THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1174] New Series. Vol. XVI. No. 19. Thursday, Mar. 11, 1915. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

One of the primitive Socialist errors exploded by the present war is that all wars are due to capitalism. Though not belonging to the same school of thought, Mr. Norman Angell nevertheless proceeded upon this crude assumption. If, he thought, he could demonstrate that war is necessarily unprofitable in the commercial sense to all parties, the abolition of war would follow as a consequence of practical reason. Assuming, in fact, that the determinant cause of war is commercial in character, the evidence that the results are not worth the candle should put an end to it. The case of Germany, however, has, as we say, exploded this Philistian notion. Mr. Norman Angell, who has never known the pure milk of Marxist economics, may himself continue to walk in darkness; but the stern and unbending Marxians, Mr. Belfort Bax, Mr. Hyndman and others, confess to have seen in recent events a great light. No longer do they maintain that economics is the one and only root-factor of history; but, on the contrary, they allow that this, the greatest war ever known, has its roots in causes other than capitalism. We, no more than they, do not deny that capitalist interests are involved in the present war as the body is involved in all the activities of the human spirit. We have indeed spent some weeks in disentangling and isolating the capitalist strand in the knotted braid of current events. But capitalism, we all now admit, has been the subordinate and not the predominant motive. Human pride and envy, human ambition and emulation, the desire to shine in the world and to rise to a higher status—these, even our City Press agrees, are the main causes of the war. In a word, the causes of the war are more spiritual than material, though material motives are necessarily involved.

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The vulgar and materialist error which has been dissipated in regard to war in general still remains, however, in the case of the industrial war in particular. It is assumed, we see on every hand, that Labour unrest, unlike the late German unrest, owes its existence to motives of money and wages: in other words, that its causes are predominantly commercial. Mr. Lloyd George, for example, has recently declared in effect that the Clyde strike was merely over a matter of a farthing an hour. And the official Labour leaders have, of course, agreed with him. The "Times" on Tuesday went even further and assumed that if only the respective wages and profits of the two main parties to the dispute could be published, "a settlement would be found marvellously easy." But why, on the same assumption, should not a "settlement" of the dispute between Germany and England have been found "marvellously easy" without recourse to war? Is it not for the reasons which the "Times" and everybody else have belatedly discovered, namely, that the dispute between us was just not over a farthing an hour or, in fact, over any commercial matter mainly? Similarly we must protest that, however reasonable the hypothesis may seem, the theory that Labour unrest, on the Clyde or anywhere else, is over a farthing an hour is an error of the first magnitude, as gross and as likely to be tragic in its consequences as the same error the same journals made in the case of Germany. The causes, we affirm, of Labour unrest in general are of the same nature as the causes of war in general: they are mainly spiritual and only subordinately commercial.

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If, in fact, the cause of strikes were a matter of wages mainly, we should have no more difficulty than Mr. Norman Angell in the case of war, in demonstrating the futility of labour strikes; and, thereby, in putting an end to them. We have, indeed, deprecated consistently every purely wage strike on the ground that even a successful wage-strike costs the workmen as a class more than it brings in to any section. Wages, we contend, being the market price of labour as a commodity,

are fixed by the law of Supply and Demand; and where artificial increases are created they are and must be balanced by losses elsewhere. Prices, it is certain, rise with wages and usually in advance and in anticipation of them; with the effect (apart from more direct losses) that what the proletariat gain in wages has already been lost in prices and will be lost again. What profit is it, therefore, to the workmen to gain a farthing an hour in one trade and to lose a penny in the cost of living of their class? It is as short-sighted, as suicidal, a policy as Mr. Norman Angell has proved a bellicose commercial policy must be to the nations that engage in it. Wage-strikes that are purely such (if such there be) involve the workers as a class in nothing but loss. They lose on the swings and they lose again on the roundabouts. From every reasonable point of view, a wage-strike is a futility; and the demonstration ought to put an end to them.

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This is not to say, however, that the case for wage-strikes is not plausible, or that they may not appear to be provoked and even called for. Unless there had been an appearance of truth—and a considerable amount of it—in the theory of Mr. Norman Angell and in the theory of the economic interpretation of history in general, the erroneous conclusions of the school would not have survived a day. That the Clyde and other current strikes are susceptible of a wage-explanation superficially, we do not, of course, deny. There is far too much evidence of one kind or another to make such a denial possible. In the first place, the whole vocabulary of leading ideas of our business men in relation to industry are in contrast with their ideas and language on the subject of the war. In the matter of the war, it is all honour and hang the expense; we are back for a moment in the days of timocracy and chivalry. But in the matter of industry, it is business as usual and let honour take care of itself. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at if the workmen fall under the spell of commerce and treat their industry as if it were in a totally different category from the war. In the second place, as we have often remarked, our business men have themselves appealed to the Law of Supply and Demand as a just excuse for raising prices and should not now be surprised if the workmen follow suit and appeal to the same Law as an excuse for raising their wages. Thirdly, it must be remembered that the case for the revision of the Clyde wages was overwhelming before even the war started, and only became more so under the conditions of war. Finally, it was upon a rising market that the strike took place and when, by the withdrawal of labour, even the Law of Supply and Demand dictated an increased wage-rate. These things considered, what wonder that the strike has been made to appear a wage-strike exclusively? Not only Mr. Lloyd George and the official Labour leaders have been deceived (and it would be hard to convince either party of any spiritual fact), but we should not be confounded if a majority of the strikers themselves were similarly deceived. No less than the general public in matters of industry, the very strikers whose motives are mainly spiritual allow themselves to imagine that they are mainly material.

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But as in the case of war we must look for deeper causes than the commercial, in the case of industrial unrest we must learn to look ourselves, and teach the workman to look, for a profounder origin than the desire for better wages. Labour cannot live by wages alone any more than man by bread; and it is a fact which everybody may observe that even successful wage-strikes bring no real satisfaction to the better elements among the strikers. We are told, for example, that the Clyde men, though assured of a wage revision somewhere near their demands, returned to work "reluctantly" (we quote the "Times") and in a spirit that augured a short peace. Why, if wages were the only object of their strike and the object equally of all of them? But another element than wages is certainly to be found in the Clyde dispute, and it touches the vital subject of Trade Unionism. Here we approach a ganglion of nerves in the proletarian class which few of the employers or of our governing classes are even aware of. What Belgian neutrality was to Germany and King Albert respectively, that the inviolability of the Trade Unions is to employers and workmen respectively: to the former a thing of only commercial account, a matter of expediency simply; to the latter of spiritual importance and a matter of living principle. Take away, violate or damage the Trade Unions of the proletariat and you rob them of their only collective organ: rudimentary, it is true, at present, but not merely vestigial and obsolescent. All that nationality, in however poor a form, means for Belgium and other despised little States, Trade Unionism means for the working classes of this country. But among the more intelligent of the Clyde strikers there was certainly a section that understood this and realised that wages were not the all in all. Among the employers, too, prevails a similar concern, but with a different motive: with the motive, in short, of killing Trade Unionism for good. What, for example, is to be concluded from the demand now being made by the employers, with the concurrence of the Government and of the Press, that the restrictions hitherto placed by the Trade Unions upon output shall be "temporarily" withdrawn? That "temporarily" is the sugar upon the pill: it is the butter upon the slide; it is the slaver of the constrictor. As one employer was frank enough to say, once off it would be a crime to put the restrictions on again! The apprehensions raised by such a prospect have assuredly not their origin in wages simply. It remains to be seen, in fact, whether in return for an increase of wages the men are prepared to sell their Unions—their birthright for a mess of pottage. Once more we may say that a majority, perhaps, is so disposed; but the Alberts among them may, we hope, be trusted to spare them the infamy.

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But neither is the existence of Trade Unionism the only other element than wages involved in the present industrial unrest. The question of a place for Labour in the sun is likewise included—the question of status; and much honour is due to the men who have put it there. After all, there would be something worse than rotten in the state of our Denmark if, when the whole nation is stirred into a national consciousness, the workmen alone should feel no tremor of the awakened spirit. From the self-same class that is at this moment industrially uneasy upon the Clyde and elsewhere, the men have come in hundreds of thousands to man the trenches and to risk their lives in the service of the State. Are these military volunteers the exceptions of their class and all who remain working in the factories the rule? Does no breath reach the latter of the wind that has called their brothers and sons to Flanders and the world's end? The assumption is ridiculous, it is preposterous; it is a slander upon England no less than

upon the class upon whom, both for industry and victory, England depends. But the comparison, at a time like this, of the workman-soldier with the workman-industrialist is such as to make the latter feel, more acutely than ever before, the essential contrast between the service of profiteers and national service. The soldier, inspired with national feeling, is able not only to express his emotion in acts of national service, but to associate with superiors and commanders who themselves share his spirit. The work of the Army is truly national in that no member of it is disposed to give less or get more than another. The workman, on the other hand, moved by the same impulse, finds himself associated with employers who are only secondarily, if at all, in the national service. His profit to them is their first consideration; and, along with his own spirit the nation takes with them second place. What wonder, we say, that at a moment such as this, the workmen feel themselves bound and restricted while the soldiers feel themselves to be free men? It is a tribute to the industrialists, a proof that their souls are not dead, that they gird and chafe at the anti-national forms of industry in which they are encaged. Why should one section of them be free to serve the nation, the whole nation, and nothing but the nation, with honour and without profit, while the rest must serve first the interests of profiteers without honour?

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A good deal of current language is, in fact, an attempt to prove that industrialists are actually on national service when bound to profiteers. The "Pall Mall Gazette," for example, referred to the strikes as a "mutiny" of the workmen: the "Daily Chronicle" described their action as a piece of "indelible infamy." Mr. Asquith spoke the other day of employers and workmen as "all at this moment partners and co-operators in one great enterprise." Mr. Bonar Law suggested the necessity of "mobilising industry." And the "Times" affirmed of the various dislocations of industry that "these are the nation's affair . . . the taxpayers being the real employers and the manufacturers only our stewards." Very agreeable all this is to us who have been preaching national industrial guilds for years; but the facts of our present industrial organisation do not square with a word of it. Refusal to make profit for a private employer is no more mutiny than refusing to obey any other private citizen. The "Daily Chronicle's" "indelible infamy" is upon the employers who refuse to share their profits with the men who make them or to forgo them altogether in the national service. The partnership of employers and workmen, of which Mr. Asquith spoke, is the partnership of masters and slaves. Industry is not mobilised, as Mr. Bonar Law says, and the tax-payer is rather the servant than the master of the private employers. Nothing, in short, can make of profiteering a national service or of wage-labour a national duty. Though the terms now used are national, the facts remain private. The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

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The character of the Clyde strike-leaders, again, appears to be something that adds significance to the unrest. Not only have they nothing to do with the official "twicers" (all Members of Parliament, actual or aspirant), but the latter would have nothing to do with them. These beggars on horse-back, who bow and scrape to their enemy employers, are bullies on their dignity when treating with their real employers, the men. Not for them to "recognise" the Union formed against them! Their authority is absolute, and base are the slaves that support it! The strike-leaders, on the other hand, being unpaid and unofficial, have no power but their influence, which, however, is so considerable that, as the "Times," said, ten thousand men were willingly led by them. They are likewise anonymous, being in no wise anxious to share the officials' limelight. They are also young; and hence, according to the "Times," full of theories and irresponsible, as well as "better educated" than the older school. Most significant of all, they are the executive council of the working shop-stewards, that is, workmen themselves of whom their shop-mates have learned to think highly. In a word, we may say, they are readers of THE NEW AGE. We confess that we were pleased to read the "Times'" independent tribute to them, for it confirms our hopes of the rising generation. The difference in character between the old and the new leaders is observable, is palpable even to a "Times" correspondent. We may judge from these facts whether the strike was for wages alone.

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The strike having ended, for the time being, it is of interest to speculate on what its outcome might have been. Too much fear altogether still weighs upon the working-classes; they are afraid of words, afraid of shadows, afraid of threats. But one of these days they will face all these bogeys and discover that they are made largely of newspaper. It was to their advantage in the recent situation that "something had to be done." It was not possible to allow their industry during the war to be suspended as the coal industry during peace was suspended while the funds of their Union were being exhausted. On the contrary, a day or two more at the outside was the maximum of time within which matters would have been brought to a head. And to what kind of a head, it may be asked? The creatures of the Press talked vaguely of employing force to compel ten thousand men to work. But a horse might as easily be made to drink when dragged to the water as men be made to work when forced to the workshops against their will. We should not like to have seen the Government, indeed, attempt such a task; nor do we believe for one moment that it would have been attempted. But there was the alternative, we are told, of the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act. Very awesome, no doubt, they are, since, in spite of Sir Henry Craik, those War-Office pets, the corrupt contractors, are exempted from their penalties; but what, in fact, are the provisions of the Act as applicable to an industry? Only that an industry may be taken over by the Admiralty or the War Office and run under quasi-martial law. What a terrible threat to hold over the Clyde workmen—that they might find themselves in the same position as the railwaymen! Exactly such a step, indeed, is the first required to nationalise industry and to place industry on the footing of the other national services. Threat indeed! We regard it as a promise, and as a promise whose fulfilment ought to have been forced. Has not the Government, without threat and without a strike, taken over already several industries? Was it not prepared, will it not soon again be prepared, to take over the coal-mines of the country? At this moment several steel-works in Scotland have fallen into its hands, and others are preparing to fall. Would it have swallowed all these camels only, in still greater need, to strain at the Clyde gnat? We do not believe it. We believe, on the contrary, that the Clyde strikers had only to behave like men to obtain the treatment of nationalists and citizens.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is announced just as I write these words that the Turks have decided to abandon their campaign against Egypt and to recall their army from Palestine and Syria. This statement comes guardedly through Petrograd and there is not sufficient time for me to check it before this issue of The New Age goes to press. I have already indicated, however, that the Turks are by no means enthusiastic over their war against this country and against France; and the feeling is reciprocated. Last week I stated that it would have been possible for us to take much more severe measures against the Turks than we had actually put into effect, and the reason for our leniency is plain enough. Alone among diplomatists our representatives abroad, as well as our permanent officials at home, have always kept in mind the importance of buffer States. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, in one of the best of the Oxford Pamphlets, has emphasised this use of the small State, and it is an important use. Belgium and Holland and Denmark are of as much practical value to us as Turkey has been all through the nineteenth century—of as much value as Switzerland has been to Italy, Germany, and France. It is not our object, as I have repeatedly said, to weaken Turkey unduly; and it is fully recognised here that the reproaches which the Porte has to bear at the present day are not due to the sins of the people, but to the ambition and ignorance of the Young Turk Committee. This is the only case in which we can make the distinction between Government and people; for even the most romantic of French Socialists have given up the attempt to draw a distinction between the German Government and the German people. Germany is united, Austria is united; but Turkey is not; and that one fact may alter a good deal of the campaign.

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It is no secret to the foreign Press that large forces of French and British troops have been landed on the Gallipoli peninsula, and that the Greek army is mobilising for a march on Constantinople as soon as the Dardanelles are forced. This would explain, strategically, the withdrawal of the Turkish army from its hopeless attack on Egypt and its presumed concentration at a point in Asia Minor opposite Constantinople—perhaps in the neighbourhood of the European end of the Bagdad railway, Haidar Pasha. It will be seen that, in consequence, the Allies, and especially England, are placed in an awkward situation. Neither France nor England wishes to do more injury to Turkey than is possible. At the same time, both the Entente countries have large Moslem interests and possessions. Morocco is restive; the Moslems of Eastern and Central Africa are waiting and watching. A sign of weakness, as every Government concerned realises, would be extremely inadvisable. The problem, therefore, is to show Turkey, and incidentally the Moslems of the world, that the Allies are sufficiently strong to deal with the Ottoman army and its German officers, but at the same time to impress the lesson on the pupil without recourse to over-drastic disciplinary measures.

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With these facts borne in mind, it will be seen that the attack on the Dardanelles is probably the happiest solution of the problem which could have been devised. In the first place, Turkey's old enemy, Russia, is not called upon to share in the major operations against her, and will not be called upon to do so unless the Porte should prove impervious to all reason. In the second place, the forcing of the Dardanelles will strike a telling blow at Turkey's prestige; but its moral effect will be felt by the incompetent Young Turk Administration, and by the Porte's German advisers, rather than by the Ottoman people as a whole. There will be the minimum loss of life; the minimum destruction of property. The subsequent proceedings rest largely with the Young Turks in power. There is some talk of severe reprisals against the Christian population throughout the Ottoman Empire as soon as the Allied fleets enter the Sea of Marmora. It is to be hoped, for the sake of Turkey's own interests, that these threats will not be carried into execution, and will not even be repeated. In the event of any organised massacre of Christians, Greeks, or otherwise, all the participants would be dealt with as the Indian mutineers were dealt with nearly sixty years ago. On the other hand, if a few sporadic outbreaks occurred, the Allies would be lenient. In short, every endeavour will be made to save the Turkish Empire after its Government and people have been taught that the Germans have no monopoly of arms, statesmanship, and fighting ability.

