

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1037] NEW SERIES. Vol. XI. No. 13. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	289
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	293
THE ECONOMICS OF THE WAGE SYSTEM—II.	294
BELFAST AND POVERTY. By St. John G. Ervine	295
GOLD AND STATE BANKING. By Arthur Kitson	297
SUFFRAGETTE SALLIES. By Charles Brookfarmer	299
PAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL. By Beatrice Hastings	301
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R.	303

	PAGE
REVIEWS	304
PASTICHE. By Arthur T. Colman, C. E. Bechhöfer	306
THE SONDERBUND EXHIBITION AT COLOGNE. By Anthony M. Ludovici	307
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from H. M. Macdonald, H. Croft Hiller, Press-Cutter, A. Fenner Brockway, C. Wheeler, Michael Davies, J. A. H., Emil Davies, Arthur Colman, E. Tatham Nash	308

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the decadent and womanish system of education to-day there flourishes a type of correction and punishment known as "appealing to a child's better feelings." In colloquial language it consists in finding a child's "soft spot" and playing on it. The expert disciplinarian vivisectioner, too refined for frank corporal punishment and too stupid for humour, discovers, let us say, that a boy is fond of his mother or has a regard for his family name. He (or rather she) thereupon "appeals" to the boy by picturing to him the distress his mother or family would feel if only they knew of his conduct, etc., etc. In a very little while, as a rule, the boy is dissolved in tears, and the teacher has won. The dull Arnold of Rugby is said to have had quite a talent for this kind of sentimental devilry. He could talk to a lusty youth of his mother in such a fashion as to bring on hysterics of remorse, in which state the school "discipline," whether just or unjust, could be instilled into the lad's soul without arousing any protest. We are afraid that, under the cover of its name, this method of appeal is growing, not only in our educational system, but beyond it, and into the world of politics and economics. The appeal, in fact, of all the social reform of to-day appears to us to be of this sentimental, unmanly, and unmanly nature. Hence or thence the association of social reform with the old women of both sexes.

* * *

Regarded as an historical phenomenon, the prevailing commercial system is a national experiment in the principle of private ownership and laissez-faire. The underlying theory assumes the efficiency of self-interest and the consequent maximum both of production and general well-being. For a century or so this system has been in operation by general consent, and only within the last forty or fifty years has any fundamental criticism of it been possible or authorised by demonstrable facts. Within this period, however, facts have come to light as a result of the experiment that prove conclusively that private ownership with complete laissez-faire is, as regards its social purposes, an unmistakable failure. It is true that the bulk of production has enormously increased—so enormously that no system hitherto known in the world has approached it; but it is also true that the quality of production has in the majority of cases distinctly deteriorated, and its distribution among the general body of consumers tends to more and more inequitable proportions. The en-

lightened economist of to-day is therefore able to pass judgment upon the system as a whole. Private ownership, he can say, with its concomitant circumstances of wage labour and free competitive contract, is anti-social, both as regards quality and distribution of production. And even as regards quantity, the developed organisation of private ownership in the form of trusts tends after a while to contract rather than to expand it.

* * *

From the economists' point of view we have therefore been faced for several decades at least with a manifest breakdown of the system of national production which economists of the past deliberately set up. The national plan of granting, so to say, patents of production and employment to anybody possessed of capital, and guaranteeing certain privileges with those patents, has proved by trial and experiment to result in social disorder and economic wretchedness. Contrary to the hopes entertained of this system by its founders, its natural operation has produced a small class of wealthy persons and a very large class of paupers. Nobody, however, in particular is to be blamed for this result. Whatever class of persons had been placed in control of capital, the same inequitable distribution of the products of labour would have followed. The private employers of yesterday and to-day, however brutal they may appear when judged by the results of the system, are not in reality more to blame than their victims, the wage-earners themselves. Had the wage-earners been placed in a similarly privileged position—in command, that is, of capital and the free use of a patent of employment—they would have behaved no differently from the existing employers. What is wrong is neither the human nature of the employers nor the human nature of workmen. It is the system of the private ownership and control of the means of production.

