

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It must be as unpleasant to our readers to listen week by week to our criticisms as it is to us to make them. Nothing, in fact, would give us all more satisfaction than to be able to say we had found an end to them. The situation, however, is far from warranting such a declaration; but, on the contrary, grows in some respects worse and worse day by day. Here we are in the ninth month of the most colossal war ever fought in the history of mankind, and we are still without anything more than the barest approach to complete national organisation. The spirit of unity, it is said, exists as never before in any nation; we are by profession a united people. Yet the machinery of the old class divisions continues to grind out discord and the minimum of national efficiency, for all the world as if the new spirit did not exist. That all the blame is put upon the shoulders of the working-classes is itself one of the most characteristic products of the class-machine. The Press, the pulpit, the law and all the minor prophets, have by nature a standing grudge against the class that makes their profits for them; and the truce that has been called in political party-warfare emphatically does not apply to their instinctive love of reprisals. Can it not be allowed, if only as a generous hypothesis, that such a bias against Labour actually does exist, even if unconsciously? And has the time not come to turn upon ourselves to examine the matter? Otherwise not only will the war be won at an enormous cost, but its issues will be the intensification of class-hatred at home as well as national hatred between ourselves and Germany.

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Led by the most ignorant Press any civilised country was ever cursed with, the public behaves, in regard to Labour in particular, much like the inexperienced school-teacher who punishes the boy who cries out when his cunning neighbour has stuck a pin into him.

Of the so-called Labour unrest, for example, nobody asks whose is really the fault. Out of hand the Press, followed by the public, lays the blame upon the men and will not stop to inquire any further. But we, who know our Labour like the back of our hand, undertake to say that not only is further inquiry fair and necessary, but in every single case of Labour unrest, without any exception whatever, there is a good and sufficient reason for the action of the men. The ease with which men can be got to strike is an invention of the Press. On the contrary, it is the most difficult thing in the world to get men to complain collectively even at the best of times; and on occasions such as the present, when national sentiment is aroused, the pin that must be stuck into them to provoke them to a cry must be as thick as a crowbar. Why is this not taken as axiomatic? The evidence in our slums and workshops alone is enough to prove that our workmen will endure purgatory without complaint. Why, when they complain, is it not assumed without question that the reason is that hell is being substituted for purgatory? Compare *their* endurance with that of the classes economically above them. These classes did not wait for their grievances to become acute before crying out upon them. They were so far-sighted, so astute and so well-organised that they did not need even to cry out in the hearing of the public at all. Within a week or two of the outbreak of the war they were exerting their silent pressure upon the Government to satisfy their demands before even they were publicly uttered. But Labour, on the other hand, blind like Samson, sees nothing in advance of its nose and feels the future without any of those antennæ with which Capital apprehends approaching enemies. Until it is hurt, Labour does not cry out. Until it is in deadly pain Labour certainly does not strike in a time like this. Yet when it does the silly world wonders.

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For an explanation of the malevolent superficiality with which the public treats Labour, we should have to

go to the Press and to the "influence" of the governing classes. Practically everywhere, save in unread journals, slanders upon Labour are not only published, but published as if no answer could possibly be made. Their air of unchallengeability is, in fact, the main source of their strength. That they *are* challengeable and, to be brief, usually downright lies, could as easily be proved, if the Press desired to demonstrate the fact, as any other simple proposition of observation. No great intelligence, after all, is necessary to disprove that twice two are five when all the world knows that they are four. Events disprove it even if reason refuses its existence. But while reason and events are growing, the truth is starving, and then the former find only incredulity to receive them! Look, for example, at the campaign the Press made on the subject of Conscription. The first of its lies is still alive while the first of the truths to combat them is still struggling for life. What were the obvious and, hence, the carefully overlooked, facts of the case? That this country was in a different situation from that of any of our Allies in that more than half of our men were required to manufacture munitions for the rest and for our Allies. Did this emerge during the storm of abuse that raged about our shirkers and their white feathers? It has scarcely emerged to this day.

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Again, upon the subject of the recent and current wage-strikes. The fact, caused to be writ large by means of the Press, is that the wage-strikes are due to men striking. But the fact that, in every single case, the men have struck *because* their masters have raised prices and profits, though recorded here and there, has been encouraged to melt into the background. There, nevertheless, is the pin if the public would only look for it and remember it; there, in the fact that they, the profiteers, have been cunningly and silently bleeding the nation and their men until the latter, if they were not dead, could not but find a voice. Why, we ask, did not the "Daily Express" employ its pithecanthropoid genius to state this fact in a form to impress its readers day after day? The sequence of ideas was presumably within its compass: masters raise prices, the men therefore try to raise wages and at the same time to save the nation from the extortion of high profits; all so simple that a Protection parrot could repeat it! Yet it was not repeated by the "Daily Express" or by any other organ of pills and plasters. And it was not repeated for the simple reason that the class of pills and plasters did not mean the fact to be remembered.

* * *

The latest libel to pass into currency to the detriment of the workmen is that their drinking habits are worse than those of their masters. The campaign now being undertaken to convince the public of this is, perhaps, the most mendacious, the worst-motived and the most presumptuous upon public thoughtlessness of any we have yet endured. The teetotallers, in the first place, are at the back of it, though so discreetly as to be able plausibly to deny that they are looking for their millennium in the chance conditions of the war. Next come the employers who are anxious now to cast the onus of their failure to carry on the nation's industry upon the workmen for whom nevertheless they claim to be wholly responsible. Then come the baying packs of the Press eager to get upon a track for which their noses have been blooded by their masters. What a delight to them to find still another excuse for hunting down

Labour! Finally we have Mr. Lloyd George and other eminent ministerial teetotallers urging that workmen's drink is a greater enemy than Germany or Austria, and must be fought barrel and bottle. The facts upon this sensational work of fiction will only emerge, we suppose, when it has done its dirty work: the facts, namely, that drink is practically as necessary to overworked artisans as rum to our trench-weary soldiers; that, far from causing any loss in production, it is—in the special circumstances of war-industry—a stimulus to production; and, finally, that the same prohibition applied to the administrative classes, from the Premier downwards, would arouse as much active opposition in them as it is likely to stir the passive sulks in the working classes. These facts, we say, that are obvious and self-evident, will all be deliberately overlooked by the gin-sodden Press in its zeal for casting a slur upon the proletariat. So there be mud enough thrown at our workmen, enough can be expected to stick to disqualify them for any public appreciation when the war they will have won is over.

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Of course we do not say that our working classes are spotless of fault. It would be strange indeed if a system of industry so inhuman as the wage system had not left its marks upon them as well as upon their masters. The whole lot of us are demoralised more or less, since, like creation, we groan and suffer together, being (awful thought!) members one of another. At the same time, the reflections ought to occur to every reasonably free mind that, of the two classes of workmen and masters, the class that at present claims and exercises all responsibility is alone responsible and thereby open to condemnation and punishment; and that, recriminations apart, the job before us is to amend our national ways in a national manner. If it be true, as undoubtedly it is, that some of our workmen act irresponsibly, thinking, like most of their masters, of themselves alone, the remedy is not to resent the effect because we have hitherto despised the cause, to box them here and cane them there—but to impose *national* responsibility upon the men's organisations as well as upon the masters' federations. All the police and soldiery the Army Council can spare cannot supervise the workmen as efficiently as they would supervise themselves if they had an established and recognised collective public responsibility. The fierceness of their discipline under those circumstances would be positively terrible. Without, however, some such industrial revolution we not only shall have the war indefinitely prolonged, embittering everybody; but, if Germany should prove more apt to learn, we may even in the end gain none of its main objects. We should thank our lucky stars, indeed, that Germany as yet shows no signs of better intelligence than our own. In Germany, we learn, the profiteers and agrarians are still pulling against the rest of the nation—to our advantage! But how much better it would be if we learned first to pull nationally together and thus to win a double victory over Germany and over our own profiteers! We admit, we say, that our workmen are no more responsible to the nation than their masters. It is our case against the wage system in short. But we affirm that the remedy is neither abuse nor quick-cure quackery, but the application of national responsibility. As Mr. Lloyd George wittily said of the Englishman that he is not a hero until he is asked, Labour, we may say, will not become responsible until it is asked. We believe,

however, that we could find the words of invitation which, on the Government's lips, would stir the workmen to the spirit and discipline of their sons and brothers in the trenches. The words are not more wages but collective national responsibility: in one, Guilds.

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We hope we shall be allowed, this Easter, the privilege of another plea in self-defence. After all, we can claim to be saying to-day no more and no less than we have been saying for several years, with only this difference, that what hitherto has been speculative is now actual. The "Nation," as everybody knows, turned tail upon its pacifism on the outbreak of the war, and has been careering ever since towards jingoism as fast as its reluctant legs could carry it. The spectacle, even for patriots, is Appenrodtian in its humiliation. Better, we say, that the "Nation" should have died of consistency than of the bitterness of swallowing its words of seven years' iteration. There was nothing of pacifism in these pages for us to swallow. The war found us in that respect prepared and without surprise. But neither have we found anything to swallow of our social criticisms and constructions. The very contrary, our trumpet saith! During the peace of the last ten or so years, the nation, we said, was becoming rapidly rotten; and the first great shake to our national house would threaten us with our own rafters. Has it not been so? Is it not so? All about us the walls and ceilings of our institutions are cracking and bulging under the strain which has suddenly been intensified, but not now first put upon them. The wage system, we said, could not support us during a crisis. Its beams were worm-eaten, its foundations were upon sand. It has *not* supported us! We should be less than human to fail to continue to say on the Day of Judgment what we have said during our life. Besides, the Rhadamanthus whom we serve would not allow it! Rotten as the nation was, rotten as the nation is, we must continue to say it was and is; but with this consolation, that has never left us, that we are not only not yet too rotten to live, but, with God's help, we may still become strong enough to prosper in the van of the world again.

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So much substance may be conceded to be in the complaints of the Press as to validate its choice of Work or Fight for everybody. We cheerfully assent to an Inquisition upon the services each of us renders to the nation in return for our keep. The proposal, however, goes nearer the roots than even the most radical have hitherto ventured to dig. What! Inquire of every man, rich as well as poor, how much he is doing for England that has done everything for him? Imagination reveals a whole class shivering in its motor-cars at the thought of it. Proceed, proceed, Press; and shoot if you please, every one of us who cannot pass muster before a respectable jury trying us for England's life. The more practicable plan, nevertheless, is to organise industry and war concurrently and reciprocally; and both for the single purpose of bringing us a complete national victory. What is needed to this end? First let us have a universal mobilisation of *men* available respectively for industry and war. Then let us apportion them, according to their ability, between war and industry as the needs of these respectively require. Does Sir John French require two, three million men? The Army Council has only to make the proper representations and

he can have them. *That* part is easy, for the control is single and Sir John French's motives are beyond criticism. But does industry require so many and so many men, this industry half a million, that a score of thousand, the other a million? Ah, that is what no man and no Industrial Council, whether of Masters or Workmen, can say. And why? Because, in the first place, the control of industry is in the hands of a scattered oligarchy, a mob of profiteers, each intent upon his unco-ordinated task of wringing the maximum of profit out of the minimum of utility; and, in the second place, because rent, interest and profit make liars of men and we cannot believe the best of profiteers as easily as the worst of generals. Industry thus needs to be unified before it can become a national service. The first need in industry, we repeat, is to unify its control, branch by branch, bringing each under State pledge (not necessarily State control) as time and circumstances permit, until, by the end of the war, the whole of our industrial population, officers and men alike, is enlisted in national service. What would then be easier than to dispatch a Guild here and a Guild there, as the industrial war required, to provide this need for the army and that need for our civil population? The task would admittedly be one for organising geniuses. But there are so many of them! Over three thousand applied for the post of Engineering organiser advertised by Mr. Lloyd George. We should take the lot of them and commission them to supply all England, military, naval, industrial and civil, with its needs. A dot of a country like our own, a red speck upon the British Empire, ought to be relatively easy for a few thousand master guildsmen to run, with efficiency and with satisfaction to us all. Or if not to all, to all who do not prefer private looting to public service, and the chances of dishonest profit to honest pay according to rank.

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We are not now concerned with the rights and wrongs of the old criminal case known as the "Penge Mystery." The interest of Sir Edward Clarke's article in the "Cornhill" upon the subject lies, for us, in his comments upon the judge (Sir Henry Hawkins) who condemned the four defendants to death. "He was," says Sir Edward, "the worst judge I ever knew or heard of. He had no notion whatever of what justice meant or of the obligations of truth and fairness." This from a distinguished advocate upon a judge who was made a peer cannot be set aside as the raving of a common hedge-lawyer. Not to beat about the bush, we may conclude that it is true. But what would have been said if the comment had been made at the time instead of some forty or so years afterwards? *We* know, since we have had occasion to pass the same judgment upon at least one of our present judges. *Nothing* would have been said, and nothing would have been done! The Guild of the Law, being without real national responsibility, has no particular interest in purging itself of its incompetent members. Live and let live is its motto and let positive justice take care of itself. Posterity will come too late to intervene.

A FORGOTTEN TUNE.

From the French of Verlaine.

A frail hand hovering sets the keys astir
Wan-faced in the vague twilight rose and gray,
While like the wafture of light wings in air
A dotting melody begins to sway,
Falters uncertain as with fear astray
In this room rife with all the sweet of Her.

And what is this suave to-and-fro that goes
Like fondling hands of my poor being fain?
What would you, wavering song? What longing flows
In the soft babble of your shy refrain,
Now wafted out in the wide air to waste
Beyond the window where the garden blows?

WILFRID THORLEY.

Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

THE exigencies of Easter printing have led to these notes being written before the publication of the April reviews, and I am consequently deprived of the pleasure of satisfying my curiosity in one respect—I cannot read a letter which Mr. H. G. Wells has sent to the "Nineteenth Century." I observe from the advertisements that the letter relates to "self-appointed statesmen," and the phrase is not a bad one to apply to Mr. Wells himself. Since the war began Mr. Wells has given us several articles relating to the terms of peace, and in every article of his I have read he refers in some favourable way to "our great kindred" on the other side of the Atlantic. Not content with favourable references of this kind, Mr. Wells has more than once given it as his considered opinion (we may assume, for the sake of argument, that he is capable of arriving at one) that the United States ought to be consulted, if not indeed actually represented, at the peace conference, when it begins. To advocate some equally fantastic scheme Mr. C. P. Trevelyan and Mr. E. D. Morel have recently been touring the provinces, and they succeeded, with some difficulty and interruption, in addressing a meeting of sorts at Manchester.

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It is not too soon, then, for it to be said that all procedure of this kind is dangerous and liable to bring us into contempt. Why are we asked to include America in our conference? What influence is the United States to be asked to exercise over European affairs? Unless there should be some very extraordinary development in the international situation, it is not, I can affirm, the intention of the Allied Governments to consult America in any way when the peace terms are being discussed; and, even if we wished to consult America, the attitude assumed by President Wilson and his advisers since the early days of the campaign has made it quite impossible for us to do so without a very definite request from the United States that American interests, in so far as there may be any in question, shall be taken into consideration. To this extent we may be bound to the United States by courtesy, but assuredly there is no other connection.

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It will be recollected that President Wilson made several speeches in the course of the campaign in which he advised his fellow-countrymen to remain strictly neutral, even in thought, and on one occasion he urged them to go about their business as if there were no war on the other side of the Atlantic at all. From such advice as this we may judge that the American democracy made a poor choice, as democracies usually do, when it chose Dr. Wilson to be President. The advice to "go about your business as if there were no war" is on a level with the crude ideas of foreign policy held by the Labour Party in our own country, and is essentially impossible even if it were practicable. What did we expect from the American Government after the Germans had made their mark on Belgium and France? We did not expect it to urge its people into war, for we knew there was too much money to be made for the Americans to resist the temptation. But, in view of the reiterated statements of Mr. W. J. Bryan and Dr. Wilson, we had at least the right to expect that the admitted violations of The Hague and Geneva Conventions would have brought a vigorous protest from Washington. As we know, there was no protest when the Germans sowed mines in neutral waters under the cover of neutral flags; there was no protest when undefended towns were bombarded; there was no protest when hostages were seized; there was no protest against the "military necessity" by which the German Chancellor sought to justify the invasion of Belgium; there was no protest when it was found that the German Red Cross men were equipped with arms and ammunition. These are violations of international agreements

which are admitted even by the enemy; but in the last few weeks, if we may judge from the German papers, they are prepared not merely to admit but to justify a great deal more than this. "Military necessity" is a very wide plea indeed and may be held to justify the upsetting of any Convention, Geneva or otherwise, ever made.

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It was precisely international agreements of this nature, however, which Mr. Bryan, Dr. Wilson, and many other American public men used to talk about with so much enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan in particular, one thought, would rather have lost a hand than fail to act up to the spirit and letter of international engagements to which his country was pledged. I warned NEW AGE readers against this in 1912, when the Democratic Administration showed what it was really capable of by scrapping the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty and renewing it grudgingly, or rather executing it grudgingly, at the express desire of Dr. Wilson himself. Even then there were loopholes left for further commercial negotiating, and a dispute over the Panama Canal, its tolls, and its fortifications is sure to come sooner or later. Most people, however, gave the Americans credit for good intentions, and the matter was forgotten. It was confidently assumed in England, even in official circles, that when the German atrocities and violations of international treaties became known at Washington the official support of the Government there would be extended to the Allies. As we know, nothing of the kind happened. The American Government pretended not to see the war at all; and, when it was at length forced to intervene, it intervened only to send us two or three notes of protest regarding the blockade.