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There is still another consideration. The forcing of the Dardanelles has had a wonderful effect on the hesitating nations who have up to now remained neutral. The Bulgarians, for instance, never expected any such attempt to be made, and they are in a predicament. They have always looked towards Constantinople as the crown of their ambitions. They now realise that they can enter Constantinople only as friends of the Allies and by the side of the Allied armies. Clinging tenaciously to its German connections and sympathies, the Bulgarian Court now recognises that from Germany nothing, not even another loan, can be expected. Not even Adrianople can be recovered unless the Allies give their consent. Constantinople, according to present plans, will be internationalised, and it may very well have Adrianople as a background. Again, the Roumanians have been encouraged in their sympathies for the Allies; for, Turkey once out of the war—and she may make peace very shortly without reference to Vienna or Berlin—all the men now available in the Gallipoli Peninsula, aided, not unlikely, by a large force of Greeks, will almost certainly be sent into Hungary, there to join forces with the Serbians or with the Roumanians or with the Russians. This manœuvre once accomplished, the speedy fall of Budapest and Vienna may be expected. Further, as the Allies will not leave Turkey until their superiority is acknowledged, and their right to settle all questions relating to Asia Minor unquestioned, it follows that concessions granted by the Young Turk Government will be carefully scrutinised before their ownership is confirmed. The Bagdad Railway, for instance, will be internationalised, and the last section of it will become exclusively English—this, at least, is the plan at present under discussion, and the only feasible plan for dealing with the line. Further, Italy's one railway concession in Asia Minor—the line from Adalia through the Taurus, acquired towards the end of 1913—will be examined. At a time when concessions are in the melting-pot, it may be taken for granted that friends of the Allies will have the preference when the concessions are redistributed.

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I may say that this view of the case is beginning to appeal to the few financial elements which exert a certain amount of control over the Italian Cabinet. In Italy, as in the United States, national ideals are subject to superior influences. The emphasis laid by the last two or three American Administrations on arbitration has merely resulted, when put to the test, in an outcry against the Allies because they are fighting for the elementary principles of international law—a curious sequence if we did not know of the financial influences at the back of even American Administrations. Similarly the long and intense desire of the Italian people to get back their lost provinces may result in an Italian war against her nominal partners for the sake of safeguarding a railway at the other end of the Mediterranean. It will be recognised that diplomatists cannot always attain their ideals by means consonant with the end in view. But they do their best.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE news that the Germans have removed literally every removable piece of machinery from the industrial centres of Poland, Belgium, and the North of France serves to remind us that if peace were to be made at this moment on the basis of "as you stand," the territory actually conquered by the Kaiser's troops would not be the only asset in his hands. With the elimination in this effectual manner of her continental competitors, Germany would have the monopoly of continental manufactures. The Allies are committed to a fight to a finish simply because unless they can reduce the enemy to such a pitch of exhaustion that he can be systematically bled for years in an economic sense, they cannot hope to compensate themselves for their appalling losses. The only possible way of recouping ourselves is to recover as much of the actual stolen property as possible, and, leaving Germany just so much in the way of assets as shall enable her to "carry on," to compel her to "carry on" for our benefit. In other words Germany will be reduced to the position of a wage slave among nations; allowed to retain just so much of the fruits of her labours as shall enable her to subsist, and forced to hand the balance over for the compensation of the poor devils whom her armies have reduced to beggary. This may appear hard on the Germans, but although hard it is just. The alternative for the ruined of France, of Belgium, of Poland and of Servia, to go without compensation, is equally hard and also unjust. Is it not a strange example of fate's irony that these events follow at an interval of a year or so upon the publication of a Hebrew work designed to prove that no profit could conceivably be derived by the winner from a modern war?

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More facts are continually coming to light regarding the "regrettable incidents" in France at the beginning of the war. The incident that has been most exaggerated, and which at the same time was undoubtedly the most serious, was the defeat and mutiny of the 24th Corps under General D'Amade near Altkirch. The 24th Corps, composed of elements from Marseilles and the neighbourhood, distinguished itself firstly by running before the Germans, and secondly by raising the red flag of Socialism or some other tosh almost on the very battlefield. It is satisfactory to learn that the actual delinquents—mostly reservists from Marseilles—were instantly seized and shot. D'Amade, whose great capabilities are marred by a habit of radical politics, and whose reputation was indubitably responsible for the bad spirit of his corps, was removed to an inferior command in Northern France, where, by what one hears, he handled some Territorial troops with distinction. It will be noted that it was General D'Amade who subsequently published a letter in the press defending the reputation of General Peran, whom public opinion held responsible for the surrender of Lille.

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The friction between French and English—a friction inseparable from the first contact of forces so differently organised—has almost vanished. French is on the best of terms with the Gallic leaders, especially with Foch. It will be revealing what must be by now an open secret that the French were thrown at first on the defensive less through any incompetence in leaders or men than through lack of equipment—no one except the Germans being prepared for war on the immense scale that has developed itself. This deficiency has only just begun to be supplied. Indeed, it may be said that the Germans' only chance was to defeat the Allies in detail before they could arm and equip their enormous reserves. That chance has of course been lost.

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It is an interesting fact that one is already able to detect the signs of a difference in spirit between the Prussians and the South Germans. The "God punish England" tomfoolery appears to be confined to the gentry to the North of the Main, and all accounts show the Bavarians and the Wurtemburgers to be "un peu moins sauvages" than the rest. The fraternising which took place at Christmas was confined entirely to the last two elements. The Prussians keep no truce with the English, and it is from them that the various dirty tricks of which we hear so much are to be expected. When a Saxon regiment, before being relieved by a Prussian, raises for the information of the English a placard inscribed as follows: "We leave to-morrow and are relieved by Prussians; so look out for treachery"—one concludes a great deal.

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Before long, one may hope, the fall of Constantinople will have given Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall something to cry about. It is about 450 years since that tremendous event last occurred. Europe was then shaken to its depths; as it will again be shaken in a month or so. Even from the point of view of the Turks one cannot see what there is really to grieve about. A purely Asiatic and therefore pretty homogeneous—or, rather, to improvise a word, homo-religious—Turkey will be a stronger and happier thing than the present insecure polity whose life is continually threatened by rival claimants for what remains to it of European soil. It is a pleasant reflection also that the coming auspicious event has been so ably seconded by the efforts of those Young Turks who are but Old Jews writ large. The origin, history and aspirations of this egregious clique are best illustrated by the story of how and why in 1911 the Turkish Army failed to march. Ordinarily, the Turk is a first-rate marcher, and his powers in that direction are materially increased by his habit of dispensing with the boot. When one has learned by practical experience how terrible a job it is to supply, issue, fit and maintain the boots of a regiment, one appreciates his wisdom. Not so the Young Turks. The enchanting game of "playing at Europe" which seems to have supplied the lack of an ideal in those persons' heads, demanded that the Turkish private should go booted, so that nobody could possibly accuse him of being any other than a completely civilised soldier. The Young Turk accordingly ordered the boots and the Old Jew supplied them. Fortunately, they soon fell to pieces—but not before the majority of the best marching troops in Asia had fallen lame. The track of the Turkish columns was marked—in discarded boots.

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The success with which, in spite of many reverses, the Austrians are succeeding in holding the Russians at bay along the line of the Carpathians, illustrates the strength of modern government. Had the present trial come to Austria a hundred years ago, and had the same proportion of the races which compose her been equally disaffected, nothing could have prevented a dozen formidable insurrections in the rear of armies, and nothing could probably have quelled them. As it is order, even if not enthusiasm, have been maintained from Budapesth and Vienna. These are times in which it is difficult for regular armies to obtain guns and ammunition in sufficient quantities for success—and for rebels impossible.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

X.

THE Trade Union, then, was an army of offence or defence, organised and kept in being because of the employers' natural tendency to encroach continually upon the liberties and the substance of labour. It was concerned chiefly with hours and wages. The ideas and ideals of the founders of Trade Unionism were generally bounded by these two questions. To their mind there was a constant struggle going on: On the one hand were the masters always trying to lower wages and lengthen the working day; on the other hand were the workers trying to reverse that process, and the Union was needed to help to reverse it more effectively. Among many Trade Unionists to-day the same idea prevails. They believe that things are going on quite all right if an occasional threat of a strike brings them in another sixpence a week, or prevents the masters from reducing their wages by sixpence; and this type of Trade Unionist is not by far the worst. It is composed of men who do see clearly, short-sighted though they may be in some ways, that their business is to attend to industrial affairs and not to go gadding about after every novelty that is advertised. Well, the strike was the weapon of the workers; the withholding of their labour was the one effective reply to the encroachments of capital—and it was an effective reply. No single employer could stand up for ever against the combined forces of his employees. About twenty-five years ago the Miners' Federation won a forty per cent. increase of wages for the miners; the historic "tanner an hour," with eightpence per hour overtime, was gained by the dockers; and London coal porters' wages were raised from twenty-four to thirty-two shillings per week. These successes gave a tremendous impetus to Trade Union activity, but their natural result was that the employers began seriously to consider their position. The idea of combination for the cheapening of production and increased profits was extended to the equally pressing necessity of preparing for industrial strife, and so successful was this combination that, before very long, the employers were in a position, not merely to resist the demands of the men, but to enforce their own claims for reductions of wages or readjustments of existing conditions of labour. The workers, after a series of sweeping victories—victories won, it must be admitted, at what a cost in money and even life itself no one can compute—were outclassed, outreached, outgeneralled, and buffeted and beaten almost to a state of impotence. The glorious weapon of the strike began to be suspect; many of the most militant Trade Unionists doubted whether it would ever be of any use again, and they cast about for some new weapon. And really there is no need to be surprised at their despair. Before the compact bodies of employers in their national and district organisations, the small craft Unions of the men seemed puny things. That combination of capitalists, the Shipping Federation, showed how much better the employers managed these things than did the employees. The Trade Union masters beat the men at their own game.

It is really no wonder that the Socialist propaganda was effective. It is no wonder that the lure of Parliament led the workers away from their industrial concerns into the region of political theory. Whilst Trade Unionism was celebrating its victories, the Social Democrats were preaching the doctrine of salvation by faith—in politics. When the Trade Unionists were smarting under the worst stripes of defeat, the Social Democrats redoubled their efforts. At the same time Mr. Robert Blatchford was busy with that part of his work which has had, let us hope, most effect upon the workers. His "Merrie England" was followed by "Britain for the British," and the "Clarion" put some measure of light and life into the Socialist propaganda. Meanwhile, the Fabian Society compiled and indexed all the stuff that it could lay its hands on, and so made it possible for the Socialist street-corner propagandist to prove anything that struck his fancy; whilst the Independent Labour Party steadily followed the path that would land its most cunning members into the House of Commons. In addition to the preachings of the Socialists, other forces were at work to turn the Trade Unionists away from purely industrial affairs. The Taff Vale judgment in 1901 laid down the law that Trade Unions, as such, could be sued for the misdemeanours of their individual officers, and practically rendered peaceful picketing and persuasion illegal acts punishable by law. The Socialists took full advantage of this. They united in demonstrating the futility of trying to raise wages or reduce the hours of the working day by sectional strikes; and their persistent agitation for political action, added to the general resentment against the Taff Vale judgment, led to the Socialist-Trade Union alliance and the triumphant entry of a party of thirty direct and "independent" representatives of labour into the 1906 Parliament.

Now, what were the objects and what was the position of the Labour Party? Its objects, so far as they can be defined, were two. The first was to improve the conditions of the workers; the second was to advance and spread the principles of State Socialism. Remember that the money on which the Party lived came from the Trade Unionists; the ideals and the ideas (God help us!) that animated it came from the Socialists, and so both wings were to be feathered according to their contributions. The material help of the Unions was to be rewarded with material wealth; the intellectual motive force of the Socialists was to be rewarded with intellectual advancement: The dominant idea being that the Trade Unionists were to be "captured" for Socialism. I suppose I need not remind you that the Labour Party has failed most lamentably in both its objects. The workers, since the advent of the Labour Party, have become steadily worse instead of better off. The principles of State Socialism have spread chiefly in the Cabinet and there they have been used most effectively, through Mr. Lloyd George, in socialising labour. The Party cannot be said to have done nothing, I am sorry to say. Had it done nothing we could have taken up the threads where they were left when the Party was formed. It has done a good deal, but all of it wrong; the one thing certain about its activities being that we have now to deal with a more complicated mess and viler evils than would have been possible had the Labour Party not put its incompetent fingers into the national pie. As for the reasons for this failure, they are too many for me to deal with. First and foremost, of course, is the general lack of brains in the Party; but besides that there has been the steady growth of an autocratic clique in the movement. The worst features of the older Parties have been noted and accepted as desirable things. There has been an inner Cabinet that was all powerful; there has been the steady crushing of initiative and independent thought and action; any amount of jobbery has been practised, and most of the members have entirely lost touch with the mass of workers outside. Besides all that the Labour M.P. has become cursed with a most outrageous pride. The vanity, the childish vanity, of these upstarts is almost beyond belief. If you doubt me, read the reports of Labour Members' speeches in the House of Commons and in the country. You will find men who are incapable of grasping an idea, much less of original thought; incapable even of clear, simple expression; incapable of doing anything but mouth the most foolish and empty platitudes, dictating to masses of workers the lines upon which their business must be conducted. Having been exalted by Labour, they now turn round and spit upon it. Had they the brains to understand and deal with economic problems, one could forgive the Labour Members much of their vanity and domineering tone, but they are as brainless as bats, whilst being as articulate as well-trained parrots. Vain, windy, and incompetent, they are one of the worst drags on the Labour movement.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

The Fate of Turkey.

Now that the English and French fleets are bombarding the outer fortifications of the Dardanelles with the evident desire to force a passage and take Constantinople for their overlord, the Czar of Russia, speculations on the fate of Turkey have acquired fresh poignancy for lovers of the Turks. Suppose that the Allied fleets succeed in their design, will it still be possible to save a scrap of independent Muslim territory for a safety-valve (more necessary now than ever) for Muhammadan enthusiasm. I observe that our newspapers, for the most part, are careful to limit the aim of the Allies to driving the Turks, the last uncommercialised race, finally out of Europe. That is because the majority of English people have some sense of justice, and still remember the importance which our greatest statesmen gave to the preservation of the Turkish Empire in Asia as an outer rampart of our own Eastern Empire. But the Allied Governments (there can now be little doubt) contemplate the overthrow of Turkish sovereignty in Asia no less than in Europe. It is Russia's game, and we are told that we have now no option but to join in it, though even its most eager players will admit that it endangers England's empire in the East. It seems to me that the one hope for Turkey, and incidentally the one hope for our once not utterly ignoble Eastern policy, is that Germany may still be strong enough, when it comes to a settlement, to modify the greedy aims of Russia. If England also could then see her way to speak a little strongly on behalf of that integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire (at least in Asia) which she has so often and so solemnly guaranteed, complete autonomy might be secured for the great part of that Empire as it exists to-day. At the same time, the German influence in Turkey would be considerably diminished by such action of Great Britain, since the English are more popular than the Germans with the Turkish people.

Most English pro-Turks, and they are numbered by the hundred thousand, have despaired of the survival of a Turkish Empire. They now would plead for a small, entirely independent Turkish State, with other small, entirely independent Muslim States around it, covering the whole region of the present Asiatic Turkish Empire. The scheme, thus vaguely stated, seems attractive; and it is, perhaps, better than nothing, which is all its authors claim for it. But everyone who knows the lands in question at all intimately, will see difficulties. In the first place, who is to define the boundaries of those several independent States? Where different Powers with diverse interests arrange a boundary line by dint of haggling, the result is apt to be disheartening, as in the case of Albania; where the line was drawn between villages and their own pasture lands, between large mountain districts and their market-towns. And in a land of fighting tribes, that leads to strife. Secondly, the provinces of Asiatic Turkey are none of them inhabited by Christians or by Muslims only. Most of them, indeed, contain a wonderful collection of conflicting creeds and petty nationalities. But on the whole the Muslims will be found to have the great majority, so that the cry employed so often in the Balkans cannot here be used with any show of justice. These Muslims are divided between townsfolk, peasantry, and warlike tribes. The Christian minority is divided in the same way, though not in the same proportions. For fighting tribes we may as well write "brigands," for such they generally become when uncontrolled by the neighbourhood of strong regular forces. Their instinct is to prey upon the peasant and fat townsman, to wage war among themselves for pastime and honour, and to flee before trained troops who shoot from cover. But the townsfolk and the peasants are divided by divergencies of creed and race, and also fight among themselves, whenever the Imperial authority is relaxed. They are, moreover, apt to side with warrior tribes of their own faith when these make raids upon the peaceful population of another creed. Thus it will be seen that armed forces from without are necessary in order to preserve a show of unity among such elements. The Turks have kept a sort of order of their own—I think the only sort to which those races are amenable. The late Professor Vambéry, who knew his Turkey, sent a message from his deathbed to the British people to the effect that we should do well to support the Young Turks as we had the old because they showed the same remarkable gift for controlling the half-savage hordes of Asia in a manner which those hordes could understand. The manner seems haphazard to the European. It is none the less effective, and it has retained a colour of geniality, of man-to-man engagement, which European methods so unfortunately lack. The Young Turks had begun to put more order in the provinces without discarding the old manner, which depended for success on force of arms behind it.

