

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE everybody is talking of economy, nobody, it seems, is practising it. An individual here and there may have come to the conclusion that economy is best that begins at home; but the bulk of the population, so far from reducing their expenditure during the war, have actually increased it. There is no concealment of this possible from the statistician. For the first seven months of the current year our imports, apart altogether from Government purchases, exceeded our imports of the corresponding months of last year, by the value of sixty million pounds. In short, there is no doubt that people have been spending more than ever. The reason, as the "Round Table," the "Spectator," and other journals belatedly point out, is that taxation has not yet brought home to the nation the fact that we are carrying on the war on borrowed money. We are, therefore, exactly in the position of the young fool who has got into the hands of moneylenders and while the money lasts is cutting a dash. Between three and four millions a day is the amount we are spending on the war; and every penny of it is borrowed. In the meanwhile our normal income all goes in riotous living; and we are not saving a farthing for the repayment of our borrowings. How much better it would have been, as we pointed out many months ago, to have started paying for the war out of current income by taxation! Then, indeed, everyone would have felt that the war is really a costly business requiring individual sacrifice to carry on. Naturally and without appeals for economy, economy would have established itself; and by this time the nation would have accommodated itself to a standard of expenditure suitable to the rate at which the war must be conducted.

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It is quite clear that we cannot go on ad infinitum as we are going. In the first place, even to the resources of moneylenders there is a limit; and, in the second place, there is a limit to the amount of debt we can incur as a State and continue to live. When we

consider, indeed, the amount the State has already borrowed of a few individuals among us the reflection must arise how inequitably wealth must be distributed to enable half a million persons to advance over a thousand million pounds to the State at interest. An analysis of the contributions to the Loans has not, it is true, been made public; but enough is known to justify the conclusion that nine-tenths of it has been subscribed by no more than an eightieth part of the population. This means, in effect, that seventy-nine out of every eighty of us are paying our share of the cost of the war by borrowing from the eightieth. How much longer can this go on, even if we were disposed to borrow indefinitely? Sooner or later, as we say, our eightieth person *must* come to an end of his resources. Warning has already been given, in fact, in the form of a rise in the rate of the interest he demands. From three and a half per cent. his charges have risen to four, four and a half, and are now at five. Our next loan has every chance of raising interest to six per cent.; and in the end perhaps even ten per cent. would not produce all the money we need to carry on the war by loan only. Then consider the question of repayment. By the end of the second year of the war, we shall at the present rate have borrowed quite two thousand million pounds. At the interest for which the taxpayer is liable, the annual charge for rent alone will be about a hundred millions a year, or half our present total Government expenditure; and this takes no account of the question of repaying the principal. Add, if you will, fifty millions a year towards the sinking fund, and it will be seen that, on the present calculations alone, we are incurring for twenty years to come an annual expenditure of a hundred and thirty or forty millions. The question is, can we carry this debt about our neck for a whole generation without sinking under the weight of it? It is true that at the close of the Napoleonic wars the national debt was three times the nation's annual income: while our debt will be not much more than a single year's income. But it must also be remembered that wealth was better distributed in those days. Nor was the general condition of the nation anything much to envy. We say, moreover, that our modern population, accustomed, as it is, to a relatively high standard of living, will not tolerate the conditions our forefathers endured. The Napoleonic nine hundred millions, interest and all,

was paid off in the sweat of the brow of the poor. They knew no better. But it is doubtful whether the poor of to-day will consent to be pinched for twenty years to repay half a million persons the sums they have advanced. A repudiation of the debt, in one form or another, is well within the region of the possible; and we should not hesitate to find excuses and even justification for it.

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It is in view, no doubt, of such considerations as these that our financiers are becoming a little nervous of lending us any more and are talking of taxation. Taxation was the last thing in their minds until they had us well in their debt; but it appears that we may go too far in the other direction. Hence the halt. But before discussing taxation let us look at some of the facts which our moneylenders would gladly conceal from us. Note, first, how modest they are. From the fact that few people could name half a dozen great subscribers to the National Loan, it ought to be concluded that the ways of the fraternity are either too dark for publicity or too bright for human nature's daily food. Who are the half million persons among us, we ask, who have been so kind (or cruel) as to lend us the money to carry on the war when we would gladly have paid for it out of current income? Such generosity ought not to be anonymous. Let us know our uncles. If they were Welsh coal-owners, engaged as these are in provoking miners to strike, what time themselves are charging the Admiralty sixty per cent. war-increase for their coal, their anonymity might be understood. But modesty ill becomes moneylenders declared by no less an authority than Mr. Lloyd George to be patriots. We ask for their names. Secondly, note how they have done their best to include the rest of us with them—much to the delight of the distributivist Mr. Belloc. Of the last loan of six hundred millions, actually twelve millions was subscribed by half a million citizens, not usually in the moneylending business, whose association with the professionals will stand the latter in good stead when repudiation becomes popular. Is not that "astute," as the Judge remarked once to the great Mr. Bottomley? Lastly, observe with what dexterity the resources of the moneylenders are made to appear to be *ours*. In this conspiracy the whole Press seems to be engaged.

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Save in obscure journals (such as "Land Values," the September issue of which contains the best account of our finance that we have read) the supposition is made to pass current that the capital of the wealthy of the country is somehow or other *national capital*, *our capital*. Everywhere you may read of *our resources*, *our foreign investments*, *our credit*, *our silver bullets*. Would, indeed, it were the case that as the honey of the bee-hive becomes the collective property of the bees in winter, the wealth individually accumulated by our capitalists were *ours* at need. But it is not so. Apart from the fact that the capitalists who lend to the nation live amongst us, they differ in no respect from any foreign capitalists who might lend to us. It is all the same to the taxpayers of this country whether their debts are due to a London or to a New York bank. The fact that in the total wealth of this country geographically, the debt in the one case ranks as an asset and in the other as a liability alters in no sense the more important fact that it is a debt we taxpayers must pay. The money the State borrows, in short, is not *our* money because it is borrowed of English citizens; nor is it any cheaper on that account. On the contrary, it is conceivable that we might have borrowed more cheaply in America. The confusion of persons is the deliberate creation of our moneylenders themselves. With the intention of disguising their real position as simple moneylenders, gombeen-men, mortgagees and pawnbrokers, whose advances to us are covered by our promise to repay out of taxes, they have pretended that

their wealth is *ours* for no better reason than that they live in the same country with us. But if it were *ours*, we could spend it! If the accumulated capital, foreign investments, gold reserve and other forms of wealth be *ours*, why are we borrowing it at interest of a handful of persons? Let us stop talking nonsense about our this and our that; and flattering ourselves, like village yokels, that we are any the better off for living next door to the moneylender who has us in his debt. The State that pronounces "we" has scarcely a penny or a stick of its own. Collectively "we" are as poor as a church mouse; and all "our" investments, capital and gold, belong to about half a million persons from whom we must borrow and to whom we must repay with interest, exactly as if they were on Wall Street, New York, or in Berlin.

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So far are the moneylenders themselves from falling under the illusion prepared by them for us that, as we have seen, they are now considering in our behalf how we can raise the money to pay them back. Beyond declaring ourselves bankrupt and compounding with our creditors (which, perhaps, would be the best course to take), there is one means and one means only, namely, taxation; and the question arises which of the various classes is to pay the lion's share. Doubling again the income tax would be reasonable if many incomes were not fixed at a nominal amount. For salaried persons, in fact, an increase of the tax on income is a serious prospect. But the only alternative mentioned by the Press to a large flat increase of this tax is the taxation of the wages or—what is the same thing—the food of the working classes. But why this poverty of imagination on the part of the Press? Even Mr. Harold Cox should know better than to accept the taxation of the proletariat as the *only* alternative to raising the tax on fixed salaries. What about the capitalists? If half a million wealthy persons among us have already been able to lend us a thousand millions out of their coffers, and could, if they chose, lend us easily another one, two or three thousand millions, the need to search further for henroosts to "rob" is not apparent. Lending capacity is taxable capacity if reason is any guide; and the proven existence amongst us of so much wealth to lend is evidence of the existence amongst us of so many wealthy persons to tax. After all, which is better for the State—the impoverishment of the many millions of already poor, or the reduction to a respectable competency of a few thousand of the over-rich? We declare that, apart from any question of raising the money, the mere abolition of the super-wealth of the super-wealthy would be a good thing for the State. Park Lane ought to be impossible; Bond Street ought to be bankrupted; and both in the interests of society only. The argument, therefore, for a really ruinous super-tax upon Capital is twice blessed; it would discharge our national debt, and relieve society at the same time of its most dangerous parasites.

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Nevertheless such is the awe in which wealthy pawnbrokers are held in this country that not only sadly, but gladly, some of our publicists turn to the taxation of the wage-earners as the proper means of paying for the war. It is so good, it seems, that the poor should pay, that the rich must kindly forbear to insist upon sacrifice. Among the advantages, it is alleged, of compelling our poorest classes to pay the heaviest part of the war debt is the "educative value" of a staggering tax. This, if you please, is the gilt the "Daily News" supplies to the pill of a wage-tax. The "Spectator" goes one better and sees in a wage-tax not only a means of revenue and education, but a stimulus to the assumption of responsibility by the working classes. At present, it says, "the wage-earners who collectively make up the majority of the voters of the country have power without responsibility." And responsibility must be given them by requiring them to pay taxes directly.

But the masterpiece of absurdity is, as usual, reserved for the creation of a Labour Member of Parliament, Mr. Arthur Henderson. Mr. Henderson, we gather, having become one of the governing class himself by the means of drawing a Minister's salary, is now of the opinion that the wage-earners can similarly raise their status by the opposite means of paying it. They are, in Mr. Henderson's logic, to rank as income-tax payers solely because they are to pay as if they were. Think of it, national guildsmen! The revolution you have been meditating of raising the status of the wage-earner by abolishing the wage-system, Mr. Henderson would bring about by simply taxing wages. A great mind was necessary to think such a thing. But, alas, we are afraid that more than Mr. Henderson will be taken in by it. There are other members of his party ready to be as easily convinced as himself that the kingdom of status can be bought with money. Already, we understand, the proposal to tax wages has been favourably received by a majority of the Labour Party. We can only say that if it is adopted it will certainly bring home the war to the workers—in more senses than one.

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We can do no more in these Notes than begin to enumerate the objections to taxing wages; nor need we include among them what we believe is Mr. McKenna's objection, namely, that the revenue would not be worth the trouble of collecting. The machinery for the purpose could undoubtedly be discovered, and if it be a fact that the tax, apart from its revenue, is educative and all the rest of it, the machinery ought to be invented, Mr. McKenna notwithstanding. Nay, according to Mr. Cox and others, the machinery already exists in the organisation of the Insurance Act, under which detested and detestable measure the employers of the country discharge the function of State servants. What could be easier than to add to the employers' present duty of collecting insurance contributions the duty of collecting war-taxes? That Mr. Cox, who recommends it, was once a "powerful" opponent of the Insurance Act on the very ground that it officially confirmed and thereby threatened to make permanent the distinction between capitalist and workman is nothing, it appears, to this celebrated word-swallower. The Insurance Act was bad, and the only remedy is to make a worse use of it! But in our opinion, the same to-day, yesterday and for ever, the machinery of the Insurance Act, if it alone is capable of collecting a wage-tax, damns the tax at the outset. Some other means must be found if even the ghost of a better status is to be given the workmen in return for their taxes. Mr. Henderson and the rest of his colleagues must surely see that an income-tax upon wages will not have the elevating effect of a proper income-tax if its collection is associated with the machinery of the Insurance Act. The blue return and the long buff envelopes are indispensable to the savour of a real new status.

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But most of the Press are under a misapprehension, to use a mild term, concerning the actual increase of wages now being enjoyed by the working classes. The statistics are not complete at present, but we undertake to say that they will prove that wages have not risen as much as the cost of living. Living, we know, has gone up one-third. From all we know, wages have certainly not been raised generally in the same proportion. What obscures this fact and leads incautious observers to conclude that wage-earners are wallowing in affluence is the circumstance that there are not only fewer unemployed amongst the regular employables, but there are more employed altogether. Not only the man of the family is now in work, but the boys and girls in some instances. This ensures a total family income greater than usual, but, as will be seen, it in no way affects the rate of wages except to tend to lower it. What, in fact, is actually happening is that, while the war lasts, a man has fewer dependents upon his

wages than in normal times; his regular charges are therefore somewhat reduced. The ground in this fact for a permanent wage-tax is thus seen to be shifting sand; for if to-day the man could pay, to-morrow he may have (he certainly *will* have) to resume his former responsibilities. And what becomes of his taxable capacity when his wife and children are once more out of industry and dependent upon his wages?

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Again, on the most favourable interpretation, wages are no more than the average cost of labourers' subsistence. Labour-power being a commodity like any other, it is only to be expected that its selling price will be fixed (in the absence of a monopoly) by the cost of production. We know that, in fact, wages as a whole can fall considerably lower than the cost of the production of labour as a whole; the deficit being made up by public or private charity. But in any case wages cannot rise *above* the subsistence level. To tax wages is therefore not to take in taxation what would otherwise be saved or spent in superfluities; it is in the most literal sense to tax necessities. A few lucky individuals may disguise the fact from us; but, on the whole and over the whole class, a tax upon wages, being a tax upon necessities, must be counterbalanced either by a proportionate loss of efficiency or by charity. We have only to ask to answer the question whether now is the time for one or for the other. All the efficiency of which our workmen are capable will not be too much to enable us to recover after the war. A wise national economy would, indeed, far from risking the reduction of their efficiency by curtailing their wages, ensure its maximum by raising them. And charity, for obvious reasons, is likely to be less than ever. It follows, we think, that on grounds of mere economy, the proposal to tax wages is shortsighted and extravagant. It may, if adopted, bring us in a few millions, scarcely enough to pay the moneylenders' clerks, but it will cost us millions of hours of inferior labour, loss of time, pauperism and other consequences of a tax upon the necessities of life.

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Nor do we see anything in the common argument that since the war is national, it is only equitable that every citizen should bear his share of its cost. Apart from the unadmitted fact that the final source of all Rent, Interest and Profit is Labour, which thus, in effect, pays everything, the comparison between wages, and income derived from one of these sources, is misleading. As we have said, wages are the cost of necessities, and of the necessities of the only real producers of the community; but Rent, Interest and Profit are merely deductions from production after Labour has made it a fact. If Rent, Interest, and Profit were abolished to-morrow, production could still be carried on without its efficacy being in the least impaired: even, in fact, to its enormous advantage. To treat, therefore, wages and unearned income or income due to monopoly as if they were alike in anything but the medium of exchange is to risk killing the goose that lays the golden eggs to save the pockets of the class that appropriates them. There can be no more equality of sacrifice as between a wage-earner and a profiteer than subsists between a pound of flesh taken from a living person and a pound of fat. The one is at the cost of life, the other is at the cost of luxury. Necessity and luxury are two discrete quantities, and no amount of the one can be equated with an amount of the other. If the wage-system were once understood, the proposal to tax wages would be seen to be what it is—an attempt on the part of the profiteers to charge the cost of the war upon the necessities of labour instead of upon the luxuries of a luxurious class. No educative value in it is worth a moment's consideration in comparison with the stupid injustice it would entail; and a proletariat that accepts it is past even the little education it might afford.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE Note regarding the use of the submarine in warfare presented to Mr. Lansing by Count Bernstorff is not so all-embracing in its range as some of our newspapers at first made it out to be. According to its terms, the German Government does not intend to give any definite guarantees for the safety of the passengers on board liners; and merchantmen are still liable to be sunk without warning. "Liners" are not to be sunk without warning, provided that they do not "offer resistance" or "try to escape." There may be many a quibble as to the meaning of these two conditional clauses; and the behaviour of German naval officers up to the present certainly does not indicate that in case of any doubt the "liner" will have the benefit of it.

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It is by no means without relation to this Note that we should have a sudden series of references to peace terms in the American Press. Slightly different versions of the proposed terms have appeared; but essentially they are alike. Germany wants an independent Poland (presumably ruled over by an Austrian Prince); the cession of Courland by Russia; the autonomy of Finland (where the Germans have always carried on a strong anti-Russian agitation); the partition of Serbia among Austria, Bulgaria, and Greece; the cession of the Belgian Congo in return for the evacuation of Belgium; the cession of the French Colonies in Africa in return for the evacuation of Northern France; the return of the German Colonies in Africa to Great Britain; and an international agreement on freedom of the seas, guaranteeing that private property at sea shall be immune from attack by naval forces. It is obvious that none of these peace terms can be considered; but the added suggestion that Germany demands complete freedom for the Jews all over the world may be taken as an indication that the not inconsiderable Jewish influence in the United States is being appealed to. For the rest, the terms outlined hardly merit serious discussion just now; but there is one phrase in them of which notice must be taken.

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In the Notes which have been exchanged between Berlin and Washington on the subject of naval warfare, and even in Sir Edward Grey's recent letter to the Press here, there are references to the "freedom of the seas," and the point is worthy of a little attention. Since the war began—and even before it, as a preliminary to their subsequent newspaper campaign against England—the Germans have tried to attract the notice of neutral countries to what they called "British Navalism." It was always a German complaint that the superiority of Great Britain on the seas placed Continental Powers—especially Germany and Austria—at a disadvantage, as neutral commerce was not safe if Great Britain chose to interfere with it. Further, the Germans objected to the seizure of enemy private property at sea; and one of the main reasons for the support given by the German Government to the Declaration of London was that the Declaration was a step—a long one!—in the direction of safeguarding private enemy property at sea in the same way as such enemy property is now held inviolate on land. Indeed, a consideration of the Declaration of London will show—as was clearly enough indicated in these columns at the time it was under discussion in Parliament—that the underlying motive of the Declaration was to safeguard the interests of Continental Powers as against those of Island Powers. In other words, it was simply proposed to rob England of the commercial advantages conferred on her by the use of her Navy in time of war. It was on this account that so much comment was aroused in England by the two American Notes of remonstrance on the right of search exercised by British cruisers (November 8 and December 28, 1914). It was

asserted by the American Government that the British Government had exceeded its rights in seizing and detaining neutral ships bound for neutral ports on the ground that they were suspected of carrying contraband for the enemy. This right, it was argued, could be exercised only after a search had been made on the high seas; and, the American Government held, if smuggling went on, that was a matter to be decided by the British Government and the neutral country suspected of conveying contraband to the enemy—the American shipper could not be held responsible.