* * *

This judgment, which almost every intelligent economist now endorses, has, unfortunately, from our point of view, been delayed both in the manifestation of its grounds and in the realisation of its inevitability, by various "charitable" devices which have concealed, and still conceal, the real facts of the case. Had our people been less sentimental and more clear and masculine in their social experimentations, we should long ago have discovered that profiteering was socially impossible. The logic of the system, for example, actually necessitates the factory system, among other things, and all its worst evils, including child labour. It necessitates still the existence of large margins of unemployed labour, the overwork and underpay of millions of the employed, and the intensification of competition. So long, in fact, as the system of private ownership re-

mains, so long is it only logical, reasonable, and fair to guarantee it the conditions of its operation. Had these conditions, we say, been guaranteed and maintained from the outset, the system itself would have been superseded long ago; for its logical results were and are, as everybody knows, quite deadly to society. But chiefly by charitable and sentimental people, of the type now called social reformers, the natural and logical results of the system of private ownership have been veiled and to a small degree mitigated, with the effect that the system is actually continued long after it should have been superseded.

* * *

The parties to the original agreement were the State, the Employers, and the Wage-labourers, and each of these, given the perfectly logical development of the system, could at any time have demonstrated the social impossibility of the system itself. Suppose, for example, that the class of employers had from the outset insisted on their "rights" under the social contract to extract the maximum of rent, interest, and profits, and to pay the minimum of wages, it is clear that, other things being equal, they would not only have doubled their wealth, but they would at the same time have doubled their devastation of society. In all probability child labour would have remained in full swing; sweating, pauperism, etc., would be twice as rampant as they are; and, altogether, society would now appear worse off than it is. In other words, we should have no possible doubt of the results of private employment. Or suppose that the wage-earners had had the courage of the experiment, and had been led by the strict logic of the plot to develop their own course of conduct. They would long ago have realised that until they had created a monopoly of labour comparable in power to the monopoly of capital their "pull" on the produce could never equal the "pull" exerted by the employers. Everything else, therefore, would have been sacrificed to creating this monopoly, and by this time labour would be as compactly organised as capital, and able, therefore, to deal with it on strictly equal terms. Lastly, suppose that the State had retained from the outset its theoretically impartial position of non-interference. Having deliberately handed over to employers and wage-earners the control of industry between them, and defined the conditions as economic laissez-faire, its interest would have been confined to watching the experiment and to intervening only when the experiment had manifestly failed. Its intervention, in fact, would have been delayed under the fair conditions of the experiment until the experiment had actually produced its final results; and at that point the State would have intervened to supersede it.

* * *

We know that, as a matter of fact, no one of these conditions of a fair trial of private ownership has been completely fulfilled. And they have not been fulfilled for the simple reason that no one of the parties has had pluck enough to carry out their part of the tacit bargain to its logical conclusion. A certain amount of what is called the "better feeling" of each of the three contracting parties has been played upon by social reformers and other sentimentalists, with the consequence that we have already defined—namely, that, though the system has, for economists at least, demonstrably broken down, for the whole class of social reformers and other asses, it still appears to be working and workable. These wretched people, indeed, would keep society stretched on the rack of the present system far longer than for the purposes of the experiment is necessary. By appealing to the "better nature" of the three parties they actually delay the realisation by all the parties of the cruel folly of the experiment itself. And, so far as we can see, they mean, in spite of our demonstrations of their ingenious and feminine refinements of cruelty, to continue their appeals, and thereby to maintain the existing system.

* * *

Let us see the nature of their appeal to the three parties respectively, and note how invariably, like Arnold of Rugby, they instinctively discover the "soft spot" and play upon that. In the case of the em-

ployers their appeal takes the form of harping on their "humanity" and on the shame of creating paupers and behaving brutally to their poor workers. They flatter capitalists by attributing to them almost imperial power, and then endeavour to coax and wheedle and importune them into using that power "justly," as they say, meaning sentimentally. If, under the influence of these appeals, an employer "gives way" and concedes to his employees what they could not command from him themselves, he is ranked by the social reformers among "philanthropic" capitalists, and is despised and flattered to the day of his death, when he is forgotten. If, on the other hand, an employer resists them (like Lord Devonport, for example), the social reformers turn on him as Arnold of Rugby probably turned on a boy who refused to melt at the name of his mother. Such an employer is a vulgar, callous brute, an inhuman monster, a beast, a cad, and a heartless devil. And in some instances this kind of bullying succeeds where wheedling has failed. In fact, as we have suggested, such appeals must in the past have succeeded oftener than they failed; for the system of private ownership, which the masculine logic of employers like Lord Devonport would long ago have broken down, still remains. It remains because it has been propped up by sentimental persons among employers and the social reformers.

