers, purify people, and all kinds of organised schemers and meddlers. Therefore, they have accomplished far less with the vote than they were fated to accomplish without it. Without the multitude took a large part in forcing through the Ten Hours' Act and the Abolition of the Poll Tax. More merely the category of men who want £400 a year, and who find that it is more easy to get £500 a year by pandering to temperance and purity than by taking a manly stand for measures that will benefit the working class.

R. B. Kerr.

"DANIELIZING."

Sir,—May I venture to suggest to Mr. Caldwell Cook that in the coinage of the word "Danielizing" as a synonym for slovenly pronunciation he is labouring under a misapprehension which very seriously impairs the appropriateness of the word. Mr. Caldwell Cook maintains, if I understand him rightly, that the phonetic reproductions which Mr. Daniel Jones gives of ordinary English pronunciation are responsible for much of the carelessness of speech to-day, and are the basis of the alphabet scheme promoted by the Simplified Spelling Societ.

Now, I am not a phonetician. He records his hearers, he does not recommend. Far less has he imposed these researches on the Simplified Spelling Society as the basis of a phonetic alphabet. To blame him is the way in which people pronounce is about as logical as the fact that although some of it is for useful expenditure, the great bulk of the money is required to pay for present, past or future War. What is most to be done is to be three courses: (1) to pay as before; (2) to pay with a letter of protest (which the collector would put in his wastepaper basket); or (3) to tell him that while willing to pay my share for non-warlike expenditure if he does not see how much it is I will have no part in War and leave the authorities to take whatever action they think fit.

This is a problem to which, at the moment, I do not see a definite answer, though sufficiently convinced that all War is absolutely wrong. Apart from the particular objections to the intervention of this country in the present conflict, I feel quite sure that it is the duty of all who object to war entirely to refrain from aiding the campaign either by personal service (whether as volunteers or conscripts), or by participating in a War loan. To this further question as to tax-paying the answer does not seem to be so clear.

J. S. D.

WORDS NOT DEEDS.

Sir,—I should like to call the attention of your readers to the monstrous sentence carried by the Labour Socialist, at a time when rebels who had actually borne arms against the Government were being given safe conduct to their homes. The following extract is from the "Transvaal Chronicle" (Pretoria), of November 19:

A. B. Dunbar, a blacksmith, was charged with using inflammatory language at a meeting held at the Tivoli Theatre on Sunday last. He was reported to have said: "Now, Workers! It is your opportunity. The Government's hands are full. Rise now! Strike! Now is the time to strike!"

The case was heard on Tuesday and adjourned till to-day on an exception raised by Mr. Lucas that the words did not come under Martial Law.

The Magistrate overruled the exception, and fined accused £500, in default one year's imprisonment with hard labour.

A fund is being raised to pay the fine. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, War on War League (S.A.), Box 1091, Johannesburg.

Sir,—I shall be grateful if you will publish the enclosed letter. If you have heard of the Dunbar case (and 1 always expect you to know everything), you cannot have failed to note the point made by Froude in the sentence and the leniency with which the "rebels" are being and will be treated. No one claims that there was the slightest danger of Dunbar's words provoking a riot or (3) to tell him that while willing to pay my share for non-warlike expenditure if he does not see how much it is I will have no part in War and leave the authorities to take whatever action they think fit.

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The Magistrate overruled the exception, and fined accused £500, in default one year's imprisonment with hard labour.

A fund is being raised to pay the fine. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, War on War League (S.A.), Box 1091, Johannesburg.

Sir,—I shall be grateful if you will publish the enclosed letter. If you have heard of the Dunbar case (and 1 always expect you to know everything), you cannot have failed to note the point made by Froude in the sentence and the leniency with which the "rebels" are being and will be treated. No one claims that there was the slightest danger of Dunbar's words provoking a riot or (3) to tell him that while willing to pay my share for non-warlike expenditure if he does not see how much it is I will have no part in War and leave the authorities to take whatever action they think fit.

This is a problem to which, at the moment, I do not see a definite answer, though sufficiently convinced that all War is absolutely wrong. Apart from the particular objections to the intervention of this country in the present conflict, I feel quite sure that it is the duty of all who object to war entirely to refrain from aiding the campaign either by personal service (whether as volunteers or conscripts), or by participating in a War loan. To this further question as to tax-paying the answer does not seem to be so clear.

J. S. D.

WORDS NOT DEEDS. 
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