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In his answers to these notes (January 7 and February 18, 1915), Sir Edward Grey was easily able to refute the American contentions, and to insist on the principle that a belligerent was legally justified in interfering with contraband goods destined for the enemy country, whether they were shipped on neutral vessels or not; and, further, that neutral trade might be interfered with in so far as interference was necessary in the interests of the belligerent's national safety. Those are the only possible principles for a strong belligerent naval Power. But they conflict with Sir Edward Grey's later remarks; for in our Foreign Secretary's letter of August 25, 1915 (written in answer to the speech delivered by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg on the 19th), we find the passage: "Freedom of the sea may be a very reasonable subject for discussion, definition and agreement between nations after the war." The context makes it clear that Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor were using the expression in the same sense. What that sense is precisely was indicated all too clearly by Sir Edward Grey himself at The Hague Conference in 1907, when he said: "His Majesty's Government are desirous of seeing the right of search limited in every possible way," and that they were further "willing to abandon the principle of contraband of war altogether." It was this pernicious principle, and others like it, which it was sought to impose on the British people by the Declaration of London; and, if the House of Lords had not rejected that measure in 1911, after an obedient majority in the Lower House had ratified the Bill making it law, Germany and Austria might still have been receiving all the supplies they wanted from neutral countries overseas. Even now we have the announcement, made only a few days ago, that "certain concessions" in the strictness of the blockade of Germany are to be made by the Admiralty, so that America's Christmas trade may not be interfered with.

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Now, it should be clearly understood that this country at all times stands or falls by its Navy; and the removal of power from the Navy weakens us as a belligerent. There can be no contrast between British "Navalism" and German "Militarism." The real contrast is between the motives that originated the one and the other. Not even our enemies ventured, in peace time, to assert that the great British Navy was a menace to the peace of the world: it was everywhere acknowledged that it was an arm of defence only. The Germans themselves were so sure of this that they thought up to the last moment that we were not going to participate in the war at all. But the German Army, on the other hand, was so overwhelming in its superiority that its aggressive purpose was manifest—even if that purpose had not been explicitly set forth time after time by public men known to be in the confidence of the German Court, and known likewise to be able to influence its attitude. The purpose of the German Army was avowedly "militarist"; aggressive from first to last. On the other hand, the British Navy has never been aggressively employed. Those are facts known to all the world. But the British Navy owes its success as a factor for peace precisely to the principles which the Declaration of London wished to abrogate. Sir Edward Grey should take warning from our experiences in this war, and restrain his officious subordinate who insists on dragging in the Declaration of London by stealth when he cannot do so in the light.

The Prospects of the Guild Idea.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

I.

MR. IVOR BROWN, in his admirable series of articles lately concluded, threw light upon many fresh "aspects of the Guild Idea." He demonstrated how true the truth may be. But the moment has come, perhaps, in the evolution of the Guild Idea for an advance from a survey of its aspects to a glance at its prospects. For it is not enough that the key should have been found; it is the nation that must turn it in the lock. It is not enough that we should move "towards National Guilds," if we do not at the same time move towards National Guildsmen. Here lies the justification and the mission of the National Guilds League, but a mission full of danger unless the members that it gains be also converts—converts, that is, in the true sense that their hearts and not merely their heads have been turned. The Guild Idea has survived criticism and overcome neglect: it may yet be imperilled by success. A critical moment for guildsmen will come when some prominent person declares "We are all Guild Socialists now." Mr. Bernard Shaw, for instance, may spring it upon us at any moment. "Timeo Fabianos dona ferentes."

It can never be too often repeated that guildsmen seek no verbal victories. It is not their mission to pledge the nation to a name or to commit those who listen to them to a vocabulary. Let them take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves. THE NEW AGE quoted Mr. Vernon Hartshorn the other day as declaring that the Trade Unions "must eventually pass from the position of tolerated Bodies into that of part of the permanent fabric of the Industrial and Social System, with practical power to decide the conditions of work and wages in our industries, subject to the broader interests of the Commonwealth." When a Labour leader of the eminence of Mr. Hartshorn puts forward so plainly the Guild Idea, we need not seek to pick a quarrel about his phraseology. It is clear that while Mr. Hartshorn might be reluctant to talk about a Guild he would not be reluctant to establish one; though he may be indifferent to the distinction between wages and pay in theory, he would appreciate that difference clearly enough in practice. The nineteenth century Socialist seemed to set himself the task of degrading his faith from being the inspiration of a cause into serving as the intellectual apparatus of a clique. Hence his gush about "the movement," his imbecile statistics as to the numbers of Socialists in various countries, his association of Socialism with a dozen irrelevant fads, his jaunty application of "comradeship," his smirking subscription of himself as "yours fraternally." Indeed, one is often tempted to believe that, with a few outstanding exceptions, the sounder elements among our people have fought shy of the Socialist movement, and remain ripe fruit to be plucked by those who know how to enter the orchard where the nation's true idealism flourishes behind the barbed wire of common sense. The Socialist has largely failed to kindle that idealism because he has failed to re-assure that common sense. The man who aspires to emancipate his fellows has no need to ape the manners of a secret society; by so doing he cuts himself off from them. The self-conscious "comrade" is a snob: the cant of "the movement" is not even "current"—it is obsolete.

But if we must guard against the Guild Idea becoming obscured by catchwords and claptrap, we must not fall into the opposite danger—so well emphasised by Mr. Brown—of seeking to establish our propaganda upon a "business" basis. The Guild Idea, as Mr. Brown has pointed out, is a philosophy of work, but as wide a gulf separates Work and Business as that which yawns between Pay and Wages. "To think profits and to make them: that is the business mind."

This is no sweeping accusation of the dreamy idealist, it is a quotation from the syllabus of a "Memory School" setting itself the task (as it declares) of "mobilising the mental resources of the people." But it is right, that is the business mind, a phenomenon which it is the mission of the guildsman to combat, to eliminate and to supersede. It is in this sense that he is a revolutionary, the only sense in which the term has any importance. For the guildsman may claim, if he will, to be every whit as "evolutionary" as the most thorough-going Collectivist, with the difference that the Utopia which the Collectivist would evolve out of the Trust the guildsman would evolve out of the Trade Union. But the evolution contemplated by the Collectivist is one which he can aspire only to modify or to assist; the evolution of the guildsman is a "creative evolution," the product in large part of human will, emancipating in method as in aim.

And here we reach one of the most essential, as it is one of the most hopeful, features in any consideration of the prospects of the Guild Idea. In setting themselves the task of establishing their Trade Unions as permanent and responsible associations in the social order, the workers will gain freedom as they go forward, they will not merely find it waiting for them as it were "round the corner." The ideal of National Guilds should make its appeal to the worker if only for the reason that it calls upon him to take a share in its realisation. It not only opens up a prospect to which he can reasonably look forward, but it invites him by his own efforts to hasten its advent. It gives him something to work for, whereas the Collectivist only gives him someone to vote for. The worker who is a guildsman will seek to inspire his Trade Union to play an active part in industry; the Collectivist sought to "capture" the Trade Unions in order that their members might be induced to play a passive rôle in politics. The Labour Party was formed to rivet the gaze of the workers upon Westminster, while the Fabian Society set itself to concentrate the attention of the middle-class reformer upon Whitehall.

Yet in going to the worker and offering him not promises but tasks, the guildsman must expect to experience much discouragement. The Socialist, for all his efforts, has done little to prepare the way, more often he has greased the pitch. Indeed, it would be excusable to parody Shavian cynicism and declare that "Guild Socialism would be possible if it were not for the Socialists." The worker, once urged to action by the assurance that he had "nothing to lose but his chains and a world to win," had no time to learn that lesson before a new race of Socialists arose to explain to him that that world could only be won for him by the efforts of others on his behalf, and on the condition that he agreed to being shackled still more closely. In short, the worker was to reach Socialism—if ever—after he had been brought, blindfold and bound, through the dreary vista of the Servile State. Small wonder that he recoiled. The Collectivist always assumes that the proletariat have still to understand Socialism as he presents it, but that once they do so they will at once adopt it. The proletariat are not the fools that the Collectivist takes them for. They have understood this sort of Socialism well enough to see through it and to discard it. The workman's opposition to Socialism does not arise from a love of capitalism, but from a hatred of claptrap, a suspicion of servitude and an objection to being "captured" for the ends of others. The guildsman must offer him something to think about, something to look forward to and, above all, something to do. Then he may reveal to us some prospects for the Guild Idea.

But these prospects, though they depend above all upon the workman, do not depend upon him alone. They depend also upon his foe the profiteer, his partner the State, and—what should be his ally—the public. But we must defer a consideration of these to a further article.

The South Wales Volcano.

By Rowland Kenney.

ALTHOUGH there is now peace in the South Wales coal-field there is but little satisfaction. The owners are, no doubt, content; the Government is, no doubt, pleased; but the men are consumed with a very devil of bitterness, and there will be a perfect hell of a row immediately the war is over. As the writer of the "Notes of the Week" stated last week: "After the war it is riot or revolution." Now I have no desire to repeat anything that was stated in these columns a week ago, but a visit to South Wales when the trouble was on put me in possession of certain information which, I think, it will be well to put on record, and to this end I propose to give a short history of the struggle.

Let me state at once, then, that there is no shred of evidence that the South Wales miner is unpatriotic. Immediately war was declared delegates were sent to meet the owners with a proposal regarding wages, prices and profits. The men pointed out the gravity of the situation in which the nation was placed; they foresaw great economic crises, and they made an offer to the owners. They asked for a fair deal by the owners with regard to prices, and offered in return to refrain from pressing for wage increases, which, by the way, were due, apart from any causes due to the war. The owners replied, in effect: "Business, gentlemen, is business." More than once the men appealed for patriotism; but nothing whatever, as every coal-consumer knows, came of their appeals. That is the first fact to note when considering the men's "lack of patriotism" in threatening subsequently to strike.

We must next note that, apart from anything in connection with the war, the agreement then in operation between owners and men was to terminate on June 30 of this year. The owners knew, and the Government knew, that, on the termination of that agreement, the men would demand considerably better conditions than prevailed under it. It was the business of the owners, therefore, and it was also the business of the Board of Trade, to meet the men and try to come to some understanding on the question; but the owners took no action whatever and the Board of Trade seemed to have forgotten the miners' existence. The attitude of the owners the men could understand, but they were puzzled at the inactivity of the Government. They knew that upon the Welsh coalfields depended fuel for the Navy and fuel for France, and the only explanation of the position could be that the Government proposed to treat the mines as it had treated the railways. When it became evident that the Government had no such intention the men began to suspect the Government of playing a double game. In the meantime, the miners' officials drew up a statement of their general demands and, on March 3, they issued it. These demands included, among other things, the abolition of the old standard rates of 1877 and 1879, and a new standard rate which would absorb all the various percentages and give a new and simpler basis to work upon. It was also to include an all-round advance. They asked for a minimum wage of 5s. a day for surfacemen; payment of a turn and a fifth for all workmen on afternoon and night shifts; and two or three other things. The reply of the owners astounded the men. It was to the effect that they were not prepared to discuss any question of a new agreement during the war, but they would give a ten per cent. advance in wages

on condition that the legitimate demand for a new agreement should not be further proceeded with.

It was obvious that this was asking for trouble. Under the old agreement wages automatically increased according to the increase of prices, and, as prices had been rising all the time, there was a 30 per cent. increase due to the men as a result of the ordinary operations of the market. The owners refused to move; so a war bonus was demanded. At two subsequent meetings between owners and men the increasing gravity of the situation was pointed out. The owners still took no notice; and the men wondered when the Government would consider it necessary to take a hand. During all this period the miners had been developing a suspicion that the Board of Trade was working in collusion with the owners. They knew that the cry of treason would be raised against them by the Press if they threatened to strike, and they suspected that the Government would echo the cry. At this point their suspicions were justified. The chairman of the owners' delegation made a statement at a joint meeting of masters and men which the men could only construe as a declaration that the owners had the Government behind them. There was now a complete deadlock, so the men, determined to be in the right, put the whole case before Mr. Runciman. Plainly and repeatedly they told him the precise points upon which they could not compromise, and the chief one was that *all* men working at the pits must be included in any award.

On July 1, the day after the agreement should have been signed, Mr. Runciman made his award as the matter had gone to arbitration. He interpreted his award in the most vague and general terms, so the men in some places struck work in order to bring matters to a head. Mr. Runciman seemed, in fact, to have decided that the matter was beyond his mental power, and that it would be better to slip the owners at the men. The Government now, alarmed at the possibilities before it, sent down three Labour men—Henderson, Brace, and Roberts—who told the miners to interpret Runciman's award their own way, to be as generous as they could to themselves, and so get the men back to work. This from men sent direct from a Cabinet meeting! On this understanding the leaders got those men who had already struck back to work, and a fourteen days' truce was called. These fourteen days were to give Runciman time to arrange matters, but he was either incapable of grasping the position or impotent in the hands of the owners; and his decision was not handed to the men's leaders until they were actually in the train on their way home at the end of the fortnight. No wonder there was a strike. Then the proclamation with regard to the Munitions Act was issued—to the joy of the men. Fancy fining a quarter of a million miners £5 a day! Lloyd George soon settled that—he is a trickster, but he is not exactly a fool—and Runciman was again put on one side and a new interpretation of the award made—an interpretation which covered *all* men in the coalfields. And again Runciman had the consummate cheek to alter this, leaving out enginemen and machinemen generally. The result of that we have just seen.

And now for a word as to the present position. The men are back at work, knowing that they have been duped. Of all their reasonable demands scarcely one has been granted. The owners have been strengthened in their positions; the Government has openly sided with the owners. The men are branded as traitors. "Shoot the ringleaders," is the cry of one "E. R."—representative of thousands—in the "Times." Prices of coal are still at war profit prices; the same gang are still in control; and, apparently, this gang extends its control to the Government Department at Whitehall. One thing the men have learned, the fatuousness of believing in the Press when it cries be patriots, be nationalists. Better still, they have now such a clear idea of the base uses to which the term "patriotism" is put that their own leaders have to be very careful how, when, and why they use it.

Mr Redmond and the Average Irishman.

THERE is joy this year in the little Irish seaside town of Greystones. A new amusement has been discovered for the afternoons, one which can be enjoyed when golf and bathing begin to pall and the anæmic curate who preaches to half-a-dozen children on the sands has lost his charm. Its name is "recruiting among the natives," and it is a favourite employment with the young ladies, who in England "do their bit" by the indiscriminate distribution of white feathers. But it has this advantage over the white-feather game, that there is no danger of offending people whom one may meet later on terms of social equality; for the quarry to be hunted is not the gilded youth of the promenade and the golf links, but the farm-labourer of the little villages inland. I asked one of the recruiting brigade how she was getting on with her campaign. "Oh! very well," she replied gleefully. "You see, they have no work to do round here, so they have to join. Isn't it splendid?" And next morning I read in my "Freeman's Journal" one of Mr. John Redmond's portentous pronouncements that Ireland is giving freely of her youth to the cause of the Allies, so truly does her heart beat in unison with the heart of the Empire.

It is easy enough to understand Mr. Redmond's point of view. His life-work, as he would himself admit, is the reconciliation of the democracies of England and Ireland. By that means alone, in his opinion, is Home Rule to be secured. The days of physical force have long gone by, even the days of semi-physical force, represented by the Nationalist Volunteers backed up by progressive opinion in England. The value of human life has depreciated since last August; and, after the wholesale slaughter of a war in four continents, the Government would think nothing of shooting a few leaders of riots in Dublin; for that is, after all, what an "advanced" programme would amount to. Therefore, at all costs, the opinion of the Man in the English street must be conciliated, and Mr. Redmond has shaped his programme with that end in view. He has had to make many concessions, to see the coming into operation of the Home Rule Act put off indefinitely, to await with patience whatever Amending Bill the gods or the Government may have on their knees, and (hardest of all in Ireland) to declare himself whole-heartedly in favour of recruiting: and Ireland, in turn, has been obliged to swallow with a good face whatever medicine he has thought fit to prescribe for her.

Mr. Redmond is, for the time being, the chief spokesman of Ireland. He is (formally) Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party and (informally) "leader of the Irish race at home and abroad." Yet it is very doubtful how far he really represents the ideas of that race, at home at all events. He can point, no doubt, to hundreds of resolutions of confidence in the Irish Party and "our undaunted leader" passed by District Councils and Boards of Guardians in every quarter of Ireland, but resolutions are cheap, and the Party machine is well able to bring pressure to bear on recalcitrants; moreover, it has in its possession the greatest share of the loaves and fishes for distribution. He can further indicate with pride the number of Nationalist recruits who have joined the Army at his behest; but, here again, there is another point of view, and the Unionist young ladies of Greystones would be horrified to hear that their diagnosis is that of "those awful Sinn Feiners."

The Sinn Fein position or, to speak more accurately, the position of the rank and file of Irish Nationalists, has not, since last August, been placed before the Irish public; for in the early days of the War the Sinn Fein press lost its collective head, and indulged in wild denunciation of England and equally wild panegyric of Germany, thus making its own suppression inevitable.

Still less has the voice of the Irish unofficial public been heard in England; it has been drowned by the raucous tones of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, mouthing his ridiculous vows of vengeance on the Hun before audiences of poor Irish labourers. Yet a state of feeling exists hostile to the Party, and there is not the least doubt that it has enormously increased during the last few months.

What, then, it may be asked, does the man in the street expect from Mr. Redmond? Armed insurrection is a patent absurdity: is there any alternative policy likely to produce better results for Ireland than that of the Nationalist Party? The official press insists that so far criticism has been merely destructive and could have no effect but the crippling of the Party, and that if the country were to listen to the "factionists" and "croakers" they would steer it to ruin.