Whatever peace and order have existed for the last five centuries in Syria, Mesopotamia and the Kurd-Armenian vilayets is owing to the Turkish force. What force is going to replace it when those provinces are suddenly erected into independent States? Syria would be in tribal war for fifty years, Beyrout would be sacked and burned a score of times before, in the course of nature, she evolved a sovereign State, and then, I think, she would evolve not one, but several. It might take another fifty years for the strongest of those States to devour the rest. Have France and England Turkish patience? Could they wait a century? And would they be pleased, at the end thereof, to see a warlike, "backward" Muslim race supreme instead of an effeminate, mean, but "advanced" race of Christian traders? The Powers are manifestly here at war against the course of nature. It is the fault in their whole treatment of the Turkish question. For the Turkish Empire would advance if left alone; it is still strong enough to hold its own against the common odds. The same remarks which I have made on Syria apply to Kurdistan and Mesopotamia. By taking away the Turkish power from those regions, we should remove the only factor which has made for peace and progress—too slowly, to the thinking of our rulers—under Abdul Hamid; and much too quickly since the Young Turks came to power and gave the motley population some coherence. International guarantees, an international constabulary might take its place efficiently. But such measures are efficient only when pursued with perfect unanimity; and could the Powers desist from their intrigues? Also, such measures are to be deplored by those who think about the future of the human race—our unknown rulers and their Russian tempters sneer at that—because, involving some degree of Christian rule and favouritism, they are certain in the long run to exacerbate the Muslim population, who are here, as I have said, in a majority. The Muslims in the past were less fanatical than were the Eastern Christians. They are the same to-day. But what will be their case to-morrow? One is afraid to think.

In short, to paraphrase the famous dictum of the atheist, if the Turkish Empire did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it—necessary, that is, for the peace and quiet of the British Empire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Classification of the Slavs.

THE classification of the Slav races presents a number of problems which are frequently confused by being discussed on political rather than scientific lines. Their very name has given rise to heated discussions; for while some investigators would connect it with the root of *slave* in its various forms, others (for excellent reasons) prefer to find a cognate in the native word *sláva,* meaning fame or glory. Then there is the Great Russian-Little Russian dispute, the Czech-Slovak wrangle, the Macedonian brawl, and so forth. Hence Slavonic matters must be approached with caution and a desire to be unbiased.

The distribution of the Slavs in Europe is excellently conjectured by Professor Lubor Niederle, the Czech authority, in the following terms ("Slovansky Svet," p. 2.) :—

"The primitive Slav race had its nucleus between the Oder and the Dnieper; stage by stage, in prehistoric times, it had reached the Elbe, the Saale, the Danube, the Niemen and the Baltic. It had spread itself over this wide area, partly through the influence of certain geographical conditions, as, for example, the main water-courses and the mountains, partly through currents of civilisation, whose action in the East differed from that in the East, partly, also, through the influence of linguistic development. To begin with, the divisions were three in number. The first, to the west of the Vistula and the Carpathians, spread out in a westerly direction beyond the lower Elbe, the Saale and the Bohemian Forest, resulting in those branches of the Slavs known as the Polabians, Pomeranians, Poles and Czechs; the second, whose primitive headquarters lay between the upper Vistula, the Dniester and the middle Danube, in the course of time advanced south of the Carpathians, and while one detachment settled on the Drave, the other, crossing the Save and the Danube, penetrated to the Balkan regions and developed into the Slovenian, Serbo-Croatian and Bulgarian groups; the third fraction extended in a vast circle from the lower Dnieper basin, and reached the Gulf of Finland, the upper Dnieper and the Volga to the north, the Don to the east, and the lower Danube to the south. This division formed the Russian race, which was further modified within itself under the influence of varying local conditions."

This account settles the difficult question of origins in a reasonably feasible manner. It has the additional advantage of forming a convenient basis upon which to catalogue the modern Slavs. By retaining the three suggested divisions, which may be designated as Western, Southern and Eastern (this being the order in which their origins are dealt with) the following statistical arrangement may be suggested :—

Western Slavs :—Poles, 20 millions; Czechs, 7 millions; Slovaks, 2 millions; Wends, 150,000.

Southern Slavs :—Serbo-Croats, 9 millions; Bulgarians, 5 millions; Slovenes, 1½ millions.

Eastern Slavs :—Great Russians, 65 millions; Little Russians (or Ukrainians or Ruthenians), 31 millions; White Russians, 7 millions.

This results in a total of nearly 150 millions, but the figures are, of course, only approximate. It must be remembered that political conditions have made the census returns in certain districts somewhat unreliable, and cases are not unknown where Slav populations help to swell German or Magyar totals. Slav authorities themselves have differed greatly, not alone in the question of figures, but also in actual classification. Thus, Safarík, one of the heralds of the Czech revival, writing in 1826, estimated a total of just over 55 million Slavs, among whom he includes Bosniaks, Dalmatians and Slavonians (who, by the way, are not to be confused with the Slovenians). The same authority drew no distinction between the Great and Little Russians, estimated the Ukrainians in Austria at only three millions, and had very vague notions about the Bulgarians. Writing again in 1842, he increased his estimated total to 78 millions.

Several Slav tribes became extinct at an early period, although their former abodes are often revealed in Saxon and Prussian place-names (Pomerania, Prussia, Leipzig, and Berlin are examples). Jan Kollár, one of the poets of the Czech revival, refers to these lost races in his "Daughter of Sláva," written in 1824 :—

Where have ye wandered, dear nation of Slavs, that formerly dwelt here,
Now Pomerania's springs, now drinking deep of the Saale?
Peaceful stock of the Sorbs, and Obotritian offspring,
Where are the Wilzen, and where, grandsons of Uker, are ye?

There is no need to discuss these obscure queries, beyond quoting the curious fact that some inquiring mind in its flights of fancy has identified the Wilzen with the inhabitants of Wiltshire!

The difficulties of classification are equally great when we come to consider the Slav languages. In 1822, Dobrovsky, the practical founder of Slavonic philology, divided them into nine different tongues; Safarík, in 1842, proposed six languages with thirteen dialects; Schleicher, in 1865, proposed eight; Miklosich, a noted Slovene, nine; Jagic, a Croat, who is the Nestor of living Slav scholars, is in favour of eight. The reason for this diversity is, that some philologists designate as a language what others will admit only as a dialect. Thus many Russian authorities are unwilling to treat Ruthenian as a separate language (not altogether justly); Slovaks, such as Czambel, with the fatal Slav leaning towards analysis rather than synthesis, insist on a distinct Slovak race with a distinct Slovak language (again not altogether justly). The fact is that literary Slovak is mainly an artificial product, whose slight differences from Czech have been accentuated with the express purpose of supplying a local demand. Thus, the Czech word *uvedení* appears in Slovak as *uvedenia; psali* as *písali; nacházely* as *nachádzaly;* and so on. Even the Wends, who live under German rule in Saxony and Brandenburg, scanty as they are, claim a division into two dialects, sufficiently different to be mutually almost unintelligible.

However, making all reasonable allowances, we may be content with the following arrangement :—Russian, Ruthenian (or Little Russian, or Ukrainian), Polish, Czech-Slovak, Serbo-Croat, Bulgarian, Slovene, these languages being divisible into Western, Southern and Eastern branches, which coincide with the nationalities of similar designation. Some authorities are inclined to allow the Wendic claim for division; others would admit a sub-section in the Polish branch. These must be regarded as questionable proceedings; and while it is reasonable to grant that Ruthenian is a language distinct from Great Russian, White Russian, which is distinguished mainly by the use of *a* for *e,* and *ts* for *t,* is obviously only a dialect.

Of these languages, Polish, Czech, Croat and Wendic are written with the Latin alphabet, adapted to their phonetic needs by the use of various diacritic signs. The remainder employ the so-called Cyrillic alphabet. Thus the difference of alphabet constitutes the only marked divergency between Servian and Croatian. It is important to observe that the Cyrillic alphabet is not identical for all the languages that use it. Russian, Ruthenian, Servian and Bulgarian have the bulk of the letters in common; but each language has also a few characters peculiar to itself.

Just as some of the Slav races are extinct, so, too, are certain of the languages. Of these, the only one that needs any mention is the tongue known variously as Old Bulgarian or Ecclesiastical Slavonic. It was the language into which the Scriptures were translated by the apostles Cyril and Method of Salonica. The priests brought it to Russia, where it became and has remained the language of the church.

As a whole, the Slav languages are marked by striking similarities of structure and vocabulary. The so-called "aspects" of the verb are common to them all; while the numerous inflections of the noun are lacking only in Bulgarian. This language, it may be added, differs from the rest also by the use of a definite article, which is suffixed to the noun. The same construction is found in two other Balkan, but non-Slav, languages—Albanian and Roumanian.

The following lists will give some idea of the degrees of affinity between the chief Slav languages :—

RUSSIAN.	POLISH.	CZECH.	SERBO-CROAT	SLOVENE.
pólnye (full)	pelny	pln(y)	pun(i)	poln(i)
otéts (father)	ojciec	otec	otac	otec
den' (day)	dzien	den	dan	den (dan)
byedá (woe)	biada	bída	biéda	béda
dólgie (long)	dlugi	dlouhy	dug(i)	dolg(i)

These examples might lead an observer to deduce a closer similarity than would be justified by comparing the languages in the bulk, and taking into account something more than isolated words. In this connection it should be noted that many of the Slavs themselves are apt to exaggerate the extent to which their languages can be mutually understood. M. Leger tells of a Slovak who, under the influence of Pan-Slav propaganda, was convinced that his native dialect would find thorough comprehension in Moscow; he was soon disillusioned. V. Hruby declares in his "Comparative Handbook of the Slav Languages" that he "often had the opportunity of observing how Czech, Polish and Russian workmen conversed readily in their native idioms with Croatian pedlars for hours at a time." This is, if anything, slightly overstated.

The fact is, that in spite of many cognate words and constructions, each member of the group has peculiarities of pronunciation and vocabulary which distinguish it often very strikingly from the rest. Thus, Russian with its fluctuating stress and Tartar elements (e.g., in such everyday words as *dén'gi,* money; *lóshad',* horse; *stakán,* glass) contrasts with Polish where the stress falls on the penultimate syllable, and where also, as in no other modern Slav language, two nasal sounds have survived from primitive Slavonic. In Czech, again, words receive their chief stress on the first syllable, while the vocabulary as a whole is more purely Slavonic than that of the other two. In general, it will be found that the Slav languages of more recent development, such as Czech and Slovenian, contain fewer words of foreign origin than those with a more continuous tradition, the reason being that on their revival in the early part of last century the non-Slav elements were deliberately eliminated. In the last twenty or thirty years, however, and especially during the so-called decadent movement of the eighteen-nineties, when French influence was strong, the native element has been considerably modified by an admixture of foreign words. In Czech, for example, this has resulted in such pairs of synonyms as generace-pokolení; harmonie-souzvuk; inspirace-vnuknutí; grandiosní-velkolepy; monotonní - jednotvárny; mysterium - tajemství; relikvie-ostatky; majestátnost-velebnost; horizont-obzor. Some native critics are inclined to welcome such words as these on the ground that they provide the language with subtler shades of meaning.

These, then, are the main racial and linguistic divisions of the Slavs. Where affinities of temperament, as exhibited in literature, music, and popular customs, are obviously close, there is always a danger that the divergencies, often equally marked, may be underestimated or even overlooked. This has happened more than once in the history of the Slavs and has led to disappointment and bitterness. At the present time, therefore, when schemes for a general Slav union are likely to be advanced, it would be wise to temper enthusiasm with prudence and thus avoid a repetition of past mortifications.

P. SELVER.

Letters to my Nephew.

V.

The Choice of a Profession—*(Continued).*

DEAR GEORGE,—With £700 a year you could cut some figure in the new despotism which we call "medicine" in our temperate moments. It would be said of you that you had "private means" ("private" is delightful) and followed your profession for the love of it. You could practise in some poverty-stricken area and, in ten years, find yourself with an impregnable seat in Parliament. A shilling practice is very remunerative. You could settle in the most exclusive suburb of some manufacturing town and marry a millionaire's daughter. Better still, you could avoid the life of a general practitioner and devote yourself to the study of the laboratory. You could then invent some anti-toxin and get it placed on the market by some drug-making concern on half-shares. You would, of course, write or read a paper upon the subject and veil the actual concoction in a cloud of verbal hugger-mugger. You must do this to escape any possible proceedings against you for unprofessional conduct. "Infamous" is, I think, the technical term. Your medical brethren would then stand solid behind you and you could hold up the British Army until every rank and filer had been inoculated. Later on you could become a consultant and earn £10,000 a year. Or you could take to surgery, if your fingers are strong and pliable. Then you would invent some disease somewhere which is only curable by the knife. If you hypnotise the profession cases will be sent to you, and for every operation you can get anything up to £100. Good business, my boy, good business!

There are certain resemblances between the medicine-men and the priests. Both do quite a lot of good in their various ways. A priest, for example, makes an excellent executor (don't be afraid! No priest for me!) and often advises wisely as to the disposition of an estate. If occasionally he does a stroke of business for Mother Church, or some charity in which he is interested, well, why not? We are all of us human. He composes family quarrels and even village feuds. As often as not he is the only educated man in the neighbourhood, and that makes for social sanity. In Ireland he is a deft hand at match-making. "Do ye see that wumman there?" an Irish farmer said to me. "She came within £10 of being me woife. At the last moment Father Flanagan got Shamus Flynn to spring another £10 for Bridget, so I closed wid him and split the difference wid his riverence." I do not doubt that the administration of the "last offices" (whatever they are—I haven't the least notion) is grateful and comforting to the dying. A priest with a gift for statesmanship can often prove of more than passing value—Father Finlay, for example, of the Irish Technical and Education Board. In like manner doctors are socially useful. Trained in extreme cleanliness, they often compel their own neighbourhood to cleanly habits. This leads to communal sanitation and the decrease of disease. This decrease they then ascribe to inoculation. It's really rather funny. It is the "tone" of medicine to act as a counterpoise to the Church. "See what we do by faith," says the Church. "See what we do by science," retorts Medicine. Any controversy of that kind also makes for social sanity.

But the trouble with the doctor, as with the priest, is that, as often as not, he really believes in his own nostrums. It sounds incredible; it is true. Take vaccination, for example. Common sense has long since knocked the bottom out of it. Since Jenner (or whoever it was) experimented with his filthy cow-pox and proclaimed it a sure prophylactic against small-pox the medical profession has been driven back from one line of defence to another. I question if there are now a thousand sane men in the country, outside the profession, who believe in it. Having quite obviously rid ourselves of small-pox by ordinary sanitation, the

medicine-men come back smiling with half a dozen other filthy messes which they would pump into our blood. This new business of inoculation is an attempt by the doctors to recover their old monopoly of the art of tattooing. I do not doubt that their native confrères in Siam, Malay, Timbuctoo, Ashanti, and Patagonia are lending their moral and financial support. We must remember that in these countries tattooing has always been regarded as a prophylactic. In Europe the doctors tattoo against some devil which they affirm is in the body; the coloured fraternity affirm that these devils reside in the air and are frightened off by properly conceived tattoo marks. There seems to be about as much evidence on one side as the other.

We may reasonably hope that the present inoculation craze that is sweeping over medicine like measles will soon exhaust itself. And we must remember that the vast majority of doctors are very slightly affected by it. They go about their business of curing diseases, the cures being acquired by safe empirical methods. I like to think that they rely less and less on drugs and more and more on common sense. The side that has yielded most to common sense is preventive medicine. There is surely a splendid and useful work to be done in that direction. To guide the community into healthy and cleanly habits is surely work worth doing. To teach a young mother how to nurture her child; to see to it that the eyes, nostrils, teeth, bodies and limbs of school-children are kept fit; to ensure ample leisure in good surroundings for "young persons" (as the law designates them); to insist upon sound sanitary arrangements in factories and workshops; to make it criminal to let unhealthy dwellings; to sweep away whole areas that are palpably insanitary—and damn the cost. It is in these directions that medicine can best work out its humane mission. Nor can it be denied that our public medical officers are building up an enviable record. They are handicapped by propertied interests; they are tripped and tricked by auctioneers, house-agents, rent-collectors, and even by the frightened and unhappy denizens of the disease-stricken areas. But they steadily pursue their way and reduce the death-rate, even if they do not intensify our vitality.

It is, however, in preventive medicine that we find the germ—a developed germ, I fear—of the new despotism. The medical mandarins say that, if they are to prevent disease, they must be given despotic powers. You see it most distinctly in the Panama zone. The doctor rules there with a heavy hand. He has, of course, considerable sanction, because of the danger of tropical fevers. He has to his credit the medical administration that stamped out yellow fever and reduced malaria to a minimum. But he does not stop there; he accumulates more power from year to year. He has frightened the Government into helpless acquiescence. I happened to be taking tea last year at Culebra with the wife of an important official. She was in some distress. The previous day one of the medical force paid her a social visit. While he was there her little girl sneezed. "Good gracious! Let me see her," said the doctor. "Ah! A slight snuffle; might be scarlet fever. She must go to the isolation hospital. I will hurry off and order an ambulance." "But, doctor," cried the distracted mother, "I know it's only a slight cold." "Possibly you're right, Mrs. Despard, but we can't take risks." "Well, wait till to-morrow." "No; we never wait." "Let me go with her; she's all I have," pleaded the mother. "Sorry; no. Mothers are a nuisance up there." The little girl was taken away and one more "case" added to the records to prove how vigilant are the zone doctors. Never, even in the days of ancient Egypt, did priest or rulers exercise such unrestrained dominion. Things are not so bad as that in England just yet. But not even with the medical fraternity must we relax the salutary rule that experts are good servants but bad and dangerous masters.