* * *

The workmen in like manner have been distracted from their proper pursuit of the economic monopoly of labour by a variety of appeals, professing invariably to be directed to their "higher" nature, but actually addressed to their lower nature. Their "loyalty," for example, to an employer is one such appeal, the nature of which is doubly false, since it transfers a fine human emotion to a wrong object. Loyalty to God, loyalty to a cause, an idea, or a friend, is a noble quality; but loyalty to an employer is an emotional contradiction in terms. The very word, as well as the emotion itself, is degraded by the false association; and "loyalty" to-day, in any fastidious mind, almost connotes a vice. Yet such is still in the majority of minds the lingering flavour of the virtuous word that, with the appeal to loyalty on their lips, social reformers still continue to corrupt the duty of wage slaves to combine in a single monopoly. And when the appeal of loyalty, or some such inapplicable virtue (patriotism is another, consideration for the public is another), fails, the appeal is made to their fear—fear of starvation, fear of imprisonment, fear of death. In short, what wheedling does not effect bullying is called in to do; and between these two "appeals" the wage-earners are unmanned, and the development of their part in the industrial experimental drama is delayed and perhaps stifled altogether.

* * *

Finally, there is the State. As we have said, the defined duty of the State during the period of the industrial experiment was non-intervention. We are not saying now that this was a wise agreement to make. We are not even admitting that the whole experiment of private ownership was not criminally silly from the start. But the point is that, having once authorised and in a manner created the system for the sake of the experiment, the State's duty was merely to maintain the conditions of fair trial, and to intervene, as we have said, only when the experiment had failed, and then to supersede it. But exactly as both employers and workmen have been induced from time to time to forego their "rights" and "duties" under the system of private ownership, so the State has been similarly moved at various times to intervene, not to stop the experiment altogether, or even merely to restore the original conditions of its trial, but to alleviate, disguise, or postpone its natural effects. The whole of the factory legislation, for example, inaugurated by the State under the suggestion of Lord Shaftesbury, is, from this point of view, State intervention of a technically illegitimate character. Nobody pretends that the employers of Lord Shaftesbury's day were acting illegally in employing child labour, or in working their hands sixteen and eighteen hours a day.

Nobody can maintain that the profits then made in the cotton industry—thousands, not hundreds, per cent.—were made by means not included in the strict system of private ownership. Nevertheless, so soon as the first deadly results of the nationally agreed system of profiteering began to appear in all their damning reality, the State, together with the employers, was urged by social reformers to forswear its contract of neutrality and to intervene for the regulation of a system whose success or failure depended upon non-intervention during its trial. The appeal to the State was, again, an appeal to its worst instincts disguised as its better feelings: its fear of revolution, its fear of foreign conquest, the cost of provision for paupers, national inefficiency. The State was to intervene, not to change a system condemned by experience, but to modify it so as to disguise its worst effects. In short, the State was to organise a national hospital for the treatment of the wounded in the competitive experiment.

* * *

Turning once more to the factors in the industrial experiment, we can now classify each of them according as they are or are not open to sentimental appeals. Amongst the employers, for instance, there are these two distinct types; there is the type of which Lord Devonport is an excellent example, who are prepared to insist upon the letter of their bond. It is nothing to us as employers, they say, that society should be ruined by the exercise of our guaranteed privileges. As human beings, we may feel greatly the disastrous wastage of life the system entails; but as responsible employers, chartered by the State to profiteer, it is our business to carry on our industry as defined by legislation. And to legislation alone, short of the use of sufficient force by our workmen, we shall yield. There is the other type represented by men like Cadbury and Mond, who, without the smallest intention of ending the system, are, nevertheless, open to what they call the human appeal. Shocked, as they well may be, by the natural results of the power entrusted to them under the contract of profiteering, they stop short of producing these results at a point just short of demonstrating their inhuman character. Actually within their "rights" even in creating a Peruvian Putomayo in every English county, they, nevertheless, decline to push their legitimate claims to this extent, partly by reason of the appeal made to their humanity by social reformers, but partly, also, lest Putomayo should involve the supersession of their system. Thus we see, if we look at the matter coolly, that of the two types of capitalist here described, the latter, the sentimental type, is really more injurious to society in the long run than the former, the intellectual type. An unbroken succession of Lord Devonports would by the sheer logic of events have brought society to the recognition of the failure of private ownership; but the sentimental, muddle-headed, half-hearted, and essentially false, slippery, and tricky conduct of the Cadburys is interposed both to delay the evolution of the worst results and to throw a veil of charity over the bad results already produced.