In a certain limited sense the accusation is excusable. The step which Mr. Redmond took last August, when he proclaimed Ireland's unconditional support of England in the war, is irrevocable. Whether it be true or not, as the malcontents allege, that if he had bargained he might have obtained a freer Parliament than Grattan's, it is too late now for him to reconsider his decision, even were he willing to do so. The agreement has been made, and Ireland must abide by it. She has consented to the passage of the Act suspending the operation of the Home Rule Act: it would be futile now to declare that she regrets having given her consent.

But while the average Nationalist is compelled by the circumstances of the case to acquiesce in Mr. Redmond's treatment of the main issue in Irish politics, he is profoundly dissatisfied with his attitude towards the numerous minor issues which have cropped up in relation to the war. To take the most obvious instance, he cannot understand why the Defence of the Realm Act should be administered in so completely different a spirit in Ireland and in England. The Harmsworth Press is allowed all conceivable latitude in attacking the voluntary system of recruiting. Even the "Labour Leader" met with fairly lenient treatment from an English stipendiary magistrate. But when a little Irish news-sheet appeared with the significant title of "Scissors and Paste," consisting entirely of extracts from the "Times" and other English and American newspapers, the military authorities decided that there was danger to the State in the peculiar order of a number of passages, each of which would have been harmless alone. Accordingly, the current number of the paper was confiscated, its type broken up, and further publication prohibited: and from the action of the military there is no appeal. And, more recently, four organisers of the Irish Volunteers were ordered by Major-General Friend to leave Ireland within four days, on grounds of suspicion only. On their refusal to obey until some definite charge was brought against them, they were arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In neither case has Mr. Redmond uttered a word to suggest that he disapproves of the action of the authorities: he seems to have forgotten that one of the duties of an Irish leader is to secure equal administration of the law in Ireland and in England.

Again, Ireland is not confident that she is being fairly treated in the matter of recruiting. In Great Britain it is recognised that farmers and labourers are needed, if the food-supply is to be increased, and that their value may be greater on the farm than in the trenches. In Scotland a regulation has been issued that certain classes of farm-labourers are not to be asked to join the Army. In some English counties, boards have been set up to decide whether any particular farm-hand who chooses to enlist can be spared. One would imagine that an acre of wheat was as valuable in Ireland as in England; but the recruiting authorities do not take that view. Politicians who have donned the khaki for purposes of speech-making are never tired of denouncing the cowardice and greed of the Irish farmer, and special platoons have even been formed for which none but farmers' sons are eligible. Mr. Redmond has never shown any disposition to defend a class of men who

have hitherto been his most loyal supporters, and who are only doing what would be their duty if they happened to reside in England.

And again, there is a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction that as week after week goes by the Government has given no facilities for the manufacture of munitions in Ireland. The resources of Dublin are as great as those, say, of Flint; yet Dublin working men are being drafted to the latter town, while others are compelled to enlist from sheer want of employment. War taxation will be hard enough to bear everywhere; the towns of Ireland alone are apparently not to be assisted by the temporary prosperity that springs from Government contracts. And in this case, too, Mr. Redmond has preserved his policy of masterly silence.

It is possible that none of the three causes of complaint which I have mentioned are of the highest importance. But it should be remembered that they are only a few instances out of many; and, taken together, they undoubtedly show that Ireland is not receiving the generous treatment which she has merited by her loyalty during the war. The average Irishman feels that Mr. Redmond's attitude towards the Government is not one calculated to secure such better treatment. The impression has gone abroad that it is of no use to expect him to utter any word of protest before the conclusion of peace. Such unquestioning loyalty may be fine in the abstract, but a resolute silence about genuine grievances is apt to give the impression that those grievances do not exist. If Mr. Redmond's belief in a treaty of peace between England and Ireland is justified, surely that treaty would stand the strain of a demand for equality of administration. Surely England would not be less willing to grant Ireland self-government if the Irish leader pointed out that his country was enduring special disabilities which could be removed without hardship to anyone. But, up to the present, the only concession which Mr. Redmond has obtained is that the 16th Division, the "Irish Brigade," shall be sent to the front as a unit in the near future—an honourable privilege, no doubt, but scarcely a remedy for Ireland's undoubted grievances.

Ireland to-day, thanks to Mr. Redmond, is a negligible factor in English politics. Nationalist opinion alone can be safely flouted by the authorities. In the view of the man in the street, it is Mr. Redmond's clear duty to press upon the Coalition the immediate redress of such inequalities of treatment as have occurred in the administration of England and Ireland; to insist upon his point even at the cost of opposing the Government.

JOHN FOYLE.

The Sweated Clerk.

ONE of the most pitiable and tragic features of our present economic system is the snobbery which makes employees of the clerical tribe segregate themselves from the mass of their fellow wage-earners. To the casual observer it would almost seem that the possession of a black coat, and residence in a villa in a suburb at any distance from five to fifteen miles of the Royal Exchange, constituted a definite grade in society. For such men, the division of society into the economically free and the economically dependent does not exist. Every effort on the part of the wage slave to unshackle his chains, the average clerk deeply resents and definitely supports the common oppressor. In the result he is treated with contempt by the employers and regarded as a fool and renegade by the organised workers. That, however, is not the complete story. As the "mere working-man" by combination slowly and painfully achieves a slight amelioration in the conditions of his hours of working and rates of wages, the employer vents his spleen and effects economies by sweating and under-paying his clerical employee, while he, poor fool, fawns like a coward dog upon the foot which kicks him.

There can be, as in the case of all other wage-slaves,

but one remedy—organisation. If, to take merely a typical instance, a Union of Bank and Insurance Clerks, absolutely watertight, were effected, it would be possible for them to insist upon regular hours of work and a standard remuneration for every clerk in the country. In the event of the Banking and Insurance magnates refusing to grant the Union's demands, a general strike would bring them speedily to their senses. As a matter of fact, the mere threat on the part of such a Union to "down tools" would be all the pressure necessary.

That some such organisation is not only needful but belated is evident if we shortly examine the position of the average black-coated wage-slave. I will tabulate a few of the disabilities against which he has to strive.

(a) The clerk is entirely under the control of his employer. His hours of work, wages (and frequently his politics) are dictated to him without any reference to common standards or recreative necessities. Refusal to accept, or protest, after long or short service, involves dismissal—and starvation.

(b) Insecurity of tenure is another feature which renders the individual clerk utterly servile.

(c) Pensions.—The organised working man has the union fund upon which he can draw. The clerk, unless in the service of an employer or firm which provides pensions, has no fund to support him—life assurance is his only means, and frequently his wages will not admit of the necessary premium being paid.

(d) Favouritism.—This in any human organisation must exist, but in large offices like banks and insurance offices, it is peculiarly rampant, and no remedy exists owing to the system of secret reports.

(e) Unfairness of scale of wages.—In no business is there such a disparity between the remuneration of the high officials and the rank and file as is found in banks and insurance offices. The expenditure on wages which figures so prominently on the balance sheets of the companies is entirely misleading. Analyse the sum spent and you will find that it is divided up in about the same proportion as the wealth of England.

There is, however, a more glaring instance of the complete domination exercised by the powerful organisations over their various staffs. The Government recently devised, with the aid of two or three insurance company managers, a scheme for insurance against damage by aircraft. Notwithstanding that the majority of the companies have had their staffs reduced by a third to one-half through enlistment in the war services, these good-hearted, uncommercial gentlemen, in the words of a daily paper, "handed over their entire staffs to the Government." If their employees had been chattel slaves, and not wage-slaves merely, the phraseology could not have been more absolute. Without so much as "by your leave" or a spurious patriotic cliché, the clerks were posted to the service of the Government. And in many cases—I speak with knowledge—no intimation of an increased remuneration has been made to them. Frequently they work fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen hours a day, and dare not expostulate for fear of dismissal.

But the companies have taken care of the shareholders' interests. They are acting as agents for the Government and, while their clerical staffs are working day and night in an endeavour to cope with the rush of work, the offices are gathering in their 10 per cent. commission.

Such a state of things is, of course, only a natural corollary of what has gone before, and is in a large measure just retribution on the tribe clerical for their ineptitude. These conditions will never be altered for the better, and will probably tend to become worse as long as clerks remain unorganised. Every thinking man, not blinded by social and political prejudice, acknowledges the need for the formation of a Clerks' Trade Union, which shall do for its members what the great unions have done for other workers—standardise and humanise as far as possible the wages, conditions and hours of work of all clerks.

"CALIBAN."

American Chaos.

I.

"THE colourless and formless and intangible!" No, the good Plato was writing of something else; besides, he said it was visible to the mind, the lord of the soul, etc. And in the present case nothing is particularly visible, it is mud-coloured, formless, disagreeable.

We are faced with an insoluble ignorance, we are so faced because, since the death of Laurence Sterne or thereabouts, there has been neither in England nor America any sufficient sense of the value of realism in literature, of the value of writing words that conform precisely with fact, of free speech without evasions and circumlocutions.

It is a deep chagrin to me that my country is not at this moment England's ally in war, yet when I curse my country I find myself cursing her for distinctly English habits, for habits imported from England.

There is a prudery doth hedge the printed word.

I turn to "The History and Topography of the United States of America," edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M., assisted by several literary gentlemen in America and England, A.D. 1834. Mr. Hinton was English, he was very enthusiastic about America, he vigorously defends the American nation against Mrs. Trollope. He writes as follows: "With respect to original works on general literature, if America has less to boast of than Europe, she has still less to be ashamed of. If her genius has not been employed to enliven the fancy, neither is it devoted to the pollution of the heart."

It is a chaste and virginal policy. It has been fostered as the delicate hyacinth in the gardens of "our best magazines," and it blossoms afresh in a letter I have before me (*sic*): "Most Americans don't want to get mixed up in the war, even for honour." The correspondent had originally written simply "for honour," but went back and put in the "even" over a *caret* mark.

The whole page is so priceless a "human document" that I feel no sympathetic misanthropist should be unduly deprived of its aroma (*sic*).

"Well, the awful struggle drags on and we are heartily sick of it. To talk 'war' is now considered 'bad form' in society, and one characterises himself as a bore by introducing the subject. We are deluged with literature on the subject. I have read on the subject to a standstill. I can't see any conclusion to it but the exhaustion of Europe. In the meantime, it makes ??? (word illegible) very bad with us in spite of the influx of gold. It seems to be congested in spots. I do hope the war is bungled to an end this year; otherwise, Europe will become bankrupt. This U.S. will naturally forge ahead, but I assure you we are in no exultant humour and take little credit for an ascendancy that arises from a lowering of the standard of prosperity. I think our position might be explained as of one awestruck. America turns with horror from the cataclysm. Most Americans don't want to get mixed up in the war even for *honour*. This sounds base, but we feel that wager of battle is not the proper procedure for human beings to follow. The Fair is grand—a great success artistically and financially. About 100,000 attendance yesterday. It is a great education. Science has made wonderful progress in ten years. They make a Ford auto every 16 *seconds*. Think of it. They exhibit a dram or so of somotherium (!) worth 300,000 dols. There is only one-fifth of ounce in the whole world. Art gallery is fine. French and Canadian buildings beautiful, and direct lighting effects delightful to the eye. . . . I conclude with this thought that has struck me forcibly. Germany is whipping or fighting combined Europe with three American inventions—the *submarine*, the *aeroplane*, and the *42-centimetre gun* (refused by our Government as useless to us, which it is). Am well. Love to all."

MM. mes lecteurs, that is the end of the letter.

The author of "Candide" is dead, so no author else

will be able to invent a full book of similar letters. But we insult the memory of "Candide"; it is Candide minus his charm. It is a human document. It is not unlike a recent work of imagination, "An Englishman's Home."

It would be unfair of me to say that I think it represents the soul of all my compatriots, but it is sufficient excuse for living abroad. The epistle was not written to me, it came into my hands by sheerest accident. The English recipient asked me to explain my country.

The mind of the author of the letter was doubtless nourished on the "Century Magazine," which was in its turn nourished on certain English traditions. They are about your worst, but they are not yet extinct among you. What gentle evasions!

Having printed this letter, there are doubtless several readers (American readers) who will cry out against me. They will say I am biased against America. I present simply the fact. This letter was written.

For the benefit of those who will read American attacks upon me based on my having printed this letter, I must explain two words. I must define them as they are understood by all genteel Americans.

(1) Cynicism: a printed statement of any fact known to nine-tenths of the population.

(2) A Jaundiced Mind: one capable of "cynicism."

It is possibly a crime to set a whole democracy to analysing its own subjectivity. It is possible that no democracy is of itself capable of any save ignoble ideas. If we must take the quoted letter as a sort of slime-bottom of American feeling, it cannot be denied that certain noble growths have appeared above it. To wit: Mr. Roosevelt's dogmas put forth at the beginning of the war; and other facts (*sic*). Wm. Marion Reedy's paper in St. Louis has been calling for the Rattle Snake Flag (a rather fine Colonial emblem with the device "Touch me not").

I am told that in Philadelphia pro-German sentiments will exclude one from all decent company, and that the Germans "are out walking the streets, starving, save for what the Germans do for them."

I am told that one man with "a name too German to write or pronounce raises the Stars and Stripes every morning on a pole in his front yard as a sort of *sacrificial act*" (sentimental).

I get a wild Socialist paper from Chicago definitely pro-English.

I get a perfectly *sincere* letter from a fine chap in New York definitely neutral—"hadn't thought enough about the war to take sides."

I find an American business-man here in London putting up with the unending tedium and stupidity of your minor officials simply because he "knows Germans," and therefore wants the Allies to win.

And on the whole, *mes amis*, what do you expect of us? You have not said you wanted us to fight. You cannot expect our Socialists to be enthusiastic over a conscription urged *not by military authority*, but by Brunner, Mond and Co. and their like. England is perhaps inarticulate. She is, or has been, careless of the figure she cuts before strangers—a fine trait in an individual, but perhaps not prudent in a great nation. Your papers have been at least as full of exhortations to grab trade as to show *boldness*. (I dare say it is a necessity, I mean I can think of no excuse for such writings and such publications unless the upkeep of the country demands them as the sole means of getting investors to invest in new concerns at a time when they might invest in war loans or prove over-cautious.)

You cannot expect men on farms in Missouri to share my conviction (a conviction grown, perhaps, out of comfort and fortuitous and happy contact) that there is in "England" some ineradicable character much finer than "the English Government."

You cannot expect us to be interested in Earl So-and-so's interest or Lord So-and-so's shares in . . .

And, thanks to the hatred of realist letters in both countries, nearly all that is finest in either is hopelessly obscured from the other.

EZRA POUND.

Impressions of Paris.

WHAT a pity that all non-combatant Allies do not follow my shining example and devote some of the interminable hours of this war to discovering one another's literature! The French are, if possible, more desperately ignorant about us than we are about them. You must go a long way before discovering anyone who knows more than that we once produced "Hamlet" (who is intolerably long-winded in French), then "Gulliver" and, most recently, "Wells" (which is a pleasant military text-book about aeroplanes). Whilst the neutrals memorise night and day so as to be on insinuating terms with no matter what conqueror, the French, with their daily journals, some censored blank, some filled with almost cannibalistic catholicism, are left in such darkness as to our English character that quite a stratum of the bourgeoisie wonders whether the English will ever give up Calais since we have now got firm hold of it! Admitted that these bourgeois never dare read anything except the bourgeois press for fear (they are always afraid of something or other) of hearing what the world thinks of them—admitted that they want it to know nothing beyond the price of gold coin, this is no reason why the generality of French and English should know less about each other's literatures than the generality of Poles, Jews, Czechs, not to mention Swedes, Danes, Dutch and other neutrals, know about both. The Poles, especially, have a remarkable English bibliography, although they too obsequiously follow the ignorant English publishers to have ever heard of Arnold, the sun of our criticism.

I brilliantly pursue my own example this week with some extracts from the memoirs of Madame d'Epinau, one of my greatest favourites among the French women writers, of whom, by the way, there are a great number. Madame d'Epinau is the lady who gave Rousseau his celebrated hermitage at Montmorency. She was unhappily, or rather merely not happily, married to a fop of whom we shall hear something, and after having two children, consoled herself with them and a circle of men and women of talent. She knew intimately Diderot, Grimm, Duclos, Voltaire, and, of course, had by her rank the acquaintance of the courtly world. She wrote several books, one of which, the "Conversations d'Emilie," was crowned by the French Academy, no undisputable honour considering who have been the rejected, but in that day still avowedly a considerable pleasure to the successful. For my part, I do not find "Emilie" very expressive of Madame d'Epinau. The form is too logical to let emanate her many-coloured femininity. In her "Memoires," which she noted down as part of the material for a long novel, she constrains nothing, and we have a study of herself as she was and not as she might have imagined herself as the heroine of a novel.

Like most women of leisure of those days, she was much interested in private theatricals. She acted, too, and gave her opinion pretty freely about the public merits of plays, but when it comes to judging a comedy by Rousseau she confesses not to know how far her personal acquaintance with him influences her to find the work witty and singular. She immediately describes Rousseau. "He is a complimenter without being polite or anyway without seeming so. He appears ignorant of the ways of society, but it is easy to see that he has much wit. His skin is brown, and eyes full of fire animate his face. Whilst he speaks and one regards him he seems good-looking; but one remembers him only as ugly. People say that he is in bad health and that he has sufferings which he hides through vanity; perhaps this accounts for his sullen, unsociable manner at times. M. de Bellegarde [her father-in-law] is enchanted with him and has made him promise to come here often. I am very glad, and promise myself to profit much by his conversation. But to return to our fêtes, really they have been very agreeable. Our audience was numerous in peasants and servants. The

President de Maupeou does not want his wife to belong any more to our troupe. The fact is that, at the reading of the piece, she appropriated a somewhat gay rôle for herself, and that she played it a little boldly, perhaps a thought too much so."