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It is too soon for me to be able to say whether Washington intends to protest against the "Falaba" outrage, for it is stated that an American engineer has been drowned. Even if the "strong measures" demanded by various sections of the Press are now taken by the American Government, they will be taken too late to save the face of the Wilson Administration. In short, the people whom Mr. Wells is so anxious for us to consult have not lifted a finger in the last eight months to save a single clause of a single international agreement. If this is how America regards such agreements, what are we to expect in the future from a vindictive Germany and an irritated Austria? Turkey, for her part, has obeyed the rules of warfare much better than her colleagues; and has shown, in her time, more regard for international agreements than the Americans. I say this in spite of the Armenian massacres and the promises of reform which were not always carried out. The Turks always acted up to the spirit of their important international agreements, and small thanks they got in most cases for doing so. But America, after talking for years about the sanctity of treaties, has shown herself unwilling to uphold their validity when they are menaced at the point of the bayonet.

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Unfortunately for the pacifist philosophy of Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Morel, that has always been the fate of international agreements in so far as they sought to substitute arbitration for a war of honour. That this war is a war of ideas has been stated by more than one NEW AGE writer; but the forcible application of our enemy's ideas did not necessitate the use of mines in neutral waters and the seizure of hostages from among the civil population of France and Belgium. It is we, in short—the French, the Russians, the Belgians, the Serbians, the Montenegrins, the Japanese, and ourselves—who are fighting for the very principles to which the United States has done nothing more than lip-service. It is not likely, therefore, that the Americans will be seriously consulted later on; and when the peace terms are discussed it will be quite possible for our very efficient governing classes to appoint diplomatic representatives without calling upon Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Morel.

Towards National Guilds.

THERE are cowardly people about who imagine that the war will put an end to the Trade Union movement for the abolition of the wage system. Nothing of the kind. Quite the contrary. The end of the war must see the beginning rather than the end of our endeavours. With undisputed supremacy England will owe it to the world to pioneer the new age of economic liberty; and, should she fail, Providence will assuredly raise another power to replace us in the van. But we must not fail. On the proletariat will now depend the taking of the next step. Workers, unite!

* * *

It is far from unpatriotic, as we have many times said, for the workers to mind their own business of class-emancipation. If they alone were likely to benefit by it, we should have little to say in their behalf. But the whole world will benefit by it. Does not the world breathe more freely as a result of the abolition of formal slavery? How much more, then, when we have abolished real economic slavery! Nor is it unpatriotic for the workers to mind their own business even during the war. It may be true that the war is a national necessity, but only as a condition of the discharge of a further national duty. England's victory will be of value only as it is made England's opportunity; and the abolition of the servile class, we say, is now within our range and certainly in the line of our duty. But the initiative must be taken by the Trade Unions. Trade Unionists, prepare!

* * *

Attempts have already been made to rob the workers of their share of the credit in this war; and it may be said that our invitation to Trade Unionists to mind their own business is another instance of class selfishness. But, in the first place, how many of the 80,000 killed, wounded, and imprisoned are proletarian? A good ninety per cent., we should say. Trade Unions ought at once to publish a return showing the numbers of their members on active service. They might supplement this by recounting the services performed for the State by the Unions at home. With such enemies as they have, prepared to use them only afterwards to abuse them, it is imperative that their light should not be hid under a bushel. We suggest that a tract should be prepared in anticipation of the charge that will certainly be made. In the second place, all Trade Unionists cannot be on active defensive service and are not required to be. In their civil leisure they can render no better national service than to maintain their Unions in readiness for the return of their soldier-members. What is the use of their thinking of nothing but the war? Moreover, it is not even thinking: it is merely fidgeting the brain. To think is to deal with the known for the purpose of arriving at the unknown; but most so-called thinking about the war is deducing the known from the unknown. We conjure the Trade Unionists at home to man their own trenches against Capitalism and the wage system. The wage system will survive Prussianism!

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Some wretched curio-monger, we are told, has preserved a series of photographs showing the details of every part of the late Reims Cathedral; and it is now proposed that the cathedral should be carefully restored. The spirit of the Germans is infinitely better than this, for they did, at least, undertake to build something original! We hope that, for the honour of our century, French craftsmen will refuse to become reproducing machines even of work once so beautiful as the carvings of Reims. If they cannot equal it after their own designs out of their own hearts, let them leave it in splendid historic ruin. Better ruin than restoration. At the same time we learn that a Statue of Joan of Arc is to be set up by the Allies at the point nearest Paris reached by the German Army. The opportunity here for the Guild of Sculptors is inviting. Let them offer to carry

it out as a Guild and so immortalise the time as well as the place. And, by the way, there is bound to be a demand after the war for marble and other permanent memorials here in England. Is it ridiculous to hope that the sculptors, etc., will unite as a Guild to undertake the work? Nothing would be more honourable than that such a Guild should be formed to record in brass and stone, and in the best spirit of craftsmanship our age affords, the conclusion of the European nightmare.

* * *

Lecturing recently at the Church Socialist League meeting in Leeds, the Rev. Father Drury based his remarks upon "National Guilds," "a book," he was good enough to say, "with which he was inclined to agree entirely." Father Drury enlarged with great intelligence upon the crucial distinction between Pay and Wages—a subject worth special consideration. Our returning troops, hitherto (most of them) familiar with the wage system alone, will bring back with them the experience of serving for pay. They will know that the *feel* of the thing is different. Imagine what it would be to conduct a campaign on the wage system, with payments proportioned to the work done! The idea would not occur in Bedlam. Nevertheless, in our industrial campaign upon Nature that is how we proceed. Our army of workers is not organised for national service with pay and pension guaranteed; but each is left to get what he can in competition with his fellows.

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Amongst other things the Board of Trade is attempting the national organisation of the Dyeing industry—but with the workers left out as usual. The firms concerned are to form a limited company, part of the capital of which the State undertakes to supply. The Government, moreover, will take all the necessary steps to acquire the chief dye-producing works in this country for the purposes of the new company, or to secure their co-operation. What is now to prevent the men's unions in the dyeing industry affirming their collective right to be taken into consideration? If the employers can be assisted by the State and collectively recognised, the employees, through their unions, have a right to make the same claim. Or is it only the sense that is lacking?

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At a meeting of the Trinity College Dialectic Society Mr. G. Baracchi, the prelector, recently delivered an expository lecture on "A New Socialism: the Guild System." He appears, from a report we have received, to have made an admirable statement of the case; and we express our admiration of his courage as well. For, alas, so many of our sympathetic readers are ashamed of us and dare not mention the Guilds in their polite society! In the discussion that followed, Professor Harrison Moore failed to see how the Guild system differed in essentials from the wage system. Men would have to get on or get out under the Guilds as under present industry. Why, so they would; but the inducements to getting on would be a thousand times greater if the end were national than if they remain what they now are, individual. Once more we would remind our readers of the parallel of the Army and Navy with National Guilds as we conceive them. The "work" in these national organisations is not—would anybody say?—less onerous or less dangerous than in ordinary industry. Yet the inducements to "getting on" with it are not material rewards: they consist largely, in fact, in the very absence of material rewards—in honour, in *esprit de corps*, in patriotism. A civil or industrial Guild would have all these as motives to getting on. Sir Arthur Stanley concluded the discussion with a piece of frank philistinism, to which, moreover, the conduct of our troops has given the lie direct. "The average man was only concerned with the question—What shall I get for my work?" No, that is the profiteers' question, peculiar to the mercantile classes.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

XIV.

THE wage system must be abolished. That is the first thing you must get clearly fixed in your mind. You must determine that no longer will you spend time and money on organisation for mere strikes, or sick benefits, or political representation, but that you will have an organisation which aims at the destruction of the system that binds your body and soul in chains that cannot be broken by any of your old methods. But how is the wage system to be abolished? you will ask. It is to be abolished by the acquisition and the right wielding of economic power by the workers; economic power is to be achieved by the reorganisation of your forces with a conscious determination to use your organisation for one specific purpose, and the first step in this direction is closer unification. Do you realise that, at the present moment, there are over a thousand Trade Unions in this country; that of the thirteen million wage-earners but a small minority are organised into the Trade Unions (I am ignoring changes due to the war), and that of the organised a great number are purely benefit members who have neither patience for the revolutionary element that constantly calls for strikes nor toleration for the political element that wants more labour seats in Parliament. And these numbers who are dissatisfied have reason on their side, if they have not the sense to demand something better than they now get. They know that the best thing one can say of wage strikes is that they may occasionally prevent wages from decreasing, and that the political field is a barren one under present circumstances. They want something entirely different from what Trade Unionism now offers to them, and, I suggest to you, that something else is real economic power.

In your works you have, I presume, a certain number of clerks employed. These clerks may or may not now be Trade Unionists. In many quarters, I know, the clerks are proving themselves as good Trade Unionists as the manual workers; but not long ago the clerk regarded himself as a superior sort of being; no Trade Unionism for him. He was of the same class as his master; he was encouraged to believe himself a possible candidate for the master's position; he had, what you have not, a certain status in industry. Rightly or wrongly he regarded himself as a superior clay to the common workman. He was paid a salary, not a wage. If he had a day's sickness he did not lose a day's pay. When he went away on holiday he went assured that his pocket would not suffer in consequence. Unlike the wage-earner he was regarded as something better than a machine out of which profit was to be extracted. He had a certain status, the worker had no status; he was a man; the other was a "hand," a slave who sells himself for weekly or daily wages, a wage-slave. The direct result of this was that the clerk was always to be found on the side of the master. Much as the upper classes may despise the mere worker, I have never heard such contempt for cotton operatives expressed by any great cotton shareholder, for instance, as I have heard from an ignorant young pup of a book-keeper in a factory office. It seemed extraordinary to me at that time; now, I believe, I partly understand it. And just as the office staff were in this privileged position as regarded the workers, so were the higher officials in what might be termed the more practical side of industry. They had status and some privileges, they were not slaves.

Those days, however, are rapidly passing. During the past few years a change has taken place. The ever-keen desire for profits has led the employers to crush down the clerk and the official and rob them of their privileges. The concentration of capital and control of industry has closed many avenues of advancement and preferment. The clerk and the official are finding that entry into the ranks of the employers is next to impossible. Like the wage-earners, they are condemned

to tread one furrow for the whole period of their working lives; and with this crushing has come a corresponding decrease of pay. Like wages, most salaries now tend to find the level of bare subsistence. This is rapidly having an effect on the clerks' and officials' outlook on life. At one time it was regarded as quite natural that they should be on the side of the employer in the case of a dispute. There was no shame in a clerk blacklegging. He was sticking to his class; helping his friends; consolidating and strengthening a position that he hoped one day to hold. Now that is changed. You find clerks prepared to blackleg in some industries, but, generally speaking, you find that they realise the shame of it. They no longer consider themselves fighting for their own class against the threatening, destructive labour mass. No, they join their Unions in ever-increasing numbers and develop their own wage movements and, unfortunately, try to tread the old beaten path of organised manual labour.

So circumstances are driving all workers into one camp. The salaried worker is joining the wage-earners; the official is recognising that he is in the same state of economic dependence as the man he directs.

The obvious thing to do, then, is to link up the wage-earners with the salariat. Take the railway industry. The Trade Unionist on the railway has often serious qualms about taking into his Union certain grades of labour. When the three Unions then existing fused into the National Union of Railwaymen a few years ago one of their leaders declared that he could be no party to the recruiting of members from a certain section of railway workers. He wanted the Union to be exclusive, a close preserve for certain grades. Whereas his duty was to get into the Union every salaried man and every wage-earner employed by the railway companies. He should have bent his every effort to transforming all the petty Unions and all the little societies connected with the working, clerking, and official sections of railway labour into one all-embracing Guild. Nay, more, the Guild should not have been merely a Railway Guild, but a Transport Guild. The work of transporting passengers and merchandise is so complex and yet so closely connected in its various parts that it is foolish to try to distinguish between one section called railwaymen and another section called, say, vanmen. Yet, such is the sectional spirit that still exists, in spite of modern tendencies, that the Railway Clerks are not yet absorbed into the Union of Railwaymen; and railway stationmasters still regard themselves in many instances as a cut above the clerks, as being too superior to obey the dictates of common sense and join forces with their natural allies against their common and open enemy. But it must come. Economic pressure can move even the sluggish wits of a superior stationmaster. A period of bad trade for the railway companies will lead to more railway economies and then the stationmasters as well as the goods porters will feel the pinch.

You see the main point? Just as the engine driver, after long cogitation, came to see that his problems were the problems of the platelayer, and that he must work with the platelayer, and the shunter, and even the nipper of the yard, so must he learn that his problems are also the same as those of the man who directs him. The inspector, the engine driver, and the nipper are all caught up in the same toils, and their difficulties are the same in essence as are those of the vanman employed by a contractor outside. Each of them must realise this. They must all be taught that they exist only by selling their labour and pawning their souls to capital; that this is a horrible and abominable state of affairs; that it can be ended; but that it can only be ended by corporate effort directed to the abolition of the system of wages and the re-establishment of saner human relationships and associations. They must link themselves into Industrial Guilds; overthrow the wage system; abolish profits by absorption; and produce wealth for the benefit of humanity instead of for the fattening and aggrandisement of modern cannibals.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

Irresponsibility in Journalism.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

THE NEW AGE has a right to be proud, not merely because it foretold the war and explained its causes, or because it exposed the financial thimble-rigging that resulted in a four per cent. war loan and in extortionate prices. Something equally important was stated in the columns of this journal several weeks ago—in fact, before Christmas—and that was this: that conscription, which was being much discussed at that time, was entirely impracticable in this country, because, if men continued to show their patriotism by enlisting in the same proportion as formerly there would be a dearth of labour in industry. That dearth has now come about, and it is so acutely felt that the Government has had to have recourse to extraordinary and in some cases unsound measures for supplying the notorious deficiencies.

A third report on the effects of the war on employment has been issued by the Board of Trade (Cd. 7850). It is based on the reports of more than 24,000 industrial firms and 3,000 agriculturists; and one fact is so prominent in it that only the most careless of careless readers can possibly overlook it. There is a great scarcity of labour in nearly every trade, whether the trade belongs to those engaged in supplying munitions of war or not. Fewer workers, male or female, are working short time. A largely increased number are working overtime. Even the cotton trade, which was very dull up to December, has since shown a great improvement. In the jute industry labour is now very scarce, though there was a normal amount of labour available in January and a large number of men looking for work in November and December. It is well known that the metal, shipbuilding, and engineering trades are working at high pressure. The building trade has shrunk; but there is no distress—because, as it appears from the reports to hand, all the available men have enlisted and there is work enough for the remainder. As for agriculture, 15.6 per cent. of the men employed in farm labour in January have enlisted, and in nearly all the agricultural counties—particularly Surrey, Sussex, Wilts, Staffordshire, Warwick, Westmorland, Yorkshire, and South Wales—the dearth of labour is described as serious. So acute is the scarcity of labour in Norfolk, Kent, and Hereford that whole acres of land are going out of cultivation altogether—and this at a time when the question of our food supply makes it necessary for us to encourage agriculture at home by all the means in our power!

What is, in its way, an amusing indication of the altered feeling in some quarters with regard to recruiting is furnished by the "Globe," one of the most rabid pro-conscription newspapers that one could find. The "Globe," even in time of peace, never ceased from demanding Prussian methods in this country—not in so many words, of course, but that was what its campaigns in favour of national insurance, national service, and such like, amounted to. In the "Globe" of March 27, however, we may read:

When a number of Kynoch's men wished to enlist Lord Kitchener made a personal appeal to them to remain at their work and to remember that what they were doing was quite as necessary as service in the field. At this time there are thousands of engineers in the camps and the country who have received their military training. These men would be of much more use if they were sent back to the workshops to be engaged in the production of war supplies. We need munitions even more than men, and the workshops are short-handed. . . . A competent engineer is not made in a month or two, but we can train the unskilled men for military work in an astonishingly short time. The bearing which this has on the question of compulsory training must be obvious to everyone, but the immediate moral is that the skilled engineer now in camp should be got back into the workshop as soon as possible.