If I am a little incredulous about the omniscience of doctors it by no means follows that I disbelieve entirely in them. We must acknowledge that they have at their command a great store of accumulated knowledge. But I prefer, in this instance, the empirical to the rational. When they argue from the rational, experimenting upon our bodies from pure theory, I fear for my life. But when they tell me that, in practice, a disease treated in such and such a way has yielded good results, then I am willing to take my chances. Beyond that, no, thank you! A few miles north of the estate, old Fernando Migail has a nice little lot of grape-fruit trees. He is a cantankerous old curmudgeon, as self-opinionated as he is stupid. His wife hates him, whilst his two sons want him out of the way. He will not pack his fruit, as the merchants want it, in grades. "No," he grunts, "there's the stuff, take it or leave it." And so he throws away good money. A little while ago he trod on a "Tommy Gough" snake, one of our very worst. In a trice the creature had its fangs in old Fernando's thigh. He whipped out his jack-knife and cut away for dear life. No luck! The poison began its deadly work. He dragged his way home. The family, inwardly not sorry, at least did their duty. Post-haste they send for the medical officer. For three long hours does old Fernando grunt and groan and swear volubly in English and Spanish. The medical officer comes and examines him. "We may save your life if we amputate," he declares. "What! Take off my leg! No; death first." "It's the only way," says the medical officer. "All right! Don't bother me; I'll die in peace. What happens, happens." The medical officer goes out to meet the wife. "His number's up!" says he. "Well, doctor," says she, "would you kindly order a coffin from the carpenter when you get back?" "Certainly," says he, "but we must get his proper size." "I have it," says she, all ready, with the figures on a dirty little piece of paper. The medical officer puts it in his pocket and gallops off. He arrives home and gives the order to the carpenter. "Hurry up! They'll want it in the morning."

Meantime old Fanny, the bush doctor, waits outside Fernando's house. She knows the family want him to die, or why should they send for the white doctor? So she slips in to Fernando when nobody is looking. "Bad, bad, bad," says Fanny in an even voice. "Get busy, you damned old witch," says Fernando. "Ten dollars," says Fanny, smoothly, with leering eye. "Over there in the desk, you dirty thief." Fanny tip-toes over and gets the money. Then she brings out her herbs and her decoctions and doses old Fernando. All night does Fanny apply her remedies that are not found in the British Pharmacopœia. Outside, Fernando's wife dozes in a chair, dreaming of peace and quiet. In another room the two sons sit and think of big profits made out of their properly graded fruit. Dawn quickly passes into bright sunshine. The family silently move into the room to perform the last services to the dead. Old Fernando lies on his bed and reads their thoughts. He orders them out.

Curiosity takes the doctor out on the morning of the third day. He finds old Fernando still in bed, but "doing nicely, thank you, Doc." "Let's see it," says the medical officer. So he examines it. "Yes, it is just as I said. Gangrene has set in. Shall I operate at once?" "Go to blazes," shouts old Fernando.

In due course he recovers, to the consternation of his happy family and the amusement of the rest of us. The carpenter leaves the coffin at the doctor's door. The doctor wants to sell a coffin. Two or three are at Death's door; but they make their relatives promise not to buy the coffin made for old Fernando, for if they are put in it they will go to hell without doubt.

A few days later I told this story to the principal medical officer. "Nothing surprises me," he says. "When I was medical officer at Corozal a mahogany teamsman had his leg crushed by a big log that rolled back on him. I rode out to him. Leg was just mush—just mush! I said: 'Bill, it's got to come off.' 'No,' said he, 'take my leg and you take my living.' He

wouldn't budge. So I fixed him up as comfortably as possible, put his leg in splints and hung its support from a branch, covered him with a fly-net and generally did all I could for him. In three months he was walking about.

"Yes," said he, "I remember that case for another reason. Just then we were having trouble with the Indians. One of them crawled up and potted at me at close range whilst I was bending over my patient. The bullet nicked my ear. Close call! I did not think about it, being absorbed, until riding home. Then the flies got at the wound and gave me gip." "Did you amputate the ear?" I asked. "Don't be a damned fool," said the principal medical officer, "the drinks are on you."

There! I grow reminiscent. Old age!—Your affectionate uncle, ANTHONY FARLEY.

Impressions of Paris.

FEW people have the courage consciously to think badly of the human race. It would be almost maddening if we were actually to realise all the devilry which blind instinct is alert to.

Very cheaply one may become melancholy about mankind. Three weeks of not mortal influenza will prepare you to state in certain moods that such of the world as is not merely nobody is wolves and serpents.

Golder's Green is merely nobody. Montparnasse is nobody.

The second-hand woman who sold me a smoky stove is a serpent, and the Gas Company is a wolf.

Fancy moving house in a high fever! Who but me would have been so mad as to move house in a high fever? But they told me I should die there anyway, and it was very cold for a death-bed.

There are alleged to be four children overhead here. They must be made of india-rubber, since I never hear them. My new concierge's baby is a gold, pink and blue doll. Its father has never seen it, as he has been at the war since the beginning.

Mr. John writes me from bed saying that he has had it. I'm sure it's it, because he calls it the hellish thing; and because he dreamed he drank poison, fell back and woke; and because his hair began to curl. And so did mine, and I dreamed that a lion chased me and I jumped up on a wall—and woke. I should think he must have been at about the *fifteenth* day. By this time his hair will be as dry as straw and he will be dreaming wide awake that his eyes are big as saucers.

When all the trunks and my table and two chairs and books and seventeen band-boxes were piled up on the barrow, the police said it would topple over and obstruct the traffic. And then it began to rain. I, lying on the sofa, turned my face to the wall and giggled and gave everything up. You know at the last minute for moving we couldn't find a man to do it. There are no movers now unless you order a month in advance. So a Russian-Jew musician and a newly baptised Christian who happened to come in to tea turned to and shifted me. The dear Christian has just been presented to his Cardinal and was a monstrous swell in a top hat and all which goes with that. "Ah, what misery!" he exclaimed at the first inexorable direction of his spirit towards my baggage; "I was so happy when the Cardinal blessed me! Well, well, to obtain grace no doubt one must suffer physically as well as morally." He took off his coat and went to the Cross. Four times the Russian-Jew and he lumbered and rumbled their dolorous way. Four times I said—"Oh, you'll kill your two selves!" and hoped they wouldn't believe me. The fifth load wrung the heart of the Christian—"God forgive me," he pleaded, "but I would prefer the pangs of conscience!"

Then the Russian found a poor wretch to help him drag the barrow, and the Christian and I found ourselves waiting on the boulevard—each with two of those packages which always turn up after the barrow has gone—for a rare taxi or tram. It being a pouring wet hour, the trams and taxis didn't trouble to stop, because they were all full. When we arrived everything was unloaded and in, and a fire laid and a lamp filled. If the choice were given me between burning hell in the company of the Jew and primrose heaven with the Christian—I should have to leave it to the Almighty.

A freak of influenza is to drop you into a doze whereever you may be standing or sitting, just the moment after you have decided that it may be still worth while seriously taking up singing and dancing. I had it first when I was ten, at an infernal boarding-school where they let me cry myself to rags because I had given It to the mistress's own children. I feel reason as well as instinct to be against married women keeping school. The chances are that they will be atrocious when their own little wretches' interest pulls them. The most furious spinster is safer with strange children than a furious mother. It is natural for a woman to consider her own children first; and not to do so is to be unnatural. If women had the "mother-feeling" outside their own blood, orphanages would not exist. Deny this!

Fancy Golder's Green imagining that it existed. Ah, pleasant Sunday afternoons while we discuss those with whom we have nothing but mortality in common! Montparnasse is a kind of Golder's Green, more openly æsthete and decadent, and these in infinitely greater variety; more openly cold, blasé and—since the war—perhaps as mongering. It has the excuse of hunger and lack of any public amusement. The only amusement is the microbe's new den, where the bêtes English and Americans from the other side wander to pay to see the Bohemians get mad with drink and drugs. I was considered quite absurd and hysterical because I refused to set foot in the place and even recommended a hose-pipe for the lot of them. But the fun seems to have waned from all I hear. So have my wits for the moment. Here comes a Doze in almost tangible presence. Good-night—but it's only four of the afternoon. . . .

They made it all very difficult to get into the Mountain Exhibition. Once you leaped successfully the four-foot wall, you dropped right into three feet of water, but over the other bank on the flat earth was a bridge. You could imagine, if you liked, that it spanned an abyss and that they really wanted you to come up and see their things. The trouble was that directly you arrived at the top of each set of stairs, the Exhibits all moved up a staircase higher. And it took so long to hear your acquaintance's adventures with the wall and the fountain and to say—yes, you were as wet as wet too, that you hadn't an instant to look for your friend who kept beckoning and disappearing. And it went on like that all day right up to sunset. The view and the air were wonderful, and you had begun to ask the rents of the houses upon the Mountain rocks outside, when the Attendant ordered everybody to Descend as it was closing time. And you hadn't got half way up to the top yet! "I shall never see the top," you exclaimed. "No!" replied the attendant, "it takes all day to arrive so far." "But it's not fair, I've paid!" you shrieked. "We can't help that!" replied the attendant. And then—you woke, and the sun was just disappearing.

The sun comes in here in all three rooms. Why have I taken three rooms? Because I can't exist in less than two, and they don't seem to build or to let only two. This is an old house, fairly solid. I look over a great garden full of trees. It is a bit of old Paris. Two grand private houses give us the benefit of their gardens, and no noise comes from the Avenue d'Orleans, a hundred yards away behind the skyscrapers which I cannot see, thank goodness. If anyone coming over here would bring me a parcel or two from THE NEW AGE office, I would reward them with a cup of tea and a view of my third room, the Necropolis, where I put masterpieces of dead art, and volumes of vers libre and Imagism, and yesterday's milk bottle.

ALICE MORNING.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I WANT a hero, said Byron on a famous occasion; and although this occasion is not so famous, I can repeat the expression with the greater assurance because women (i.e., women on the stage) have been insisting on the necessity of heroes ever since. That comes of talking in the presence of women; they repeat your remarks again and again until, at last, they mean something—usually improper. "I want a hero" did not, on the lips of Byron, mean that marriage was an heroic adventure, that "none but the brave deserve the fair." No! Byron only meant that he wanted to write about someone and some things not usually referred to in polite society, and to express opinions that no council of dames would endorse, and that no sanhedrin of spinsters would ever advocate. But, in "The Flag-Lieutenant," which, after many attempts, I have been able to see, both the widow and the spinster want a hero for a husband. When Dicky Lascelles proposes to and is accepted by Lady Hermione Wynne (this should be, Won) she gently suggests that he should find the North Pole, or any Pole that happened to be missing; forgetting or not knowing that Polar explorers are almost entirely recruited from unhappily married men. If she had married him at once, I dare swear that he would have found the North Pole in six months, and have returned her embraces with the frigidity of a Polar bear. Algy, she would then have called him, from L. algeo, to be cold.

But this is premature—like birth and all the other mysteries of life. Everything happens before anyone is ready for it; and the pessimist interprets everything as calamity. But I was fortified against "The Flag-Lieutenant" because I have been seeing plays for years and years and years. I know these dear ladies who want to marry V.C.'s, or D.S.O.'s; they usually marry N.B.G.'s. But any old thing will do for a play, particularly if it is to be a popular play; for a popular play means one that is witnessed chiefly by spinsters, who are so enamoured of the little jokes that their laughter makes the larger ones inaudible.

However, the play is called "The Flag-Lieutenant," and you will notice how he flags in this description of it. I cannot get him to move. That was the trouble with him. In his young days as a midshipman he had done a deed for which, like Lear, I can find no adequate description, but it was something relating to the terrors of the earth. He had smitten two heathen over the sconce, or perhaps it was two hundred or two thousand; anyhow, it was a good day's work for a middy, and everybody had acclaimed him as a hero, and expected great things from him. I fancy that they expected him to be "of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—'Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.'" And he had not done anything of the sort. Instead of being serious about slaughter, he made a joke of everything, took everything lightly, seemed to have no ambition beyond pulling the legs of people—ladies, of course, not being included in this highly improper process. The legs of a lady are never pulled, says the proverb; and etiquette prescribes that "a lady has no legs." Anyhow, Dicky Lascelles was regarded as a breach of promise; and Lady Hermione, so soon as she accepted him, set to work to rouse him into some activity that would get his name into the papers and make the Admiralty admire him, for she seemed to assume that the function of the Admiralty was admiration.

But there was another man in the play who had never done anything wonderful in his life, except his routine duty; and he was supposed to be a Major of the Royal Marines! I do not know the term of service in the Marines, but this Major had spent all his time except six months in that amphibious body without even kicking a nigger. What was worse, he was poor; he had lived on his pay, and would have to live on his pension when he retired; and how could he, having neither glory nor gold, propose to Mrs. Cameron, a widow rich from the sale of whisky? She did so want him to propose that she tried everything except her whisky to stimulate him to the performance of one courageous act; but without success. The whisky (being a paralytic, and not a stimulant, as the ignorant vainly suppose) would probably have done the trick; every man has something desperate in him, and if only every other activity can be paralysed so that the man does not care what becomes of him, he will propose to a rich widow as a matter of course. Rich widows, take note; don't feed the brute, but make him drunk. "Man, being reasonable, must get drunk," said Byron; but I am digressing again.

Well, of course, even Destiny obliges the ladies. The Bashi-Bazouks in Kandia begin Bashing or Bazouking, or whatever their operations are called; and Major Thesiger, of the Royal Marines, gets the chance of his lifetime. Dicky Lascelles prevails over his Admiral, and goes with him as interpreter. Being landed in Kandia, the British Fleet, for some reason not clear to me, does not support them; but the playwrights thus provide an opportunity for the winning of a V.C. Mark you, the first scene was at Malta; the second scene was at Kandia, three days later, and yet the garrison had little ammunition and saveloys that were going bad, and it was necessary to send a telegram to the Fleet asking for speedy support. The telegraph office was only half a mile away, but between the office and the fortifications were two hundred millions of Bashi-Bazouks. It was therefore concluded that one more or less would not be noticed in such a crowd; and Major Thesiger, disguised as a Bashi-Bazouk, attempted to make the perilous journey. He was hit before he started, and, unknown to anyone, Dicky Lascelles donned the clothes, slipped over the parapet, and did the trick. Dicky yelled his message to the operator, and returned to the fort safely, but slightly wounded; and prevailed upon the doctor to write a report saying that Major Thesiger had done this thing. Wasn't that noble of him? Thesiger would thus be promoted, recognised as a hero, and be the husband of Mrs. Cameron. It was quite safe, because the bullet of the Bashi-Bazouk had hit Thesiger in the head, and destroyed his memory of these days. He would never remember, and only the doctor and Dicky knew the truth; so, for auld lang syne and Cameron's whisky, let Thesiger have the credit of this heroic deed.

But Dicky has fallen foul of the Colonel commanding the garrison, and when he does "these unlucky deeds relate," he mentions the fact that Lieutenant Lascelles was slack in his duty, was not at hand when wanted to interpret the story of a dying Bashi-Bazouk, was cowering in an embrasure all the afternoon, was, in short, cowardly and incompetent. So the rest of the play is devoted to the straightening out of this tangle. Dicky refuses to exculpate himself, but his girl stands nobly by him, and Mrs. Cameron is determined to clear his name and fame for the sake of the little ones to come. She blunders abominably, but at least makes it clear that she does not believe these stories of Dicky's incapacity. But the solution is made quite easily; the telegraph operator who sent the message comes on board, and, while talking to Mrs. Cameron, he recognises the voice that shouted to him at Kandia. Unfortunately, it is Dicky's voice, and not that of Major Thesiger; and although Dicky denies the charge, he incautiously gives away his case by exclaiming: "But you couldn't possibly have recognised me in that get-up.'" Mrs. Cameron and the operator both refuse to be silent on the subject, and the Admiral has heard everything through the skylight of his cabin. So Dicky has to be noble once more, and beg the Admiral not to make the facts public for Thesiger's sake; at last, the Admiral agrees, and without any more trouble at all every woman has a hero in her bedroom. There, let us hope, each proves his courage beyond doubt.

Readers and Writers.

I HAVE been looking at "The Invisible Event," the concluding volume of the trilogy of novels by Mr. J. D. Beresford (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.). Mr. Beresford, I am told, "arrived" some years ago with his first Act, which placed him, as a similar deed seems to have placed so many others, at one bound "in the front rank of living novelists." Well, after all, the front rank still includes Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Henry James, not to say Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. W. H. Hudson. Or are they so completely forgotten that they can no longer be said to be living? Mr. Beresford certainly belongs to the modern school to which Mr. Bennett and Mr. St. John Ervine have the common reputation of belonging: that is to say, he is what they call a realist. But whether the school is really living is in no doubt; it is quite dead. The hero of Mr. Beresford's trilogy has many disadvantages for a long story. He is, of himself, totally uninteresting and not even symbolically so. On the contrary, Jacob Stahl is of mixed race that makes an exception of him. Again, he is of Mr. Beresford's own trade of novelist, which shuts him off from the mass of men. Finally, he is a surviving Fabian who talks of "the most tremendous thing in my life." With these disadvantages, as I say, a long story about him could not be cut too short. The man is a dull exception of which the rule at its dead level is a thousand times more interesting and significant.