"Really, I believe some evil genius pursues me and strives perpetually to rob me of repose and consolation! My son is to go to college. . . A multitude of happenings hinder me from being able to combat successfully M. de Bellegarde's opinion about public education. I begin to occupy myself very seriously with my children. They are not for me a mere recreation, they absorb my whole soul; while I try to form their minds, they develop mine; a crowd of new ideas come to me, and I can say that I begin to see what is true and solid happiness and that I take a new view of my duties. Alas! that I need to regret. . . I am so upset about parting from my son that I can only moderately feel the affront offered me by M. de Maupeou. He has forbidden his wife either to see me or to write to me; he will not, so he says, hear speak of me! I am, according to this flat-foot [worthless fellow] a feminine intriguer, pernicious and diabolical; in short, he will not allow his wife to have any truck with me. In vain she complains of his harshness and unseemliness; in vain, according to Madame de Roucherolles, she spiritedly takes my part; nothing has any effect on him."

"I have told them that I am going to spend four days in the country with a friend and that if they insist on taking my son from me they must make use of this period to do so, for I will never give my consent. Indeed, it is very hard to be born a woman!"

" . . . Ah, well, my child is no longer with me. They have followed my advice, and while I was away they put him to school. I expected nothing less; yet the impression of finding my son gone was so unbearable that I have passed two days without eating, drinking or sleeping. I seem to have lost everything. . . I have already been twice to see him. It is a consolation which I shall have to forbid myself for the future; for I feel that the sight of me upsets him and prevents him from studying. He asked to say goodbye to his father; but he was not able, as nobody has heard any news of M. d'Epinau for a fortnight past; I do not believe that he even knows of his son's departure."

Madame d'Epinau goes to the country with her father-in-law and her two children. Thither comes on visit Madame de Tully, one of the amateurs in the dramatic troupe. "I hardly know what to say as to her character. She seems quite wrapped up in herself, her face, and all which can make her admired; she is tall, very well made, and more handsome than lovely; her conversation is rarely coherent; she has a cold and inattentive manner in speaking; however she listens well, and sometimes some words escape her which indicate more wit and firmness than one would have looked for. She shows me a good deal of friendliness; sometimes I have thought that she was studying me. I said so once to her, and she began to laugh: 'Study a woman!' she replied, 'for us that would be superfluous: we are all alike, and we know our secret.'"

She describes her household: "M. d'Epinau has completed his staff. He has three lackeys, and I have two—enough! He has a valet, and he wanted me to take a second woman, but as this is my own affair, I stood out well. Now, in fact, we have sixteen body-servants. As to the life I lead it is uniform, and I hope not to have to change it. That of M. d'Epinau is different. As soon as he wakes, his valet accommodates him. The chief secretary arrives. . . he is interrupted by everything imaginable. A horse-dealer has unique horses to sell, but they are held by some nobleman; he has only come so as to keep his word, for if he were offered double he could not bring the business to a head. He gives a ravishing description of the animals, and is asked the price. 'Lord So-and-so offers sixty louis.' 'I will give a hundred.' 'Quite

useless unless, in fact, he goes back on his word.' However, the affair is concluded for the hundred louis without a glimpse of the horses, because Lord So-and-so will certainly change his mind. There, I have heard and seen all that sort of thing this last week. Now it is a scamp who comes to bray out a song, and who is promised patronage to enable him to join the Opera, after having received a few lessons in taste. I get up and leave; the two lackeys fling wide both wings of the door—for me who could slip through a needle's eye; and two footmen announce in the anti-room—"Madame, gentlemen, here comes Madame!" Everybody stands up in a row, and these gentlemen are cloth-merchants, instrument-makers, jewellers, messengers, lackeys, shoe-blacks, creditors—in short, everything imaginable which is absurd and afflicting. Midday or one o'clock sounds before the toilette is complete, and the secretary, who doubtless knows by experience the difficulty of keeping so many details in mind, places in the hands of Monsieur d'Epinay a little memorandum of what he must say to the waiting assembly of farmers-general of the revenue. . . . Another time he goes out on foot or in a cab, re-enters at two o'clock as though intent on burning the house down; dines tête-à-tête with me, or admits his chief secretary, who discourses on the necessity of fixing each item of expenditure. The only reply is—"We will see about that." Afterwards, he flies into society or to the theatres; and he sups in town when he has no one here."

She goes with Duclos to see her son, whose tutor is not quite satisfactory. This interlude is far too long for my space, but I will give it in its admirable detail at another opportunity. I wonder even if I can squeeze in her conversation with Rousseau on the subject of her own character. It must be squeezed in somehow, because this character is that of most nice and intelligent women; and I believe that it resembles my own! Rousseau has been scolding her for the company she keeps; the great world to him is a crowd of foplings and scandal-mongers. She replies that he really has barely seen them, and that he makes her shiver to think what he must think of herself—but she would like to know!

"You may, if you please, Madame, I promise you to be frank; and if you are not quite satisfied with what you are, you may be with what I shall promise you to become if these people do not interfere—but I give you my word that they would degrade the finest nature in the world.' 'Ah, Rousseau, you grow heavy.' 'Perhaps, Madame, I had better begin with what they say about you in order to let you judge better of what I say. . . . They believe you without character, a nice woman, false, however, inclined to intrigue, inconstant, frivolous, much finesse, much pretension to wit, which, they say, in you is very superficial.' 'Monsieur, monsieur, they say all that! is it possible!'. . . He laughed. 'But what does it matter? I will tell you how they come by such notions. You are nice and you are often a dupe; you do not suspect malice or treason until these are clear; you grope about incessantly to find the good and flee the bad: and all your actions being uncertain and contradictory, either of themselves or in contrast with your words, and the fear above all of offending others—all this makes you pass for false and characterless.' 'But how then avoid seeming thus, since what you say is true?' 'Ah, that is not easy, and I recall what was said to me by one of my friends, whose character resembles yours as to its weaknesses; a man otherwise distinguished, a transcendent genius as there are not two in this century: Diderot. I said to him one day—'But how is it that with a character like yours, so easy-going that it drives you to spend half your life committing stupidities which you take care not to confess, and the other half in botching them up—you have not often an air of falsity?' 'Because,' he replied, 'I am neither true nor false, and I am transparent.' 'It is because he is frank, and you, madame, are true without being frank.' 'Right again. But,

monsieur—intriguing! how can that be?' 'All the same, not too much desire to do good, and in wishing to do so you often rob yourself of the merit, or by fear of making a mistake you take turnings and go aside instead of going straight to the point. But as to pretension, as to superficial wit, they judge you badly; on the contrary, you have simplicity. Having read a great deal, you are still ignorant because you have read without order and choice. Your reflections spring rather from the justness of your mind than from your readings. . . . You have courage, elevation, and a sort of virtue; if ever you will surround yourself with none but honest people I promise you that you will become one day a woman of great merit.'"

She turns the discourse on to his own shortcomings, the very memory of which he manages to dissipate in a rhapsody on Nature.

ALICE MORNING.

Apocalyptic.

OUR world beyond a year of dread
Has paled like Babylon and Rome,
Never for all the blood was shed
Shall life return to it as home.
No peace shall e'er that dream recall;
The avalanche is yet to fall.

Laugh, you whose dreams were outlawed things:
The sceptre from the tyrant slips,
Earth's kings are met by those wild kings
Who swept through the Apocalypse.
Ere the first awful hand be stayed,
The second shall have clutched the blade.

On the white horse is one who rides
Until earth's empires are o'erthrown,
And a red rider yet abides
Whose trumpet call is still unblown,
Whose battlefield shall be the grave
Either for master or for slave.

Once in a zodiac of years
Earth stirs beneath her heaving crust,
And high and low, unheeding tears,
Are equal levelled with the dust.
Laugh, slave, the coming terror brings
Thee to that brotherhood with kings.

Laugh too, you warriors of god,
The tyrants of the spirit fail.
The mitred head shall no more nod
And multitudes of men be pale.
When empires topple here below
The heavens which are their shadows go.

If the black horse's rider reign,
Or the pale horse's rider fire
His burning arrows, with disdain
Laugh. You have come to your desire,
To the last test which yields the right
To walk amid the halls of light.

It shall be better to be bold
Than clothed in purple in that hour,
The will of steel be more than gold;
For only what we are is power.
Who through the starry gate would win
Must be like those who walk therein.

You, who have made of earth your star,
Cry out, indeed, for hopes made vain:
For only those can laugh who are
The strong Initiates of Pain,
Who know that mighty god to be
Sculptor of immortality.

A. E.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

ALL the way from Gretna Green has come a protest against my recent remarks concerning the passing of "modern" drama; and as the protest is even more vague than the assertion, I will try to explain. The use of labels is always dangerous, and I pay the penalty of my slackness by being compelled to define. Take the label, "naturalist school of drama," for example; all that it should mean is that a number of dramatic artists try to produce a sure and true illusion of reality by presenting their imaginative conception of it as nearly as possible in the form from whence they derived it. As an artistic method, it is as valid as any other, and must be judged by its results; but this much may be said of it with certainty, that it does not promise such good results as, let us say, the romantic method, because it does not offer such opportunities for the expression of the complete personality of the artist. Stated briefly and dogmatically, the romantic artist is a man who offers not merely his vision, but his transmuted vision, of life; he asks us not to see things as he saw them, but to see what he has made of them. Behind the persons, he sees powers extending into the Infinite; all Nature attends the activity of his characters, the stars in their courses fight for or against them, the ether thrills with their ecstasy, and, if they marry at last, the marriage is made in Heaven. He sings always with Swinburne, "Glory to Man in the Highest," although he does not always conclude the quotation, "for Man is the Master of things."

But the naturalist artist tries to make us see things as he saw them by showing us the things that he saw. He is like those people who, when asked to give an opinion, detail the facts that are necessary to the formation of any opinion, and leave you to deduce your own conclusion. He selects his facts, of course, because he wants to produce an impression; but he relies almost entirely on the assumption that the facts will produce the same impression on other people that they have produced on himself. So he is very scrupulous about the facts, thinking it shame and blasphemy to add or subtract a word from what his characters would most probably have said in the situation. He stands aloof, observing, selecting the very thing, the *ipsisima verba*, which he offers to us in all simplicity. Never having met lovers like Romeo and Juliet, he offers as a truer picture of tragic love, say, "A Bit O' Love," Mr. Galsworthy's last play. The naturalist artist tries to express fine thoughts in vulgar language, great passions in common people, to create crises in the commonplace. And the total effect of the method is to produce an impression of man as a "forked, straddling radish with bandy-legs," as Carlyle phrased it, a futile wanderer from the vague to the inane, on whom no glory alights, no muse attends, and of whom "whatever Gods may be" ought to be, and probably are, very much ashamed. The naturalist method really attempts to perform the function ascribed by the Virgin Mary to the Almighty; it puts down the mighty from their seat, it shows us only the "treasure of the humble."

My correspondent seems to imagine that dramatic "naturalism" describes the matter, not the method of presentation, of a play. He makes a most dangerous antithesis between "ideas and heresies" and "romance and incident," between a "drama for thinkers" and "a popular drama"; and gives the label, "naturalism," to "ideas and heresies." But even if we accept this rendering of the word, "naturalism" is only the cult of the natural; and I know of no reason why ideas and heresies should be thought to be more natural than romance and incident. Imagination and aspiration are as natural as thought and criticism, and are usually

much more pleasing. But my correspondent's chief contention is that the naturalist school of drama, or drama of ideas and heresies, has not passed away; he asserts that it has not arrived in these islands yet. His subsequent statements do not bear out his contention; for he offers reasons why the drama of ideas has not succeeded. "The naturalist school of drama," he says, "is a school of clever men. The British public is a crowd of mediocre people. As a result the people were flocking to 'Diplomacy' and its silly kind while Ibsen and Shaw were being played to empty houses. Surely you cannot say that a drama has passed away when the masses failed to understand it." What "the masses" have to do with the matter, I fail to understand; the theatre audience is, like all artistic audiences, a selected one, and my contention is that "Ibsen and Shaw" have had their vogue with that public, and have passed away. Their success (and they had a success) was largely due to their re-action against the prevailing conventions of the stage: Hankin, for instance, revolted against the "happy ending," which, by the way, Pinero has just restored to a play after production, a most significant sign of the times. My correspondent does touch the root of the matter when he asserts a difference between the naturalist school of drama and the British public, although I think that he gives the wrong reason for it. It is not that the British public is mediocre or stupid; all publics are mediocre and stupid, the repertory public being particularly so; the real reason is, in my opinion, that the British public is incurably romantic. It does not want reasoning on the stage, it does not want the plays that make you "think"; it requires what St. Paul called "a sign," it seeks after miracles. Unless it sees signs and wonders, it will not believe that a man is a dramatist. The English mind prefers Hugo to Zola, the Ibsen of "Emperor and Galilean" to the Ibsen of "When We Dead Awaken," or even "Ghosts," it does really feel a greater affinity with Shakespeare than with Shaw, it is everything that Shaw denounced it for being; and when it is expressed by genius, it assumes naturally the romantic, not the naturalist, form. If the English people at first ignored Shaw, at last they took him at a true valuation as a brilliant farceur; "Man and Superman," first produced as a philosophy, found its proper level and public appreciation when played as a windy farce.

To such a public, the naturalist method is exotic. So long as it was wonderful and strange, so long did it attract attention. But the illusion of reality failed to be produced when the original impulse failed, and the method itself became a convention. The attempt to show things as they are led to a meticulous and microscopic examination of character. Women carefully explained to their lovers that they loved them with the right ventricles of their hearts, but not with the left. Like Gigadibs in Browning's poem, who saw the "two points in Hamlet's soul, unseized by the Germans yet," the dramatists sought for the minute difference between the apparently similar, and exhibited it. Before the war, we were all becoming tired of it; and the failure of the method is really registered by the fact that it produced no great work, but, on the contrary, resulted in persistently worse work as it proceeded. It was not an inspiration to our writers; it is now only a belated convention; and the plunge into reality which the war has caused has swept it into the limbo of obsolete things. As Mr. Palmer says in his epitaph on Bernard Shaw (the passage will show that I am not alone in my opinion): "The return to simplicity, so frequently travestied, is at last coming in sober truth. Every art is going to rid itself of the moral and intellectual casuistry in which it has so long abounded. Morality, duty, conscience, character—call it what you will—has suddenly become very simple. We shall stand no longer counting the pulse and taking the temperature of our deeds. We are going to be quite careless of the moral and social doctor." For the truth is that our "realists" have been superseded by reality.

Readers and Writers.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have not sent us a copy of their edition of the complete works of Bagehot; but doubtless they have not forgotten "John Bull" and the "British Weekly," the opinions of both of which journals Bagehot himself would quit hell to hear. But I have consoled myself with the two volumes of his collected essays published in the "Everyman" series. First, however, let me take this opportunity of once more expressing the gratitude of readers to Mr. Dent and his editor for this series. Though I have been over the catalogue of the library many times, there are, it seems, volumes in it whose existence I had not suspected. Bagehot is one of them. But what a wealth of books is implied in this capacity of the series still to take one by pleasant surprise. I now anticipate further discoveries with every hope of making them. My thanks to Mr. Dent. Bagehot's essays in these volumes are not his best work. For that we must look to his political writings. But of the brilliant common sense of which he was a modern pioneer these essays are full. They are mainly literary; and I have read several times the essay on Gibbon in particular. Gibbon and Tennyson are in some ways the crux of critical ability. Both are so impeccable after their own fashion, so complete, so justifiably self-satisfied, so monumental, that it requires a powerful as well as an independent mind to pronounce any judgment (I do not say *opinion*) upon them. It is like criticising St. Paul's. Bagehot, of course, comes very well out of the ordeal, the greater for him in that Tennyson was still alive. Everything, after all, that need be said of Tennyson is contained in Bagehot's comment upon "Enoch Arden," that "it is incredible that his whole mind should be made up of fine sentiments." Fine sentiments were Tennyson's weakness. On Gibbon he is much more severe, though in the proper spirit of respect. Of Gibbon's famous style he remarks that "it is not one in which you can tell the truth." That, allow me to say, is brilliant common sense in excelsis. Equally final is his comment on Gibbon's attitude to the French Revolution as expressed in the model letter Gibbon wrote to an English nobleman. The fact is, says Bagehot, "Gibbon had arrived at the conclusion that he was just the sort of person a populace kills." It is not surprising that, despite his praise of Gibbon, Bagehot at the end could not but be aware that he had felt contempt for the man—as which of us have not! However, in this he was but fulfilling Gibbon's aspiration "that a hundred years hence I may still continue to be abused."

* * *

One of Bagehot's remarks upon style is worth thinking about. He says of my beloved eighteenth century that it was "a period in which men had ceased to write for students and had not begun to write for women." Style subsequently, he said, became "brilliant." The description implied in the double negative concerning eighteenth century style is, I think, true; but are women as readers responsible, I wonder, for the introduction of "brilliance"? Is the modern epigram really feminine in motive? I hurry past the thought at this moment, not caring at present to discuss it. My readers have leisure and courage enough no doubt! And I pull up at a reflection that has several times before occurred to me—is THE NEW AGE unpopular exactly on account of its eighteenth century style? As impartially as it is possible for me to say it, I maintain that in quality as well as in quantity of thought this journal that you are now reading is easily the first of any journal ever published in this country. Either I am mad or this is true. Yet absolutely no evidence of it exists outside the small circle of our faithful readers and writers. Why? The conclusion to which I came, and which I should have recommended to my fellow contributors, was that (present company, of course, excepted) we are unpleasant fellows who state our opinions so offensively as to be not worth consorting with. And

I could have pointed to Nietzsche as a tragical warning. He, the great aristocrat, uttered his truths so unpleasantly that, until he was safely dead, all Germany kept him in Coventry. It is well known that not one of his books paid its expenses and that for his last a publisher could not be found. Isn't that an awful warning against indulging in strong language even under the provocation of passionate conviction? Ought we not to be smooth as the pebbles that David slung at the head of Goliath? Perhaps, perhaps; my mind is open to light. But in the meanwhile, think of this.

* * *

This you will find in Blake. See "The Everlasting Gospel." Was Jesus gentle, he asks? And he answers it in language that must sound blasphemous.

If He had been Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd have done anything to please us;
Gone sneaking into synagogues,
And not used the Elders and Priests like dogs.