* * *

The same two types may be distinguished among the wage-earners themselves. There are the "revolutionary" and the "evolutionary" among these as among their employers. The "revolutionary" are relatively masculine in character, independent, straightforward, unamenable to sentimental appeals and disposed to ask for nothing, but to take all. From the rise of the industrial system this type has existed, but always, unfortunately, in a minority. Attempt after attempt has been made by them to organise the workers in a single trust for the purpose of creating a monopoly of labour capable of discussing with capital on equal terms. To this economic purpose they have always been prepared to sacrifice every immediate advantage offered them by capital in the form of ameliorative legislation. Not that they were not prepared to ameliorate their conditions, but the amelioration was to come by a change of the system itself and as a result of their

own efforts. But this type has hitherto been swamped in its efforts by the far more numerous type of the sentimental evolutionary wage-slave. This latter variety, like the good little wretch at school, has the soft spot of sentiment on which social reforming school-marms can play to any extent. Suppressing his natural indignation at finding himself a slave, the social reformer appeals to this, that and the other in him to remain a slave and to be a good slave. And as an inducement to this, the utterly false hope is held out that by political means, the slaves will one day be able to free themselves by Act of Parliament. This is a false hope, because by political means alone wage-slaves will never be able to free themselves. The same economic elements that exist in industry and determine by their respective "pulls" the distribution of wealth determine also by the same "pulls" the distribution of political power. Parliament, in fact, when examined as an influence, and even arithmetically, is the exact reproduction of the economic stratification of society. There are forty Labour members; there are twelve hundred capitalist members; and the proportion of the economic power of labour to capital is about one to thirty. Nor will this index be changed by any other means than economic means. In short, the evolutionary wage-slave, like the evolutionary employer, under the common influence of the canting social reformer, is not only moving nowhere, but he will make no progress even in that direction.

* * *

Among the statesmen of the day, the same two types that we have seen to exist among employers and workmen may be discerned. There are the so-called Radical section of both parties—for Mr. F. E. Smith's Unionist Social Reform Group differs only in detail from Mr. Wedgwood's group. There is also the section, articulate more or less in Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour—both "Whigs" of the same character. The Smiths and the Wedgwoods and a fringe of politicians of both parties—and we may add the whole of the she-Labour Party—see no reason against the intervention of the State in industrial disputes on sentimental grounds. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, as a man of principle, and comparable therefore as a statesman to Lord Devonport as an employer and to Mr. Tom Mann as a workman, sees not only a logical objection to State intervention, but the logical alternative to intervention. The minds of the Reforming group of politicians (and of their organs) have literally no alternative to offer to State intervention of a meliorist character. If, they argue, the State does not intervene to impose on masters or men, or both, disabilities against strikes, lock-outs, low wages, long hours, etc., the State can do nothing. The poor old hen is fluttered to no purpose. But that is not the view taken by Mr. Asquith or, for that matter, Lord Devonport or Mr. Tom Mann. We are positive, for example, that in the matter of the Minimum Wage Bill of the recent Miners' Strike, it was not only Mr. Asquith who declined on principle to insert the figures in the Bill, but it was Mr. Asquith who had the only alternative of a positive character to offer. The sentimental noodles, as we know, begged and prayed of him to put the actual figures into the Bill. On the same occasion Mr. D. A. Thomas, a man among employers, was being made a scapegoat. But the fact remains, as we pointed out at the time, that the noodles were wrong and Mr. Asquith and Mr. D. A. Thomas were relatively right. We say relatively right because they were only right relatively to the sentimental social reformers. They were wrong, however, as statesmen, for it was not only their business to refuse the schedule, it was their duty to substitute for a system that could not accept it a system that could. Even on this ground, however, Mr. Asquith was prepared. As our readers, at any rate, know, Mr. Asquith announced almost at the beginning of the dispute that nationalisation was the first condition of legally enforcing a Minimum Wage. We hope we have made plain in the course of these notes our conception of the duties of the State, the Employers, and the Men respectively. We hope we have indicated also where, in our opinion, lies the onus of