* * *

It will be one of the marvels of our age, when posterity comes to discuss us, that in the midst of events of planetary magnitude writers can write and readers read interminable novels all about nobody and nothing. Perhaps it is in compensation for the obvious carelessness of fate for the ordinary man that novelists take so darling an interest in him. But significant, all the same, he cannot be made. THE NEW AGE reviewer said of Mr. Ervine's far-flung novel that such a story could be written concerning the inmates of every house in Belfast. Similarly, I could introduce Mr. Beresford to a score of men as dull as his Jacob Stahl and at least as unworthy of the world's prolonged attention. Most of them would be writers too: or, rather, not writers, but journalists who talk, as Mr. Beresford's hero does, of their "stuff." Would one be content to listen to their life-story straight from their own lips? Not I. But then Mr. Beresford has a style, a manner that makes even the dullest characters amusing and interesting? Not he! His style is indistinguishable from that of a good score of "front-rank" novelists: it is serious, painstaking, business-like and competent; but not a touch of individuality or art is to be found in it. As for the detail into which the modern novelist goes, it offends my taste. He remarks upon much that good taste only observes.

* * *

Messrs. George Allen have just published in their Sesame Library a shilling edition of Erasmus' "In Praise of Folly," with Holbein's woodcuts. Erasmus was a modern in spirit and anticipated our ideals with extraordinary prevision. His essay is beyond my patience to read at a sitting; but it can be dipped into anywhere in the certainty of yielding good entertainment. Take a passage at random:

> For look how your hard-plodding students, by a close sedentary confinement to their books, grow mopish, pale, and meagre, as if, by a continual wrack of brains, and torture of invention, their veins were pumped dry, and their whole body squeezed sapless; whereas my followers [it is Folly speaking] are smooth, plump, and bucksome, and altogether as lusty as so many bacon-hogs, or sucking calves; never in their career of pleasure to be arrested with old age, if they could but keep themselves untainted from the contagiousness of wisdom, with the leprosy thereof, if at any time they are infected, it is only for prevention, lest they should otherwise have been too happy.

The style, you will see, is admirable and full of invention. It is out of date now and I beseech nobody to imitate it: but how lively it once was! Erasmus, they say, was a "most facetious man" as well as the greatest critic of his age. He had a wit-boon-companion in whom do you think?—Sir Thomas More! It is to be remembered that, like our lesser selves, the group of good Europeans, of whom Erasmus was the travelling member, engaged to bring in the Renaissance of learning without pedantry, seriousness without dullness, and intelligence with humanity.

* * *

In reference to my comments on the Frau Salomé incident in Nietzsche's life, several letters have been written. One or two correspondents claim that Frau Salomé served Nietzsche's purpose better by kicking him downstairs than by expressing her affection in a more usual form: thus she was a stimulant to his examination of the problem women present to the intellectual. Another correspondent suggests that Frau Salomé knew both herself and Nietzsche very much better than he did, and deliberately left him so soon as he was able to walk alone. The first plea, however, does her too little honour, for it places her in the category of unwitting accidents; while the second does her too much, since it assumes that she knew to a hair what she was about. Really, I find it easier to regard her as a woman. Two new mysteries are no improvement on the same old one. I hear, by the way, that Frau Salomé is now basking in the limelight of Freud.

* * *

Ever since the war began Mr. H. G. Wells has been rolling his tub in the hope of attracting attention. "So hot, my little man?" In the "English Review" for March he splashes more furiously than usual, the following passage being typical:

> A vigorous daily bath, a complete stoppage of wine, beer, spirits and tobacco, and two hours' hockey in the afternoon . . . such a regimen would certainly have been the salvation of both Froude and Carlyle. It would probably have saved the world from the vituperation of the Hebrew prophets—those models for infinite mischief.

Mr. Wells, I presume, has taken his own prescription for salvation, and the shades of Froude, Carlyle, and the Hebrew prophets may see what they have missed! The ignorance and vulgarity of the passage would be past belief if we were not aware that even Mr. Wells must descend to reach the level of the "English Review." What! there are no troubles worth a man's vituperation while his stomach is eupeptic? The devil was sick, the devil a Hebrew prophet was he. The devil was well, the devil a Wells was he. If his diet has produced his latest articles, I recommend Mr. Wells a change.

* * *

The most serious complaint we can make of our age is that nothing dies of criticism. Fads arise, absurd theories, charlatans and humbugs of every kind, and are duly criticised here or elsewhere; whereupon they continue as if they had passed the tests with flying colours. Time, it is true, puts an end to them; but for a considerable period, long after they have been failed with contumely, they enjoy public reputation and other marks of public favour. The cubist, vorticist and similar freaks of irresponsible "artists" are a case in point. I venture to say that there is not one sincere vorticist in the world—or ever was. The most simple of them has never even deceived himself; and, as for the public, not a living soul, I believe, has affected to himself to understand or to relish the "school." For all that, the movement still goes on, impervious to war as well as to criticism; but its end is approaching! A friend of mine has invented an automatic cubist-vorticist picture-maker that turns you out a Bomberg "Mud-bath" or a Wadsworth "City" with the turn of a wrist. A frame contains coloured pieces of flat wood which shift themselves into "arrangements" (as Mr. Pound would have said) expressive of profound emotions! Specimens, I understand, can be seen at the Chenil Gallery at Chelsea. The invention will shortly be placed upon the market.

R. H. C.

Women in a Guild Socialist State.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

II.

To avoid misunderstanding, let me repeat that I have been so far dealing only with the case of the married woman, and the question of her engaging in permanent employment outside her home. Nothing that I have said, or could wish to say, is meant to imply any desire to deny to woman the fullest use of her brains, the enjoyment of culture or art in any of its branches or her participation therein, or even the pursuit of study of a more systematic kind—whether she be married or unmarried. If the "awakening of women" means the awakening of their intelligence, everyone will be the better for it, and I do not wish to be thought to be advocating that women should have either empty minds or empty hands. If a woman can be clever without being pedantic, and cultured without being affected, she will continue to attract the best type of man in the future, as she has done in the past.

But it will be objected that the demand for work outside the home is put forward not merely in the interests of woman's intelligence and her need for activity, but much more with the object of affording her an "economic independence." Here we are on far more difficult ground. If economic independence in the sense of a separate and equal income be regarded as essential to the dignity of any self-respecting wife, then I can only say that the statement seems to me to be utterly unfounded. You cannot, or at least you should not, "commercialise an emotional relationship," and I do not for one moment believe that economic independence in this sense is desired by one woman in ten to-day. But if, on the other hand, it be argued that the control of the family resources should depend in all circumstances upon the husband, then that appears to me to be a suggestion equally unnatural and egregiously foolish. There seems to me no reason to believe that in the majority of cases there is any desire to divide the family exchequer into two parts, or to snatch at a personal share in the case of either the husband or the wife. To start out upon marriage with a voluntary arrangement about the apportionment of the income of the family, made by the husband and the wife in agreement, is one thing; to begin with arbitrary division imposed from without, with no regard to personal factors or the question of children, is quite another. The latter expedient, whether it be based upon paying the wife if she leaves the home to work outside, or upon some calculation of her services to her husband as a "housekeeper," seems to me not only ridiculous in itself, but likely to be perilous in its result. For it suggests the very thing which reasonable people would, I should have thought, desire to avoid suggesting if a marriage is to prove successful, namely, that husband and wife have antagonistic interests and that they must not expect to trust each other to agree upon the common purposes of their marriage. The "economic independence" for which we need to provide is rather an occasional expedient to prevent oppression by the man than a normal basis. We do not want to undermine the idea of family union until the circumstances of any particular case have made it impossible or unreal.

The wisest plan, then, would seem to be one which provided that the Guildsman should receive his pay calculated upon a basis which took into consideration the number of women in his family residing in the home. In the case of the wife it should be further provided that her share could be obtained by her directly from the Guild, should she specifically claim that it be so paid, without any consent of the husband being necessary. But normally the amount would not be divided. In the event of her husband's death, payment would be made direct to her, and with regard to the same basis, taking into consideration also, of course, any young children with which she might be left. Divorce is clearly a matter for special treatment, and the provision for it would depend upon the light in which it was regarded in the Socialist State to which we look forward—a matter upon which we may have our own opinions, but about which, I imagine, we cannot feel in any way certain.

Before going on to look at the subject from the standpoint of the occupations women might seek to enter, something must be said about the case of the unmarried daughter. The assumption generally made by feminists is roughly what we may call the "caged eaglet" theory, i.e., that the daughter is inevitably and "divinely" discontented with the sordid and narrowing surroundings of her home, that she pines for freedom to plunge into the world outside, and that if she does not set out to earn her living for herself, society is justified in regarding her as a "social parasite." The assumption is, I think, much too sweeping, and the conclusion most unjustifiable. Obviously much depends upon the "eaglet," and perhaps even more depends upon the "cage." The remedy, in so far as one is needed, seems to me not to revile the cage, but simply to take the latch off the door. If the eaglet likes to fly out, it is no business of any but the family eagles to argue with her. But equally it is wrong of society to drive reluctant eaglets from their eyries on the ground that the great world is the only proper place for them.

What I plead for, then, is a compromise between the two extremes. Let girls be free to enter such occupations as they wish, subject to the reservation that their entry into them is not socially undesirable—and this point will be dealt with in a moment. But do not adopt such an organisation of society as will penalise the family which—with the free concurrence of the daughters—prefers to keep the girls at home. I denounce as tyranny any system which imprisons girls without hope of release in a home circle to which they do not feel obligations. But I denounce also as no less tyrannical any social arrangement which treats the girl who prefers to stay at home as a dangerous family luxury, to be paid for accordingly, and thus tends to drive women from a sphere which, in the majority of cases, I am convinced, they feel to be their own. It is an utterly false and superficial view which regards the woman who stays at home as a social parasite, and the woman who leaves the home as a social asset; more commonly, to-day at any rate, the reverse is the truth. Apart from the fact that in a free State the women of a family circle may reasonably be expected to look after their own homes, instead of hiring a tribe of inefficient outsiders to do their work, women in the home may perform many services and fulfil many functions which though not immediately obvious, or exactly calculable, are not therefore unreal. The freedom of women is not assured by driving them into a position they do not wish to occupy. The daughter who elects to stay at home should be provided for through the pay allotted to the Guildsman for his family; if she prefers to earn her own pay there will be wide opportunities for her to do so. And in passing it is worth remarking that under a just system of pay, whether based on a rigid equality or not, it will be possible for the Guildsman to marry at a far earlier age than the average man is able to do to-day, especially if the Guild adds to the family resources —as I suggest that it will—the share necessary for the support of his wife, and in the event of children, for their support also.

We have provided, then, for the girl who prefers to remain at home and for the girl who wishes to marry, granted, of course, that a man also be found forthcom-

ing, a circumstance for which, in extreme cases, it would, I think, be impossible for any social system to provide! We have now to consider the case of women wishing to enter occupations outside the home. I have already given reasons for thinking that—anyhow, in the majority of cases—such occupations, in so far as they are really permanent professions, are not suitable for married women. For unmarried women the case is quite otherwise, and the only criterion in this instance, so far as I can see, is whether their choice of any occupation involves evil consequences for society as a whole. I realise that here we are on very debatable ground. The feminist demands that women take all labour for their province, regardless of the consequences to themselves, to society as consumers, and to the race. Such a standpoint appears to us as plainly anti-social, and I do not see how Socialists can possibly accept it. If it were shown to be bad for society that men should be employed to bath their children (as I feel sure that it would be), then I should be prepared rigidly to forbid them the enjoyment of this exercise. Similarly when it is proved—as it has been abundantly proved—that the entry of women into the great industries is disastrous to them physically, and disadvantageous to the community economically, then, surely, the only reasonable view for a Socialist to adopt is for him to declare that a free State, from which the ideas of exploitation and profiteering were eliminated, would, in the widest interest of society, forbid the entrance of women into the industrial sphere.

It is not, I imagine, worth while arguing about the injury to the health of women involved in their participation in industry; it has been demonstrated again and again. Above all is this apparent in the case of child-bearing and child rearing. Miss Tennant, in her book, "Woman in Industry from Seven Points of View," writes as follows:—"Nearly fifty years ago a close relationship was established between infantile mortality and the industrial employment of women. Nearly fifty years ago it was shown that the system which dealt so swiftly with the infant dealt as cruelly, though more slowly, with the child, and dealt perhaps most hardly of all with the mother. Year by year this buried evidence is reinforced; but though its lessons are retaught they never seem to be learnt." No, and they never will be so long as the profiteers can employ women at a low rate of wages and surround the infamy with the halo of progress by encouraging the farcical idea that such a practice bears some relation to the "emancipation of women." As well might the farmers of to-day excuse their action in driving the children of school age into labour in the fields by describing the practice as the emancipation of the young! What is amazing is to find feminist champions actually welcoming a state of things which is (there is good ground for believing) as foreign to the nature of women as it is injurious to their physique. The first instinct of women in industry to-day is to get out of it, as is shown by the difficulty found in organising women into Trade Unions to strengthen a position which they have no desire to retain. Moreover, the arguments which show it to be a matter of mere humanity and common sense to keep young married women out of industry apply also to the unmarried girl, whose temporary excursion into the world of machine and large-scale production may injure her physically for marriage before the contracting of it had been contemplated.

But if nature and humanity are not enough to keep "emancipated" women out of industry, their unfitness for it, resulting in inefficiency, should inevitably do so in a State based upon social welfare. The peculiar disabilities of women when they engage in the industrial system of to-day make the maxim of "equal pay for equal work" either meaningless or inapplicable. No less an authority than Mr. Sidney Webb—who is not I believe an anti-feminist—has stated that, "Where the inferiority of earnings exists it is almost always co-existent with an inferiority of work, and the general inferiority of women's work seems to influence their wages in industries where no such inferiority exists." Thus the admission of women to any particular guild would in most cases involve a lowering of the standard of guild workmanship. But it is reasonable to assume that the fixing of the standard of guild production will not ultimately rest with the individual guild, but with the Guild Congress and the State in conference. It should be impossible for this joint conference of producers and consumers to tolerate the lowering of the guild standard to satisfy the demand of a small body of women whose entry into industry would thus clearly be contrary to the interests both of the guild concerned and of the community.

There is good reason to believe that women as a whole do not now, and will not in a Guild Socialist State, desire to enter industry, more especially when it becomes apparent that their entrance into it would be prejudicial to the best interests of the community. Their exclusion therefrom would not be a piece of "man-made tyranny," but a common-sense social safeguard; and it is highly unlikely that it would give rise to any serious complaint, much less any constant friction.

The case of the professions is very different. Here, in a free State, the rule would undoubtedly be that, unless special reasons existed to justify their exclusion, women would be not only admitted but welcomed. In the professional guilds women would be following occupations which would involve them in no physical injury, and in which, in many cases, their standard of workmanship would be at least not lower than that of men. It is probable that in the majority of cases women would abandon the professional guilds on marriage, largely as a result of their own inclination, and also because if the work of their profession and the work involved in the care of a home and children were to be attempted side by side, the strain would be too great, unless one set of activities were scamped. But there would be no need to make such a custom a guild regulation, and in the case of childless women these might be glad to continue their professional work after marriage. Social standards do not need to be pedantically applied, and just as there may be, and probably will be, certain subsidiary industries which might prove well adapted for women's work, so there may be professions which will prove unfitted for it. The law, for instance, is a profession which I believe many would agree to be contrary to the genius, if not to the talents, of women. I do not believe women judges would inspire confidence in anyone, and I do not imagine women could ever become impersonal enough to prove successful barristers. Women appreciate Equity no doubt, but Justice is another matter.

It may be reasonably suggested that women might find employment in the manifold activities involved in distribution—the function, I will assume, of a National Distributive Guild in the majority of instances. I am inclined personally to regard the shop girl rather as a permissible possibility than as a desirable phenomenon. I cannot forget the weighty charge brought by G. K. Chesterton against the "wicked grocer":

> He keeps a lady in a cage, most cruelly all day,
> And calls her "Miss," and makes her count, until she fades away.

And I feel that such a state of things one may condone, but one can never commend! But that, after all, is a matter for the girl herself, and if the eaglet prefers an actual cage in a store to the metaphorical cage, in which light she may regard her home, she should be free to make the choice. In all cases, however, where the entrance of women is conceded in the interests of the community, and in her own, it should be upon the terms as are offered to men, and similar pay should be afforded to both. For in a sound state of society women would only be engaged in those occupations where her admission would not lower the standard reached by those concerned therein, and it would be therefore manifestly unjust that her services should be unequally rewarded.

Nothing has so far been said about the political posi-

tion of women, and it certainly seems to me that the relation of women to the State is no part of Guild Socialist doctrine in the strict sense. Whether the general will of the community requires that beings so unlike in nature and social function as men and women should pursue identical political activities is a question upon which Guild Socialists may legitimately differ. If it be said that such activites are a necessary part of democracy, it may surely be replied that democracy involves something far more fundamental than the vote, namely, that no majority of persons should be forced into a position in society which they feel to be contrary to their will, or essentially unreasonable. So long as the great mass of women remains unconvinced of the justice and the wisdom of occupying an identical political and social position with men, the question of "Votes for Women" is little more than an academic one. We may decide that women ought to have votes or that they ought not, but we cannot in the name of democracy claim the right to force a whole sex, against the will of the mass of its members (to say nothing of that of the majority of men), into a new relationship to the other sex and to society as a whole.

There is one point, however, which, from a Guild Socialist standpoint, it is necessary to add on this subject. It is the reminder that the State under Guild Socialism would have two aspects and two functions, political as the organ of the community for national and international purposes, and industrial as the means of safeguarding the interests of the consumer. Women being in the majority of cases essentially consumers, it would be in every way unreasonable to exclude them from any organisation intended to represent the consumer's point of view. In this sense, then, women must have a share in the activities of the State, but it does not follow that the assimilation of women to the position of men in the State is natural and desirable. This should remain a question for Guildsmen to decide for themselves, for a particular interpretation of the idea of political democracy is not essentially involved in the principles of Guild Socialism.