Or consider this, the gnome of Heraclitus: "Multi-science does not teach intelligence; but the Sibyl with wild enthusiastic mouth shrilling forth unmirthful, in-ornate and unperfumed truths, reaches to a thousand years, with her voice through the power of God." That is all very well, but the books of the Sibyl were destroyed. So, too, Cassandra's warnings were ignored because, I fancy, she delivered them badly. And, after all, it is not a thousand years hence that we moderns are content to be read. It is all very baffling! Contrast, again, Nietzsche with Ruskin; and recall the expressed fear of Demosthenes. Ruskin wrote such a beautiful style that everything he said in it went in at one ear and out at the other. Nietzsche will be read when Ruskin is forgotten. Demosthenes sheared his orations of ornament lest ornaments should distract the attention of dilettante Athens from his opinions. Dare we conclude that, given an overpolite age (an age, that is, of finicking affectation), a pleasing style is the last in which a man *ought* to write, readers or no readers? But in that case, his readers will certainly be few at most; and thus he might almost as well not write at all, or postpone it until he is a hundred and fifty. No, such is my state of mind, that my colleagues shall receive no advice from me. Let 'em write as they must.

* * *

To one colleague I will refer, since the subject of his article of last week was disquieting or stimulating, as you have a descending or ascending mind. Classification à la Nietzsche! Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu is digging about the roots of modern opinion, and already he has turned up some old, forgotten, far-off truths. Watch him as the spade turns in the Liberal soil. In particular, his criticism of the anthropocentric theory of the Good is most destructive of the Liberal doctrine, destroying, as it does, the common doctrine that all good things exist for man. No, says Mr. de Maeztu (if I understand him), man is only one of the good things of the world; though, being what he is, it is his duty, above them all, to preserve and increase them. Justice, beauty, truth, innocence, health, and all the rest of the goods, of which the Greeks made gods and Plato divine intelligences or pure ideas, have as much claim to be considered as man himself. Neither any one of them, nor man, is the measure of all things; but all things must be measured by them all. The consequences of this neo-Platonic view, as I venture to call it, are revolutionary. At the same time, they are essentially commonsense. Mr. de Maeztu will doubtless draw some more of them out to the consternation of doctrinaires and the delight of the progressive; and I will not imperil an anticipation. But may I recommend, after him, the book to which he referred—Mr. G. E. Moore's "Ethics" in the Home University Library (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)? My second bouquet, by the way, is herewith thrown at a series fit to rank with "Everyman" and the Oxford Classics. For simple subtlety Mr. Moore's volume would be hard to equal in English literature. As an exercise in expository thought it is as good as Euclid. And I

only wish Nietzsche were alive to read it—page 151, bottom of page in particular!

Among the—well, unusual—practical deductions from Mr. de Maetzu's new political ethic is the duty of veracity. I gather that he would make this duty no less obligatory under penalty than the duty of sanitation or paying one's rates and taxes. From this conception I can see the vast mass of us shrink, shuddering. But how excellent, nevertheless, it would be for everybody; for literary creatures not least. Veracity, in the first place, is so hard to come by; in the second, is so obvious when it declares itself; and, in the third, is so little in demand; that we need not wonder that it is rare. Half-truths, on the other hand, are so fetching yet so easy, so distinguished yet so popular. The world is in love with half-truths. If it were not, if, further, it did not love thumping lies, how is it possible that the following sentence could be written, printed, and published?: "Had Homer been alive to-day he would probably be a novelist of the type, say, of Mr. Arnold Bennett." That appears in Mr. John Lane's monthly magazine, the "Bodleian," and is not a joke either, but an editorial opinion. I will not waste a dagger on putting it to death. The judgment of the court is that the writer of it be sentenced to public silence for life.

R. H. C.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

THANK YOU for this, Lord "Answers," in the "Novoye Vremya."

. . . . In view of the immediate results, the plan created by Lord Haldane for increasing the military strength of England might have been considered only a postponement of the final ruin. Happily, in succeeding years the number of volunteers for the defence of the Fatherland grew and, on the day when war broke out with Germany, England appeared incomparably stronger than could be thought. The Territorial division, taking service only in the limits of the country, by an impulse of patriotic animation, advanced to the aid of the regular army abroad and, after a little experience, showed itself by its military qualities not inferior to professional soldiers.

However, even with this happy turn, the work of the English army transferred to the Continent seemed a drop in the ocean.

The terrible guns of destruction emptied the ranks by tens and hundreds of thousands. In the first month of the war the English Government turned anew to the patriotism of Englishmen and to its call appeared nearly three million young men, ready to give up their lives for their country.

But even this number appears manifestly unattained. The struggle is drawing out, and for the attainment of victory England is bound to make the same effort as her allies and enemies. It is required of her perhaps to put in the field two or three more million warriors. Meanwhile the stream of volunteers has visibly dried up and at the decisive minute England, with its previous system of filling its army, may appear "not up to numbers."

With prevision of this possibility the English Government is making the following attempt to escape from the threatening embarrassment without resorting to the introduction of universal military obligation. It has introduced into Parliament the National Registration Bill. . . .

We do not mistake if we call the National Registration Bill an attempt to introduce universal military obligation, without calling it by this unpleasant name. England has furnished from her midst millions of men who, without any outside compulsion, are offering their lives for the protection of their country. It may be that in history are few examples of such noble animation. But rude reality demands not three million patriots, but six million warriors. If under the moral pressure of the National Registration Act the English War Office receives at its disposition the needful two or even three million volunteers, universal military obligation appears unnecessary for England. England is then sure of the incontestability by Europe of her particular forms. In the opposite case she will be forced to go over to the ruder perhaps but more hopeful means of protecting her national existence.

The defence of their country from foreign violence is not a right reserved only for ardent patriots, but a duty incumbent upon all citizens of the Empire without exception. War is not a sport for the amateur of strong sensations, but a high, though also a grave, duty upon the whole population.

The English forces on the French frontier, in the North and Baltic Seas, in Mesopotamia, along the Suez Canal, at the Dardanelles, and in the Sea of Marmora have shown themselves wonders of manhood, skill and self-sacrifice. But the great war is not satisfied with heroic exploits. It demands in addition great numbers.

Compulsory service in the army is not attractive for Englishmen and contrary to the whole structure of their opinions and habits.

But now it is prescribed by the whole association of created conditions.

There's gratitude for you! Give them honey and they ask for a spoon. And what is the use of it all? If three million men are a drop in the ocean, six million men will be only two drops in the ocean. But please observe the Black Hundred's latent malice towards England; it would greet a war with us as holy and popular, but falsely, for England and Russia are each nearer in spirit to the other than to any other European Power. You suppose, naturally, from the tone of the above article, that every available man in Russia has gone to the front. But the Russian compulsory system brings in men as a tattered net fish—there are a dozen ways of getting out to the one chance of being caught. Nevertheless, the Russians have massed two or three times as many troops on their frontiers as the enemy can put against her. And Libau has fallen, Warsaw been evacuated of its civil population and hardly a Russian regiment left near the frontier. Of course, if numbers are really everything we might dismantle our fleet and put the bluejackets in the trenches. Munitions of war also seem a trifle in comparison with numbers, so let us send our arsenal workers to Flanders. Nothing matters but numbers, "it is not three million patriots that are needed, but six million warriors," and yet the German patriots have driven back three times their number of Russian warriors. Perhaps, after all, bravery, hope and intelligence are necessary, and these qualities are not to be obtained by force but by goodwill.

But it is not only for this that we oppose it. For it might be so morally right that we ought to work for its adoption. We nearly all admit the excellences of discipline, why not those of conscription, of compulsory national service and compulsory national military service? There is no question of a partial adoption of conscription. As it is understood in England it applies to all, high and low, rich and poor. At the present moment the capitalist's sons are at the front while their fathers are raking in Government money at home. Nobody who admits compulsory national service to be right may object to compulsory national military service simply because it is unnecessary. To him it would be good, but not expedient; and that is not an objection to conscription, but to its immediate adoption.

The theory of compulsion must not be identified with the theory of law. Civil law appears to be the means of preserving the status quo through the meshes of exchange. Criminal law, that suspicious object, is little better than codified social revenge. Compulsion is much wider than its legal aspect. Law maintains society, but compulsion may divide it, expand it or change it in some manner. To pay taxes for public facilities and safeguards is in return for the receipt of those advantages; one receives, one pays, this is contract, not compulsion. One is not compelled to be safeguarded by the police, one is safeguarded by the police, and for that one pays a share. But a man may perhaps look upon the Army and Navy as not essential to him. The Navy, you tell him, safeguards England. From what? he asks. From German invasion, you reply. But what is that to me? If the Germans conquer England, they will not make me a slave or a serf, nor

prevent me from living as I live now. I hold no State office, the State preserves no possessions of mine abroad. I pay taxes for the protection I receive at home, and I refuse to support either Army and Navy; as for serving in the Army, why should I fight to preserve what I do not care a rap for?—it is your England, you like it, save it yourselves. And he is right, because an Englishman is not simply a man who is born or naturalised in England, but one who loves English life and habits, English men and books, and, above all, English speech. The man who cares for none of these things might be happier in Bismarck's Empire than Lloyd George's. But those who care for England and the English language are those that must fight to preserve them.

This is, I know, only one side of the question, and I specifically say that the decision we may come to upon compulsory service in general is not binding upon compulsory military service. The reason is simple.

Our objection to wages was not that they were not a good price for labour as a commodity, but that they made labour a commodity. Labour, we said, was life, and life is too holy to be so bartered. Our objection to conscription is not necessarily that it is compulsory, but that it forces men unwillingly and in cold blood to take life, and life is too holy to be so taken. When volunteers fight volunteers, the battle is a tournament, and may the best men win. The fight is for the warrior, for the patriot, not for the unpatriotic man we have described, nor for the men we shall now consider. Just as there are men below fighting, so there are men above fighting. They are the Brahmins of the world—it is forbidden them to take life. They love English letters and life, they applaud English bravery and English victories, but they will not stain their hands with blood. Are they to be forced to fight? As well force a brick wall, for they will "rather be shot than shoot"—and who dare try to force Brahmins? So our practical objection to conscription is that the class below patriotism is not worth compelling and the class above patriotism will not be compelled.

To hark back to national service, it is news to me that the National Guilds, like the old Socialism, are to be the "coming slavery." But when I read Mr. Ivor Brown's articles I realise from their style that the guilds will be unpleasing to some workers. There will be the class below the guilds and the class above them. The first will consist of those men without guild-feeling who will refuse guild duty and cry guild privileges to the devil. They are the born wage-slaves, the willing blacklegs. Above the guilds may be supposed fanatical individualists and men who are, or think themselves, ill-used by the guilds. As the guilds will hold the monopoly of labour contract, these outguilds will be unable to compete with them in work. They will be assigned perhaps land outside the towns where they will live by taking in each other's washing and similar self-supporting industries. The expert workers among them may support themselves with the fees of apprentices the guilds send to them. Perhaps monasteries will revive and give the outguilds shelter as they did in the old days.

They will be our Cossacks. The Cossacks (Tartar: Kazak—a freeman) were men standing outside the communal Russian life, outlaws, but rarely inimical to the State. Bodies of them collected upon the frontier steppes, the State pressed no obligations upon them in return for their military service. They formed a permanent frontier guard and a buffer against invasion. Nowadays every new tribe that becomes part of the Empire is formed into a "Cossack" regiment, but the original settlements survive, above all, here in the Caucasus, more or less pure Russians, among the thousand tribes and races of Little Asia. Our Cossacks, our outguilds, may do us a similar but spiritual service. The inferior types among them will be warnings to us and examples, and the better men, those above the guilds, may be our filters of new ideas and our feelers for progress.

Of Love.

By Stendhal.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FURTHER COURSE OF CRYSTALLISATION.

WHY do we delight in each fresh beauty that we discover in our beloved?

Because each fresh beauty gives us the full and complete satisfaction of a desire. We want her to be tender, and she is tender; then we want her to be as proud as Corneille's Emilie, and, although pride is probably incompatible with tenderness, she at once seems endowed with a Roman soul. This is the moral reason why love is the strongest of all passions. In the other passions, the desires have to adapt themselves to chill reality; here it is reality that hastens to model itself upon desire. It is in this passion, therefore, that violent desires can have fullest play.

There are certain general conditions of happiness which extend their sway over all the satisfactions of particular desires:

- (1) She seems to be your property, since it is you alone who can make her happy.
- (2) She is a judge of your merit. This condition was very important in those centres of gallantry and chivalry, the courts of Francis I and Henry II, and at the polished court of Louis XV. Under a constitutional system, a government of debaters, woman loses all influence of this sort.
- (3) If you are romantic at heart, the more lofty her soul is, the more divine, the more free from the dross of all vulgar associations will be the pleasure you will find in her arms.

Most French youths of eighteen are disciples of Rousseau; this condition of happiness is important for them.

In the midst of a process so disappointing to the desire for happiness, one loses one's head.

From the moment that he falls in love, the wisest of men sees no object *as it is*. He underrates his own gifts, and exaggerates the most trifling favours bestowed by the beloved. His fears and hopes at once assume a romantic tinge. He no longer ascribes anything to chance; he loses all sense of probability; so far as the effect on his happiness goes, anything that he imagines becomes a reality.*

An ominous sign that you are losing your head is the following. In thinking of some small detail, difficult to observe accurately, you regard it as white, and interpret it in favour of your love; a moment later you see that in reality it is black, and still you find it a conclusive argument for your love.

It is then that the soul, a prey to murderous doubts, feels intense need of a friend; but for the lover there are no longer any friends. This was well known at court. From this arises the only kind of indiscretion that a fastidious woman can pardon.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE FIRST STEP, OF SOCIETY, OF MISFORTUNES.

The most astonishing thing in the passion of love is the first step, the violence of the change that takes place in a man's brain.

Society, with its brilliant ceremonies, is serviceable to love, because it favours this *first step*.

It begins by changing simple admiration into tender admiration ("What a pleasure it would be to kiss her," etc.).

A rapid waltz, in a room lighted with a thousand candles, inspires young hearts with an intoxication that banishes all fear, increases their consciousness of strength, and gives them *the courage to love*. For it is not enough to see a lovable object; on the

* There is a physical cause for all this—a touch of insanity, a flow of blood to the brain, a disorder of the nerves and brain-centres.

contrary, extreme loveliness will disconcert the tender soul. You must see it, if not in love with you, at any rate stripped of its majesty.*

Who would think of falling in love with a queen, unless she made the first advances?

Nothing, therefore, is more favourable to the birth of love than long periods of wearisome solitude broken by a few balls to which one looks forward greatly. This system is adopted by wise mothers of marriageable daughters.

Real society, as it flourished at the old French Court, and, I think, has not existed anywhere since 1780, was unfavourable to love, since it scarcely ever admitted of the solitude and leisure that are indispensable for the work of crystallisation.

Court life gives one the habit of watching and of practising an infinite number of gradations, and the smallest gradation may be the beginning of an admiration and of a passion.†

When the misfortunes peculiar to love are combined with other misfortunes (the misfortunes of vanity, if your mistress offends your proper pride, your feelings of honour and personal dignity; misfortunes in health, in money matters, in one's political career, etc., the ensuing increase of love is merely apparent. Such misfortunes, by distracting the imagination, hinder crystallisation when love is in its incipient stages, and prevent the birth of little doubts when love is crowned with happiness. The sweetness and the madness of love return when these misfortunes have vanished.

Observe that misfortunes favour the birth of love in cold or frivolous natures; and that after its birth, if the misfortunes belong to an earlier period, they favour love for this reason, that the imagination, being turned aside from the other phases of one's life, which furnish it with nothing but mournful visions, devotes itself entirely to the work of crystallisation.

CHAPTER XIV.

I now proceed to a theory which will be disputed, and which I offer only to men who, if I may say so, are unlucky enough to have loved passionately for several years, and to have found their love thwarted by insuperable obstacles.

The sight of anything that is supremely beautiful, either in Nature or in art, recalls to us our beloved as with a flash of lightning. This is because, by the process of crystallisation, all that is beautiful and sublime in this world becomes part of the beauty of our beloved, and this unexpected glimpse of happiness at once fills the eyes with tears. Thus it is that our love and our sense of beauty feed each other.

One of the misfortunes of life is that this happiness in seeing and talking to the beloved does not leave behind it any clear memories. The soul, it would seem, is too much distracted by its emotions to pay attention to their cause or to accompanying circumstances. The soul is then, in fact, all sensation. It is, perhaps, just because these pleasures cannot be worn threadbare by our recalling them at will, that they renew themselves with such vigour, as soon as any object comes to wake us from the reverie devoted to the woman we love, and to remind us of her more vividly by some new association.

* Hence the possibility of passions of artificial origin, such as that of Benedict and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing."

† Cases in point are St. Simon and Werther. However finely-wrought and fastidious a hermit may be, his soul is distraught; one part of his imagination is employed in anticipating social intercourse. Force of character is one of the most seductive of charms for a truly feminine heart. Hence the success of young officers who take life very seriously. Women know very well how to distinguish between violence in display of passion—of which they know themselves to be so capable—and force of character; the most distinguished women are sometimes taken in by a little charlatanism in this respect. One can use such charlatanism without any qualms, so soon as one sees that the crystallisation has begun.

A lean old architect used to meet *her* every evening in society. One day, carried away by natural good feeling, and without paying heed to what I was saying, I spoke to her of him in elaborate terms of praise. She laughed at me outright. I had not the courage to say to her: "He sees you every evening."

This feeling is so strong that it extends to an enemy of mine who is a constant companion of hers. When I see this woman, she recalls Leonora to me so vividly that at that moment I cannot hate her, try as I will.

It seems as if, by a strange vagary of the heart, the beloved dispenses more charm than she has herself. The vision of a distant town where one has seen her for a moment throws one into a deeper and more delicious reverie than her own presence. This is the result of severity.

The reverie of love cannot be analysed. I notice that I can re-read a good novel once every three years with the same enjoyment. It gives me feelings which correspond to the type of tender passion that rules me at the moment, or, if I feel nothing, furnishes me with variety in my ideas. I can also listen with pleasure to the same music, but there is no need for memory to play its part here. It is only the imagination that needs to be touched; if one enjoys an opera more at the twentieth hearing, it is because one understands the music better, or because one remembers the sensation of the first hearing.