Verily this is a confession of ignorance and incompetence. The "Globe"—like the "Morning Post,"

"Times," "Daily Mail," "Evening Standard," "Evening News," "Manchester Dispatch," "Weekly Dispatch," and scores of other less widely circulated organs of the superficial, the incompetent, the ignorant, and the crackpot—has continually demanded conscription without realising what it was talking about. So also the "Times," the paper which was found by Lord Northcliffe in the gutter and taken by him to the sewer. Unfairness and mendacity characterise these morning and evening appeals to the worst passions of the mob. "Mob at the top as well as mob below," remember, was Nietzsche's complaint. Mr. H. A. Gwynne, of the "Morning Post," after consulting reactionary peers and financiers at the Carlton Club, sees to it that his leader-writers dimly predict the end of the Empire day by day unless we rope in every man and send him to the front. But Mr. Gwynne is equalled in snobbery by Mr. James Sexton, the fanatical Clerical who watches over the "interests" of the Liverpool dockers, preaches democracy in public and benevolent despotism in private, and seldom lets the world of his intimacy forget that he is above all things a follower of the Pope. No harm in that! But one must lodge a protest against the subtle methods of the Vatican being applied to strikes within our own borders. If members of the Union want one thing, and "Jimmy" wants another, by what right does "Jimmy" threaten the Union men with expulsion?

It is the "Daily Mail," however—a paper even more irresponsible than the "Daily Express," and that is saying a good deal—to which greatest exception is to be taken. More than its frothy contemporaries, the "Daily Mail" has distinguished itself by a shameless attack on our workpeople, on our ruling authorities, on our War Office, on Lord Kitchener's judgment, on the Prime Minister—on everything, in fact, that is now holding the nation together. The climax surely came on March 30, when the "Mail" concluded its leader with the words: "How long the war lasts depends, in fact, on how long the Government delays compulsory service." The insolence of such a comment is eclipsed only by the petulant brainlessness that produced it. Simply because three nations—unwilling to face war, and therefore not prepared for it—have been unable to "annihilate," as they say, the two most military peoples in Europe, which have been preparing for this war for twenty years and more, the "Daily Mail" has recently begun to display the irascibility of a cross baby with a pin in it; and the reason is well known to everybody in Fleet Street. The "Mail" and the "Times" also have suffered a good deal from the loss of advertisements since the war began; and business in this respect is not "picking up" with sufficient rapidity to please the parvenu nobleman who "runs" them. It would not serve the Northcliffian interests to see Germany and Austria victorious, not to mention Turkey; but it would be to their advantage, certainly, to see the war at an end without further ado. Hence the "Mail" and the "Times" campaign in favour of conscription. The shallow bunglers who write leaders at Printing House Square and at Carmelite House cannot realise that in modern warfare the army in the field must have behind it an even greater industrial army at home, partly to send them munitions of war, partly to supply the non-combatants with the necessities of life, and partly to engage in production to a sufficient extent to maintain the country's international trade. It is generally assumed that Germany's foreign trade has been suspended since we began our "reprisals"—there were, in fact, many people who fancied that Germany had not been able to trade with foreign countries at all since August. That impression, of course, is utterly ridiculous. Germany and Austria engaged in non-contraband business by sea down to the end of February; and since then she has continued her trade with Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. She could not have done so if she had not kept at home a huge industrial army.

It is not necessary to remind any reasonable person

in England, but apparently it is very necessary to remind the jackasses who are haw-hawing for conscription, that we are engaged in trade to a much greater extent than Germany and Austria; that we are supplying the Allied Armies with munitions and doing a large international trade as well. If we did not carry on the latter we should lose money and begin to feel the pinch of poverty; if we did not do the former we should lose the war. Sir John French himself has emphasised the fact that munitions are even more urgently wanted than men. The French generals are saying the same thing. Let it be noted that Reuter's Agency has within the last few days issued a series of reports drawn up by the French Government to show how the French army had been improved since the beginning of the war. Generals had been dismissed, units had been reorganised. The new French army, we were definitely and positively told, had established a complete ascendancy over the enemy both in aircraft and artillery, "now the most vital factors." On January 15 the French army ready for the field numbered 2,500,000 men, and there were 1,700,000 trained men in the dépôts to supply reinforcements and to fill wastage. More than that, it is known, semi-officially, that we ourselves have sent nearly a million men to France within the last three months, and we have a million under arms at home to fill the gaps. If such a vast force cannot account for the Germans we had better regard our military history as closed and offer to do homage to the Kaiser.

But that is not the result expected. The French commanders, like the British, expect to win; but, like Sir John French, they emphasise the need for munitions of war; and, since the manufacturing areas of France are in the hands of the enemy, it follows that they expect their munitions of war from us. That is why, perhaps, the highly interesting reports referred to were circulated in the English papers through the convenient medium of Reuter's Agency, though they did not appear in the French Press. In other words, our Ally's Government went to the trouble of issuing an elaborate report on the earlier and present conduct of the war chiefly for the purpose of showing how all-important it is that the supply of munitions should be regular, and enabling our conscriptionists to realise, if they can realise anything, where such munitions must come from.

That is a very important point to note. That this country is responsible for the supply of war munitions to all the Allied Armies is a definite statement of fact which cannot be too often repeated. The Government should by this time give our conscriptionists a hint to "drop it." We have all but reached the recruiting limit. The number of shirkers among us is very small. Practically every available man has given his services to the nation. Even the hysterical "Saturday Review" must surely take cognisance of the Board of Trade reports. Or will nothing suit our conscriptionists but national disaster? It is unfortunate enough—speaking in terms of our present financial economy—that the balance of trade as between the United States and ourselves has already turned against us, and arrangements have had to be made for the opening of bank credits in New York. The "Saturday Review," considering its ownership, ought to be able to grasp the significance of that fact. It cannot be too clearly laid down that every man now enlisted is a man withdrawn from necessary labour and a consequent loss to us as a nation in the world-market. That will not be understood until Mr. Asquith, or some equally responsible member of the Government, puts an end once and for all to the irresponsible prattling, the childish, make-believe criticisms of the Garvins, the Gwynnes, the Dewars, the Marlowes, and all their tribe. Munitions are more urgent than men. Industrial labour is of greater import than further supplies of recruits. It is for Mr. Asquith, ignoring the surreptitious campaign of slander started against him by the conscriptionist Press, to make this truth known in one of his luminous speeches.

The International Impotence of The Hyphenated States.

THE present war, as was suggested recently in this place, has revealed the United States as inhabited by hyphenated Europeans, rather than by Americans. It is, therefore, interesting to observe how this condition of hyphenation affects the international status of the United States.

The most peculiar illusion of American commentators upon the war is their belief that the United States will be in a position to dispense a divinely impartial justice when the terms of peace come up for settlement. Journalists and official persons, professors and ex-"statesmen," are constantly engaged in explaining the God-sent mission of their country. One gathers that the innumerable virtues of the Republic, beginning with that omniscient democrat George Washington, who foresaw every conceivable event in modern history, have been rewarded by the "blessings of peace." Consequently, from a lofty elevation of moral eminence the United States will serenely disentangle the knot of European rivalries and set the erring nations upon the path of righteousness. Much play is made with the catchwords "secret diplomacy," "effete monarchy," and the rest. One is gravely assured that the absence of military history in the recent evolution of this country is due to the democratic and God-fearing regimes which have successively scorned these remnants of a darker age. In short, if Uncle Sam is merely making profits, instead of losing lives, in the present conflict, it is because of the enlightened Governments he has chosen. Guided by the wise counsels of these representative citizens, America has sought the kingdom of the Lord, rather than the worldly triumphs of immoral European diplomacy. If all the rest has been added unto her it is but a confirmation of the wisdom of her choice.

The "moral prestige" of the States has been the discovery of various delighted citizens since the war broke out. The presence of mind which enabled the Government to acquiesce in the violation of Belgian neutrality has by some strange process become the brightest circle in the moral halo which shines about the head of Uncle Sam. By refraining from protest the United States have demonstrated once and for all their superiority over the barbarous Europeans, who allow themselves to be entangled in bloody wars for matters of that kind. Far better to stand aloof and denounce the callousness of Germany while supplying armaments to all and sundry who can obtain them. Thus it is possible to preserve one's sword unspotted and to felicitate oneself upon the justice of divine Providence, which allows "the land of the brave and the home of the free" to escape the horrors of war without depriving it of the advantages, moral and material, accruing to neutrality.

Some more candid enthusiasts had claimed that "the moral leadership of the world" has always been America's, and to this view they have now brought the majority of their countrymen. Since the United States have risen to the dignity of lecturing European nations, politely attentive, for obvious reasons of opportunism, none but the most sceptical Americans will doubt that this is a testimony to the innate moral qualities of the people. So delightful is this sensation of superiority, so refreshing is the opportunity at last to instruct one's grandmother, that nothing must be done which might militate against the final triumphant exercise of this newly-found advantage and privilege. The whole of Europe may be devastated, provided Americans can sit in judgment upon the ruins.

In practice this theory has resolved itself into pious indignation where Belgian lives were concerned, and strong protests where American profits were threatened. The apologists agree in explaining that any action taken over the question of Belgian neutrality would have weakened the position of the Government. So long as

the latter uttered no opinion upon the subject nobody could question its impartiality, while the soundness of its sentiments might be taken for granted. Armed with this pachydermatous covering of "impartiality," America would all the more powerfully impose her views when the terms of peace are discussed. No weak, humanitarian emotionalism, it is argued, should deprive the Americans of "a wonderful opportunity to set forth the value of our republican institutions." The business instinct scents at once the possibilities of an advertisement for home-made political products in the necessities of the war-exhausted belligerents.

At the same time, the profiteers, not allowing the moral and political platitudes of platform and Press to obscure their minds, have kept a close grip upon the material facts of the situation. While the people have been fed with unctuous phrases, their food has been adulterated and its price increased. The exploiters, their customary impartiality disturbed by none of the qualms noted elsewhere, have plundered belligerents and neutrals alike. Meanwhile, all minds are turned towards the great day when virtuous republicanism will dazzle her critics by the purity of her mind and the nobility of her intentions in the disposal of European affairs. Rent, Interest, and Profits alone are unaffected by the pathetic spectacle. They have occupied the period of "watchful waiting" in making it clear to all concerned that, while they do not dispute the right of the Republic to strike moral attitudes, this diversion must not be enjoyed to *their* detriment. Hence the protests which have excited the naïve indignation of certain English journals whose dealings with their own masters ought to have shown them that the profiteering leopard cannot change his spots, even though they be the stars of the neutral spangled banner.

The Press is filled with uplifting sentiment; an atmosphere of Little Bethel betrays everywhere the presence of American commentators on European affairs. The inexhaustible vein of Transatlantic puritanism is yielding a rich stream of platitudinous, thought-saving material. The burden of it all is: God in His infinite wisdom has spared His own, that they may instruct and elevate the backsliders in Europe. Yet, strange to say, the clichéd are not unanimous, except in their belief that this war is specially devised for the glorification of the United States. Those who imagine that the influence of this country is being carefully hoarded for the Day of International Judgment only to be used against the Germans are angry at such duplicity. They profess to see in every passive move of the Government an act of friendship for the Allies and demand that the pretence of neutrality be abandoned. Then, at least, they say, we shall know exactly how things are. On the other hand, those who wish for that triumphal entry of America upon the scene of European politics vow that the United States have failed, or are risking failure, in their glorious mission by retarding the date of interference. Nothing short of active open sympathy with the Allies will satisfy them. It is in vain that the professional apologists of inaction explain the wisdom not of lying low and saying nothing, but of uttering a great deal of vague wisdom while in that recumbent position. The hyphenation of the States is too fundamental for such an attitude to be acceptable. There are necessarily two sections of opinion, pro-Ally and pro-German, and neither is satisfied with "moral prestige" alone. They want something more substantial than that decidedly airy fiction.

Thus it happens that the American Government has failed to satisfy the people by dint of precisely this policy of neutrality. Neutrality would be an admirable policy if it expressed the attitude of the country; but as the country is hyphenated its feeling cannot be voiced by one administration. The consequence is that as either section can exert its influence the Government is swayed. If President Wilson's action has, in the main, not actually impeded the Allies it is because the sum total of American opinion inclines slightly towards

the anti-German side. But the pro-German interest is by no means negligible and has made itself felt, as witness the case of the "Dacia," and the agitation for an American merchant marine, to be composed of interned German ships. The effect of the German vote must be estimated rather by what the United States have refrained from doing than by what they have done. Such demonstrations as the recent German-American convention in Washington, where a complete pro-German programme was resolved upon by fifty-eight representative German "citizens of the United States," indicate the potentialities of hyphenation. The convention was denounced by the pro-British Press, naturally, but it doubtless did not escape the attention of those depending upon the Gaelic-American and German-American vote for re-election. In a country where certain employments depend entirely upon election results the number of people affected by the sympathies of the candidates is obviously considerable.

While all parties are agreed that the war provides a special opening for the pious aspirations peculiar to the Republic, this point of contact is reached by very divergent routes. Transplanted Germans and their Gaelic friends announce that the time has come for "this great democracy" to join hands with Prussia in the work of liberating mankind from the shackles of English domination. Their opponents hail the occasion as one on which to initiate corrupt Europeans into the sweet mysteries of government by the Nonconformist conscience. But a genuine solidarity of interests and opinions cannot be counted upon, except on one condition: Let the ranks of Rent, Interest, and Profits feel a menace to their welfare, then the Government discovers within itself unsuspected sources of strength. All wavering and impartiality are forgotten once the profiteers have given their instructions, for then the Government knows that a united body of opinion is behind it, with the power to enforce its wishes. Whereas wagery takes its hyphenation—that is, its nationality—seriously, profiteering knows no law higher than itself. The Government that cannot represent the former may safely speak for the latter.

It is evident that, in the circumstances outlined, the rôle of the United States in international affairs must be rather more ornamental than useful. An infinite capacity for and belief in the more ossified generalities of the Christian religion may introduce a certain exotic note into the discussion of European politics. They cannot hope to be of more practical import than Mr. Carnegie's Temple of Peace at the Hague. The almost incredible ignorance which prevails in the United States as to the interplay of rivalries in Europe constitutes a further consideration in favour of the futility of American intervention. The spectacle of a W. J. Bryan, that incarnation of "right-thinking" America, legislating upon the future of Germany is beyond the limit of rational conception. Moreover, a country which has reduced democracy to an absurdity and made anti-militarism ridiculous is hardly competent to impose its decisions upon others. For all our "military barbarism," we Europeans would sacrifice a lot before exchanging the promise of our riper civilisation for the ignominious pacifism of a thwarted experiment in democracy.

Even if all that Americans claim were actually to result from their influence upon European affairs there remains a fundamental difficulty. Where is the America which is to exercise the beneficent influence they describe? It cannot be the Hyphenated States, where the absence of a national point of view is so great that the Government cannot speak on behalf of the electors. What weight in international politics would the divided voice of America have? The judgment of an American upon any international tribunal would always be suspect, for one would have to know what nationalities were for the moment predominating in his own country. The natural bias of a nation as a whole can be reckoned upon and discounted, but not the bias of the representative of a nation of unassimilated nationalities. Did the ideal

America exist it might truly claim competency in sympathising with the conflicting claims of European races.

A free democracy, comprised of fully assimilated re-nationalised Europeans, might be a factor of some help in the adjustment of international questions. But if such a nation ever evolves under the present uncompromising conditions it will not be until such time as the tangled affairs of Europe have straightened themselves. By that time we shall probably be faced with the problem of Asiatic expansion and ambition. Not even the most convinced champion of American divinity pretends that his country can bring to the consideration of this problem a mind freed from what he now considers the unreasoning prejudices of the benighted European. In their pæans of thanksgiving and self-congratulation the Americans seem to forget that Japan is a world-power, now an active participant in the game of international politics. Apart from specific events in recent American history, the general attitude towards the Japanese question alone is sufficient to dispose of all claim to "moral leadership" and "moral prestige." As soon as an international problem arises which does not affect diversely the unassimilated, the Hyphenated States of America fall short of the perfection they would set before Europe. The absence of militarism and monarchic autocracy is no guarantee of immunity from the weakness of jingoism. Spain and Japan are words with which to dispel the visions of those virtuous Americans who are preparing to lighten the darkness of European politics.

E. A. B.

The Mad City.

EXACTLY how or why it happened is not generally known. Some point to one cause, some to another. But everyone seems to agree that it started with the old, the very old—indeed, the oldest—man in the land.

He came home one day stark mad and began to beat his children. They were a numerous brood, and mostly step-children; for he had married quite a number of times, and each wife brought to his household some of her former progeny.

Mercilessly he beat them; and as he had, on entering, locked and bolted every door, none could escape his sudden onslaughts. But there were among them some stalwart fellows who, naturally resenting such treatment, began to retaliate most lustily. Thereupon his wife (though herself, on several occasions, treated by him none too gently) rushed to his assistance, and the whole family was soon engaged in a most deadly and blindly passionate struggle. The shouts and cries that ensued attracted the neighbours, who came running up from all sides, and looked in at the windows to see what happened. And a miserable uncouth appearance those inside presented as they rolled and tumbled over one another, with their clothes torn, their hair dishevelled, and the blood streaming down their scarred and scratched faces. Indeed, it was difficult to distinguish who was mad and who was sane, for they all raved and fumed like lunatics.