If this hasty treatment of a large subject leads to argument and discussion of the matter, my principal object will be achieved. It is too frequently assumed that Socialism is in some vague and unexplained sense a "progressive" movement, and that being such, it must fall into line with other tendencies which lay claim to the title. Socialism has scarcely freed itself from the charge of favouring "free love," to find itself to-day half-committed to the catchword of "economic independence"; and whereas the "comrade" of the nineteenth century was supposed to allow himself as many wives as he liked, his successor in this generation is hardly to be allowed one at all. The feminist and her ally the capitalist are ready to break up the home in a far more effective manner than the most irresponsible anarchist of half a century ago, and it is well that the Socialist, at any rate, should clear himself of guilt in the matter. But if he is a Guild Socialist it is especially necessary that he should plead the case of the association against the individualism of the "emancipated" woman and the bureaucracy which her treachery invites. He, at least, should attempt to face this question of women in a free society from a social standpoint, and not be content with mere lip service to the idea of the family, but devise social and economic expedients which will make its maintenance possible, while providing avenues of escape for those who desire, and are entitled, to leave it. This I have aimed at doing; and if by some wild paradox the progress of women and the maintenance of the home are held to be contradictory and I be branded therefore a "reactionary," I must perforce embrace the name. Yet I seek for nothing which I do not believe to be essentially vital and permanent in a healthy human society; and I desire only that while woman's mind opens wider, and her interests grow less circumscribed, her social tasks should not be made harder or become less revered, or that spirit of hers which warms the world grow dim and fail.

Views and Reviews.

On Aristocracy.

IN my last article, I stated the meaning I attached to the word "aristocracy"; and if this were merely a question of the proper application of the terms of political science, there would be no need to continue. But the issue is a live one, and according to our preference for one or other of the forms of government, so shall we direct our efforts, and determine our objects. Let it be stated at once quite clearly that the Trade Unions of this country are not aiming at democracy, but at aristocracy. Criticising the Trade Disputes Act, Professor Dicey says: "An enactment which frees Trade Unions from the rule of equal law stimulates among workmen the fatal delusion that workmen should aim at the attainment, not of equality, but of privilege." Now equality is not merely the ideal of democracy, but it is the assumed basis of freedom of contract; it assumes and asserts the rights of the individual, but ignores or opposes the rights of "collective persons," which may be conveniently designated by the word "privilege." When we notice that Professor Dicey also says of this same Act: "It makes a Trade Union a privileged body exempted from the ordinary law of the land. No such privileged body has ever before been deliberately created by an English Parliament": we must, if we are logically democratic, be in opposition to the Trade Unions. But if we believe in aristocracy, we may welcome the tendency, and strive to direct it to the attainment of a really aristocratic object.

All collective persons aim naturally at privilege; but it is not in the interests of the State, it is not in the interests of aristocracy itself, that they should obtain privilege without accepting responsibility. The Trade Unions, like the landlords, are privileged; but they are not responsible for any public service, they are not even responsible for their own acts as Trade Unions. Any tortious act may be committed by or on behalf of a Trade Union, and "an action . . . shall not be entertained by any Court." Trade Unions are privileged to commit torts; and as torts will sometimes involve the wrongdoer in the commission of a crime, their privilege is an almost direct incitement to the commission of crime in the furtherance of their objects. They have not, at present, any counter-vailing responsibility, or duty to the State; and unless they demand this, or it is imposed upon them, we shall indeed have a new democratic despotism.

But if the aristocratic spirit is alive in the Trade Unions, we shall have them claiming power and responsibility. They will raise their own doctrine of "collective bargaining" to the level of reality; and instead of dithering about rates of wages and hours of work, they will bargain for the supply of labour and make themselves responsible for these things, for the discipline of the workers, and for the proper fulfilment of their contracts. It is only by some such step that the ideal of partnership with the employers or with the State can become possible; and the aristocratic doctrine of status, which underlies the demand for privilege and power, be revived again for the benefit of the nation.

I have mentioned the Trade Unions only as an instance of the revival of the aristocratic idea in this country; but the proposal of National Guilds carries the idea to its logical conclusion. For it raises the aristocratic elements, the collective persons, to powers of the State; not merely recognised by the State, but authorised to exercise power in their particular province, and to be, in the most literal sense of the word, members of the State. It is precisely in this respect that the proposal of National Guilds is a revolutionary proposal; because it does remodel what is, in fact, a democratic despotism into an aristocratic State. At

the present time, we are governed by a Parliament that, legally, can do everything that is not naturally impossible; checked only by the political fact of the sovereignty of the people which can express itself only by the acts of election or revolution. Parliament is the supreme power; and although, in law, it consists of King, Lords, and Commons, yet the Commons' control of the purse has made it possible to eliminate the Lords from the Constitution so far as Money Bills are concerned, and to make their veto of no account so far as other bills are concerned. In fact, we are governed by the House of Commons, elected by about one-third of the male population. What M. Faguet wrote, thinking mainly of France, is not without application to our own country: "The great defect of parliamentary government is that it is a sort of syncretism; when its various mechanisms are not precisely differentiated and distinct, legitimate criticism drifts, wanders, does not know where to take hold, has consequently a sense of impotence and ends by reducing itself to a sort of indifference and resignation. We are governed in the artificial shadows which they have skilfully created so that neither the governed may know whom to blame nor the governing know very clearly what they are doing."

But the Guild State projected by the Guild writers is precisely a State where the various mechanisms of government are differentiated and distinct. The functions and powers, the rights and privileges, the duties and responsibilities, of each Guild will be practically extorted by the Guild, but theoretically granted by the State; with the consequence that we shall have a nation not of individuals all equal before the law and, as individuals, yielding their political power to a despotic and irresponsible body, but a nation organically contrived for the performance of national services, and exercising political power principally, if not entirely, through the various orders of the State known as Guilds. That is quite definitely an aristocratic State, and differs from our present Constitution by a greater division of power and a more specific application of it. In few words, it is the aristocratic organisation of industry.

But the fact that the Guild State is aristocratic makes necessary the negation of certain ideas. "Freedom," as I have said before, is the ideal of democracy, and is therefore abominable; it reduces a nation to a heap of human dust. The spirit of the Guilds will not be "freedom," but esprit de corps; and the man who cannot lose, or find, his individuality in his association with the Guild will, I hope, be knocked on the head. But if esprit de corps will be the spirit of the Guilds, their object will be no less characteristic; they will aim not at "freedom," but at power, although all the neurasthenic noodles may shudder at the word. They will know, because the history of the American Constitution will tell them, that jealousy of power simply gives some unauthorised body the opportunity of assuming it; and they will take good care to see that power is definitely allocated to bodies who are made responsible for its proper exercise. They will not proffer a vain allegiance to "the people," like the inverted monarchists whom Sir Henry Maine derided; but they will attach their respect to persons who know their own minds, and are not befogged by phrases. Instead of equality, they will talk of status, knowing quite well that most men want security, and few want responsibility. It is probable, I think, that they will not talk of "education of the masses," but of training; for certainly there are not many men whom one wants to "draw out." "The old doctrine of original sin . . . . represents an undeniable fact which a statesman cannot ignore," says Professor Dicey, whom I quote with the more pleasure because he would not agree with the general trend of this article. If sympathy (really a morbid phenomenon) is the chief virtue of the democrat, truth is the chief virtue of the aristocrat; and the Guildsmen will not, I think, deceive themselves and the people by calling themselves democrats.

A. E. R.

Current Cant.

"The whisper of disloyal strikes."—"Daily Mail."

"Arnold Bennett's famous pocket philosophies."—HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

"It is interesting to note how a Mixed Club can develop with experience. . . No sitting on men's knees in this Club."—"The Shield."

"The strike on the Clyde was downright treachery."—"Academy."

"Among the several good effects of this War is the almost total disappearance, for the moment, of cranks."—"Morning Post."

"Ah! THAT'S what makes them fight so well. Macintosh's Toffee."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The only newspapers that are entirely free to say what they think in England to-day are those of the type of the 'Morning Post' and the 'Daily Express.' "—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Blackheads fly away."—"Daily Express."

"A speech like that delivered in Wales by Mr. Lloyd George is worth a triumphant battle."—"Star."

"Young men are giving their lives, rich men are giving their money. . . ."—HORACE LENNARD in "Town Topics."

"I hope your new 'Daily Mirror' serial will be a great success artistically and as a stimulant to recruiting."—SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

"England's premier dramatist—Sir Arthur Pinero."—"Daily Mirror."

"The employment of women on farms is of particular interest to 'Daily Express' readers. . . . The modern woman is no weakling. . . ."—"Daily Express."

"Love and Marriage in War Time. Never in the history of the world have there been so many marriages as now, never a time when people who have been hovering on the brink of engagement or marriage made up their minds so quickly. Louise Mack's article about it is intensely interesting."—"Home Chat."

"Workers warned by Mr. Lloyd George. No market for Cats. M.P.'s Stand in a Trench. Knee Room has now been taken as one of Women's Rights. Pussy in the Trench. Bishop of London dedicates a Bar-Car. Get your Daughters Home. Twenty Girls after one Fellow. Widow Strews Suicide's Ashes."—"Daily Mirror."

"Labour disputes in War Time. . . This sluggishness of patriotic perception."—"Daily Graphic."

"The dark age of materialism is being dispersed by the great War cloud."—ALAN LEO.

"Lloyd George has a progressive mind, and he drives his ten little working acolytes as few men do. . . . He rises to the situation like a high-mettled horse to the fence. . . . He is neither an anchorite, a woman hater, nor a man who lives with his shutters up . . . he is a pal."—EUGENE CORRIE.

"Finally, in an eloquent peroration, Mr. Lloyd George described the meaning of a German victory—the downfall of Liberty. It was a magnificent effort."—"Spectator."

"One advantage of Conscription. There could be no strikes in War Time."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The present state of things on the Clyde would be impossible to-day were it not for a generation of bitterness and division systematically spread and encouraged by some of our leading politicians. The present position on the Clyde is due first of all to the habit which has grown among the working classes of Great Britain to think first, in all that concerns their labour, of their own interest and class. They do not instinctively regard themselves as members of the Commonwealth."—"Saturday Review."

Pastiche.

BALLAD OF THE BOOK OF ESAU.

Went out of Persia's land the great Bigvai,
The sons of Zattu, Arah and Habaiah,
Of Michmas, Kirjath-arim and Bebai,
To Judah, with the children of Delaiah,
In order that the word of Jeremiah
Might be fulfilled, the Temple re-begun;
There also ran the children of Tobiah—
And they were good Nietzscheans, every one.

With silver, gold, and beasts the sons of Ai
Departed swiftly thence, and Nehemiah,
With Bilshan, Rehum, Baanah, Mordecai,
The sons of Bakbuk, Harhur and Reaiah,
Odoníkam, Hasham, Ono, Lud, Neziah,
The porter's sons and Koz's—all were gone;
Zerúbbabel went first, with him Seraiah—
And they were good Nietzscheans, every one.

But some of them got married on the sly;
The names of these were Jarib and Maaseiah,
Eliézer, Bani, Nathan and Shimai,
Elijah, Jozabad, Ishmael, Kelaiah
(The same is Kelita) and Pethahiah,
As well as many more who well are known;
They put their wives away (like Mattaniah)—
And they were good Nietzscheans, every one.

* * *

Levy, though other men this list may tire,
You will not cease to read till it is done.
P.S.—There were the sons of Shephatiah—
And they were good Nietzscheans, every one.

C. E. B.

A FRAGMENT.

[". . . I hope that the engineers of the Clyde will show the better way by a return to, and a remaining at, work. . . . I would make a special appeal to them because I have a special interest in maintaining the best traditions of the society. For thirty-five years I have been a member of the A.S.E., and for twelve years of the best of my life I was its chief officer. The good name of the society is of moment to me. . . ."—Geo. N. Barnes, M.P., in the "Daily News," March 3.]

Scene from "The Profiteers," an epic drama in several Parts, Acts, and Scenes, by Th*m*s H*rdy.

SCENE XCIX.

An ante-chamber in the offices of a Great Newspaper. Enter B*rnes, an ancient retainer, wringing his hands.

B*RNES: Such dreadful things are 'appening nowadays,
My poor old 'ead's a-going round and round.
I don't know rightly what's come o'er the men,
They're that ungrateful—independent-like . . .
For five-and-thirty year come Michaelmas
Have I belonged to that there A.S.E.,
For five-and-thirty twelvemonths, man and boy.
I've tried to keep 'em quite respectable,
'Umble and lowly, as their duty was,
Fittin' the station God had placed 'em in!
For five-and-thirty years was that Society
The apple of my eye. I tell you, sir,
You don't know what its good name means to me.
I was its chosen leader for twelve years—
Marched at its head all through the wilderness
Of drink and gambling and such wicked things
As lie in wait for simple rank and file.
They used to cheer my perorations when
I told 'em what their Christian duty was.
And now! . . . They've sudden-like become stiff-necked—
Stiff-necked and proud—they'll break the Premier's 'eart!
Striking in war-time! O my God!—but hush,
I can't blaspheme e'en at a time like this.
I'm like that man in English history
That said he'd always done his very best
And them he'd worked for only gave him up
In his grey hairs. . . . .

SPIRIT IRONIC: This veteran is really amusing. We are to see more of him, I hope. Let him sing the national anthem.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES: For shame! Let him not make further exhibition of himself.

[The figure of B*rnes dissolves into a thick fog of oblivion.]

J. F. H.

WHAT OF THE DEAD?

If in the repose of an arbour
Under a Western sky
One dreams of a vast eternal
And one questions the reason why:
Why joy should dissolve into sorrow,
Why pearls should melt in the wine,
And whether the new dawning morrow
Will reckon the close of our time?
If in the repose of the arbour
One watches fair Nature around,
Is there some definite answer
In the earth or the sky to be found?
Are we the pawns of a Jevah
That move on a cross-chequered board?
Propelled from the back by a lever
Controlled, supervised, by a Lord?
Given a pen as a plaything
To scribble out poems and plays—
Works that we worship with reverence,
The blossoms of earlier days—
Given a spirit of reason,
Given a mind to attend,
Given a soul filled with treason
To embitter and poison the end?
Is there a peaceful Nirvanah?
Is there a rest for the soul?
A bed for the toil-driven Karma,
A *telos*? a *Heaven*? a *goal*?
What of the slain in the battle,
What of the dead on the field,
Foul slaughtered like horses and cattle
Those men that we use as a shield?
If ever a soul got to Heaven!
If ever soul reaped a reward!
Those whose red blood has been given,
A gift to their own native sword,
Those are the ones for a Heaven,
For a peace and a pleasure unknown;
By their work are they all self-forgiven,
Let their blood, not His blood, atone.

EVAN MORGAN.

TO ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Good Robert, you were doting
On cricket, and the rose;
Or blowing out one sentence
Into paragraphs of prose;
Or sitting near your ingle
(First the novel—then the doze),
When the blast of war was sounded—
And then you blew your nose.

"At last, at last," you shouted,
"My star, my sentinel!
Belief in gods had left me,
Belief in man as well,
But belief in Robert Blatchford
(How great, his works should tell!)
Was belief in him who uttered
Stern prophecies of hell."

Another lease, good Robert,
Before you pay the Debt!
Two sorts of golden glories
Will shower upon you yet:
First, coins that jingle "Northcliffe"
(My God, can you forget?);
Last, dreams of Merrie England,
Rejected—with regret.

Old soldier egoistic
Of the Cobbett-Bradlaugh line,
Can you take a wound, and feel it,
When the weapon's rather fine?
Take the alphabet, count slowly:
Where's the microcosmic sign
Of the world you most adore, Bob?
Here it is, at letter nine.

J. STEEKSMA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE POSITION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir,—Surely Mr. Norman's controversial gifts are leading him astray. The question does not turn on the definition of the phrase "an office or place of profit under the Crown," but on the powers of Parliament. That the present Parliament was a legally constituted Parliament until it passed the Appropriation Act, 1911, is admitted by Mr. Norman; but it is asserted by him, in substance, that a legally constituted Parliament has become an illegally constituted Parliament by performing a legal act, i.e., by passing the Appropriation Act, 1911. I know of no reason, legal or otherwise, for supposing this. "The sovereignty of Parliament is (from a legal point of view) the dominant characteristic of our political institutions," says Dicey; and Blackstone has declared that Parliament "can, in short, do everything that is not naturally impossible." De Lolme has put the doctrine more grotesquely in the phrase: "It is a fundamental principle with English lawyers that Parliament can do everything but make a woman a man, and a man a woman." Chief Justice Holt, quoted by Mr. Norman himself in his article, said: "An Act of Parliament can do no wrong." Leslie Stephen has said, in his "Science of Ethics," that "lawyers are apt to speak as though the legislature were omnipotent, as they do not require to go beyond its decisions. It is, of course, omnipotent in the sense that it can make whatever laws it pleases, inasmuch as a law means any rule which has been made by the legislature." The sovereignty of Parliament is undoubted, and an Act of Parliament is the act of the "Prince."