As to the new vistas which a novel opens up for the knowledge of the human heart, I recollect the old vistas very well; I even like to find them noted in the margin. But this kind of pleasure applies to novels, in so far as they increase my knowledge of human nature, and in no way to reverie, which is the real pleasure that the novel gives. This reverie cannot be analysed. To analyse it would be to kill it for the present, since one would fall into a philosophical analysis of pleasure, and to kill it still more irrevocably for the future, since nothing is so paralysing to the imagination as an appeal to memory. If I find in the margin a note that describes my sensation in reading *Old Mortality* at Florence three years ago, I am at once absorbed in the history of my life, in a comparison of the different degrees of happiness in the two periods, in a word, in profound philosophising—and good-bye to the free and easy pursuit of tender reflections!

Every great poet who has a lively imagination is timid, that is to say he is afraid of men because of the way in which they interrupt and disturb his delicious reveries. Men, with their low material interests, draw him out of the garden of Armida and push him into a filthy quagmire. It is hardly possible for them to claim his attention without irritating him. By virtue of constantly feeding his soul with moving reveries, and of cherishing a horror of all that is vulgar, the great artist is very close to love.

The more a man is a great artist, the more he ought to seek titles and decorations as a bulwark of defence.

CHAPTER XV.

In the midst of the most violent and most constantly thwarted passion, we find moments when we suddenly think we have ceased to love; it is like a spring of fresh water in mid-ocean. We scarcely take any more pleasure in thinking of our mistress, and, although overwhelmed by her cruelties, we find it still more painful to have lost all interest in life. A most depressing blank follows upon a phase of existence which was certainly not unruffled, but which showed all Nature under a novel, impassioned, interesting aspect.

The reason is that the last visit we paid to our beloved put us in a position from which our imagination, on some other occasion, had culled all the sensations it could offer. For instance, after a period of coldness, she treats us less badly, and lets us form precisely the same amount of hope, and that by the same external signs, as on some previous occasion—all this, perhaps, without her realising what she is.

doing. The imagination finds its path blocked by memory, with its gloomy counsels, and the crystallisation* instantly ceases.

CHAPTER XVI.

[February 25, 1822.]

I realised last night that music, when it is perfect, has precisely the same effect on the heart as the presence of one's beloved—in other words it apparently gives the most exquisite happiness that exists on this earth.

If all men felt the same, nothing in the world would more readily dispose them to love.

But I had already noted at Naples, last year, that perfect music, like perfect pantomime, makes me think of what for the time being forms the object of my reveries, and inspires me with excellent ideas; at Naples, this concerned the means of arming the Greeks.

Now, last night, I could not blink the fact that I have the misfortune to be too great an admirer of my lady L.

And perhaps the perfect music, which I was fortunate enough to hear, after two or three months' lack of good music—although I went to the opera every evening!—has simply produced its well-known effect, I mean that of making one think hard of that which is occupying one's mind.

[A week later.]

I dare not either erase or approve the foregoing remarks. There is no doubt that, when I wrote them, I was reading in my heart. If I call them in question now, it is perhaps because I have lost the remembrance of what I then saw.

By being addicted to music and to its reveries one is predisposed to love. A sad and tender air, if it be not too dramatic, if the imagination be not compelled to dwell upon action, an air that inspires nothing but the reverie of love, is a source of keen delight to finely-wrought and unhappy souls. Cases in point are the long passage for clarinet at the beginning of the quartet in *Bianca e Faliero*, and Camporesi's recitative towards the middle of the quartet.

The lover who is in high favour with his mistress enjoys exceedingly Rossini's famous duet of *Armida e Rinaldo*, which paints so faithfully the little doubts of a happy love and the moments of rapture that follow reconciliations. The instrumental piece which in the middle of the duet, at the moment where Rinaldo wants to fly, portrays in such an astounding manner the conflict of the passions, seems to have a physical effect on the lover's heart and to touch it literally. I dare not say what I feel in this matter; a reader of the Northern races would think I was mad.

CHAPTER XVII.

BEAUTY DETHRONED BY LOVE.

In a box at the theatre, Alberic meets a woman who is more beautiful than his mistress (I beg to be allowed to express this in mathematical terms), that is, a woman whose features promise three units of happiness instead of two (let us suppose that perfect beauty gives an amount of happiness expressed by the number four).

Is it surprising that he prefers the features of his mistress, which promise him a hundred units of happiness? Even the little defects of her face, the marks of small-pox, for example, have something touching about them for a lover, and throw him into a deep reverie when he sees them in another woman: how

* I have been advised to eliminate this word—or, failing that, to remind the reader frequently that by "crystallisation" I mean a certain fever of the imagination which clothes with a new form, and sets up as a being apart, an object that is rarely anything out of the common. When the soul knows no other road to happiness than vanity, the man who wishes to create this fever must wear a very smart tie, and be constantly attentive to a thousand details that forbid all unconstraint. Society women admit the effect, while denying or failing to see the cause.

much more so in his mistress! A thousand emotions surge in him when he is confronted with these defects; these emotions are for the most part delicious, and of the highest interest; and, whatever they may be, they are renewed with peculiar intensity at the sight of these marks, even on the face of another woman.

If in this way we come to prefer and to love ugliness, it is because in this case ugliness is beauty.* A man was passionately in love with a woman who was very thin and pitted with smallpox; death snatched her from him. Three years later, in Rome, he became intimate with two women, one as beautiful as the day, the other thin and pitted with smallpox, and therefore, if you like, rather ugly. I saw him fall in love with the ugly one at the end of a week which he had spent in effacing her ugliness by his memories. By an excusable piece of coquetry, she did not fail to help him by stirring his blood a little—a very useful aid to this operation.† A man meets a woman, and is repelled by her ugliness; soon, if she makes no pretensions, her facial expression leads him to forget the defects in her features; he finds her amiable and fancies himself capable of loving her; a week later he has hopes; a week later these hopes are baffled; a week later he is madly in love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The attitude of lovers described in the last chapter finds a parallel in the theatre, where the spectators, in the case of their favourite actors, no longer notice whether they are really handsome or ugly. Lekain, in spite of his remarkable ugliness, conquered hearts galore. The same applies to Garrick. The reasons are manifold, but the primary cause is that what one saw was not the actual beauty of their features or movements, but the beauty which the imagination had long been wont to ascribe to them, in grateful remembrance of all the pleasure they had given. In the same way, the mere face of a comic actor makes people laugh as soon as he comes on the stage.

A girl who was taken to the Théâtre Français for the first time no doubt felt some repugnance for Lekain during the first scene, but soon he was making her weep or shudder. How could she resist such parts as *Tancredè* or *Orosmane*?‡ Whatever ugliness she still noticed in him was soon forgotten amid the enthusiasm of the whole audience, an enthusiasm which has a nervous effect upon a youthful heart.§ Nothing of his ugliness remained but the name, and not even the name, for one often heard his feminine admirers exclaim: "How handsome he is!"

We must remember that *beauty* is the expression of character, in other words, of moral habits, and is therefore independent of all passion. Now it is *passion* that we need. As regards a woman, beauty can only furnish us with *probabilities*, and makes it more likely than not that she is cold-blooded. Though your mistress be pitted with smallpox, her glances are a charming reality which makes you ignore all other probabilities.

* Beauty is nothing but the *promise* of happiness. The happiness of a Greek was different from that of a Frenchman of our day.

† If we are sure of a woman, we examine her to see if she is more or less beautiful; if we are doubtful as to possessing her heart, we have no time to think of her appearance.

‡ [Characters in Voltaire's "*Tancredè*" and "*Zaïre*" respectively.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.]

§ To this nervous sympathy I am inclined to attribute the miraculous and scarcely comprehensible effect of the music that happens to be in vogue (e.g., Rossini's at Dresden, 1821). As soon as it goes out of fashion, it no longer has any effect on the ingenuous hearts of maidens.

Madame de Sévigné writes to her daughter: "Lully had made a final effort with all the King's music; that exquisite 'Miserere' was enlarged; there was a 'Liberia' that filled all eyes with tears."

We can no more doubt the truth of this than we can question the wit or the taste of Madame Sévigné. Lully's music, which she found so delightful, would not be listened to for a moment to-day. His music encouraged crystallisation then, now it would make it impossible.

Views and Reviews.

Aristocracy and Malthus.

A FEW weeks ago, I had the pleasure of calling the attention of readers of THE NEW AGE to Mr. Ludovici's book on Aristocracy, a book which, whatever its merits may be, has aroused a vigorous controversy in the "Observer," and is being well reviewed in the Press generally. But it was remarked by one of the participants in that controversy that none of the other participants seemed to have read the book; and a letter which appeared in the last issue of THE NEW AGE falls under the same condemnation. I expressed my own opinion of Neo-Malthusianism rather forcibly in these pages about two years ago; and I think that no reader of Mr. Ludovici's book would ever suppose that his advocacy of the aristocratic principle (more particularly, as he defines it) could be twisted into an advocacy of the prevention of conception. His diatribes against the Puritan suppression of all that might stimulate the sexual nature would seem to be an effective defence against such a form of intellectual parasitism as is implied by the attempt to justify Malthus by Ludovici. But the apparently incredible has happened: I am asked to believe that Mr. Ludovici's ideal demands, among other indispensable conditions for its realisation, "free sexual selection by women and full birth control." I am also asked to believe that because the Malthusian League has adopted as its motto the phrase, "Non quantitas sed qualitas," it has therefore adopted the aristocratic point of view. I believe neither statement.

The Malthusian conception differs in toto from the aristocratic conception, as defined by Mr. Ludovici. It is not the voice of flourishing life that proclaims the principle of "prudential restraint"; it is not flourishing life that demands "full birth control" by the aid of contraceptives. For whatever reason, the Malthusian and the Neo-Malthusian have passed judgment on themselves. Malthus said to the labourer: "You are not wanted: abolish yourself and your kind." The Neo-Malthusian says, in substance: "I will show you how to abolish your kind, without the moral discipline and exercise of the will that Malthus demanded." If they merely preached to others, I might be disposed to see in their propaganda a cynical adaptation of the aristocratic idea; but they practice their teachings. They condemn themselves to sterility, and ask others to do likewise; instead of saying "Yea," they say "Nay" to life; they are, in Mr. Ludovici's phrase, democrats, because they are in love with death.

It should be apparent that such teaching never sprang from aristocracy, as Mr. Ludovici defines it; and to make it so, I quote a passage from his book. "The principle of aristocracy is, that seeing that human life, like any other kind of life, produces some flourishing, and some less flourishing, some fortunate and some less fortunate specimens; in order that flourishing, full, and fortunate life may be prolonged, *multiplied* [my italics], and if possible enhanced on earth, the wants of flourishing life, its optimism of conditions, must be made known and authoritatively imposed upon men by its representatives. Who are its representatives? The fanatics and followers of Science are not its representatives, for their taste is too indefinite; it is often pronounced too late to be of any good, and it is not reached by an instinctive bodily impulse, but by long empirical research which often comes to many wrong conclusions before attaining to the right one. It must be clear that the true representatives of flourishing and fortunate life are the artists, the men of taste. The artist, the man of taste—the successful number, so to speak, in the many blanks that human life produces in every generation—is in himself a chip of flourishing life. His own body is a small synopsis, a diminutive digest of full, flourishing, and fortunate life. What he wants, therefore, life wants; what he knows is good, the best kind of life knows is good. His voice is the very voice of full,

flourishing and fortunate life. No number of committees or deliberative assemblies, consisting of men less fortunately endowed than he, can possibly form an adequate substitute for him in this. For the voice one has, and the desires and wants it expresses, are not a question of chance or unbringing, they are a question of the body with which one's ancestors have endowed one. "All science, all the known laws of heredity, prove this conclusively."

This passage makes clear another difference between Neo-Malthusianism and aristocracy; it shows quite plainly that aristocracy has no necessary objection to numbers. It does not say, "Non quantitas sed qualitas"; it says that we cannot have too much of a good thing, and although it insists first on quality, it is no less insistent on quantity. It expresses an exactly opposite impulse from that which the Malthusians represent, its desire moves in the exactly contrary direction. It is positive in its choice; it desires the increase of good. The diminution of evil that is the Malthusian's chief principle has a negative purpose; if it succeeded, life would not be enhanced in quality. The Malthusian heresy, besides indicating a decadent biological tendency, asserts a fundamental antagonism between quantity and quality which is unproven; it says quite simply that if there were fewer of us we should all be better off. If there were none of us, I suppose that we should all be millionaires; but all that we really know is that if there were fewer of us there would be fewer of us. Certainly, there would be no guarantee that we should be examples of flourishing life; we might, we probably should be, all Neo-Malthusians, and the triumph of the principle be proven by the annihilation of the human race.

But I fail to understand why "free sexual selection by women" should be thought necessary to the realisation of aristocracy. Are we to suppose that the woman's instinct for flourishing life is surer than the man's, that her choice would be more productive of flourishing life? If we are to suppose this, why should the demand be coupled with that of full birth control by the use of contraceptives? Sexual selection should mean choice of a father or a mother; but if birth is to be controlled, the man would be only a lover, and (if I do not misinterpret the prefix "free") he would be only one lover among many. But whether or not this is a proposal of polyandry, the control of birth by the use of contraceptives implies that the union is intended to be sterile. Then what is the value of the "free sexual selection by women" to the idea of a race of fine men? The two conceptions are totally antagonistic; the instinct for full, flourishing life could not condemn itself to sterility, it would be against nature for it to do so. Of the two main tendencies of life, the ascendant and the decadent, Mr. Ludovici's conception of aristocracy and the Malthusian democracy are examples; "Aristocracy means Life and Democracy means Death," says Mr. Ludovici, and the fact that a Neo-Malthusian should attempt to justify her heresy by a doctrine that condemns it is an indication of that confusion of taste that Mr. Ludovici has attempted to correct.

That confusion of taste can only be corrected by a clear transvaluation of all values; and it is because Mr. Ludovici has attempted this that I recommended his book to the readers of THE NEW AGE. The instinct for flourishing life has been so long suppressed in England, and the suppression justified by such apparently cogent reasons, that the reformation of our conceptions may seem impossible. But Nature is kind to the English, and allows them to retrieve mistakes that would ruin people less fortunately endowed and situated; and the searching inquiry made by Mr. Ludovici into our code of morals, our system of production, and our dietary, will at least serve to give us a standard of judgment in social and individual matters, and may even determine the direction of our efforts. Not "Back to Malthus," but "Back to Merrie England," is the cry.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

THE BALMY BEES—A LIBEL.

It was the buzzing of the drones that first perturbed the worker-bees. They are shocked by the thought that their parasitic masters had so lowered their aristocratic status as to buzz and be busy. Their anxiety was, however, speedily relieved, for they soon discovered that the buzzing did not proceed from the drones, but from the fine motor-cars in which they were driving up to the Honey-suckle Congress—where it was proposed to discuss new methods of speeding up the honey-sucking industry.

The worker-bees gathered in a great swarm around the Town Hive, and admired the gorgeous decorations of bees-wax and honey-comb which they had laboured very hard to complete by early morning in order that the Town Hive might present an exceptionally important appearance. The lowest class of worker-bee had, in addition, suggested that they should all hang in an inverted position from the grand balcony from which speeches were to be made. These presented a unique spectacle—several millions of them hung upside down by their legs from the stucco-work.

The fattest drone alighted heavily from his buzzing motor-car and crawled into the vestibule. The assembled swarm gave him a tremendous reception, buzzing for several minutes with admiration. Within an hour the large Town Hive was crammed with the jewelled drones. The worker-bees fastened their forty million eyes upon the luxurious splendour which they themselves had created during long months of laborious toil.

The swarm waited outside the Town Hive and guarded the motor-cars of the fat drones: cars which were designed, manufactured, cleaned, driven, oiled, and repaired by members of their own class.

While they watched, one of the worker-bees buzzed up into the air and settled upon the spire of the Town Hive, and commenced to buzz the following speech:—

"Fellow Workers. Why do you stand stupidly guarding the luxurious and artificial buzzers of our useless master class? Even now these fat idle ones are plotting some new evil against you. Why are you not diligently and wisely setting about your time-honoured task of eliminating from your midst these absurd creatures? Have you not observed that these are the fattest drones we have ever had within our city? Do you not realise that this fatness is of the sweet honey which you yourselves have harvested from the flowers and delivered uncomplaining into their bellies? What, I ask, are bees coming to? My wings fail me when I consider the situation."

Suddenly, a great and angry buzzing arose from the swarm beneath.

"He is a paid agitator," buzzed an elderly bee, loudly, "a mischief maker."

"Take no heed of what he says," buzzed another.

"He would ruin his own class," continued the first, bitterly.

"He is a public danger," complained another.

"Let us sting him to death," buzzed the first bee, upon which three hundred million worker-bees, including those who had been hanging upside down upon the stucco, flew savagely into the air and fell upon him. . . . He succumbed quickly, being stung nearly a million times.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

A SHORT PANEGYRIC.

Of to my window in the day
Rises the screech of a passing dray;
Of to my mind there flies by night
The hollowed face of a starving wight;
Stirring a mournful image where
The dance of the Muses hovered fair.

For the devil stalks again,
As across some wasted plain
Sinks a plague of breeding flies,
Where corruption basely dies:
So his armies issue forth,
Cowardice and one-eyed sloth,
The Polypheme that slayeth hosts
And hurls to hell their hasty ghosts.
Ignorance and lean despair,
Luxury and shrouded care,
Vanity and insolence,
Led by blaring arrogance.
England is a-whoring gone
While poor patience weeps alone.
All the golden mysteries
Writ in sombre histories,

Lie derided, and a pack
Of giggling scullions flaunt, as wrack
Across a stormy midnight sky
Shifts and drifts and shuffles by.
See the artists, bold and free,
Independent, valiantly
Singing lewdness with some low,
Specious, ogling gipsy now;
Now preparing with a leer
Words the herd will watch with blur
And hooded eye, like as some toad,
Huge, deformed, and swollen proud,
Sucks with glutton tongue the death
In the thick grass underneath,
Till, grown tense and hot as fire,
He burst in filth and nauseous mire.