One man, a notorious bully, cried out in a gruff voice that he "will not allow the poor children to be treated by their besotted parent in such fashion," and he began to elbow his way through the crowd, with the evident intention of breaking into the house. Some among the crowd burst into a loud laugh, for their sense of humour was tickled by the idea of that man, himself the cruellest, most unfeeling and pitiless father known, should thus get angry with another for the ill-treatment of his children. One of them, however, did more than laugh: he put his hand upon his shoulder, and told him point blank that he would not brook such unwarranted interference in the private affairs of the family. This fellow turned out to be a cousin of the old man's, a famous braggart, and perhaps not less a bully than the one he confronted. The eyes of both were flashing fire; and while they stood, like two fighting cocks, preparing to spring at each other, another man stepped out of the

crowd and said, though politely, that any insult offered to his old friend (meaning the man who spoke first) he will be obliged to consider as an insult to himself. The cousin, recognising in the speaker one with whom he had an old family quarrel, turned on him with such stern look that he fled in terror to his house. But the former, who began to evince unmistakable signs of the same mental malady that befell his kinsman, ran after him; and meaning to overtake him before he reached home, dashed into a house that stood in his way and which was inhabited by a humble but industrious and respected little family. He dashed into it like a wild hurricane, smashing and overturning everything and everybody that came to his hands; and before the amazed and terrified tenants realised what happened, their little home was in a state most pitiable to behold.

The report of this soon spread throughout the city, and everyone was aghast at such misdeeds. Particularly touched by the report was a certain distinguished family who lived right at the end of the town, on the other side of a stream.

"The poor, innocent sufferers must be protected," exclaimed the head of the family in indignant tones.

"They must be protected, and the lunatic secured," added every member of the household. There was a ring of the old chivalrous spirit in their voices for which the family was well known. They were soon on the other side of the water (they were famous swimmers) and, what appeared rather strange and unaccountable to some, instead of going to that humble house to protect and succour its suffering inmates, they altered their course and went straight to the polite gentleman, to whom they offered their assistance should he be attacked by the madman. This resulted in various rumours, spread, no doubt, by mischievous and malicious people, to the effect that this honourable family, too, had succumbed to the infection of insanity (which was fast becoming a perfect epidemic) and they knew not what they were doing.

Meanwhile the humble dwelling was wrecked and its contents demolished, the struggle between the old man and his family grew more fierce and violent, and the man known as the bully, taking advantage of his adversary's absence, broke into his home through a back door, and played the greatest havoc with it.

And the crowd of excited onlookers grew ever larger and more excited. Indeed, such has been the malicious and contagious character of the raging madness, that very soon all were affected, and everyone took sides: some with this party, some with that; so that the whole city, erstwhile engaged in sober and peaceful pursuits, was within a brief space of time converted into a veritable inferno.

All fought together—brother against brother, friend against friend, and a horrible and deafening noise went up to heaven.

The longer this unnatural combat continued, the more enraged, the more cruel and ferocious grew the combatants. Each sought to do the greatest harm to the other, setting fire to their houses, and clutching at one another's throats with most mad and murderous intent.

From the surrounding towns and villages multitudes of people gathered together to witness the strange spectacle of a whole city gone mad; and the greatest danger, it was feared, was that these, too, might become affected. For their behaviour was rather curious. Some looked on indifferently, as if it was an ordinary occurrence; some (incredible though it be) seemed to derive a kind of amusement and watched with curious interest and delight the swaying movements of the crowds of lunatic combatants; while others even urged them on with yells and cries as they tore and trampled upon one another amid the raging and devastating fires.

It was an awful, a horrible, an ungodly and unearthly sight, this of a whole community of men killing, maiming and mutilating one another.

And a long time it lasted, till the city was laid in ruins, and the inhabitants almost decimated. Some of

those that survived have in course of time regained their reason; and when they recalled the things they had done, oh! how they wrung their hands and tore their hair in remorse and regret.

Some, however, when they had completely recovered from the terrible ordeal they underwent, began to realise the deadly and perilous nature of the disease which, if not thoroughly eradicated, would sooner or later break out again. They, therefore, immediately set about investigating the true cause and origin of the madness that so suddenly attacked them, and to devise means whereby to destroy it. But how far they succeeded is not yet known.

SOL DAVIS.

Impressions of Paris.

WHEN Zeppelins come one wishes one were at peace with the world. The people upstairs went down in their caves. I would have gone perhaps if I had known about caves. I felt like a bird when the owl is outside, or a baby stark awake to the Bogey-Man. Wretched Huns! The second time they came I never even heard the alarm. Completer failure I could hardly wish them.

It is such a while since I wrote that old quarrels will have to be left over. I can't, for instance, now congratulate "Romney" on calling me a blithering idiot. Perhaps I might just tell him that with a literary style like his, past cure, he would do well always to content himself with the statement of fact, as above.

Lately one of the jest-loving gods caused me to be presented with a patent doll that boiled your tea-kettle. It always was a trial of nerve and patience, but amusing, to watch its little effort to be human and something more than a doll. One day without my knowledge someone put burning essence into the creature instead of spirits. And when I put a little spirits in as usual, bust! went the whole thing with frightful agonising yells from all the machinery. And now I shall never be able to boil that kettle any more. The neighbours thought that it was Zeppelins and then an assassination, because a friend of mine who was there had caught on fire and kept shrieking, "Open the door! Wow!" which was the last thing I would have dared do. The poor little thing was very excited, but her imagination believed her more seriously endangered than was fact. She howled—it was only a little creature of nearly thirty-one years, and badly brought up so far as nerve goes—while I fixed her with two gorgon eyes and put out the sparks on her dress. Finally, we opened the door, and there were all the neighbours and the concierge and one great fat dame inquiring: "Qu'est-ce que c'est cette histoire?" You know, the immortal person who would ask Mount Vesuvius "what's the matter?" My friend was in exactly the opposite state of mind and, on descending to the hair-dresser to get refreshed, asked for a shave! She has a scrap of a beard like an old broom, which people laugh at. Recollecting herself, she changed the order to an unnecessary fringe-net. Her hysteria had taken the form of self-mutilation! Imagine my surprise to return and find that ridiculous doll still fiddling with the tea-kettle. One day, when I am over-curious, no power will hold me back from trying to boil it again! The doll is adorable and seems to implore one to humanise it.

My apartment is not all it pretended to be, needless to say. Thank goodness, I have only paid a very little rent. A neglected baby puts me in a perspiration every evening. But what finishes all is the women who beat their carpets into each other's windows, and into mine,

by way of welcoming the spring. Whack, whack, bang, bang, from eight-thirty to nine-thirty. The birds fly away horrified by this competitive succession of imbecile women hidden in clouds of dust.

The other day an interested crowd watched a vehement bourgeoisie at a high window beating a pair of trousers against a wall, which they cleaned perfectly. You would have believed they were indeed her husband.

Do not expect any thoughts from me. I am become simply a suffering receptacle of the horrid comedy of things. The battle of a mechanised, over-feminised world against itself leaves me without any other excuse for existence. Since we got out of bounds, everything, except the machinery which robbed us of our handicraft, has come down to our level: but, of course, it couldn't stay there very long. The wisest any lady can do now while men are having it out with themselves and Nature, is to make a dash for the best corner and prepare in a glad rage to stay there, be addressed as Madam, and forbidden to buy the "Daily Mirror," go to Selfridge's, or use the telephone. A whole crew of women's pet serpents are going to be scotched before the world gets clean of its rot. We are in for a bad time, and we might as well take it on its easiest side. Only to think how, two or three years ago, nothing had a banner to its name save the Rights of Women, and now we are thankful to be out of reach of violation and slaughter! Just when we were on the Point of leading men to Glory, getting the vote and putting everything right—just there and then they went frantic and spoiled it all. And they may very well stay frantic for another thirty years, settling what's what and who's who among themselves, while the real question as to who shall decide about vaccinating little Johnnie is left without a man behind it! And here is a case of one of those curious, bungling, partial conditions of Nature: it needs a man even to decide who shall decide. If Papa decide that Mamma shall decide, Mamma will decide; but if Papa decide to decide, Papa will decide. As Joubert says, "One can play at illusion while knowing the truth."

Joubert's note on the nature of war: "That which comes by war will return by war; all spoil will be retaken; all booty will be dispersed; all conquerors will be vanquished, and every city full of prey will be sacked in its turn." I never read Joubert's letters in England—but then who else English of my generation ever did? One knew all about Rémy de Gourmont and Jammes and the rest of them. Here is a little letter to Madame de Vintimille, one of those clever women of yore who contrived to mix with men without rivalry.

"It is the month when I was born, and the month when I first met you, twenty years ago. I saw you on the First, again on the Sixth, and since—always I believe to see you for the first time. Come then, come often; come when you please between mid-day and two o'clock. Come with or without warning me; come in season and out of season. In whatever time or circumstance, you will never come without having been desired."

I don't know why I bound Joubert with Montesquieu. They couldn't really have lived together for long. Montesquieu's portrait of himself is largely that of a would-be anatomist. He professes to have had always what is very difficult to acquire before old age by any person with bowels, the faculty of enjoying the sight of the ape and ass in human form. "Nothing," he says, "amuses me more than to hear a bore relate without quarter a circumstantial adventure; I do not attend to his history but to his manner of telling it." No! one may protect oneself by the comic view from becoming a murderer of the bore from hurling a boomerang at him: but to enjoy the incompetence of the race as exhibited by a dullard is to prove oneself possessor of just that improper kind of sang-froid which Joubert stigmatises as pleased to accept the death of a father because he is old. Over and over again, Montesquieu betrays this light-mindedness with regard to the vulgar. He

flattered himself, indeed, on feeling conveniently. "When I am in the world I live it as though I would never leave it; when I go to my estate, I think no more about the world." Again: "I forgive easily because I do not hate; it seems to me that hatred is very painful. When anyone wishes to be reconciled with me, I feel flattered, and cease to regard as an enemy a man who does me the service to give me a good opinion of myself." There is very little of Joubert's "drop of light" in all that. Montesquieu could never have written the letter to Madame de Vintimille! His nearer approaches to delicate feeling are through the intellect, the best way, no doubt, for men who have once and for ever tested the solar-plexus, but potentially disastrous for those who adore each sensation as it arrives. It has been said of Montesquieu that he was absurdly credulous of anecdotes, to the point of confounding thereby his philosophic principles. He was pettily interested in details of vice, and he died of a fever. I can well believe that he cut off his nose to spite his face all his life; had a timid taste for the vulgar which he tried to satisfy by words of superiority; wanted to love and was too vain not to excite women's distrust; and died of the feminine bile which rises when the general finally escapes the particular.

He was certainly a sand-hill of naïve vanity. "When," he says, "I see a man of merit I never dis-compose him; a mediocrity, with some good qualities, him I dis-compose." It never occurred to him that to dis-compose a man of merit and an absolute fool are equally difficult, but that to dis-compose a mediocrity is easy work even for a second mediocrity. No, I don't like Montesquieu; he lacked antennæ. Could any compliment have been flatter than that he boasts of having paid to the Queen of England: "Madame, I cannot imagine that any country where you reigned would not be great." That is the little style of Montparnasse amiable; and his irony is also that of Montparnasse which chaffs you like a spitefully playful pachyderm poking with its horn from a cage and imagining that you don't notice its impotence to get out. "The English are much occupied," he says, "they have not time to be polite." Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first! Well, he has fired; and now I will tell him with the politeness of a mosquito to a pachyderm that certain French travellers of yore misled us English into despising their nation as at once heavy and frivolous.

Oh, shall I never be quit of this creature! I am starving with hunger, and the carpet-beaters have begun, and everybody, except those who would prefer I should die here than live anywhere else, advises me to leave Paris and go to the sea because I cannot get cured anyhow of my malady. What sea? There is only Marseilles, and if I go to Marseilles, someone there will say—"Ah, Italy is the place for you"—and there's the makings of a despicable globe-trotter!

ALICE MORNING.

SONG.

From the French of de Musset.
 Brave knight that to the war doth wend
 How wilt thou spend
 Thy valour there?
 Seest thou how darkly night doth bode,
 The world's wide road
 How full of care?
 O! ye that deem love left behind
 Swift out of mind
 Will soon be sped
 Alas! vain seekers after fame
 Your pride, your shame
 Are sooner fled.
 Brave knight that to the war doth wend
 Say, to what end
 So far dost ride?
 I go to weep for troth bewrayn
 Of her once fain
 Whose love belied.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

BARRIE is certainly a progressive writer. After "Der Tag" he gives us "Der Rag und Der Bobtail," in the form of a Beauty Chorus. That is progress—in the direction of the old clothes shop. When I noticed his revival of "The Little Minister" I said that if he ever extended his business it would take the form advertised in the phrase: "Families supplied." He has done it. It is a very neo-Malthusian family, but still Gaby Deslys makes her first appearance pushing a bassinet containing one invisible and inaudible baby. I was interested in Gaby, partly because I had never seen her before, and partly because the dictionary defines "gaby" as "a silly, foolish person." She was rightly named Gaby. I had always heard her described as the chief of the "bare-backs," and had imagined that the phrase expressed some occult reference to the American currency. But it seems that it was a most literal description, and whichever bishop it was that objected to the sight of her bare back must have been gratified by the fact that she was clothed and apparently in her right mind when she made her first appearance. Barrie had accomplished what no other author had dared to dream; he had put clothes on Gaby, who felt so strangely in them that she had to draw the attention of the audience to the fact lest, not seeing, they should not believe that it was she who stood before them.

It might be thought that putting Gaby into garments was not a sufficient reason for writing "Rosy Rapture, the Pride of the Beauty Chorus"; but think for one moment of the significance of the event. Gaby, in this respect, is only a symbol. Her popularity expressed the desire of many of her sex to return to nature and to meditate in public on their navels, like the Indian Yogi. Herself is not worth looking at; there is no beauty that we should desire her; apparently the only use she can make of her head is to shake it so that the hair flies about it like a mop twirled by a sailor to free it from water, and her arms and legs (both plentifully exhibited in the supper club scene) remind me of nothing but Dumas' description of those of Ange Pitou. Undressed, Gaby was only a symbol of the failure of her sex to retain its contour, and of its attempt to counterbalance this defect by a display of candour. Dressed, she is only a symbol of the effect of the war on her sex, for the desire to take cover has become instinctive. Our women no longer imitate St. Paul, with their "Behold! I show you a mystery"; they have, for the moment, learned the wisdom expressed in the phrase: There is no secret so well kept as the one that everybody knows.

But where does Barrie come into this disquisition? Do you forget that he was the creator of "The Little Minister"? I do not; and I see in this last work of his only a proof of the success of his ministry. He is bringing in the sheaves; he is gathering the lambs into the fold; he is telling us once more how hard it is to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Gaby is his first notable convert, and Barrie has only followed the tradition of the missionaries by clothing his convert. This affair at the Duke of York's Theatre is really a testimony meeting, as I think they call it in Scotland. Gaby testifies to the saving grace of husband and child, with the addition of a wardrobe. The wardrobe is simply a means of playing with sin; husband and wife are still playing at being lovers and keeping up the pretence by hiding alternately in the wardrobe. But to play at sin is not to commit it, and the usual lover of the "eternal triangle" finds himself discarded, his occupation gone. Husbands love wives, wives love husbands, husbands and wives love their babies: there is no place in the scheme of things for a lover. Thus Gaby testi-

fies to the truth, asserting anew the dogma of domesticity.

Obviously, Barrie could not get far on this line; so, as Gaby was a very recent convert, Barrie arranged a "back-sliding" for her. I have never seen the Gaby Glide, but it really is wonderful to notice how Barrie makes use of everything in the cause of morality. Gaby finds domesticity dull after eight o'clock at night, and she glides back into the beauty chorus. How otherwise could the little minister enlighten us concerning the temptations of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil? Somehow she loses her way and turns up in France, to be saved by a "sentimental Tommy" from rape by a Junker; and, under the stress of emotion, she manages to call him a "very nice Tommy" and to dance with joy at the thought of becoming "Missis Tipperary." The humour is quite innocuous, you will notice, and the situations are all resolved according to the morality of marriage. Barrie never forgets his Bible-banging; besides, a minister receives a fee for marrying people.

But the castigation of modern follies becomes almost unbearable in the next scene; Satan, I feel sure, would not thus have rebuked sin. Mercilessly, Barrie describes the home of vice as "The Supper Club of the Receding Chins." This almost Hebrew fervour of denunciation cannot be without effect on the gay population of our great city; and his description of the Scarlet Women as "Our Disdainfully Melting Chorus" should warn all young men against succumbing to the lure of their leers. What is this vice but the nictitation of noodles to noodles? That Gaby should back-glide into this empty and pernicious frivolity is only Barrie's way of impressing upon us the depravity of an ungodly life; incidentally, the scene affords her the opportunity of proving her identity to the audience. But the lesson of virtue is not entirely forgotten, for she accords an interview to a reporter at the request of the reporter's fiancée, because they will be able to marry on the money that he will get for writing this two column interview with an automaton who says "Charming" to everything. You can always trust Barrie not to forget marriage; if this reporter had merely designed an irregular union, he would never have been granted the interview. Only virtue is rewarded in Barrie's plays, which belong to what Hazlitt called the "do-me-good" class of comedies.