As a consequence, it follows that it can pass an Appropriation Act of any kind, containing any provisions that it chooses to make. Mr. Norman's argument that it could, if it liked, vote itself £4,000, or £40,000, or £400,000 a year is perfectly sound; it could do this as easily and as legally as the Long Parliament voted itself perpetual, or as Walpole's Parliament passed the Septennial Act. It was argued by Priestley in the latter case that "by the same authority that one Parliament prolonged their own power to seven years, they might have continued it to twice seven, or, like the Parliament of 1641, have made it perpetual." An Act of Parliament cannot be made void by any court of law in England, although a court may refuse to enforce its provisions on the ground that they are contrary to reason and justice. But this argument cannot apply in this case. The provisions of the Appropriation Act of any year cannot, I submit, be brought before any court in England, provided that it has been passed by a legally constituted Parliament. The legality of this particular Act was certified by the Speaker, whose decision cannot be questioned by any court of law; but the legality of every Appropriation Act is guaranteed by the Comptroller-General, who will not grant a credit for any service until he is satisfied that he is authorised to do so by the terms of the Act under which it is demanded, and that every legal formality necessary for obtaining public money from the Bank has been complied with. The Comptroller-General, I may say, is appointed by a patent under the Great Seal, and is not subject to Parliamentary control.

If, then, this was a legally constituted Parliament passing a perfectly legal Act in a perfectly legal way, I cannot see what grounds Mr. Norman has for his argument that it is now an illegally constituted Parliament. The Statute of Anne, no more than any other Statute, does not, because it cannot, limit the powers of any Parliament to do as it likes; it does actually grant a power to Parliament to make Crown officers ineligible as members of the House of Commons. Parliament can either use that power or not use it, as it chooses; but it does not become an illegally constituted body because it does not choose to use a legal power, even if it be admitted that this is a case. But it is not admitted that this is such a case. The only body that can compel a member to seek re-election is Parliament itself. The power of Parliament over its own constitution is absolute, although judges may not give unqualified assent to the proposition. Mr. Justice Stephen, in Bradlaugh v. Gossett, said: "I do not say that the resolution of the House is the judgment of a court not subject to our revision; but it has much in common with such a judgment. The House of Commons is not a court of justice; but the effect of its privilege to regulate its own internal concerns practically invests it with a judicial character when it has to apply to particular cases the provisions of Acts of Parliament. We must presume that it discharges this function properly, and with due regard to the laws in the making of which it has so great a share. If its determination is not in accordance with law, this resembles the case of an error by a judge whose decision is not subject to appeal. There is nothing startling in the recognition of the fact that such an error is possible. If, for instance, a jury in a criminal case give a perverse verdict, the law has provided no remedy. The maxim that there is no wrong without a remedy does not mean, as it is sometimes supposed, that there is a legal remedy for every moral or political wrong. If this were its meaning it would be manifestly untrue. There is no legal remedy for the breach of a solemn promise not under seal and made without consideration; nor for many kinds of verbal slander, though each may involve utter ruin; nor for oppressive legislation, though it may reduce men practically to slavery; nor for the worst damage to person and property inflicted by the most unjust and cruel war. The maxim only means that legal wrong and legal remedy are correlative terms; and it would be more intelligibly and correctly stated if it were reversed, so as to stand, 'Where there is no legal remedy there is no legal wrong.'"

What, then, is Mr. Norman's remedy? There is, I think, none; and, if so, no legal wrong has been committed. The King's writ cannot run against an Act of Parliament, ratified by the seal of the King himself; and there is no legal process of which I am aware by which the High Court of Parliament can be haled before the High Court of Justice. The only way, it seems to me, in which the question could come before a Court of Law would be as an issue between parties, as a defence to a specific charge of having broken the law. If Mr. Norman, for instance, were to refuse to pay his income tax or any other tax he might be able to plead his case, that it was illegally levied, in a Court of Law; but I doubt whether a judge would hear him. But even if the judge heard him, even if Mr. Norman obtained a favourable verdict (an incredible supposition), that decision would only invalidate that particular Act of Parliament; it would not make Parliament an illegally constituted body, nor make invalid any other Act passed by it. That, at least, is my opinion.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

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FREE TRADE.

Sir,—From Mr. Howard Ince's letter I gather that he has not thoroughly grasped the principle on which German financiers have worked. It is quite true, as I stated in my "Notes" of December 31, from which Mr. Ince quotes, that German exports, since the policy of protection was adopted, have risen from a trifle to a large amount. When I condemned the method of this increase—i.e., the advances made by the bankers to the business houses—"in the abstract," I did so because it was, in the abstract, in other words, theoretically, unsound. Its unsoundness I deduced, with other critics, from its practical effects; and when we are dealing with finance, of all subjects, we had better form our theories on practical bases. The German method of adopting protection and of subsidising the business houses was unsound, even in peace time, because it led to insecure credit. The Balkan war—a small affair, which did not directly affect Germany at all—shook German credit very considerably; and long before the end of last year Germany was internationally bankrupt. One has only to look at the exchanges to see that.

As for the effects of a policy of protection in non-belligerent countries, let Mr. Ince look to the United States and to South America. How has Protection protected the workmen there? The business panic in the United States lasted for months after the outbreak of war—in fact, we recovered sooner ourselves—and the condition of the working classes in the United States is not very enviable even now. I say about Sir George Pragnell and his colleagues, as I said on December 31, that they advocated a policy of Protection simply for the purpose of making sure of their profits at the expense of the nation. That was obvious from their speeches. For the rest, as I have stated more than once in your columns, Free Trade and Protection are both of them expedients and not principles; and so long as the financiers are in power among us either principle is likely to be applied if it mean greater security for profits than the application of the other principle.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

CHINA AND JAPAN.

Sir,—A correspondent has brought to my notice the following passage from an article in the Glasgow "Forward" of February 27:—"That the Japanese plunder of China claims has disturbed the big financial magnates here is obvious. The weekly journals—e.g., the 'Nation' and THE NEW AGE—avoided the subject last week-end as

if they had been warned to avoid it." May I point out to you, if not to "Forward," that the disputes between China and Japan were referred to in my article published in THE NEW AGE of February 4, when I mentioned the Japanese seizure of a Chinese colliery and of a railway which belonged partly to China and partly to a group of European financiers, whereupon the Chinese Government proceeded to give what assistance it could to the Germans at Tsing-tao. I referred to the subject again in your issue of February 25, specifying briefly the Japanese demands on China, which were then just beginning to form the subject of articles in the daily newspapers and of cables from the Far East.

Further, let me say that the summary I gave in my article of February 25 was taken from a statement sent to me from Pekin; but another list of Japan's demands—somewhat exaggerated, but right in many of the essentials—appeared in the American papers of February 12 and 13, in the form of a cable message from Pekin dated February 11. This message was published in the "Economist" of February 27, with a critical article upon it. The "Statist," of the same date, contained an article warning the public, very wisely, not to pay too much heed to the exaggerated stories regarding Japanese demands which were then floating about London. When negotiations are being conducted between two sets of Oriental negotiators at a distance of several thousand miles from us, it is obviously an easy matter for absurd statements regarding them to gain currency. "Forward" is backward, as usual, with its information; but forward, as usual, in teaching its grandmother how to suck eggs.

S. VERDAD.

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RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Sir,—Your contributor, Mr. Percy Cohen, is wasting his time in addressing an open letter to Stephen Graham. That gentleman has evidently set out to make a literary career in Russia, and has forfeited the respect of serious people long since. He has sedulously cultivated all the qualities that make for popular success in his line, a sentimental attitude towards life, a deliberate naïvete, and a habit of being photographed in shuba and caftan. Five years of residence in Russia (minus a considerable amount of time spent in America, Jerusalem, and Soho) apparently constitute his right to act as chief apologist for the Russian bureaucracy and Grand Patron of the moujik. The moujik is a long-suffering person, but even he might claim in the name of human dignity to be spared from this offensive kind of patronage; and if the English public continues to take a sentimental journalist for its chief authority on an important foreign country any scheme for popular diplomacy is doomed.

It is easy to be enthusiastic about Russia: I was so myself when I drifted through the country eight or nine years ago, but no one cared for rhapsodies about the moujik just then. What most intelligent people are anxious to know just at present, however, is the extent the Russian bureaucracy can be relied upon to stand by its allies, and carry this war to a successful issue, in spite of all diversions. Can Mr. Bechhöfer throw any light upon this subject? Mr. Maurice Baring might have done so, but he seems to be silent or submerged just now. As for the Press it has resolutely shut its eyes to the new crisis in the East, and its probable effect on the Russian bureaucracy. Japan has taken the opportunity to pick the eyes out of China while Russia's hands are tied, and if the Russian autocrats can still hammer away at Germany while this is being done their dreams and ambition must have changed very remarkably. The East has always concerned them more than Europe, and any loss of prestige there is vitally important.

The way any criticism of Japan is tabooed in the Press and the reviews is the most extraordinary thing in English journalism. There has been, for instance, no mention of the fact that recently the Japanese Fleet has been holding up American vessels in the Pacific and searching them for "contraband"! Apparently, this mischievous, provocative little nation can do anything it likes, and escape every penalty but fulsome adulation.

VANCE PALMER.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—In the last paragraph of his "Foreign Affairs" in THE NEW AGE of the 4th inst. S. Verdad writes: "If it be found possible to carry out the present arrangements among the Allies it is not likely that Turkey will suffer as much as she theoretically deserves for her stupid participation in the war—even her sympathisers must admit that it was stupid. . . . It would have been easy for the combined fleets to bombard coast towns in the Levant and to cause much internal difficulty in Turkey by landing troops. It may seem strange, but I have authority for stating that it was out of consideration for the future of Turkey that these measures were not taken."

It does seem strange that any consideration should be shown, or compassion felt, for a country which has lost about a million men, women, and children in six years—in the winter of 1912-13 we were repeatedly assured that the massacre of half a million of non-combatants by Russia's protégés was "only what is customary in all warfare" (cf. German atrocities)—through the tender mercies of the Triple Entente. But it seems still more strange that any reason other than a sense of decency should be required for not bombarding the Levant coast towns. "It would have been easy" to bombard those towns—so easy that the British half of the combined fleets would, I hope, have been ashamed to do it. The port of Smyrna is fortified in a small way, and no doubt mined. The Germans have put guns upon Mount Carmel to defend the Haifa roadstead from a possible attempt at landing troops from Egypt. Otherwise, the coast towns of the Levant are for all practical purposes defenceless. It would have been easy for the combined fleets to bombard Mersin, Latakia, Alexandretta, Tripoli, Beyrout, Jaffa, with the same glory which the Germans won at Scarborough. During the Tripolitan war Italy—the most dishonoured of all Powers—perpetrated a bombardment of Beyrout on the pretext of one wretched little Turkish gunboat in the harbour; she killed about a hundred and fifty harmless townsfolk—mostly Christians, as would be the case in any Turkish coast town thus bombarded—and damaged a good deal of property; but the feat, if I remember rightly, was not considered very noble at the time. It did not surprise me in the least, though it horrified some English people, to read that Jemal Pasha had threatened to shoot three English prisoners for every shell our fleet might fire on those "coast towns of the Levant."

As for Turkey's stupidity in participating in the war, we cannot all be sharpers, thimble-riggers, business-men, or shrewd diplomatists. The Turks possess their own mentality, perfectly well known, I should have thought, to everyone who had to do with them. Are we to understand that the Triple Entente really wished that Turkey should remain neutral? Then what can be said for its combined diplomacy, and England's diplomacy in particular, whose efforts to conciliate the Turks conveyed to every Turk on earth a very forcible impression that the Entente was resolved, and that most fiercely, to make an end of Turkey by the foulest means? As readers of THE NEW AGE are aware, I myself received the same impression, being really quite unable to conceive of a British Embassy at Constantinople so completely ignorant of the kind of people which it had to deal with, of the very rudiments of Oriental psychology, as our Embassy appeared upon the surface of negotiations. The "if" in S. Verdad's first sentence seems a rather large one. I should be grateful if he would explain it in some future article, as British Muslims sometimes ask me what they are to think of England's policy. The wisdom of showing some consideration to Turkey, even at this eleventh hour, is clear to me, for the majority of Indian Muslims—*pace* the Aga Khan and all such outcast time-servers—would be furious if the Anglo-Russian project, or anything resembling it, should come to pass.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

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Sir,—To anyone who has followed Mr. Verdad's contributions to your columns at all there must seem a certain humour in a man who has over and over again shown that he has not the shadow of an idea what Socialism is or what the Socialist attitude implies—attempting to describe the real position in regard to our German comrades.

As one who has been a member of the German party and resident in Germany, in daily contact with the members of the party in all parts of Germany, for about ten years, I can only laugh at his ludicrous comparisons. The main point that has always distinguished the Social Democratic Party is its recognition of the class war as the most fundamental fact of the present-day society and the knowledge that only with the abolition of capitalism will democracy in any true sense of the word be possible.

Certainly for large numbers, especially among the leaders, the Russian panic—for such it was when I left Germany at the beginning of the war—would seem to have obscured that truth. But as my friend Eckstein pointed out in a recent issue of the "Neue Zeit," you cannot judge of a man by what he says in a state of fever,

and he adds no more can you from a society by their utterances in war time, for war is certainly a species of very acute social fever.

There is certainly, to my mind, very clear signs that any illusions any of our friends might have been led to entertain have been much disturbed, if not completely dissipated, by recent developments. And nothing is more noteworthy than the way in which leading party organs have been speaking out of late—that despite the draconic censorship under which they are suffering.

J. B. ASKEW.

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WAR FINANCE.

Sir,—In the last issue to hand of THE NEW AGE, the "Notes of the Week" are devoted almost entirely to the financial arrangements of the British Government for war purposes. Two of the chief criticisms made reflect on the secrecy or confusion attaching to the Exchequer's statements as to the fashion in which the loan has been arranged, and on the failure of the Government to do the logical thing and "commandeer" the credit required.

The British Government—and the British people—have never been famed for "logic" in affairs. They are both empiricists by nature and habit. They are not "rationalists" but "experimentalists": a fact which explains why the British, who are in many respects the dullest-witted race in Europe, succeed where the more purely "intellectual" peoples so often fail. If the French want a republic, they call it a republic, and draw up some kind of written constitution. If the English wanted one, they would probably put the crown in commission, bow solemnly, at the opening of Parliament, to a Koh-i-noor-ed crown on an otherwise empty chair, and continue to call their Government a monarchy.

In this present war, the French have been logical in finance. They have issued no loan to the public, but arranged to "commandeer" credit from the Bank of France. The French Bank finances the whole business direct. You ask, in effect, why the British Government has not done the same thing? The answer is that—to all intents and purposes—it has. A small portion of the British War loan has been taken up by small investors in full. The rest has been "financed" by the Bank of England (by arrangement with the Government). Anyone can get a loan up to within 1 per cent. of the quotation from the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Consequently, in effect, 99 per cent. of the great bulk of the credit needed by the Government is provided by the Bank.

If you could get at the bottom of the matter, you would probably find that the "underwriters" are the Government itself—or a Government department. Under the terms publicly announced, any branch of the Government having a credit with the Bank of 3½ millions—which it could get by issuing short-dated Treasury bills—could go to the Governors and say, in effect:—"We will, if necessary, take the whole loan of 350 millions. You lend us 99 per cent. of the money." Whether that was actually done or not, I've no means of knowing: but that it was done, in effect, I've little doubt. It is quite possible that neither Lloyd George, nor the Treasury officials, nor the Bank Directors, nor the "City" realise the essential character of the transaction; for it is hardly likely that they are capable of grasping the real truths of finance, as distinguished from those apparent verities which stand out to book-keepers. Have not all these gentry told us, and do they not all sincerely and solemnly believe, that the stoppage of the South African gold "output," under the present circumstances, would spell ruin to the financial and commercial world? Where is that "output?" In Capetown—and, false sentiment apart, as far as commerce and finance are concerned, it might as well be in the bowels of the earth still, or have reached its otherwise intended destination under the hearthstones of India. We are told what *would* happen if the output were suspended—although, during the Boer War, the output *was* suspended for two years—without a trace of any of the prophesied consequences.

It is not, therefore, matter for wonder that the author of the "Notes of the Week" should ask, in vain, for the true explanations he seeks. The Chancellor of the Exchequer didn't give them, because he didn't know them himself.

Johannesburg. E. J. MOYNIHAN.

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THE "NEW WITNESS."

Sir,—Did you read Mr. C. H. Norman's letter published in the "New Witness," and the remarks made upon it in the editorial columns of that journal? Mr. Norman criticised the policy of the "New Witness" for its failure to denounce the Government's truckling to the moneylenders. The substance of the editor's reply (if Mr. Cecil Chesterton did not write the notes, they anyhow express his views) was that the moneylenders "A" were the hard-working fellows whose toil had accumulated wealth, and that the nation was composed of thriftless idlers "B" who ought to be very grateful for being allowed to borrow money at interest. "After all," Mr. Chesterton added, "the moneylenders did not ask to lend their money," or words to that effect. Now, Sir, what do you make of the "New Witness"? I have come to the conclusion that it is a nasty rag. Its twelve to fourteen attenuated pages are smeared with cant from cover to cover. In one column it denounces "capitalist oppression"; in another, as in its disapproval of Mr. Norman's letter, it tries to justify pawning the nation's property to the usurers. It snarls at the Jews, and supports the policy which enriches them. It protests against workmen being deprived of the fruits of their labour, and advises profiteers of what undertakings will produce the biggest and safest profits. Personally I prefer the more genteel hypocrisy of the "Spectator." It is cleverer and more amusing. Mr. Chesterton exclaims, with apparent indignation, "that only a Mussulman will refuse to lend money at interest!" Then, I say, so much the worse for Roman Catholics. The ethics of Islam are higher than the ethics of Rome and of Mr. Cecil Chesterton; and so, perhaps, are the ethics of the Jews, who do not stigmatise a moneylender as a rascal, and then, in another place, try to persuade people that usury is an honourable calling. I am inclined to suppose that it might pay the Rothschild family to subsidise the "New Witness." Mr. Cecil Chesterton anti-Semitic? I should think not, indeed! It is too pro-Semitic for my taste, and never again will I waste a tanner on its twelve greasy pages.