Artists, while you batten so
On the rot you cause to grow,
Rot will gnaw your gifts away,
Till no more it pays to play.
Up! you languid, fawning hounds,
While the New Age fanfare sounds.
Rich reward, though scarce to sight,
Waits beyond the foeman's flight.
Some solitary, sacred shade
Furnished by a forest glade;
An empty sweep of thin ribbed sand
Fit for Proteus and his band,
Where the driving clouds at play
Stream before the wild wind's sway,
Where the great sun stareth down
On clustered rocks with seaweed brown;
And afar some noble ship,
Majestical, is seen to dip,
Rise, curvet and swing with ease
Through the foam of pounding seas.
O lonely strife that fancy painteth!
O solitude where spirit fainteth!

J. A. M. A.

QUICUNQUE VULT IN B.E.A.

Whosoever will be saved; before all things it is necessary that he understand the position of the Generals.

For there is one General at Mombasa, three Generals at Nairobi, and several others in different places.

But their glory is unequal, their authority depends on their seniority.

So we must not say that there are five Generals Commanding the Troops, but one General.

So likewise not five Incomprehensibles, but one Incomprehensible.

Furthermore, there is one Commander-in-Chief neither made, nor promoted, but proceeding.

Now like as we are compelled by Brigade Orders to acknowledge each General by himself to be Lord God Almighty;

So are we forbidden by one Official Gazette to recognise any authority save that of the Commander-in-Chief.

Such as the General is, so on a relatively inferior plane is his Chief Staff Officer.

If therefore there be five Generals then there should be five Chief Staff Officers.

Yet there is but one General Staff Officer No. 1, not five General Staff Officers No. 1.

For in that case none of the five would be afore or after another: none would be greater or less than the other.

And considerable confusion would arise therefrom, and has even as it is already done so.

He therefore that will be saved must then think of the Staff Officers.

Not as substantive in rank, but as possessing substantial powers of annoyance.

Not contradicting their Generals, but confounding their Junior Officers.

Not as reasonable souls with human flesh subsisting, but as persons so worried with the exigencies of the Military Situation that they must not be bothered by irresponsible Civilians.

Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones it were better for him that a Mill Stone were hanged about his neck and that he were given the Command of one of the Imperial Service Contingents.

These are the articles of war which except a man believe faithfully he cannot fail to be summoned before the Brigadier General Commanding the Military District and Court Martialled accordingly.

Glory be to the General, and to his Chief Staff Officer, and to the Brigade Major, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, War without end. AMEN.

Current Cant.

- "Women demand National Service."—"Evening News."
-
- "The 'Times' —, our leading journal."—C. K. SHORTER.
-
- "Cabinet majority in favour of conscription."—"Globe."
-
- "A strike or two cannot make much difference."—"Times."
-
- "Miners declare war on the nation."—"Daily Express."
-
- "Rabbit snaring for girls."—"Daily Mail."
-
- "The emancipation of music."—EDWIN EVANS.
-
- "Lord Haldane is not the Holy Ghost."—AUSTIN HARRISON.
-
- "Men who get up in the world are very happy indeed."—"Spectator."
-
- "We are going to win on the land. We are going to win on the sea."—BOOT'S CASH CHEMISTS.
-
- "War prosperity among the working classes."—"Evening News."
-
- "The munition worker finds Lyons' Tea the best nerve tonic he can obtain."—"Star."
-
- "The American people are an imaginative people, and every one of them is a conscious psychologist."—F. J. PHILIP.
-
- "Life may be one bother after another, but a compensation is Selfridge's."—"St. James's Gazette."
-
- "To all industry as to all art, woman is consecrating a new purpose and a new spirit of efficiency."—KATE BELLEW in "Nash's Magazine."
-
- "David W. Griffith, the world's greatest motion picture producer, took eight months to complete 'The Birth of a Nation.'"—"Star and Echo."
-
- "No body of men have rendered their country better service in this war than the British Labour M.P.s."—"Daily Mail."
-
- "I would set lessons on the war in every nursery in the Kingdom, and if a child of average ability, at seven years of age, could not answer any of my questions, he should stand in the corner till he could. It cannot hurt a child to say 'God Save the King.'"—STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S.
-
- "From the first day of hostilities I have done what lay in my power to put before my readers the facts of the war."—AUSTIN HARRISON.
-
- "How to write a kinema play, a chance for unemployed British authors."—LEONARD WILLIAMS.
-
- "If you cannot join the Army, join the Anti-German League."—OXFORD STREET POSTER.
-
- "One of the greatest difficulties in recruiting is to get young men to change the ordinary routine of their lives."—"Daily Mail."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HISTORICAL FUNCTION OF ENGLAND.

Sir,—Mr. Belfort Bax makes of "personal liberties" an "alogical and axiomatic bedrock" and declines "to waste time in discussing it." I am sorry. There are things which surely Mr. Belfort Bax loves as much as "personal liberties": the sense of social solidarity, the Kantian discipline of thought and the perpetuation of human life trusted chiefly to women by Nature. A discussion on liberty could have revealed that all these things, to which Mr. Belfort Bax has devoted a considerable amount of work, ability and learning, are in danger of destruction precisely because "personal liberties" have been raised to the category of a principle, instead of being regarded as temporary expediences.

And I am not "joking à la Shaw." Only on two "absolute alogical bedrocks" Mr. Belfort Bax can base the "relative alogical bedrock" of liberty. First, on a theory of law and the State founded on the person, as the fountain of rights. Second, on a theory of Ethics, looking to the interior of consciousness as the exclusive theatre of morality. This subjective theory of Ethics has been upset by a Professor of Cambridge, Mr. G. E. Moore. Now we see the foundations of Ethics not in man but in the good things that our fathers did for us and in the bad things that our fathers did not remove, but that we ought to replace for our sons. As for the personal theory of right it has been superseded by a professor of Bordeaux, M. Léon Duguit, by another theory based on solidarity, according to which there are no other rights than the rights annexed to the social functions of every man. No functions, no rights! Mr. Moore is known to you and M. Duguit is the first name of France in matters of the theory of law. And both are in earnest.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

* * *

Sir,—There are two statements in Señor de Maetzu's letter which seem to me, as a Guild Socialist and some-thing of a Ghibeline, to call for comment. They are:—

(1) "That no nation has made a lasting contribution to culture except in the periods in which it has enjoyed political sovereignty."

(2) "A positive participation in the responsibilities of government seems to be a necessary condition of the full development of our potentialities."

In the confident hope that your readers will readily perceive the connection between them, I will make my comment in the following propositions:—

(1) It is not important that nations should make contributions to culture, but rather that contributions to culture, and those the greatest possible, should be made. I gladly note that Señor de Maetzu does not regard culture as national, since he speaks of nations as contributing to it.

(2) Valuable contributions to culture were made under the Roman Empire, and especially by non-Romans.

(3) It is a maxim with Guild Socialists that the modern national State is far too unwieldy for "participation in the responsibilities of government" to be effective in the case of the majority of its members.

(4) Guilds, to be any good, will have to be strong enough, and easily will be strong enough, as some Trade Unions are now, to resist the State. And since "Power knows no law but its own will," it must be useless to refuse to great Guilds an international influence.

(5) The maintenance of the balance of power among independent nations leads to armaments, which, being based, as they must if we have such a balance, upon the necessity of survival among equals, will be like rent, interest and profits, i.e., will obey an iron law of competition, and leave to the worker a bare subsistence.

(6) There are shorter ways than this balance of power to the preservation of the individual of a participation in the duties of government, both civil and industrial, as the history of Ireland shows.

(7) To those who object that we are organised in nations and must make the best of it, I would point out that just before the feudal system passed away men like Richard, Earl of Warwick, seemed the fundamental realities of politics. The real question is whether there is a consciousness transcending the actual. There was a national consciousness under Edward IV; there is an international consciousness now. The leap may be greater in the one case than in the other, but is not so great as it seems at first sight. Industry and finance were less national (more municipal) then than they now are international. Difference of language is a difficulty, but

has not proved fatal in the case of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

(8) Something greater than the national State is needed for order; something smaller is needed for liberty. They must increase; the State must decrease.

H. P. ADAMS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—Mr. Ince's reply to my letter with regard to the right-of-way on the River Scheldt is a curious instance of how *not* to conduct a case.

The impartial reader will observe that, whereas I furnished the proofs of my contention by giving full data, he rests content with a mere assertion, without giving a particle of proof.

As to the irrelevant insinuations with regard to Holland's attitude before and during the war, which fill about three-fourths of his letter, they are equally devoid of proof, and convince me of the undesirability of tilting with so loud-voiced and badly equipped a knight.

J. R. VAN STUWE.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—It would certainly very greatly simplify things for "our civilisation" if it could decide which it would "deal with" first—the wage system or the status of women. But unfortunately the question has been—and will increasingly be—settled for it by the logic of events. It is only on paper that one can separate things so satisfactorily. I, as a Socialist, am primarily interested in ending the wage system. As a woman, also, I want to see the institution of private property abolished—that institution which has resulted in woman's inferior status. I am perfectly ready to agree that the problem (in both these aspects) would be much simplified if women could be kept out of industry until the wage system was ended—kept out wholly and completely. I merely deny the practical possibility of any such simplification. Of course, if (as that inverted Feminist, Gladys F. Biss, and some other Guild Socialists appear to think) the women now entering, or already in, industry were all wild-eyed Feminists animated solely by a fierce desire to "take all labour for their province," then one would either have to bar their way or attempt to persuade these misguided females to postpone their ambitions until the sun had risen on the Guild system.

But the mass of women in industry are not there because they are Feminists; and the inconsiderable handful of Feminists (not themselves in industry) who demand (theoretically) to enter industry as a "right" are really not worth wasting breath upon. We, I presume, are facing the fact that women are in industry because they had no choice in the matter; because men's wages in so many industries had already sunk to the single individual's standard of life, and the women and girls of the family had to go into industry—or get off the earth. What is the use of appealing to trade unionists who have to depend in part upon the wage-earning capacity of their wives, sisters, or daughters to "refuse to work with woman labour," unless, of course, you are prepared to guarantee them an increase of wages sufficient to do away with the necessity for their womenfolk leaving home? If men were all organised and all earning a "family" standard of wages, and if women, from motives of Feminism, were just now threatening to enter industry en masse and act as blacklegs, then I could understand, and sympathise with, "opposition." But since the predicament is that, if you "oppose" women in industry, you will keep them, not out of industry, but only out of the unions; while, if you admit them to the unions, you will be able to organise the whole, and not merely half, of the proletariat for the abolition of the wage system; then, I repeat, "opposition" is reactionary.

WINIFRED HORRABIN.

Sir,—I am glad to see that at least one woman has had the perspicacity to recommend Mr. Rowland Kenney to his "own funeral." Nothing is more certain than that, if men do not organise women's labour, women are not yet sufficiently educated rightly to organise it for themselves, and that, therefore, for at least another half century, they will be used by the capitalists, as blacklegs, to postpone the National Guilds. In the industries where men and women work together, the admission of the women into the men's unions, with equal wages, would result in the expulsion of those women who were less competent than men.

For the rest: Why should not a guild of women workers

be formed for all those trades outside the scope of the men's unions and including domestic service: one central guild with different departments? Here is a work that women with brains and energy can do for women: a work which will further men's aims at the same time as it benefits women; keeping the pay, at least, up to subsistence level and bettering conditions.

To my personal knowledge there are great numbers of women (each girl out on her poor little own) doing semi-artistic work, requiring originality and great skill, who are shockingly exploited and underpaid. Of course, the same conditions obtain wherever women are employed.

As regards the maintenance of the quite inevitable spinster—if women are not to be allowed to earn their own livings, I can only suggest some form of euthanasia. You cannot at the same time evolve a race of mothers intelligent enough to train the "little guildsmen" and a race of spinsters unintelligent enough to enjoy being kept either by the State (like the superfluous male bees), or by their brothers, nephews, or whoever will give them the freedom of their table in return for the performance of the disagreeablest of the household duties and the scorn and derision of the community (as in the good old Victorian days of the despised "old maid").

MARY MCCROSSAN.

P.S.—On another subject, why does that adorable, incomparable, matutinal Alice (may she live for ever!) permit herself to say "Very astonished"?

SURVEY OF THE WOMEN WORKERS' WORLD.

Sir,—Although I long ago arrived at the knowledge that no one's views and convictions are ever changed by the most faultless logic, I feel it is incumbent upon me to deal with some of the criticisms made in these columns. I say "some" because I do not propose to take into consideration—beyond the extent of a few comments—the remarks of Mrs. Winifred Horrabin. The lack of taste that has been the marked characteristic of the "Advanced Women's Movement" is seen in the first paragraph of her letter, coupled with the usual form of humour that is so acceptable in Feminist circles. First as to the invariable use of the word "tirade." Whenever a Feminist finds herself unable to answer an argument, more especially if it includes an appeal to the finer instincts, be sure that "tirade" will be brought forth. In this instance—namely, some point of view which does not please Mrs. Winifred Horrabin—it is "in the style of one's maiden aunt." This exquisite form of humour never fails to call forth peals of ecstatic laughter from a Suffragette audience; and if I concern myself with the thing here once and for all, it is because I want to show, as emphatically as I can, how such women, so far from really caring to raise the status of women, never lose an opportunity of dragging them down. Now as to the felicity of this "maiden aunt" phrase, whose "tirades" it seems, whilst "frankly not worth the intellect of a Winifred Horrabin," are still popular at suburban tea-parties, I would ask at what suburban tea-parties maiden aunts are to be found who discuss economic questions. It would be interesting to know. I confess I have been to a good many "suburban tea-parties," and I must admit at many of them far more sound sense is displayed than is usually to be heard in Fabian and Forward Suffrage Circles and the rest, where there is often a virgin ignorance of the second chapter of the political economy books. But let us suppose that "maiden aunts at suburban tea-parties" forsake the more wholesome topics of "the latest thing in bonnets," the bargains at Selfridge's, and so forth, to talk with naïve ignorance about "class-consciousness" or other jargon, will any person of ordinarily decent instincts explain to me why the self-constituted champions of women should cast this sneer, this insult at a woman, solely because she has not secured the privileges of matrimony, which, when it suits these same champions, they cover with mud? Is it not an extraordinary thing that, whilst only the basest sort of male will taunt a woman because she is single, neither rank, nor education, nor "emancipation," appears adequate in the case of women? And the very women who are for ever glorifying "economic independence" and the rest, and scorning the "slavery of marriage," do not scruple, when they think they can score a point, or perpetrate a clean witticism, to imply that the situation of the unmarried woman is beneath contempt. That is all I propose to say about this correspondent's opening remark. Let us turn to her last passage in her letter, for it contains the conclusive answer to the question why women like myself find any sort of rapprochement with such Feminists impossible. After calling, in the approved manner of Mr. H. G.

Wells, for "constructive" articles as to how women can be prevented from becoming wage-slaves, Mrs. Winifred Horrabin remarks complacently that women "must play their part in the abolition of wage slavery, and will have to run the risk of *getting a little dirtied* in the process." I have underlined the significant words. It is a great step to find a Feminist admitting that women cannot go into the industrial pit without being "dirtied." Only we differ as to the degree. So far from the soiling being a "little," we know that it is so deep, so inevitable, as to brutalise and degrade the woman victim. And *that* is why we want to keep woman out of the mine, the pit, the factory, the mill, and the rest. We believe that the poorest woman has her niche, and our never-to-be-forgotten quarrel with the Feminists is that, instead of cherishing the spark within her and indicating to her its possibilities of growth into a steady and vital flame, in place of assisting that great crusade wherein each new home, however lowly, becomes a new centre of life, light, and love, these Anarchists have done their best to smother it out and to perpetuate ignorance, incompetence, and squalor.

Meanwhile there are letters more worth one's consideration. I do not know that I am called upon to deal with the amazing generalisations of Ida G. Hyett. Perhaps a woman who can exhibit such lack of reticence as that displayed in the passage I am obliged to quote might be left on one side as being in too crude a condition of civilisation, to say nothing of culture, to justify notice. Nevertheless, a considerable part of the Suffrage and Feminist propaganda owes its unholy growth to such propositions having gone unchecked and unchallenged. But to Ida G. Hyett "Modern marriage is veiled prostitution; less and less any social service is required of the wife. It is this that causes the better sort of women to revolt and the baser sort to suck men's life-blood, giving nothing in return. Their partial return into industry is *the cure*." The last phrase which I have italicised is the justification for my introduction into a monthly "survey of work." Let any person of average intelligence read this remarkable jumble and ask himself if it would be possible for Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Jellyby rolled into one to display greater confusion of words and ideas. And yet anyone who has ever been to one of these "advanced" meetings will bear me out in my statement, that this passes for the high-water mark of woman's intellectual capacity; and nonsense of this kind is the very core of the street oratory designed to appeal to the semi-educated non-thinking women, who must shout for something at the bidding of the astute Pankhurst family, whether it be "votes for women," or "ammunition for women," or—Miss Elizabeth Robins' latest—"stretcher-bearing for women," or the "slavery of the married woman." Examine these assertions dispassionately. We will leave aside the first paradox, only pausing to say that it offends against propriety in the artistic sense, no less than against truth; for as someone whose name I have forgotten has very justly said, there is nothing so hopelessly inartistic as to represent the world as worse than it is. Of course, what Miss Hyett means is that in the infinitesimally small section of "advanced" men and women (mostly young women) with whom she mingles, where "sex" talk and "sex" novels are the favourite forms of relaxation, it is taken as the basis for all conversation, that the relations of men and women are essentially vicious; and apparently a sufficient number of examples can be drawn from "advanced" circles to make this a reasonable theory. But where Ida Hyett and her kind err is in applying such limited experiences to the wider world of clean, temperate, faulty, lovable men and women, who enjoy what they can and try to endure bravely what they must. Be very sure if they did not find in marriage, however imperfect, a something which makes life—on the whole—sweeter and richer—they would long ere this have abandoned it! "Less and less is any social service required of the wife." The poor thing according to this singular gospel is so bored with having nothing on earth to do that she either revolts—we suppose takes to Suffrage platforms—or else being "baser," she "sucks men's life-blood." The language might be a trifle more chaste, but the meaning of Miss Hyett is perfectly clear; and it is difficult for an unprejudiced person to choose which is the more objectionable of these alternatives. Perhaps as the "baser" sort usually wisely hold their tongues, and do not embody their experiences in "sex" novels, they may be considered to have some advantages. But is it not perfectly clear that Miss Hyett is, as I have indicated, confusing two distinct things; or, is she, after the manner of Feminists, wilfully confounding them? I think myself, judging from the rest of her composition, that she has so muddled

what intelligence she may possess, mainly by a superficial reading of things may-be beyond her comprehension, that she is incapable of seeing facts clear as daylight to others. Why, in the name of sense, is "less and less required of the wife?" Of what class of society is she speaking? So far as the middle-class and working-class are concerned, the exact reverse is the fact. Moreover, how on earth does she reconcile this original view of hers with the assertions poured forth in Suffrage newspapers, screamed on platforms, as the very keynote of the Suffrage propaganda, viz., the servitude, the slavery, the drudgery of the wife? Her monotonous never-ending labour of sweeping, washing up, mending, cooking, etc., have been the theme of a thousand impassioned speeches and articles. The remedy, in the shape of crèches, institutional Homes for children, co-operative kitchens, have they ceased to bore and disgust since Mrs. Perkins Stetson started to be re-echoed down our modern age with a wearying persistency?