At the supreme moment of this orgy, when Gaby is receiving the applause of the audience for having revealed something of her old self, the voice of the preacher is heard again. "What doest thou here, Gaby?" it seems to say; but what actually happens is that her husband, disguised as a telegraph boy, rides into the club on a juvenile push-bicycle, and presents her with a telegram. The psychological effects of this telegram cause so considerable a degree of muscular inco-ordination that her husband is able to carry her away captive. There is no place like home; and, although the lover attempts an abduction, his hereditary virtue operates at the crisis, and makes him loose his impious hand.

Barrie's pen declines its office for the next scene, and he calls the cinematograph to his aid. Baby proceeds in an automobile bassinette on a journey of discovery, to find out the means whereby Gaby can be kept at home after eight o'clock. After various adventures, she discovers it; and the last scene shows us how this eminently desirable state of affairs is reached. The domestic servants are trained as a Beauty Chorus, and the whole household dances down to dinner in the approved fashion of the revue. The "lover" receives his congé, with a testimonial to the effect that he had done his best to undermine the character and reputation of the heroine; and home, and husband, and baby, are the soul-satisfactions granted to Gaby, by the little minister. O Kirriemuir, thou hast conquered! Jeremy Collier is vindicated, and out of the mouth of Gaby Deslys has Barrie perfected his praise of domesticity. "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise"; and here endeth the lesson.

Readers and Writers.

OUR publishers may not be pro-German, but they have many of the vices of their Germans. For instance, it was Goethe who remarked that the boycott was a German creation . . . have I said enough? They have also the German mechanical stolidity together with the lack of perceptive finesse. Oh, their psychology! Like the philosophy of one of Coleridge's friends, it does not appear to be made of ideas, but of bricks and mortar. You would think, would you not, that in a time like this, when publishers might *apprehend* a falling-off in their trade, they would at any rate not diminish their chances of selling their wares? Not a bit of it, not a bit of it. Two or three publishers apart, the rest have decided that there is something indecent in reading during the war. They continue to publish, it is true—books by the score and the hundred—but not only have many of them suspended advertising for three years or the duration of the war, but almost all of them have ceased to send review copies to the Press for notice. Think of it, colleagues of mine who intend benevolently to include the existing managers in the guilds of the future; think of the herd of London publishers conspiring to deprive the publication of their books, of the only means of selling them! The same two or three apart, I would not trust the lot with the publication of the Sibylline book. They would be bound to keep it dark.

* * *

It is not my habit to talk *at* my friends the enemy; so I will be explicit in my complaint and charge the London publishers with clubbing together to deny THE NEW AGE review copies of their publications. That we do not mind personally in the least is no excuse for our taking the offence lightly. On the contrary, only those who do not suffer from it have a right to air a grievance. The fact, however, is that, since the war began, with the exception of Messrs. Macmillan—a firm run, I conclude, by English gentlemen—practically all the publishers have ceased sending us anything but war-books for our judgment. And such war-books most of them! In this respect, the sheepishness of the publishers has been remarkably true to their animal type: the war-book of one publisher is indistinguishable from the war-book of another except by its covers! Messrs. Dent, for example, have recently published a new instalment of their "Everyman's Library." Hitherto they have sent copies to THE NEW AGE and I imagine that I or one of my colleagues had something to say on each of them. Of the present instalment, however, not so much as a specimen has been sent. Why, Mr. Dent? You profess an interest in letters and have been recommended by me for a knighthood on the strength of your admirable "Everyman" series. You publish a weekly journal—or once did, for I saw a copy of it—and are in the trade of journalism, so to speak. Why, then, during the war, have you neglected the usual means of announcing your publications? Of another publisher, whose name I forget, I heard the other day an amusing remark. Asked, nay, pressed, to send Mr. Ivor Brown's novel to THE NEW AGE for review, he said he feared our terrible infant, "A. E. R.," would get hold of it. Very likely he would too; but fear of "A. E. R.'s" judgment is less dignified than brazening out its verdict. I gird up my loins and run to acquit Mr. Brown of collusion with his publisher in thus cheating the law. Like the talented and ambitious young man I take him to be, Mr. Ivor Brown positively strokes "A. E. R." on the back as Walpole used to wish to stroke English earthquakes. No, it is his publisher—whatever the man's name is.

* * *

At the outbreak of the criticism of German "Kultur," someone remarked to me that our Press meant to belay their old English enemy, Culture, under cover of its German caricature. "Kultur," in fact, was to be English Culture's whipping-boy. Certainly the zeal with which Fleet Street semi-literates went to work upon German philosophy, literature and art, suggested

a larger accumulation of ill-will than their all-too-recent familiarity with German thought warranted. Had not they, indeed, as Lord Whatzisname blurted out in the appropriate pages of the "English Review," an old bone to pick with Matthew Arnold? Matthew Arnold, more than any English critic, seems to have angered Philistia. He made culture obviously inaccessible to easy readers and thereby won their undying spite. The opportunity of hitting him below the tomb, which the association of German militarism with German kultur afforded, was too tempting for Lord Northcliffe's young men to miss. With Samson's weapon they fell upon the German Philistines in the hope of slaying English culture in the *melée*. What, unfortunately, they might have failed to accomplish, Germany is likely to do for them. One of the worst effects of the unsporting practices of the German command is to give pith and point to all that Fleet Street has been saying. It will be hard, in future, to breathe the word culture in England for its association with its German grotesque analogue. Chaff and wheat will alike be destroyed.

* * *

In the "Yale Review" for April (I wish my readers would occasionally see this magazine: it is the best that America has produced), Mr. L. P. Jacks concludes, from observation and conversation, that contact with "the real thing" has deepened thought in England. He quotes, to support it, the remark of "a veteran statesman" [Lord Morley?] "that at no period of his life had he found intercourse with thoughtful men half as suggestive and stimulating as it has been since the war broke out." Omitting from this, as I should, the Press and the Publishers, for reasons already given, the comment appears to me just. I have myself remarked a willingness on the part of many usually light persons to discuss topics upon a higher level than of old. One of my most ponderous friends now finds an audience for his artillery, which he seldom did before the war! And as well, I am convinced, some serious reading is taking place. There may be and there is a prodigious quantity of newspaper about in these days, but in my mind's eye I see thousands of men sitting at home and endeavouring, by means of the classics, to puzzle out the answer to the interrogation the war has addressed to modern life. There, if I am right, the harvest of the war is being really sown. Not in Fleet Street where only dragon's-teeth are scattered; not in publisher's offices crowded with catchpenny war-books; but in the quiet minds of men sitting at home and taking down the favourite books of their grandfathers. Would that I could know that Milton were being read again, and Shakespeare, and Newton, and Bacon, great Englishmen, great men, all. The war will not have been in vain if it drives us all back to our sources.

* * *

The accident of having no other book within reach of an idle hand caused me the other day to read Froude's "Oceana." I could wish my readers the same cause (*slight* influenza, it is understood) if it might induce for them the same accident. "Oceana" after thirty years is not only worth reading, but particularly is it worth reading now, for its surprisingly up-to-date comments upon the present situation. The proposal to form a South African Republic under German auspices was, it appears, a stock apprehension of the early 'eighties. So long ago as on the occasion of the expeditionary force for the rescue of Gordon, the Australian Colonies sent a contingent of troops to the help of the Mother-nation; with the same objects as to-day are in view, the affirmation of universal British nationality and as a warning to Germany that England has the support of the Commonwealth. Other and more important facts and ideas emerge with which I am not concerned. But Froude's style is a perpetual pleasure. It is not great, it is not even a fine style. But it is workmanlike and full of the marks of honest craft. How widely a man must read to write even such a style may be seen from Froude's innumerable allusions, by glance as well as by name.

R. H. C.

The Confessions of a Solitary Traveller.

I WENT to Brighton in order to be happy. Happiness, I know, is in emotional stability, and emotional stability for me is in isolation. In order to be sure of being happy I went to Brighton alone.

I took with me a copy of Dostoevsky's "Idiot," two volumes of "Hume on the Understanding," and a brown-paper parcel. It was my intention to read Hume very carefully in Brighton; I took the "Idiot" for my pleasure, and the brown-paper parcel because it contained my nightdress. I had no change of clothes, so that my mind should not be distracted by the desire to make myself beautiful. It was my intention, while at Brighton, to write an irreproachable poem on "the Sea."

I found an empty smoking carriage and, pulling down the blinds, I lit a cigarette. It was a pleasure for me to enjoy what is considered a male privilege without offending taste.

At the words "male privilege" I had the ill-luck to think of Anchises. Anchises is a man of a very stubborn mind. He is a Hominist. He opposes himself to every opinion I hold dear. The thought of Anchises raises such a storm of indignation in my mind that I lose my intellectual concentration. If I allow myself to think unguardedly of Anchises, I remain idle for days at a time.

In order to banish a thought which must betray me, I settled myself in the corner of the carriage and began to make experiments in contemplative piety, after the manner of the exponents of the Higher Thought. I united myself by contemplation with the ideas of divine beauty and infinite love. I flung myself into the supernal lake of transcendental grace. As I had been led to expect, I experienced complacent ecstasy. Unhappily I suffered a quick reaction. I noticed with disgust the nicotine on my fingers, I became discontented with the shape of my boots, I remembered that for three days I had not brushed my beautiful hair. At the thought of my hair again I remembered Anchises. With the spirit of an exorcist I opened Hume. I set myself to read twenty pages of an Introduction, noting that I had finished five per cent. of my task every time I turned a page. I think this introduction must be very badly done, for not one word of it entered my head. I was glad to find myself in Brighton when I had finished the sixteenth page.

I trudged into the town, my boots a symbol for the state of my soul. These boots were square, they were honest boots, but turned up at the toes and a little green. They had been thrown by in a cupboard since I gave up my house-to-house canvass for the "Society for the Preservation of International Virginity," and that is now two years ago. Since I was no longer a social reformer, but a modern poet, I felt an anachronism in those boots.

I was discontented when I stood opposite the Aquarium and took my first look at the Brighton sea. I felt that there was nothing I could put into conscientious verse about such a sea. It was grey, it was arranged in waves that were too tidy, it was spoiled by the Brighton Pier, and the particularly silly roundness of the Brighton sky.

Where shall a woman, alone in Brighton with three books and a nightdress, sleep? The very idea of sleeping in Brighton with three books and in a nightdress filled me with gloom. The Hotel Metropole was to the right of me, but how? I took my way left-ward and entered a little green gate. A terrible landlady faced me with her husband behind her. She didn't like me. She would never have taken me in if every other virtuous woman had not been kept out of Brighton by fear of German invasion. She showed me to a gloomy bedroom in which was a bed so unnaturally large that the Vacant Land Allotment people ought to be told of it. She gave me cold pickled pork, and I

went to bed. I meditated for ten minutes on duality, and I read my Dostoevsky. I read to the scene where the lady throws the banknotes into the fire, and loves the little Christ that any modern doctor would trepan. God help me, that reminded me of my spiritual emotion for Anchises. I am myself so like this woman in the "Idiot." I am Magdalene, I have Magdalene's emotional force. I wait in life's highway for my Christ. Once I thought I had found him. I let down my hair. I would have dried Anchises' feet. Anchises told me to do up my hair and come out to lunch. And now I know I shall never find my redeemer. Thank God for sleep.

In the morning I saw through my windows the Brighton sea. I read two chapters on the Human Understanding, and deciding that I did not care about the subject two damns, I went to walk on the promenade. For pleasure I began looking at the children. My maternal instinct awaked in me, and I wanted to be kind to something. By the merest good luck I came upon the nursemaid of a friend, exercising a dubious control over three lusty boys. The sight of the smallest of the boys reminded me that I would bear Anchises a spiritual child, also that by a genealogical feat I would be a mother to him; anyhow, I would teach him to sell his pictures. I became happy and thoroughly interested in the little boys. By this time my maternal instinct was thoroughly awake. I crossed the road with the intention of buying the children some chocolate. I was so eager that my foot slipped on the kerb. As I recovered myself I smiled. It is a nervous habit of mine sometimes to smile. While I was smiling I caught the contemplative eye of a very large and opulent-looking stranger. I entered the chocolate shop. I had not come to any arrangement with the young lady behind the counter before the light of the shop door was obscured by the figure of the large and opulent-looking stranger. He burst hurriedly into our conversation with the desire of buying me everything in the shop. This embarrassed the young lady, since what would have been good for business would plainly not have been good for me. The large gentleman insisted on paying the shilling for the small boys' chocolate. I went out of the shop, meditating on the economic position of women. "Anastasia," I thought, "it is a very curious thing that one smile should be worth a shilling to this gentleman, particularly when you are wearing such very ugly boots."

There is nothing really cheering in this reflection, but for some reason it made me gay. When the large gentleman regained me, I was in particularly good spirits.

"I did not want you to pay for the chocolate," I said.

"I didn't imagine you did," he answered. "It is a pleasure."

I smiled, reducing the value of my smiles, on that market, to sixpence a smile.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Clarkson," said he. "Will you come and drink champagne?"

I knew from Mr. Clarkson's quick offer of champagne that he was beginning to value me.

"I don't like champagne," said I, "particularly in the morning."

"There's no reason for you to like my champagne, even if you drink it," said Mr. Clarkson in a manner that revealed to me the generosity of his soul.

"Then I should be in your debt," said I.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Clarkson with such charm that I added positively:

"I never drink champagne at all, you know."

"Under those circumstances I will catch the next train back to town," he said.

"Always, under those circumstances, I will come with you," I said.

"Done," said he; and we went.

I found Mr. Clarkson's conversation very interesting in the Pullman. He is a bimetallist, and one of

those generous natures that do not compel a woman to drink their champagne.

I left my three books in Brighton, together with my nightdress, but I sent a compensation to the terrible landlady.

To-night I have promised to meet Mr. Clarkson at the Imperial Institute, but I think I will do my hair perfectly and go and dine with Anchises. I have given up feminism. I am not sure that I am a poet. I shall buy an entirely new pair of boots.

ANASTASIA EDWARDES.

Rubbish.

At the door of a round native hut in British East Africa sat a miserable little black boy. His legs and arms were like blackened sticks of cedar wood and his body like a charred log. Upon the top of his body was balanced his head, which swayed to and fro as if its balance and fastening were insecure.

He was a gugu—a sickly not-wanted one—in the native Kikuyu reserve. For eight years he had lived there in the round hut of his parents, and now all at once he had been told to leave the reserve and go and earn rupees on a settler's farm thirty miles away. He was to accompany three other native boys who were returning to work after a visit to their homes.

He was scared and terrified; he had never even seen a white man, and he knew no other horizon than that of the grassy plane. Every day for eight years he had observed the round yellow sun rise out of the dried grass, traverse the sky far above him, and go down again behind the purple mountains.

To his dim intelligence eviction from the smoky hut he had known for so long seemed a doom irrevocable and fatal, so accustomed had he become to the smell of it, to the view inside and outside, to the very scratches on the cow-dung plastered walls.

The next day he started; neither his father nor his mother was in the least distressed to get rid of him; they had other better-favoured children. The man was talking with some friends and hardly moved his painted, decorated head to see him go; the woman went on with her cooking. It took three days for him to reach his destination.

They had no adventures on the road except when a hyæna followed them in the dusk and all night kept up its horrible howling round the hut where he and his companions were sleeping.

The particular settler to whom he went had a kindly disposition; if he ever struck a native it was with his own hand while he was still angry. So the life of the gugu was at first tolerably happy.

There were about fifty natives employed on the shamba, many of them quite young boys of his own age. He learned to pull flax, spending all the day squatting by the forest of fresh green stalks ornamented here and there with light blue flowers.

But he never got over his longing to retrace his steps along the narrow mud track which led to his home.

Well, one day at the end of his third month, and after the daily allowance of ground maize (posha, as it was called) had been distributed, the settler announced that he was going to send some boys up to the next farmer who was in need of labour. The gugu was one of the five to be selected.

This new master had a bad reputation among the natives; he was known as the "bwana mtiwakati," or the master of the whipping post. He had been a butcher in England, and perhaps his experiences in the shambles had made him indifferent to the look of eyes in pain; anyhow, he was continually having boys stretched out and lashing them with his kiboko (a whip made of rhinoceros hide) in the house, in the boma, and in the fields. By the law of British East Africa it is illegal to strike a native, but this makes little difference, as it is an unheard-of thing for natives to report ill-treatment

to the district commissioner—they are far too ignorant and far too frightened.

A single glance at this man would have revealed to a philosophic observer how well adapted he was to this world with his firm unfeeling eyes and great fat legs wound round and round with khaki puttees. He was never ill, never even unfortunate, and he would certainly never receive condign retribution. This perpetual sight of writhing outstretched black bodies filled the gugu with terror. At last he made up his mind to give his new master notice and find his way back to Kikuyu. Theoretically it was perfectly possible for him to do this, but when he approached his great khaki-coloured master to make his request he was laughed at and driven away with a kick. The settler stopped paying his wages; this was one of his methods of keeping unwilling workmen with him, they being reluctant to run away with two or three months' rupees owing them. However, rendered desperate, the gugu did at last disappear. He knew he would be looked for on the road to Kikuyu, so he tried to get work on another shamba. This he managed to do. Three days later, however, a native policeman appeared. These gentlemen are ruthless in the exercise of authority, and may be seen all over the protectorate with their red caps, black faces, and stiff pillar-box attitudes. If the gugu had remained silent he might have been unnoticed, but, like a rabbit that shrieks at the mere sight of a stoat, he fell down on the grass and began to scream and cry for mercy. The policeman took him back to his master.