Speaking of the Jews, you will permit me to observe that your correspondents' opinions of the Muscovite people and Government do not convince me in the least. At bottom they are, I suspect, pro-German in sympathy. As Mr. Belloc says, most Jews are. In a thousand subtle ways, through the Press of Europe and America and the British Colonies, the Jews are pouring poison into the porches of our ears. The Jews hate Russia like hell. That hatred is in a large measure excusable because, as a Mr. Goldberg remarked in his controversy with Baron Heyking, "the Jews are even kept out of the great liquor traffic in Russia." That, of course, was before the Czar's embargo on alcohol. But I will wager that, in developing an illicit liquor traffic in Russia, the Jews will show an amazing and evil ingenuity. They will contaminate the land from Archangel to the Crimea. Like maggots, they fatten best on a corrupt body. R. E. B.

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WAR OFFICE STUPIDITY.

Sir,—I am an ex-soldier, and, after serving in the R.F.A. as a N.C.O., then transferring to the Life Guards, am refused an instructorship in the Army because I have not received the stripe in the latter regiment! I am in possession of the following certificates:—Army school certificates, gymnastics, Swedish (instructor's), swimming, telegraphy, and first aid. Surely I am qualified to become an instructor? I am 27 years of age, and enlisted as a boy of 14. I left the service last February with a "V.G." I may add that this letter has been sent to such papers as the "News and Leader," "Daily Mirror," etc., all of which have refused to publish it.

A. E. BAILEY.

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A CORRECTION.

Sir,—Your estimable Russian correspondent has done me the honour to refer to me as a Jew. It would be impertinent for me to say that I wish I were. My remarks, a little too personal, perhaps, are due to the fact that anti-Jewish feeling runs high in the Ukraine, and that my Ukrainians have, therefore, the right to expect an answer from me to what I refuse to consider as a charge. I must say, however, that I was born and brought up a Catholic, son of Catholics.

I have the blood of two races in my veins. On my mother's side, which is the French, I can count some ten or eleven generations of Catholic yeomen. On my father's, up to 1800, my ancestors were Jews, who came to the Russian Ukraine from Dalmatia and Venice. Three generations ago the branch of the family to which I belong became Christians and finally settled in France. I leave it to your readers to decide whether I am likely to have any Jewish ambitions for Jewry or not.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

DEMOCRACY AND COMMAND.

Sir,—"A. E. R." sinks deeper and deeper in the slough of his own confusion. "Government by the many, which is called democracy, is not government, but anarchy." May I inform "A. E. R." that anarchy—derived from "a" (not) and "arche" (rule)—means absence of regulation or restraint, a state of society in which no one is compelled to do anything, all being left to the spontaneity of righteous men? May I also add that democracy—from "demos" (people) and "kratia" (power) means imposition of rules and regulations by the people? To say that these two ideas are the same is to talk obvious drivel.

But "A. E. R." has another string to his bow. "What everybody calls democracy is exactly aristocracy: for, as I have said before, democracy has no institutions, being government by all the people in person." This is the most arrant perversion of ordinary language and usage. Now let us consider three possibilities. You may have government by all the citizens in person (as at Athens). You may have government by officials elected by all the members of a community. You may have government by "A. E. R.'s" pet, "a privileged body entirely or mainly hereditary." The first, we are told, is democracy, and the third is aristocracy. What, then, is the second? Aristocracy too, I suppose, since "what everybody calls democracy is exactly aristocracy." Really I must ask "A. E. R." to think again and find out what he does mean.

"Representative government is wrongly called democracy." This I fundamentally deny. Democracy or people-power is not limited to government by plebiscite, and it is preposterous to argue that delegation of power means the complete transfer of power from the electorate to the elected. With faulty machinery and an indolent public opinion the elected may become the masters and not the servants of the community. But such a result is not inevitable. Given good machinery and an alert people, then the usurpation of power by the elected persons will be impossible, and we have democracy in real fact.

"A. E. R." continues his rather tedious habit of quoting fag-ends of Faguet. (It used to be Nietzsche and Dicey. I do hope he will read a new book soon.) This time it is to show that democracy has no history. Athens, we are told, was only democratic in its decadence. Now I admit that if you consider the slave-basis of Hellenic society, all Hellenic societies may plausibly be called aristocratic. But Faguet obviously does not think this way, because he admits that Athens was later on a democracy. Now the democracy of Athens dates from the Cleisthenic constitution of circa 508 B.C., and the greatest epoch of Attic life was by general admission from 500-400 B.C. It is apparent to students of Greek literature that ideals of democracy and of freedom had a tremendous effect on the general efforts and "kultur" of the Athenians, and to argue that Athenian democracy was only realised in the Peloponnesian War is simply childish. I gladly admit that aristocratic Sparta beat democratic Athens: it is perhaps the greatest glory of democracy that it cannot carry on war. But then I am one of those "decadent" people who abominate war, and I suspect "A. E. R." of being a stern, strong Junker.

At Athens there was much voting on measures by the citizens in person; there was also election. Does "A. E. R." suggest that the presence and power of annually elected "strategoi" rendered Athens an aristocracy? One could go on for a long time pulling to pieces the tissue of incoherencies which "A. E. R." has dished up from the Nietzsche-Dicey-Faguet scullery. But the debate has already been a long one. Let me mention one last point. "It is interesting, as an example of the confusion of thought that makes men call themselves democrats, to notice that those who proclaim equality also proclaim liberty. Yet liberty and equality are antinomies: for liberty, so soon as it is used, creates a superiority and an inferiority, and thus destroys equality."

Being a pedantic democrat I believe in both liberty and equality, but I have tried to discover what I mean by the words and do not accept the superficial view on which "A. E. R." delights to pounce. To say that all men are equal means nothing at all: obviously they have not the same size, brains, force of will, or taste. But to say that, whatever a man's capacity or desires, he has a right to equal consideration in political matters, and that it is impossible for the politician to draw up a correct list of the sheep and the goats, does mean something. It means that efforts to make artificial electorates of the educated or deserving are futile: when the Government is going to distribute something, whether votes or old-age pensions, it has to act on the democratic principle of "every one to count for one, and no one for more than one." Equality of consideration may or may not produce equality of treatment, but it is certainly not productive of aristocracy. Democracy need not and cannot make everybody equal in power and desire: it should involve a just consideration of their position. Those things, I would respectfully point out, are not the same. IVOR BROWN.

* * *

Sir,—As a member of that much-judged class who work for their living, I resent the *superior* tone of the articles by both "Romney" and "A. E. R." "Romney" makes a statement as to the lack of ruling power in working people, and "A. E. R.," who should know better, completes the case in quotations which can be turned to prove more things than the lack of initiative.

"Romney" seems not to know that bigger fools than officers could not exist, when commencing training, and that only when they have tasted power does their *initiative* become apparent.

To this fact also must "A. E. R." refer, when he says:—"Among the working classes initiative is not encouraged."

Working men know the abuse of power only *too* well, and are distrustful of the same.

But both "Romney's" and "A. E. R.'s" case is negatived by existing facts. The amount of initiative displayed by co-operative societies, friendly societies, slate clubs, mutual aid societies, not to speak of trade unions and their like, presents an unanswerable argument.

They are both talking without a full knowledge, i.e., "through their hats." "Romney," as an officer, is, or has been, engaged in preventing initiative on the common soldier's part. That is evident; while to say that the working man generally has not the initiative of "A. E. R.," for instance, is merely to say he is not so well fed!

I saw a bottle once filled with water and a little figure inside. When one pressed the top of the parchment forming the stopper the figure sank; but when one released the pressure—up came McGinty.

The parallel holds good with the working class. Just release the pressure of the wage system and "A. E. R." writes—"It is wonderful that they (the working class) have responded at all well to the new stimuli, etc."

In time, perhaps, we shall see "Romney" writing in praise of Kitchener's Army, which (I may be wrong, but no matter) is not solely officered from the "class that has been exercising initiative and command for centuries."

Bah! working men don't want ruling, but are capable of ruling themselves. Not for nothing have the authors of "Guild Socialism" written their book. Meanwhile, I commend to the notice of "Romney" and "A. E. R." this advice, i.e., let them help to release the pressure from the top. *Then* I shan't need to write myself

"RESENTFUL."

* * *

WOMEN AND INDUSTRY.

Sir,—Just recently I attended a lecture given by one of our local earwigs; subject, "Women and the War," which turned out to mean equal pay for women and men, and votes for women. When the speaker had finished making an exhibition of herself, I remarked that it was a pity she should be urging women into industry at a time when the more intelligent workers were trying to get out of it. Reply, "I wasn't aware that men were trying to get out of industry, and didn't see why they should." Question, "Did she look forward to women being always in industry?" "Yes; why not?" Question, "Had she asked women if they wanted to go into industry?" Answer, very pert, "Of course not!"

Now, if the workers really want to know what they are drifting into, they could not have a better analogy than the position of music to-day. Musicians, like the workers, have consistently held themselves filthy cheap; result, degradation of both, and both coming more and ever more into the hands of women. The human hive, as a polity, may suit that syncopated Sassenach Shaw, or that equally mediæval jackass Maeterlinck; but in the hive, as you know, it is all work, work, work, at the *n*th power of instinct! And apparently all the female reformers, and the she-male reformers likewise, are looking forward gleefully, the lunatics, to a time when all women shall be workers and the males merely drones. (The children apparently are to come through the post, properly stamped, maternity brand. Lord help us and the kids!)

Shaw, Maeterlinck, Lloyd George, Masterman, and, oh, yes, McKenna and Co., may fancy themselves as

likely members of a male stud, but, good God, do the women fancy this scratch crew of aliens?

The extermination of the male is already in operation. The death-rate among male infants is greater than that of the females, and will be proportionately greater as women enter industry. And not all the infant welfare agencies going will prevent this decline in civilisation, since that is what it really amounts to.

HAROLD LISTER.

* * *

WOMEN'S WORK.

Sir,—Will you allow me a few words in reply to the friendly criticism of "F." on the Central Bureau, published under the title "Survey of the Women Workers' World" in your issue of February 25?

Not one penny of the grant from the National Fund for professional women in distress owing to the war has been spent on the administration of the fund or on the general work here. It is used entirely for the specific object named above. This very large and exceptional call on our resources has been a heavy strain both financially and also to the willing staff here. The bureau supplies no weekly journals with free information on women's employment, as "F." supposes; nor does it employ the unpaid services of journalists in the preparation of its publications.

I enclose a leaflet describing the objects of our information and research department which has been doing a good deal of quiet work without advertising. This is probably the reason "F." has not heard of it. We should be very glad to give her any information if she would kindly call by appointment.

MARY G. SPENCER, Secretary.

* * *

AFFIRMATIONS.

Sir,—Mr. Pound is wrong. I did mean that Mr. Wyndham Lewis's work is "incomparable"—in fact, I thought I said so quite definitely in my letter. But perhaps I did not make it quite clear that when I mentioned Mr. Lewis's work I was referring to all that stuff which calls itself "Vorticism," or "Blastism," or "Clusterism." I might have picked out Mr. Wadsworth, or Mr. Gaudier-Whatsisname, for my syllogism, but Mr. Wyndham Lewis first occurred to me, so I used him. Yes, I *do* mean that all that stuff is incomparable; it is not to be compared with painting or sculpture, for it is no more like it than cooking.

AUSTIN HERTSLET.

* * *

REINHARDT v. SHE-CONOMICS.

Sir,—The utility gentleman in kitchen politics, weighing my book on "The Theatre of Max Reinhardt" in his scales, has made a discovery of wonders which must astonish even his sterile mind. Doubtless to him the discovery of wonders is the easiest thing in the world if he insists upon finding them. So, if he finds I am voluble, he may, by reading his own review, find he is unblushingly vociferous and verbose. Thus, if he reads my book, he will find that I do not "attribute" the doctrine of Guild Socialism to Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker. Indeed, I am far more likely to "attribute" it to J. Mudsher Kennedy and A. Erbsewurst Randall, seeing that Guild Socialism is the last ditch of the politically destitute. He will find, too, that neither Syndicalism, nor any other form of anarchistic communism, Voluntaryism, Mutualism, Guild Socialism, and what not, is implied in my Will of the Theatre. Neither in theory nor practice has the Will of the Theatre anything to do with political systems of temporary cohesion based upon dependence, eventuality, and that imaginary quality of the human race, goodwill. On the contrary, implicit in the Will of the Theatre is the Church, faith, independence, and inspiration born of inner necessity. Then he will find that I do not say or even suggest anything so incoherently stupid as that "Wagner's experiment certainly killed drama." Three or four years ago the editor of THE NEW AGE printed his own enthusiastic opinion that *Drama* is something eternal and indestructible. That THE NEW AGE should to-day print the wonder that "Wagner's experiment certainly killed drama" indicates pretty plainly that it has entered upon a New Age of brainless if piping times. Finally, he will find indisputable evidence that my book has been seriously altered in plan and grossly mutilated by the ex-NEW AGE publisher. Under this process of mutilation certain explanations have disappeared. For instance, I added an explanation to the effect that the chapter on "Materials," with its long descriptions of the formation and use of various stages, was necessary to a detailed and unified account of Reinhardt's experiments with a world-theatre. I am not sure that I considered this explanation altogether necessary; but I may have felt that my book would fall into the hands of a political huckster who would not hesitate to back up his malice and ignorance with characteristic dishonesty. And if I did feel so, it seems my feeling was amazingly true.

HUNTLY CARTER.

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A NOTE.

Sir,—Mr. Max Jacob writes in his "Extracts from Unpublished Volumes": "Before the dawn a dog barks. . . ." Blake wrote: "The dog barks at the breaking day."

E. H. V.

* * *

THE LIBERTY OF PROPHESYING.

Sir,—I have the pernicious habit of occasionally spending a halfpenny on the purchase of the "Daily News," and I have recently found wallowing over a whole page of the same, people such as Arnold Bennett, Wells, Jerome K. Jerome, Harold Begbie, "A. G. G.," *et hoc genus omne;* but "What do these base and ignoble knights pretend? Think they be kings and princes in the land?" They talk and write as if to them alone had been committed the key of all knowledge; and as if they were as gods understanding all things; these penny-a-liners, ink-slingers, and such like. What are they, in God's name, when all's said and done? At best, mere "idle singers of an empty day" tight-rope dancers, *nebulones et histriones,* to whom, if we are pleased with them, and they have amused us well; we fling our purse from our girdle: but if they have mixed insolence with their folly: they were whilom handed over to the yeoman of the guard for the *strappado.* Yet, a man like Arnold Bennett, whose chief claim to distinction lies in having written some very dull novels; will tell us in the most portentous manner, that if this and that happens, we shall really have to reconsider his position as regards Radicalism: while the music of the spheres is stopped, and creation ceases to breathe; and Wells, that man with the "steaming head," takes upon himself to tell us that our kings must marry American millionairesses for the future: and as for "A. G. G.," he has the audacity to write, "We shall hear no more of the Futurists and the Cubists"—the silly pragmatical Puritan—does he think that "because he is virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Shall "the gaiety of nations be eclipsed" because of his doleful prognostications? We have reached a pretty state of things when these jugglers, jongleurs, and tumblers set about to tell us what we shall, and what we shall not do. I remember that Taillefer rode ahead of the line at Hastings tossing his sword, and singing the Song of Roland, and that Bertrand de Born, by birth a knight and a gentleman, and a poet by the grace of God and Our Lady, was the friend of Richard Cœur de Lion: that the troubadour Blondin rescued his master: and that the Court fool, Le Glorieux, saved the life of Charles of Burgundy in battle: but I never understood that they ever were consulted on questions of statesmanship or the regiment of mankind. Poets, we know, are "the unacknowledged legislators of the universe," and a pamphlet by a Swift or a Johnson, a letter from a Wordsworth or a Carlyle, may be of service to a nation in times of storm and stress: but the agony of the present hour is only increased by the drivellings and gibberings, the moppings and mowings of these rubbishy hirelings, (Copyright in the United States of North America.) Why do not they all go and stop there? Oh for a German torpedo to meet them on the way thither! My "throbbing breast is all on fire," please listen to "Lines addressed by "H. B. H." to "A. G. G.," after reading his article, "New Lamps for Old," in the "Daily News and Leader" of February 27:—

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod et omnibus.

Stretched 'neath the branches of the Cocoa Tree:
Drunk with the lees of Cadbury and Cant:
Thou singest of the world that is to be:
While sweet Pee-Wee-Wee joineth in the chant.

"There is no future for the Futurist:
Thrones, principalities, and powers decay:
The Cubist melts, and mingles in the mist
Of things that vanish, and that must away."

Thou only art eternal; smugs like thee
Are with us to the ending of the world;
Ineffable, unending, "A. G. G."
Beneath thy cocoa conscience snugly curled.

Thou changest not for all the changing years;
Squeak on: we heed not voices such as thine:
Hushed 'mid the holy sound of human tears;
The myriad music of the Song Divine.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.*

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and Printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C. Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.