Wrong as is the standpoint of these people, they are right in saying that the average middle-class woman, no less than her working-class sister, consumes an undue proportion of her life in slovenly labours and duties of an unsatisfying nature. But that is not because they are menial or contemptible or uninteresting, but because the wife goes to her great Sphere—great if she have but a labourer's cottage—untrained, unequipped, incompetent. There is not an industry or craft in the world for which the worker does not believe it necessary to get some sort of training, and once trained, hand and eye working in harmony with intelligence, the work becomes of interest. Yet, because certain provinces formerly appertaining to the Household Crafts have been taken from the woman, and relegated to the machine—usually with great loss to the national welfare—a set of stupid, materialistic, limited women make it their business and do their uttermost to instil the deadly poison, that the wife—the supreme factor deciding whether the Home is to be the Theatre for the individualised training of future citizens, or third-rate lodgings from which escape is made whenever possible—has *nothing to do*—or, if she has anything to do, should feel the meanest and most despised of things created if she occupy herself therewith.

Consider for one moment what "industry" means to ninety per cent. of the men and women compelled to take part in the struggle for existence, not to play at the awful grim business, after the manner of vivacious young ladies, the daughters of Colonels who "drive vans." Last week the illustrated papers give the desired Press notoriety to two more young ladies fascinatingly got up as tram-conductors. Conceive to yourself, most unimaginative Miss Ida Hyett, the fate of one young woman I know. Her exciting, entrancing lot it is for the sum of twelve shillings a week to act as "feeder" in a huge machine department. With the object of keeping the goods absolutely *dry, the room has to be kept at a temperature of stifling heat*. Mounted on a high stool, she assists the mechanic who, stripped as far as he dare, and a great deal further than is desirable, is himself incessantly stopping to wipe away the perspiration. This girl, little more than a child and a mere stage in the process of manufacture, has to keep on handing over to her boss the material as he needs it. That is the "form of industry" in which this child's life is consumed. For some eight or nine hours a day, with one or two short breaks, in this unventilated, stifling place, in the companionship of males, who, to their eternal honour (for what else can human creatures be expected to be but brutalised under such conditions), "as a rule, b'ave themselves," this young girl, feet, arms, and head aching, must go on. Picture to yourself the soul and mind-destroying result of such mechanical labour in which no human creature can take any interest; add to it the sordid, coarsening condition I have named—add further the incessant din of machinery, and do you wonder that when this girl escapes at seven it is to put on some finery and go to the scarcely less brutalising atmosphere of the low-class Picture Palace?

No doubt, Miss Hyett and the rest will say that *all* industry is not carried on under such horrible conditions as this. Does she know of any place where the labour is of a more vital character? Does she know anything of the Telephone girl's work? Does she know anything of the average ill-paid girl clerk's work? Is it not *because* men have found out that labour under modern conditions destroys, that they have sought and found a way out; a way that the older generations of women had the wisdom to approve and encourage?

We say to men: "Fulfil the necessary drudgery of labour honestly and diligently, and there shall be compensation. After your day as a machine you shall once more be a free man, you shall know the happiness of your

own little shelter, and within those four walls you shall find companionship and sympathy, the joyous faces and voices of children, peace, rest, and a little (far too brief) leisure: and they have been ceaselessly striving to have *more* leisure in which to seek respite from the soulless grind of labour. Can it be denied that every effort of the Feminists has been directed to the dragging down and desecrating of the last vestige of idealism in modern life? Be sure all these and all other considerations but those of *cash* are pure sentiment. Those with sentiment may, however, take heart of grace. F.

HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY.

Sir,—Perhaps the following extract from his book, "Ancient Rome and Modern America," by Dr. Guglielmo Ferrero, may be of interest to Messrs. Ramiro de Maeztu, Brown and Kenway.

"Consuming little and content with a life of simplicity and poverty, the ancients had no need to produce much or produce at great speed—so they had no requirement for machines. . . . The few simple machines which the hand of man or the muscular force of animals could operate sufficed. . . . Accordingly, Art occupied in the ancient world the position which Science occupies in modern civilisation. It was not a refined luxury for the few, but an elementary necessity. Governments and wealthy citizens were obliged to adorn their cities with monuments, sculptures, and pictures, and to embellish squares, streets and houses, because the multitude wished the cities to be beautiful, and would have rebelled against an authority which would have them live in an unadorned city; just as nowadays they would rebel against a municipal authority which would have them dwell in a city without light, or against a government which placed obstacles and hindrances in the way of the construction of railways. In those times, the requirements were that everything, down to the household utensils, even of the most modest description and destined for the use of the poorer classes, be inspired with a breath of beauty.

"Anyone who visits a museum of Greco-Roman antiquities, in which are exposed to view objects found in rich and highly-cultivated districts—that of Naples, for example, where so many objects excavated from the ashes of Pompeii are to be seen—can easily convince himself of this curious phenomenon, and realise more vividly by contrast the carelessness, roughness, and commonplace vulgarity of the objects made by modern machinery. In short, if the quantity of the things produced by the industry of the ancients was small—for that very reason, and by way of compensation, their quality was refined and excellent. The contrary is the case in the modern world. . . . No century ever witnessed the realisation of the miracle of abundance in a more marvellous way. But the quality of the things suffers in consequence. The ugliness and the crude vulgarity of so many objects, which in much poorer times had an elegance and beauty which now have vanished, are the price we pay for the abundance of our times."

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

A TRANSLATION OF STENDHAL.

Sir,—A passage at the commencement of Chapter III of your translation of "De l'Amour" will be improved by following the punctuation of the original. By ignoring it your translator has missed Stendhal's meaning, and gives a rendering that does not make good sense. "Hope may be ever slighter"—than what?—"a very slight degree of hope," apparently.

In the original, the second paragraph finishes with "born." There follows a comparison of the rules governing the "resolute, daring, and impetuous character" with "the case of cold, phlegmatic, and calculating people." (The second sentence in the sixth paragraph of your rendering begins a fresh paragraph in my French copy.)

The following is, I think, a faithful rendering of the French of Stendhal:—

"A very small degree of hope suffices to bring about the birth of love.

"Hope may then fail at the end of two or three days, nevertheless love has been born.

"With a resolute, daring, and impetuous character, and an imagination developed by the ills of life, —

"The degree of hope may be slighter.

"It may cease sooner without killing love.

"It requires far more hope, and a far more sustained hope, in the case of cold, phlegmatic, and calculating people."

Several working men of more than average intelligence failed to see the point of Stendhal's retort on Del Rosso. They also assure me that I am right in thinking that the expression "tart" says nothing whatever about the character of the person referred to, and is used with reference to good and bad alike. It might be a corruption of "sweet'art." Moreover, it is falling into disuse, and is not worthy of the place given it in a translation of a classic. Stendhal's use of "fille" italicised denotes a "lady of easy virtue."

A WORKING MAN.

[To "A Working Man's" objections as to the translation in Chapter III I cry Peccavi! My edition of "De l'Amour" is in places not very well printed, and I mistook a very faint full stop after *né* for a comma, and a very small comma after *vie* for a full stop. The fact that Stendhal—for no cogent reason that I can see—writes *Le degré*, etc., as a fresh paragraph, with a capital *L* for *Le*, facilitated the latter mistake. I took "Hope may be even slighter" as meaning "slighter than the degree mentioned in the first sentence." Furthermore, "It requires far more hope, etc.," should certainly, as "A Working Man" points out, begin a fresh paragraph. My previous blunder led me to overlook the antithesis. I very rarely alter Stendhal's system of paragraphs, and it is unfortunate that one of these rare alterations should have been made in a place where the original form is essential. Thus, when one begins to make blunders, does horror on horror's head accumulate! I can only express my sincere regret, and my gratitude to "A Working Man" for his vigilance.

The translation of *fille* in the passage mentioned was a point of great difficulty. I thought of "lady of easy virtue," but it struck me that one short, sharp word was needed in contrast with "prude." I agree now that "tart" is out of keeping with the tone of the passage, and suggest "jade" or "wench" as an emendation. The point of the sentence is, I think, that the writer's own repartee makes him realise how superior his mistress is to the *fille* type, and sets him dreaming of her charming qualities all night.—THE TRANSLATOR OF "DE L'AMOUR."]

GEORGE GISSING.

Sir,—Let us say that Gissing in certain moods was possessed with the mental attitude of the Philistine rather than that he was "Philistine in mind." Perhaps his kindest and sincerest thoughts on the "people" are contained in that wonderful chapter in "The Nether World"—"To Saturnalia."

"Well, as everyone must needs have his panacea for the ills of society, let me inform you of mine. To humanise the multitude, two things are necessary—two things of the simplest kind conceivable. In the first place, you must effect an entire change of economic conditions, a preliminary step of which every tyro will recognise the easiness; then you must bring to bear on the new order of things the constant influence of music. Does not the prescription recommend itself? It is jesting in earnest. For, work as you will, there is no chance of a new and better world till the old be utterly destroyed. Destroy, sweep away, prepare the ground; then shall music the holy, music the civiliser, breathe over the renewed earth, and with Orphean magic raise in perfected beauty the towers of the City of Man."

The truth is that Gissing was an idealist who yet could find no consolation for the privations of the body, either through belief in dogmatic religion or through some inner conviction of the indestructibility of the soul. Neither could some vague "religion of humanity" appeal to one so intensely individualist and egotistic, especially as his attitude to men in general was somewhat akin to Swift's. Debarred in this way from spiritual solace, he naturally tended to emphasise the evil and deadening effects of poverty upon the soul; and has he not the wisdom of Solomon upon his side?—"the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Yet for all his intense appreciation of the value of money in the purse, his greatest books teach rather that "ideals are the root of every evil. When a man forgets his ideals he may hope for happiness, but not till then." To quote Mrs. Craigie once more, she speaks of "the common domestic twaddle about life and its promises. It promises nothing." Gissing's finest work is so burdened with the sadness and irony of life as to illustrate pointedly her words. She kept her sanity by faith in the Catholic Church. Gissing had nothing but his love of letters, especially his passion for the literature of Greece and Rome.

Finally, when are we to have a complete and worthy edition of Gissing's books? "Workers in the Dawn" and "Isabel Clarendon" are practically unobtainable.

S.

Press Cuttings.

"As a worker, no matter what his nationality may be, a man must sell his labour power to a master in order to live. He must get wages, meant to be sufficient, but not always so, whereby he and his family may continue to exist. . . . When once the workers of the world see clearly that they are no more than a commodity whose price rises and falls with supply and demand, they will have reached an important stage in their development. . . . as long as the commodity status of labour exists, no matter if the workers' rulers conquer the whole world, no personal advantage will ever fall to the workers."—A. RITCHIE HAINING, in "The Spur."

"I suggest if so called 'National Service' meetings are arranged that men and women who want the real kind of service should attend and move amendments, calling for the national ownership of the land, minerals, and other national resources, the national organisation of all necessary industry by means of National Guilds as the first step to be taken towards the organisation of our national life."—GEORGE LANSBURY.

"The journey of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman to Cardiff to announce to the strikers of Wales unconditional capitulation by the Government and to tear up the King's Proclamation marked the dawn of an era in which an anarchical, rather than a monarchical, atmosphere is likely to prevail unless the coal mines are nationalised under a system of universal and compulsory National Service. The fact that Mr. Runciman, the Minister responsible for the issue of the King's Proclamation, did not resign when it was torn up at the bidding of angry pitmen is evidence that the Cabinet shouldered responsibility for the fiasco of an Act of Parliament dead before it was born. The only possible consequence of the surrender of the British Government to the strikers is that the centre of gravity in the State has shifted from Westminster to the coal mines, shipyards, and railways. Never again will Labour consent in the great issues of life to be treated as a mere commodity on Cobdenic lines."—"VANOC" in the "Referee."

"Amongst the several difficult questions of an internal nature that the British Government has had to confront since war was declared, not the least has been that referring to the attitude of certain labour elements that, directly or indirectly, have perturbed in some measure the action of the Government. Strikes have been frequent in Great Britain during the present year of the war: the miners of the coal region of Wales are now actually on strike: before this similar action had been taken by the men of the Port of London, those of several arms and ammunition factories, some private shipyards, etc. At first glance the attitude of these workmen who go on strike when their services are necessary for the security of the State seems little or not at all patriotic; but in reality, reasons of no little weight to them are not lacking in defence of their attitude. They readily deny that they themselves lack patriotism. They consider themselves as patriotic as the rest of the British, and offer as proof the fact that hundreds of thousands of workmen have been enrolled as volunteers in the army. The majority of British workmen were against Great Britain taking part in the war: but once war was declared they accepted it as an inevitable evil, and those who now desire a peace from which the future of the Empire would not emerge perfectly assured, are few. Is it not then from the side of patriotism that must be confronted the attitude of the strikers? They insist that nothing but a question of economics is involved; of preventing the masters enriching themselves by means of a calamity like the war. In this respect statistics have been published to show that some of the industrial undertakings have quadrupled their profits, thanks to Government orders, without sharing them to any appreciable extent with the workmen—a thing which they do not consider just. Moreover, they say that the war owes nothing to the intelligence, perseverance or initiative of the masters in particular, hence comes the idea that the Government should take over on its own account the arsenals, arms and ammunition factories and coal mines, as they have already taken the railways. Moreover, the cost of living has risen greatly in Great Britain,

and this rise is due mainly to high freights, charged by the shipping companies, who in this way are realising enormous profits. In sum, the British workman finds it unjust that a certain social class should augment its riches through the war whilst other classes suffer: and their attitude is supported by the recollection of past struggles between Capital and Labour. It may be said then that the war, instead of appeasing, has made still more violent the struggle between workmen and masters in certain branches of industry related to the war, through increasing the misery of the many and, at the same time, the riches of the few. And as the English workman is a free man and does not like to resign himself to a state of things that seems to him prejudicial to his interest, he declares himself on strike in order to abolish it. 'What we do not like,' they say, 'is that we should be exploited under cover of the war.' And, they add, 'for the State, for the country we will sacrifice ourselves willingly: but we will not sacrifice ourselves in order that our masters may enrich themselves now, more than in times of peace.' And there is no one able to remove them from this position. Meanwhile, their work is necessary and this necessity may carry the conflict to terms of extraordinary gravity if the Government does not resolve to take radical means in one or other sense. In any case, the British workmen are the only ones whom the war does not impede to look for the satisfaction of their aspirations in the same form as when Peace reigned. Their responsibility then is great: but no less great is that of their masters."—"La Nacion" (Buenos Aires). (Translated by George J. Shayler.)

"With the industrial disturbances which arose from the war it was inevitable in many cases that extraordinary profits would be made by many firms. . . . The Government's way out of this is the limitation of profits: hence the announcement to-day that 345 establishments are now 'controlled,' excessive profits are to come to the National Exchequer, and the nation is to have the benefit of the workmen's sacrifice and not the employers. . . . It is unfair to the men, in the first case, that they should be asked to withhold their hand at the time when it would be most effective, and while the employers are prospering exceedingly, without offering them something in return. The 'something' in this case is not for their individual benefit, but in all probability it will achieve the desired results. Secondly, it was unfair to the nation and entirely out of harmony with the general spirit that employers should continue to reap in the shekels at an unprecedented rate. We urged months ago that it would be the best plan to control the chief industries, and had the step been taken earlier much of the dissension which has arisen between masters and men would probably have been avoided."—"Manchester Chronicle."

"Of the 'movements' which aspire to modify the social order, that which aims at instituting National Guilds is the most inclusively human, and appeals most completely to the whole gamut of Nature's finest faculties. It is scientific, but it always subordinates science—whether it be economics or sociology—to art, to the great art of living. We need to realise that economics alone, and that even science in general, is quite unequal to the task of controlling the destinies of men. To live, or rather to live well, is an art. This is as true of human society as of the individual. The government of man is more than science; it is an art, based not on economics but on philosophy, and the building of an ideal, well-ordered society, such as Socialists dream of, is emphatically a work of art. . . . The new order of society, if it is to be attained at all, calls for imagination, courage, devotion, and high-spirited allegiance to its great ideals. It is in that spirit that some of us see in National Guilds the mould of a new civilisation. The mark of that new fraternal civilisation will be not a false and impossible equality, but fair play and freedom in the fellowship of the Guilds. The Guilds will raise and expand the standard of life for the whole of their members. Leisure and plenty, culture and fine character will no longer be buried out of bounds for the many, as at present. To work for the second coming of the Guilds is to work for the re-establishment of fellowship in the world of Labour. It is to work not merely for a new economic system, but for the humanising influences that would be liberated thereby."—"The Venture" (Bristol).