"My husband knows how to treat the natives," said his wife to a friend a few days later, "a runaway was brought back yesterday, and he put a rope round his neck as if he was a dog and tied him up in the dairy and flogged him till he was red all over. It's the only way to treat them. We must put a stop to this running away somehow or other. I don't think that boy will try it on again."

He did not. But for all that there still remains a way of escape open to those who find themselves evilly entrapped on this capricious and isolated planet. The gugu began to die. He became useless on the shamba, his black lacerated body never healed—flies feasted on him. "That gugu is going to kufa," said the settler to his wife. "I'll send him back where he came from." So that it came to pass that this unfortunate morsel of black deformed consciousness crept back to the first shamba.

The vultures far up in the sky saw him—a tiny black speck—as he trailed along the narrow mud paths leading over the grass downwards; the olive trees, wizened, twisted, gnarled, saw him as he stumbled across the broken scrub country; the red-winged lorry shrieked at him as he passed through the forest. The red-winged lorry! what did he care—he, who watches with tufted plume and cold green breast all that goes on this Africa, in this country of gilded pelts and blood-red eyes and furtive fleeting limbs?

When the boy at last arrived at the end of his journey he was too ill to do any work, he just had strength enough to creep into a hut and lie down panting for breath. The natives told the settler that a boy was ill, and he sent up some turpentine in a broken tumbler for him to rub into his chest. He became so much worse the next day that his friends determined to drag him into the forest for the hyænas to eat. This is their custom, for negroes are even more terrified of corpses than of Europeans; they do not like to be reminded, those dusky darlings of the Equator, of their final end, and for this reason they carry their dying rather than their dead out to the forest. But once more the gugu escaped his evil destiny, for when the feet of the young men were at his door he was already dead. For two nights and two days he lay on a rough native bed in the middle of the beaver-like house. Then he began to decompose, and the natives went off to tell the settler that a boy had died and had begun to stink "like a dead porcupine."

None of them would touch him. What was to be done? As he knew a burial would give offence, it occurred to the settler that cremation was a convenient way of disposing of the human body. He set a light to the hut. All the natives disappeared, vanished as though wishing to have no part or lot in the business. Great flames, annihilating, purifying flames, licked at the dry cedar walls and at the grass roof. The firmament above became splashed with red, the twisted olive trees looked pale and scared, and a hump-backed olive cow trotted up with an odd expression of surprise and curiosity on its long-shaped countenance. Presently there was a crash, and the roof collapsed.

In the middle of the raging furnace could be seen the body—the little human-shaped body—lying quite still and unperturbed like an infantile Abednego. The settler walked back to his house. "What a funny smoky smell there is to-night," said his young wife. "It's like burning rubbish." "Yes, it's just what it is," answered the settler.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

Views and Reviews.

The Law of Thebes.

IN his little handbook on political theory (recently reviewed by Mr. Brown in these pages), Mr. Barker's only criticism of National Guilds seems to depend from the assumption that "the State is one body; no clever essay in dichotomy can get away from that fact." Stated in that crude form, without any qualification, it is the pure doctrine of despotism, which Faguet exposes so wittily in the politics of France. Nor am I dependent on Faguet for the description of this assumption as implying the doctrine of despotism; for the sixteenth article of the Declaration of the Rights of Man says: "A society in which the observance of the law is not assured, nor the separation of powers defined, has no constitution at all." To make this more clear, let me quote Montesquieu, that advocate of aristocracy and the separation of powers: "In despotic States the prince himself may judge. He cannot do it in monarchies; the constitution would be destroyed, the intermediary powers would be annihilated, we should see an end of all formality of judicial procedure, fear would possess all minds, we should see all faces pale, there would be an end of confidence, of honour, of love, of security, of monarchy. . . . The prince is the party who prosecutes the accused and causes him to be punished or absolved; if he should sit himself as judge, he would be both judge and party." If the State is one body, and State-Socialism is the only possible form of Socialism, as Mr. Barker alleges, then Socialism is despotism; and the criticism of Faguet that the further perfection of despotism "will be the business of the socialist regime" is justified. But to us, who have not the history of "two centuries of brilliant despotism" which Faguet alleges has brought France to its present pass, the doctrine that the State is one body need not have this signification. We can say, as St. Paul said of the Church, "the body is not one member but many"; for the proposal to form National Guilds is really only a proposal to differentiate the homogeneous structure of despotism into the vital and organic relations necessary for the proper exercise of sovereignty. The real contribution of Socialism to political theory is its addition of economic power to the list of powers capable of being exercised by the State; and as economic power is the fundament of all other power, its exercise by the State would be the most perfect despotism. The history of modern England is the history of the creation and development of an economic despotism, not less despotic because it represented only one factor of economic production, viz., Capital. When the condition of the development of the power of capital was individual freedom, the State acted on the principle of *laissez faire*; when the condition of the further progress of the power of capital was the control of labour, the State acted on

the principle of collectivism, and took charge of the minds and bodies of the labourers. With each exercise of its power, the State has increased its own economic resources; it has acted not only as though it were one body, but as though that body contained only one member, Capital.

The proposal to form National Guilds is not, in any real sense of the phrase, an essay in dichotomy; it does not propose the cutting of the State into two, it only insists on the necessity of developing a new organ for the exercise of the industrial functions that are the precedent conditions of our national life. It will differentiate the functions of the body, but it will not destroy the body; it will not dichotomise, but organise, the State into a more perfect structure. But because the Guilds will be based on a monopoly of labour, with the State as at present constituted, we have no guarantee against a despotism of labour. Almost every suggested reformation of our existing Chambers, from Graham Wallas to Faguet, seems to demand a representation in the Chambers of the Guilds as Guilds, that is, to make the Guilds despotic by giving them political power as well as the economic power they will possess, to make them judge and party in their own cause. It is here that I, as an aristocrat, begin to dichotomise, to separate the political from the economic power of the State.

"There was a law at Thebes," says Aristotle, "that no one could have a share in the government till he had been ten years out of trade." The idea underlying this law, that to exercise properly his political functions a man must have forgotten the habits and traditions of his economic life, is fundamentally a sound one; for, to adopt a dichotomy of our present House of Commons, politics should be concerned with Supply, while the peculiar business of economic organisations should be the consideration of Ways and Means. In any highly organised State such as the Guild-Writers project, politics will be much more than a consideration of supply; it may even be the life of virtue that the Greek writers demanded; but there is no doubt that what is implied by the word "Supply" will be its principle. It will deal with principles more than with details; with what is desirable rather than with what is practical; it will free itself from that characteristically English confusion of ideas that was expressed in an old petition of the City of London against the naturalisation of the Jews, "as tending extremely to the dishonour of the Christian religion, and extremely injurious to the interests and commerce of the kingdom in general, and of the city of London in particular."

If there be any validity in this forecast it is obvious that the political organisation of the country should not be corrupted by the ideas proper to the economic organisations. It is a vice of English legislation that it does confuse the essentials of legislation and administration; as Dicey says: "The cumbersomeness and prolixity of English statute law is due in no small measure to futile endeavours of Parliament to work out the details of large legislative changes. This evil has become so apparent that in modern times Acts of Parliament constantly contain provisions empowering the Privy Council, the judges, or some other body, to make rules under the Act for the determination of details which cannot be settled by Parliament." He calls this simply an awkward mitigation of an acknowledged evil; as, of course, it is; but it would be an evil more likely to thrive in a Guild-State where the Guilds, qua Guilds, were members of the governing body. Their practical skill in administration would tend to disqualify them for the more ideal work of legislation; and, besides, we must have some hope of making our philosophers kings, and it is worth while remembering that not only Croce but Hobbes has declared that philosophy "excludes history as well natural as political, though most useful (nay, necessary) to philosophy; because such knowledge is but experience, and not ratiocination."

I suggest, therefore, that some law comparable to that of Thebes will be necessary to guard us against

a despotism of detail. Not merely should the Guilds, qua Guilds, be excluded from the governing body, but no Guildsman should be eligible for membership of the governing body until he had been some years out of trade. Industry denaturalises a man, not less but more so in this age of machinery than in the age of Aristotle; and a period devoted to bulb-growing, or fishing, or any other method of meditating upon Nature that is customary to Englishmen, even ten years' golfing, may well be prescribed as a necessary preparation for a legislator in a Guild-State. The incompatibility of freedom with expert government can only be nullified by learning the limitations of both, and by using experts ad hoc, and not for all purposes. A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Brunel's Tower. By Eden Phillpotts. (Heinemann. 6s.)

We live and learn—even from Mr. Phillpotts. It seems that pottery is so mystical an art that it can be successfully practised only by perfectly truthful people. Harvey Porter began his career at Brunel's Tower with two lies: he said that he had run away from the workhouse, and he had really run away from a reformatory; he said that his name was Harvey Porter, and it was really Lee Hockin. Consequently, he never became a potter, although he tried his hand at every process, and was keenly interested in the subject. Benvenuto Cellini did some good artistic work, although he was not a morally perfect man; but pottery is possible only to the George Washingtons of this world. But if Harvey Porter could not become a potter, he could become the next best thing, a worshipper of pottery and potters. He adored George Easterbrook, his master, and did everything to please him, and to add a lustre to the fame of the pottery associated with him. But in spite of all his trials and experiments, George Easterbrook had never been able to throw such big pieces as had made the fame of Todd's, a rival pottery; so Harvey Porter set himself to discover this secret that had been the private possession of the Todds for generations. He made himself agreeable to Miss Todd, and she told him the secret without any trouble; then he sought her company no more, but devoted himself to the making of a big piece of pottery. Another of his delinquencies was this: George Easterbrook's aunt was a painter of pottery, and, as she became old and infirm, she spoiled much pottery. No one had the heart to tell her to stop working; so Harvey Porter, full of zeal for the fame of Brunel's Tower, told her. She stopped work, and shortly afterwards committed suicide. Harvey's treachery to truth was made known to Easterbrook the night before he was asked to look at the big piece of pottery; and Harvey was kicked out of the place for having discovered the secret of the Todds by sentimental instead of scientific means. Thereafter, George Easterbrook underwent a transformation; he had formerly believed that heredity was nothing and environment everything, and he came to the conclusion that man's character is the product of heredity and environment. Harvey, too, began to find an environmental expression for his hereditary impulses, and at the end of the book all was forgiven. But there are no converts to pottery or probity; so Harvey saved the life of George Easterbrook and lost his own. "Who is the potter, pray, and who the pot?" We do not know, but we may add to the dictum of John Stickles, and say: "No hopes for them as laughs or lies."

Rain Before Seven. By Eric Leadbitter. (George Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

Mr. Leadbitter has chosen as his hero a congenitally neurasthenic type, and traces his history presumably with the idea of showing how neurasthenia may be cured. In Michael Lawson's case, the cure consists in failing entirely to win success or recognition as a musician, and then, through the instrumentality of a

scientific and business-like brother, being instructed in the mysteries of business, ceasing to despise the bourgeoisie, becoming a bourgeois, and settling down to a nice girl and a comfortable home won by his own exertions. It is suggested that his work in organising the sale and distribution of his brother's invention of wireless electric lights was of more value to civilisation than his musical compositions or performances; and Mr. Leadbitter probably knows his hero better than we do. To come to this end, he has to fall in love with a girl under great sexual provocation, and be tantalised by her in Richmond Park even after she is married to another man; he has to be engaged to a girl whom he is obliged to jilt because his supplies of money are stopped, and the failure of his first recital makes it impossible for him to obtain remunerative employment as a pianist; he has to become a pianist in a cinema theatre, a copyist of music, a patient in a London hospital, a temporary stevedore at the docks, and a tramp, before he is restored to his own people and his progress to affluence and matrimony can begin. Even then, he has first to go to a service in a country church before he can obtain the tranquillity of heart necessary for his third and fatal proposal to a girl; and feeling that "Thought, and the striving after Truth, was useless," "the problems of life fade into insignificance," and there is nothing before him but marriage.

Killing for Sport. By Various Writers. With a Preface by G. Bernard Shaw. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a series of essays on the cruelty, and the cost, of blood-sports, with the usual essay by H. S. Salt on the "Fallacies" of his opponents. We must admit that we find Mr. Shaw's preface by far more interesting than any of the other contributions to this volume; for his gift of paradox finds fitting expression in it. By admitting that he knows "many sportsmen, none of whom are ferocious," and "several humanitarians, all of whom are ferocious," he has rescued the subject from the jargon of the humanitarians. Cruelty and murder, he sees, are necessary to human existence on this planet; the only question that arises is to whom they shall be applied. The sportsman prefers to afflict the animal kingdom; Mr. Shaw prefers to afflict the sportsman. And it is precisely the amiability and general kindness to animals of sportsmen that Mr. Shaw detests; if only he were cruel, he would be humane, and, like Mr. Shaw, a companion of the "decent people" who will inherit the earth. "Men must be killed and animals must be killed; nay, whole species of animals and types of men must be exterminated before the earth can become a tolerable place of habitation for decent folk. But among the men who will have to be wiped out stands the sportsman"; to which pious proposal the sportsman will probably add the name of Mr. Shaw.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam: A Variorum Edition of Edward Fitzgerald's Renderings into English Verse. Edited by Frederick H. Evans, hand-printed by Arthur K. Sabin at the Temple Sheen Press, and published by Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

We presume that the purpose of this edition is not to acquaint the British public with the philosophy of Omar or the poetry of Fitzgerald; we are all Omars now (if our clergy are to be believed), and a variorum edition appeals more to the scientific than to the poetic mind. The delight in the history of the development of each stanza is not of the same order as the primary delight in sense, sound, and structure which constitutes poetic appreciation; and to see four different renderings of the same stanza on the same page does not enhance that primary delight, but drives the reader back to technical considerations—and one does not discuss the technique of Edward Fitzgerald. Mr. Evans cannot plead that he intended to correct the collected edition; for he actually used that edition as a printing copy until he discovered an impossible punctuation mark. But there is a growing appreciation of good printing, and Mr. Sabin's typography may be commended.

Pastiche.

AN ESSAY ON DRESS.

Awake, my Muse, a worthy theme is found
To raise your languid pinions from the ground.
The verse that sang Belinda's vanished tress
Must win anew Olympian success;
The perfect couplets that proclaimed to Man
The certain wisdom of th' Almighty plan;
The mighty line that rendered Homer's page
Again must charm the eloquent and sage.

Time was when Man of raiment or attire
Had nought to tease the fancy with desire.
Apparell'd in the air he crept and ran
Until his skin assum'd a healthy tan.
Vestured in innocence he knew no need
Of aught for his adornment but a bead.
Why, when so happy, did his mind decree
That garments should be furnished from the tree?
Why, when so guileless, did he tear the skin
From the dead wolf his spear was buried in?
Why did he make contrivances that spun
A woollen girdle for a leafy one?
Why, dowered with nothing, did his mind evolve
A problem which the world will never solve?
Why, with a limitless domain of passion
Did he fall dreaming and engender Fashion,
So that millenniums later one confess'd—
Man never Is, but always To Be dress'd.

Lo, the poor sempstress, whose distracted eyes
See shirts in trees and trousers in the skies;
Had she the care of human ways who knows
The fate of all our customary clothes?
Annual for her, the shape, the stuff renew
The doubt distracting and the dwindling due.
Yet resignation and meek words attest
The victory of Custom in her breast;
So that she'll answer if you ask her why
She deems all clothing a necessity,
Why she insists on skirt and coat and hat—
"For this plain reason, I am not a cat!"

Yet it is folly thus to turn aside
From argument through diffidence or pride,
To spurn conclusions just to be at one
With dying men or those whose race is run.
Rather examine ev'ry fact display'd,
Roam continents for wit, and oceans wade;
Balance and sift, consider and reflect
And only give to *Prejudice* neglect.

Why does the veil to Indian women give
The conscious decency by which they live,
As with bared thigh and shining breast they thread
Barefoot the thronged bazaar with graceful tread?
Or go to China where a woman's fame
Rests in her covered feet, which shown is shame.
In far Sumatra woman may not be
Seen showing half a perfect inch of knee;
In Central Asia scorpions and whips
Would not atone for shameless finger tips,
Which, covered from the eyes of men, denote
More than in England does a parson's coat.
In Tonga and Tahiti clothing may
Be most spectacularly thrown away
If but the native decent custom woos
And voluntarily her flesh tattoos.
And where the Caribbean daily basks
Convention of a lady merely asks
That ere in nakedness she leaves her hut
She must some paint upon her body put.
In far Japan mixed bathing is the mode—
But garmentless is strictly to their code;
In English waters belles with beaux contest
Which is the most elaborately dress'd;
Yet you will see in European art
The graceful nude her marble glances dart,
Or in a thousand galleries surprise
A naked naiad laughing in your eyes;
While the lax Japanese would swear and frown
At any goddess drawn without a gown.
Or, if you think this argument is false,
Recall the fair enchantress of the valse,
Take her at noon with gleaming shoulders bare
And bid her walk awhile in Belgrave Square,
Or take her sister from the Margate sands
And hand her through the Park to hear the bands.

"An outrage!" I can hear Dame Grundy say,
 Yet why, O præscient lady, why, I pray?
 "Because it is not modest so to mock
 At all that's sacred, in an evening frock—
 Until it's evening! And the other case—
 The time was right, no doubt, but not the place!"

So that we may with justice all agree
 An artificial growth is modesty.
 Fair as it is, and fragrant, yet we find
 It is not natural to human-kind.
 What's right in England is a black taboo
 In the religion of a strict Hindoo;
 Nor will the customs of the Scotch agree
 With the traditions of the Caribbee;
 And tribe with tribe, and race with race reveal
 How various is Modesty's appeal.
 What British matrons wear for their respect
 In Africa for wantonness is deck'd,
 And when to wickedness some tribes would run
 They *clothe* themselves and dance beneath the sun.
 Go to those plays *un-musical* where throng
 The weary devotees of soulless song;
 Mark how each head and leg, each neck and waist,
 In mock-coquettish attitudes is plac'd;
 See how profusely silks and satins shine
 To give content to those who live—and dine.
 For us the dance, the jingle and the lace
 Whirl round in their eternal money-chase.

'Tis thought that Man originated first
 In tropic latitudes where life is thirst.
 His shape and ways it matters not to ask,
 To sing about his costume is my task.
 Assume it *nil*, assume his body bare—
 But he was not content to sojourn there.
 Whether the lion and the leopard kept
 His thoughts too busy while his children slept,
 I know not, but I know that he moved on,
 Northward and southward, from the tropic sun.
 Now as he went the cactus and the thorn
 Doubtless his soft integument had torn;
 Also his wanderings had brought him where
 The straying sun left cool the atmosphere.
 What likelier than that firstly he forsook
 His leafy girdle and a stouter took,
 Killing some beast and taking its soft skin
 To fit his unprotected body in?
 In bleaker regions, discontented still,
 He made strange instruments to work his will,
 Learn'd in Necessity's surprising school
 The use of leather, cotton, silk and wool.
 But climate not alone explains Attire:
 Arabs go muffled when the day is fire;
 Fuegians, where Cape Horn thunders drear,
 Wear shields of skins when icy storms appear.
 This other theory we must disclose
 Which brings us in a trice to modern woes.
 With childlike glee our ancient fathers found
 Bright stones and pebbles on the dusty ground.
 Digged in the earth and brought forth metals fine,
 Discovered beauteous sea-shells by the brine.
 With these and molars, white, and not a few,
 Pluck'd from the jaws of animals they slew,
 They learn'd adornment. This we all agree
 Show'd enterprise and mark'd ability.
 Why do the modern maidens, over-bold,
 Dislike a nose-ring of the purest gold,
 When weighty ornaments and stones appear
 Still to survive in many a shell-like ear?
 Would it not charm her when she bends to sip
 Her tea to feel a ring upon her lip?
 Why do we not wear toe-rings as of yore,
 And anklets to make music on the floor?
 Is the brass leglet to a garter sunk?
 And where the silver band about the trunk?
 O Ornament, thy votaries were few
 When first thy spells upon Man's eyes ye threw!
 Turn now to Bond Street and to Bethnal Green
 And see the thousands that mine eyes hath seen.
 Why do our maids false ringlets buy, and match?
 To draw attention, fascinate, and catch.
 Why do our youths wear strange cravats and ties
 That match the splendour of Egyptian skies?
 To draw a damsel's glance, or get a rise.
 Thus we have shown Necessity and Pride
 Through Man's dominions in results allied.
 The leafy girdle and the flowing gown,
 The first the jungle and the last the town.
 So with the mantle: ask a Zulu maid
 To wear the one for which Belinda pray'd;

And lest the fit should do the wearer shame
 Lend her the corsets of a modern dame.
 What, does she shriek in agony and bite?
 But you have hardly joined them: pull them tight:
 No, no, unloose them, you will kill her, she
 Is quite uncivilised apparently!

What strange meek dupes of Fashion are mankind,
 How marvellous in wisdom, yet how blind!
 Both men and women, they aspire to be
 That freak, their own consummate parody.
 And hence one foolish fashion in the West,
 "Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest"
 The fashions change; they mark and mourn it, but
 Another style succeeds, another cut.
 From one extreme to t'other they are toss'd,
 Hope for perfection when their faith is lost.
 Rose in a Leghorn hat her charms admires,
 And Talbot looks upon her and desires.
 Too swift! the fashions change—and Rose awoke
 One summer morn to read her doom, the *Toque*.
 Yet crowned with this she looks within her glass,
 And Talbot says "It's perfect"—silly ass!
 "Whether with reason or with instinct blest,"
 Know, all enjoy the hat which suits them best;
 But since the milliners decree a change
 Fancy must have full liberty to range.

Cease then, my Muse, your headlong pace arrest;
 Man never *Is*, but always *To Be* dress'd.

W. K. SEYMOUR.

THE COLLEGE OF TEA-HARTS.

It has so often been pointed out, and we are the first
 to admit how truly, that London is a town where good
 pastry has hitherto been obtainable from one halfpenny
 upwards. . . . Italian . . . French . . . German . . .
 Viennese. . . Most intelligent people will realise with
 regret that the War has seriously damaged the pastry
 trade.

Lovers of the Creamy Bun, the Seed Slab, and Gozzled
 Eclair will have to set to and *create their own*. This is
 where we come in. The College prepares two sorts of
 instruction, one for those who intend to live on pastry
 exclusively and also for those of smaller income who will
 venture only at week-ends. We have several experts at
 work in the British Museum, and one of them claims to
 have discovered a very ancient receipt for making a
 Latin "Bah-Bah," one of the most attractive looking
 pastries ever conceived by the mind of man.

CLASSES.

BUNS, ETC.

Atelier of Cream Pastry.—Miss Doe Marshmellow, as-
 sisted by Banbury Bunn.

The architectural aspects of the Cream Bun. Spiral
 Interior. Six intermediate layers of flogged cream.

Currant Buns.—The art of effective distribution of fifty
 currants in one ounce of Eye-raising flour ("Blossomsbury
 Bloom.") Bun-flopping made easy by Madame Bunn.

Atelier of Rock Cakes.—Bawdeir Messer (in velvet suit).

Comparative study of the solidity and ventilation of
 the Rock Cake in all known and unknown climates.
 Problem of how many sultanas to the New Century
 Monster Rock Cake. When and where to buy. Fantastic
 shapes of Rock Cakes. Witty anecdotes for the children
 . . . etc. Cinema film in preparation for "At Homes."

Atelier of Rice Cakes.—Miss Zompeo Zompeo-owany-eo.

Why Rice Cakes are two a penny. How to compete at
 home with the German spy baker round the corner. Miss
 Zampeo-owany-eo explodes for all time the ancient fallacy
 that rice is used in the making of the Rice Cake.

Atelier of Cakes (fundamental).—Mr. Pound-Cake.

Author of "Cakeonæ," "Cakemœoræ," "KAKE,"
 "Cääk," etc. "Brown dappled Brown. O solid white-
 ness of milk, how I love thee . . ."

Five hundred thousand odd varieties of cake. Mr. Pound-
 Cake has spent a lifetime in this valuable research. His
 latest pamphlet, entitled "A Study in Comparative Cake
 Crumbs," has had an enormous sale in the provinces.
 Very acceptable and highly commended.

Atelier of Spotted Dick.—Mr. Richard Duff.

Mr. Richard Duff has discovered the pysicmetre of
 "Spotted Dick."—He has worked with Mr. Pound-Cake
 for some years. Their famous debate, "Why was Dick
 Spotted," or, "Black Blobs Sunk Deep in Creamy
 Yeast," attracted universal respect, and is now published
 at rd. Very acceptable. Only a few copies left.

L. E. BORY.

Current Cant.

"Our boys—Christ's all."—JOHN OXENHAM.

"Let us talk about the war."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Can you shave the Kaiser?"—"Answers."

"Our greatest foe is drink."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Gaby Deslys is an institution."—"Times."

"War to the knife and fork."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The child's guide to the war."—BARRY PAIN.

"Sinking of the 'Falaba.' The most amazing photographs of the war."—"Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Austin Harrison is one of the foremost literary characters in Great Britain."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"For years the German people have willingly listened to the teachings of egoists and madmen such as Treitschke and Nietzsche. For years they have scoffed at Christianity."—MARIE CORELLI.

"The shrewd City constable is convinced that his splendid, robust constitution wears better, and lasts longer, with the invigorating aid of Phosphorine."—"Echo."

"Wagner's feeble music."—SIDNEY DARK.

"If a working man can earn enough for his necessities and comforts in four days, he will refuse to work six."—"Town Topics."

"The folly of idealism."—"Morning Post."

"Your own interpretation of society's agnosticism will largely decide the outcome of your career."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"The question is, Who is a Christian? Ella Wheeler Wilcox has some very decided opinions on the subject."—"The Christian Life."

"The way of the Gentiles. Suffering Serbia. What we owe to India. Earthquake in Italy. God's Word at work. Bible revision in China. Led out among the heathen. Progress in Qua Iboe. Why be content with 4 per cent?"—"The Christian."

"Every man striking is striking at a British soldier."—"Daily Express."

"Minister's wife at rifle range. Hun's fiendish laughter. Thrilling photos secured by the 'Daily Mirror' show scenes of horror."—"Daily Mirror."

"Are you interesting?"—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"The entente cordiale of the hair."—"Daily Express."

"A big ounce of common sense is worth a Lyttelton of trashy sentiment."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Who explains to the young girl employed in a business house that, if she spends her nights in dancing to such an extent that she is too sleepy and tired the next day to attend to her work, she is just as much a thief as the clerk who embezzles the petty cash? Sometimes I wonder and wonder, and then I cry out in despair."—"Enid" in the "Referee."

"Every question under the sun has two sides to it, and that is why the 'Referee' is published as a paper that 'makes you think.'"—ARNOLD WHITE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MORE QUESTIONS FOR THE PRESS BUREAU.

Sir,—Following upon the example set by your correspondent, A. M. Cameron, perhaps you would give publicity to these points:

(1) Is it the fact that the enormous losses sustained by the British Division engaged at Neuve Chapelle were due to the absence of the French supports on the right as occurred at the Battle of Mons?

(2) If so, are Britons expected to sacrifice themselves in defence of France more than the French themselves are willing to do?

(3) Is it true that the loss of the French battleship, "Bouvet," and the injury to "Le Gaulois" are the first serious naval losses that the French Fleet have sustained? Assuming the German Fleet came into the North Sea, would it be only met by British ships, so that, at the end of the battle, granting the British Fleet were victorious but sustained losses of the character to be expected in such a huge engagement, the British Fleet would be in a minority compared to the Russo-French naval combination?

(4) Has the Russian Fleet sustained any part of the naval campaign at all, and if so, what part?

(5) Granting that Germany and Britain are struggling for the domination of Europe, should the present carnage be carried on to the extent that the Government is apparently intending to press it, would not Britain and Germany be so reduced that they would be unable to resist a State like Italy or Japan?

(6) Has not the alleged scarcity in munitions of war arisen because the United States Government has cut off supplies, and is using the American armament factories for her own purposes? Is the United States contemplating intervention in defence of China?

(7) Did not a highly placed naval officer issue a protest against the encouragement given by the Admiralty to the captains of merchant vessels to engage in counter-attacks upon submarines, as the submarines would then treat merchant and passenger vessels as cruisers treat such vessels who refuse to obey the blank and full charge signals to stop? Was that protest suppressed at the instance of the Press Bureau? In any event, why has not the Admiralty advised merchant captains to assume the same policy towards submarines as is adopted towards cruisers and gunboats?

(8) Does the power over factories taken by the Defence of the Realm Act (II) mean that the workers are subject to naval and military law, and can be tried by court-martial though not technically military or naval units?

(9) Is the Defence of the Realm Act (No. 1) designed to limit the information conveyed to the enemy, or is it a device for gagging the expression of opinion in Britain?

(10) Is not the so-called "reduction of output" due to the fact that the men in armament factories have been overworked for months, and that the additional workers are inexperienced, and not very useful, owing to their lack of experience?

(11) Is not the anti-drink agitation due to the desire of the employers to be afforded an excuse for not increasing wages to meet increased cost of living, as they can point to the surplus expenditure upon drink as available to meet the increases in food and rent: which is being raised in many places to pay "the increased income tax"?

(12) Is it the principle of the governing classes of Great Britain that the workers should have no surplus: and since when have Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Garvin, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir E. Grey, and Lord Kitchener become teetotallers?

C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

WHAT WOULD A GERMAN VICTORY MEAN?

Sir,—The devotees of democracy, according to Lloyd George, assure us that a German victory would mean the overthrow of that popular government which they profess to enjoy and prize. To avow that the continued existence of one's creed depends on the chances of battle does not show much confidence in its vitality; though they are, perhaps, excusable, when orthodox clergy are gravely concerned as to whether or no Corsica will eventually—by the same means—conquer Galilee.

Let us, however, assume the worst, that Britain has become "Germany's vassal." An historical analogy is at once suggested. The Norman Conquest resulted immediately in the degradation of the English freeman to the lowest level he had yet reached, but, ultimately, to his rapid rise, due, says Prof. Vinogradoff, "to the economic

superiority of the working population over their feudal masters." "The key to their earlier history," he proceeds, "is military organisation; to their later, economic achievement."

Now a German Conquest would, doubtless, at first, have similar depressing results for the free (sic) and privileged population of this country; but if accepted, as the Norman was, it might solve once for all the problem of unifying Western Europe as the earlier solved that of unifying Southern Britain. Then, if it be true that "economic power precedes political power," the greater might of British industrialism could be trusted to assert itself, and in combination with that of Germany—by itself unequal to the task—to overwhelm the thus out-classed military element, and transmute an empire founded on the sword into one resting on the stabler foundation of a re-organised economic system. Undeniably, such a result would be better achieved by peaceful means, just as the Norman Conquest meant much suffering for those of the moment; but since in both cases mutual jealousies have prevented, perchance the sacrifice of one, two, or even three generations might be recompensed by the achievement of the ultimate goal.

IGNOTUS QUIDAM.

* * *

FROM AN ONLOOKER.

Sir,—I wonder if it is humanly possible at the present noisy moment for a feminine and unknown voice to be faintly heard?

There is a great deal of gabble about militarism and piffle about peace congresses, and how one can put down the other.

To talk about peace at all during our present sojourn upon this unhappy planet is to wallow in Utopianism. It seems to the writer that people never get to the root of the matter at all, and that all this talk "about it and about" is like the ravings of actors who have learned the lines without having understood the inner meaning of the drama.

The flighty-headed who advise universal peace can be likened to a surgeon who would advise the removal of one of the tentacles of a cancer.

This is a war of greed, envy, and spite, and until these hideous diseases of the mind have exhausted themselves there can never be any peace on this planet.

Anybody who has ever made a success of anything, no matter how trifling that thing may be, cannot do so without arousing jealousy in some human heart. Anyone who owns anything, beauty, clothes, property, influence, position, can only keep these various possessions by constant struggle and changeless determination. The least unwatchful moment, an hour of carelessness, and the wolves are upon us, and we awaken to realise how we have been hated for the very things that we imagined were simply the gifts of God.

To progress still further in this life and to create for oneself a larger position than the one to which we have been born; to accumulate greater fortune, wider political influence, dramatic power, or artistic success, no matter by what pacific or brutal means we have acquired these possessions, is to rend them from the hands of others, who are instantly imbued with rage and spite, and often almost murderous hate.

There is no reason why you or I, or anyone else, should succeed in life, except that we have done so through our own determination and sacrifice, and at the expense of other people's dead hopes and ambition.

As it is with private persons, so it must be with nations, and the world at large. A nation that succeeds must make enemies, and no nation can take, capture, or colonise any portion of the earth, or rule any one inch of the sea, without depriving other and less strong Powers from owning such territory.

For a time, nations and people can hide their true sentiments, but to-day the masks are off, and we see each other face to face, gibbering with murderous hate.

The Anglo-Saxon has occupied an enormous share, literally the lion's share of the earth, while the Teuton has rapidly conquered its commercial activities.

It is for these things alone that jealousy, rage, and spite have arisen in the hearts of both of these peoples, and they have cast aside all shams at last, and, like the prehistoric beasts of the forest, have hurled themselves boldly at each other's throats.

The Germans, brutal till the end, will tear up and destroy everything as an outlet to years of pent-up anger,

and the English, hypocritical to the last, will literally die mouthing hymns about "Scraps of Paper."

What surprises a neutral and an onlooker at this sorry game, is the great spitefulness of the people at large, and of the women in particular.

It is easy for the Anglo-Saxon to be gracefully victorious, and anybody can extend a magnanimous helping hand to a vanquished enemy, and prate grandly about charity and fair play.

The Bank at Monte Carlo has this same point of view, I should imagine.

In the present situation, when the tables seem in danger of being turned, the attitude of the average Anglo-Saxon, and particularly of the women, is so ungenerous and spiteful that one's entire conception of the nation must be altered.

The Police could a tale unfold of the many women who have developed a new game, called "Spy-hunting," and who track down and worry the victim and the Police equally.

It may be patriotic, but it is also a new game, and an outlet for that nastiest of passions, spite.

Anyone who does not believe in the existence of a superabundance of cattishness need only express sympathy for our present foes at the next tea-party they attend, and I hope I may be present. It will be a melancholy satisfaction to me to gather their remains into the dustbin and return them to their sorrowing relatives.

Though I am a neutral myself, and have never expressed any sympathies, I have been insulted frequently by women who hated the Germans or envied me, and who took this occasion gladly to let off a little superfluous envy. Some day, when our present whirlpool of unchained passions will have exhausted itself, those of us who are still alive may have time to sit back and consider what part we have each played in the present frightful combat. How many times have we met Germans abroad and sneered openly at their table manners, how have we held ourselves when a fat German and his family have endeavoured to climb into our compartment? How have we acted at winter sporting centres, and Nile boats, and mountain fastnesses? How have we made them feel that they were ornaments to the landscape, and that we thought them becomingly and fashionably clad?

After all, the Germans are only human (one hesitates to make so advanced and revolutionary a statement at the present moment), and have we not added to their already natural dislike of our territorial aggrandisement by our manners and methods?

Could one small human (inhuman if it pleases the B.P. any better), could one small emperor cause such universal hatred in all the hearts of two enormous nations?

The influence of people on one another is so great that it is almost beyond conception. We have encouraged jealousy and ill-feeling against our successful friends, our acquaintances, foreign arrivals, rival companies, brilliant writers, politicians, foreigners in general, we have hated the classes above and below us, the rich and the beautiful, the poor and the dowdy.

We have sown a wind of spite, and now we reap a perfect whirlwind of fury.

Let us look at ourselves in the face for once, and confess that it is the greed, nastiness, and envy of the whole lot of us that has precipitated this calamity on our own heads.

The English nation to a man, and, certainly to a woman, is persistently nasty to all foreigners.

Some are weak and cannot retaliate, some, like the French, are indifferent, but at last we have crossed swords with a violent, proud, determined people, a people as brutal as we are hypocritical, and as determined as we are clever.

And we, the ordinary people, the man in the street, and the tea-table tabby, we have made them hate us to a man, and to a man they have arisen in their might, and to a man they will kill us if they are able.

FLORA KEYES.

* * *

CHILD LABOUR AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

Sir,—A brief editorial in last week's NEW AGE lays a much needed emphasis on the fact that when the war is over the glut of labour in the market will be so great that the end of the war may possibly prove more disastrous than the war itself. In face of the wide recognition given to this fact, surely it is time that the organised working class movement took steps to place the matter of child labour on a satisfactory footing; for certainly it will

be a highly discreditable state of things if thousands of unemployed adults will be walking the streets while children of twelve years of age are full-time wage-earners.

The victory of the Farmers' Union and its powerful allies in their attack on the education of the rural child and on Trade Unionism shows the need for prompt and determined action on the part of the executives of the organised working class movement.

For it must be remembered that the high privilege of exemption from school at the age of twelve years is intended by its supporters, including leaders of Social Democracy like Lady Warwick and Mr. Hyndman, not only for children engaged in agricultural pursuits, but also for those engaged in other pursuits "considered beneficial."

Soon, no doubt, much employment of a "beneficial" character will be found for full-time baby wage-earners in urban as in rural areas. In this connection, I would advise members of committees concerned with the administration of the Provision of Meals Act to be on the alert lest steps be taken by the authorities to reduce the number of children over twelve who are now fed in town schools. In the rural areas the Provision of Meals Act is, as Sir George Newman tells us, a "dead letter."

The glut of labour in the market when the war is over could be eased if in the work of reconstruction we laid it down that no child under the age of sixteen should become a wage-earner until the last unemployed able-bodied adult had been set to work. I submit, therefore, that the time has now come when the Executives of the Trade Union movement should take definite steps to secure the realisation of the oft-repeated demand of Trade Union Congresses that the school age should be raised definitely to sixteen, and that in place of the wages now paid to the child by the employer a maintenance grant should be given out of public funds.

The great majority of the most intelligent propagandists in the Trade Union and Socialist movements read THE NEW AGE, and to them I commend this proposal as one eminently suited for earnest discussion at this time, when, because life is being so freely spent on the battlefield, the children become more than ever the chief asset of the nation. Certainly, a nation that can afford to spend nearly £2,000,000 a day on a devastating war cannot afford to be niggardly when dealing with the workers' children.

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel House, Working Women's College.

* * *

TARASS SHEVCHENKO.

Sir,—Perseverance hath indeed its reward. Your Russian correspondent had sent you a translation of one of Shevchenko's poems, and now comes P. Selver with an admirable rendering of Zapovit. His remarks seem to suggest that he is merely throwing one single bone to this dog. Let him fall into no error, however. Unless he avoids me altogether he shall hear me ask him for more. His own conscience is bound to do the rest. Mrs. Voynich's translation fails to satisfy anyone who knows the true Shevchenko and repels those who do not.

The Ukrainian nation being essentially poetical, we should not be surprised to see what incredible influence Tarass Shevchenko's memory wields over the present generation. Politicians hardly count; contemporary writers, with the exception of Ivan Franko in Eastern Galicia and Bukovina, have no great influence; the Church is in the Russian part of the Ukraine subservient to Moscow and in the Austrian part too small a body to carry weight over the border. But Shevchenko's name is known to every Ukrainian throughout the world. Every boy and girl can recite his poems, every other peasant cottage hides somewhere a much-fingered copy of his works, illustrated with some of his own drawings and paintings. He is the link, the expression of his land and of his people. When the first centenary of his birth came round last year, I was invited, together with four Englishmen, to attend the celebrations at L'viv (Lemberg or Lvoff). Ukrainians had come from Russia, Siberia, Roumania, Hungary, Canada even. The Czechs and Bulgars sent delegates. Over 100,000 poor peasants, men and women, tramped through the preceding night from distant villages to take part in a procession which was by far the most impressive sight I had ever seen. In the Russian Ukraine, however, the grave was guarded by soldiers, and access to it was forbidden during the festivities. What does it matter? Tarass Shevchenko, poet, painter and peasant, has through his terrible sufferings at the hands of the Russian Government, fertilised the souls of his countrymen. His name is, indeed, cherished among them. May his

spirit soon lay at rest in the bosom of God! For, lo, as he wished so ardently, the Ukrainians are now re-united and soon they shall be free. GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

* * *

DEMOCRACY AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—I congratulate myself on having at last conveyed something of my meaning to one of your readers. That Mr. Bradshaw should "join issue at once" on something that I have been stating for weeks, is a tribute to his own alacrity; but I must confess that I do not find his remarks very helpful. If I had been insisting on the hereditary principle, and no other, his objections might have had some relevance; but as I said in your issue of March 4 that "heredity is not a principle on which to rely completely, for atavism and decadence also occur," and that it was, therefore, necessary that the management should also be recruited by co-option, election, and State-appointment, his objections are as unnecessary as they are belated. What Mr. Bradshaw seems to have no inkling of is the main proposal that the management should be a definite order of the Guild, responsible for its own constitution and the efficiency of the works under its control. His assertion that "the proviso as to qualification counts for nothing, the fathers being the judges" of their sons' efficiency as managers, has no relevance to my proposal. I have not suggested that any manager should have a proprietary right to the management of any factory; I have suggested that his sons should have a prescriptive right to membership of the order of management, provided that they can qualify. Their qualifications will be tested, not by their fathers, but by some body of examiners within the Guild, preferably of the order of the managers. The suggestion that I have made that the order of the managers should be responsible for the management implies something that your correspondent apparently overlooks; it implies that the order of managers can be called to account for any inefficiency. If, for example, it were enacted that the order of managers could be fined for any dereliction of duty (Government contracts even now usually contain a penalty clause), there would be no disposition for them to prefer their sons to anyone risen from the ranks as members of their order. Make the order responsible for its constitution and the efficiency of its work, under penalties, and no fondness will make a father forget his duty to his order, or, if he does forget it, will exempt him from the exercise of what we may call "social pressure" from his fellow-managers. The hereditary principle has never recovered from Dr. Johnson's apology for its application in the law of primogeniture, that "it made but one fool in a family"; but the defects of the hereditary principle can be remedied by the revival of the aristocratic idea of an order, or caste, or closed profession, as Mr. Bradshaw calls it, responsible for the efficient performance of certain duties. If the House of Lords had the power over its own constitution that I have suggested for the management of the Guild, the power to degrade, to promote, and to co-opt its members, the order of the peerage would be much more admirable and formidable than it now is. What efficiency means even in the House of Lords may be seen by a reference to its Judicial Committee; every peer of the realm, I believe, has a legal right to sit and vote, but the legal members of the House have, in practice, dissuaded their fellows from doing so, with great benefit to the legal value of the decisions.

Nor is Mr. Bradshaw's other point of more value. I have not insisted that a manager must be totally ignorant of all the processes of manufacture that he will direct; I think it very likely that he will know practically a good deal about them. But the assumption that the best workman will make the best manager, the best engine-driver make the best railway-director, is so contrary to experience that it is useless except as a debating point. There have been railway directors who have driven railway engines; Lord Sackville Cecil was such a one; but I never heard that he drove engines to become a better director, but to increase his acquaintance with railway engineering.

The other point on which Mr. Bradshaw joins issue was a mere retort to Mr. Wood. My experience has been that these men who boast that they can get along without the salariat are exactly the ones whose attempts at the correction of designs and drawings ought to be discouraged. The men whose assistance is valuable are precisely those men who do not think that the salariat is useless; and, so far as Mr. Bradshaw generalises on this point, I may say that I find it easier to credit genius with the works of genius than I do to attribute them to some unknown person. I think it likely that Fame does some-

times speak truly, and that Sir Christopher Wren was probably the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A. E. R.

P.S.—Mr. Benzie seems to forget that promotion is the act of a superior, that even in the French army officers are not elected by their subordinates. Moreover, such a factor in national life as peasant proprietorship should not be ignored when considering the characters of classes.

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DEMOCRACY AND COMMAND.

Sir,—“A. E. R.” in his article on Democracy this week, with his usual logic and lucidity, touches the spot when he says if working-class movements are to succeed they will have to drop the cant about democracy. In the co-operative movement, which is a typical working-class institution, you will find the cant of democracy rampant. The present co-operative movement is full of frothy, self-seeking place-hunters who roll the word “democracy” in their mouths continually and are never happier than when telling others of the same calibre that they are “democrats.” As to this bastard type of democracy in practice as manifested by the co-operative movement, here is a sample. Just before reading “A. E. R.’s” article I had come from an assembly of co-operative delegates where a new secretary fell to be appointed, and the directors of the association came forward, not asking the “democrats” to nominate a man, but to accept *their* nomination, who happened to be recommended to them by their largest subscribing society. It is true the gentleman nominated had qualifications, but the procedure is common co-operative “democracy,” and the protest of the few who made such was unavailing.

That “democratic” co-operation is going to its death can be seen from the fact that the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society is already subsidising and carrying on half a dozen retail branches, and are proposing to extend this principle further in different parts of Scotland. Those democratic theorists who prate loudly of the “will of the people,” etc., etc., should have a few years’ practical experience of their principle as practised by modern co-operators, and if they be honest men they will come away not only disappointed, but disgusted. “UNITAS.”

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NIETZSCHE AND CARLYLE.

Sir,—Perhaps you know already that the patience of your critical readers was tried and exhausted by “G. D.’s” article, “Nietzsche or Carlyle?” in your issue of March 18. In that case it may please you to learn that “G. D.” has my gratitude. I ought to explain, however, if only to forestall any access of conceit in “G. D.” that I collect clichés, absurdities, and examples of bad English; and that my gratitude should not be over-estimated, because, not having been a collector long, I am still enthusiastic.

Clichés are ineffective when used merely for emphasis, ridiculous when they are merely decorative, and abominable when insincere. Let me quote “G. D.’s” first sentence:

“In offering a modest contribution towards the efforts that are being made by all sensible persons to rescue poor old Nietzsche from beneath the brick-pile under which he has been buried, one does not necessarily wish to be identified with the Nietzschean mode of thought.”

The cliché “modest contribution,” for example, is obviously insincere from one who, while including himself in the circle of sensible persons, boldly excludes from that circle all persons who are not making efforts to rescue “poor old Nietzsche.” (“G. D.” may not wish to be identified with the Nietzschean mode of thought, but the condescending pity in his phrase, “poor old Nietzsche,” deserves to meet with all the scorn of a Nietzschean chastisement.) If “G. D.” sincerely believes that his contribution is modest, then one can no longer hold that the style is the man; for, in his case, the man reflected in the style is obviously immodest. It might be pleaded that “modest” refers to the length of the contribution. Those who would plead that will find a ready answer if they reflect how easily your writer of “Notes of the Week” could concentrate in one paragraph what “G. D.” has spread over the “modest” length of three and a half columns. So much for the insincere sort of cliché. Of the ridiculous sort, and of the ineffective sort, your interested readers will easily find examples in the article.

The only excuse I can find for sensible persons who believe that poor old Nietzsche ought to be rescued is that they probably feel the need of practice in English

composition. Their rescue work is, I am convinced, both futile and unnecessary. Students of the great poet-philosopher know that all the journalistic bricks in the world would not bury him: the Pyramids could not keep him down. As for non-students of Nietzsche—who are they? Either people who will conclude from the broadest denunciations of him that his works are worth reading—if only for their piquancy—or people who will conclude nothing more from the denunciations than that it is pleasing to find a German name for the Devil. Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardt—any of these will serve.

It is “G. D.’s” opinion that Nietzsche made two “glaring errors”: (1) “In confusing Socialism with Christianity, and fulminating against both as identical creeds”; (2) “His assumption that Christianity was a slave religion imposed by the slaves upon society from below, instead of seeing that it really is a slave religion imposed by the masters from above.”

When errors glare they glare on the surface. “G. D.’s” knowledge of Nietzsche must be as superficial as his criticism. If it were otherwise he could not regard these details as “fundamental errors.” Perhaps the Socialism Nietzsche had in mind would have degraded the race, as surely as Christianity was already threatening to change man into Netherman. Hence his identical treatment of Socialism and Christianity. The second “fundamental error” is hardly worth a word. What matters it whence the imposition came, or whether it came by design or whether it had origin in the unconscious? Nietzsche’s *perception* of a slave morality: that was his point of departure. Perhaps “G. D.” will now see that, far from putting Nietzsche “outside the ranks of philosophers worth considering at all” (to quote “G. D.’s” redundant journalese), these details have only served to show that “G. D.” himself would have to take his place outside the ranks—if he were not there already.

Now for a few specimens of “G. D.’s” English:

“It is invariably a member of the middle or upper class who, before granting the dole to the prospective victim of charity, asks what church or chapel ~~they~~ attend.”

Has “G. D.” discovered another social class—“the middle or upper”? And does the singular victim of charity suddenly and miraculously multiply himself when there are doles to be collected?

“To immediately hold.”

Another instance of splitting unity.

“Two such mistakes as this are inexcusable in a writer. . . .”

To make “this” do the work of “these” is also inexcusable in a writer.

“It is very bad for a philosopher to teach by means of parables. . . .” (Why? What malady follows?)

“Christ failed for this reason; to this day we do not know whether He was a man of peace or a man of war.” Though correct, because not hyphenated, this phrase “man of war” should have been avoided. It suggests that Christ was a Dreadnought, and that therefore His miraculous walk on the waters was, after all, no defiance of gravitation.

“But contradictory or crazy as Nietzsche may have been, he has at least placed upon record his opinion of Prussianism and German culture. They are somewhat remarkable.”

Prussianism and German culture are remarkable, we know; but “G. D.” is referring to Nietzsche’s opinion.

“Terrible quantities of ink were shed.”

Grammatical, yes; but how this war will creep into our metaphors! In times of peace “G. D.” might have been satisfied with “Much ink was used,” or even “Much was written.”

“Sure enough.” (Is “G. D.” Irish?)

Carlyle “literally soaked himself in German culture from youth to old age.” So this sort of culture really is wet. Blood or beer?

“The highest philosophy was perfectly familiar ages before writing was discovered.” This is one of “G. D.’s” absurdities. I take it from the wholesale denunciation of philosophers with which “G. D.” brings his article to an irrelevant close. “Away to the dust-bin with all of them!” he cries.

While reminding “G. D.” that writing was not “discovered,” and that “them all” is preferable to “all of them,” I should like to add, incidentally, that his denunciations of the philosophers do not leave me in wonderment. If his criticisms of Nietzsche are good samples of the rubbish deposited in his brain after reading “deep, oh so deep, of philosophers,” he must by this time be about full. So away to the dust-bin with him!

J. STEEKMA.

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