maintaining the system as it is. Either the experiment of Private ownership ought to be continued; in which case "amelioration" at the expense of employers or employees are unjust; or the experiment should definitely be ended on the ground that it has demonstrably failed. Failed, in our opinion, it undoubtedly has, and as a failure it would be recognised if social reformers had not succeeded and were not still engaged in disguising its effects.

* * *

Applying these considerations to the Dock Strike still, at the moment of writing, in progress, we have at once to say that we have no patience with the denunciations of Lord Devonport, still less with the denunciations of Mr. Tillett, and less again with the people who urge the Government to intervene *on either side!* Lord Devonport's conduct throughout the whole dispute strikes us as being that of a man of character and of single-minded truthfulness. The mere fact that thousands of people are starving in consequence of his attitude does not by any means convince us that he is necessarily wrong. Starvation is a terrible thing, and the immediate sight of it is enough to unman all save the strongest minds. But if the fear of starvation is not, and ought not to be, a sufficient preventive of men coming out on strike, the fear of inflicting it ought not to be a preventive of employers insisting on rights granted to them by society. Into the detailed merits of the two sides of the present dispute we are not concerned to enter. It is quite enough for us to know that a man like Lord Devonport is on one side and a man like Mr. Ben Tillett is on the other. The mere fact that character for character these men are equal, though opposite, compels us to the conclusion that *both are right*. We should like to insist on this as a plain statement of fact, and as, in no sense, a paradox. What matters it to us that Mr. Tillett calls Lord Devonport a "devil," and Lord Devonport retorts by singling out Mr. Tillett for a rare word of abuse—the fact is that for the careful observer there is not a pin to choose between them. Put Lord Devonport in Mr. Tillett's place, he would be haranguing the dockers on Tower Hill and persuading them to die before surrendering. Make Mr. Tillett Chairman of the Port of London Authority and he would be Lord Devonport over again. The tragedy of the situation (if it should be regarded as a tragedy) does not lie in the belief that either Lord Devonport or Mr. Tillett is wholly right or wholly wrong; it lies in the actual fact that both are entirely right. Without surrendering his "rights"—sacred in so far as they have been sanctioned by society—Lord Devonport cannot admit the claims of the Transport Workers. On the other hand, without disgracefully shirking his duties to the workmen, Mr. Tillett cannot suffer an abatement of their claims. What is the practical conclusion to be drawn from this clash of rights and claims and duties but the conclusion that while both are right relatively to each other, both are wrong relatively to society at large?

* * *

It may safely be said that whenever two people, or two parties, of any description find themselves in righteous antagonism, the dispute is one that either should never have arisen or should never be allowed to arise again. Two parties equally respecting each other can only come into collision when the ground of their conflict is in itself artificial, so to say. Under natural circumstances, Lord Devonport and Mr. Tillett would be partners and not opponents in national industry. Lord Devonport has a genius for the organisation of things; Mr. Tillett has a genius for the organisation of men. What is there in these two complementary, and in no sense competitive, qualities to bring about a collision? Obviously nothing in themselves. The origin of the collision must, therefore, be sought in circumstances extraneous to both geniuses. Society, as a whole, has certainly an interest in giving each of these geniuses free play; and as certainly it has no interest in putting them into conflict. Thereby, indeed, the powers that might be beneficent become maleficent. But society, as we know, is not organised to extract the

highest social utility from the geniuses born in it. On the contrary, its present notion is to allow abilities of all kinds a free field and no order; with the result that everywhere one kind of ability is met and thwarted and cancelled by another kind of ability—society itself suffering both from the loss of abilities and as the battle-ground of their struggle. If, however, society were so organised that complementary abilities were not placed in collision, but in co-partnership, the ground of dispute between character and character would be removed. Emulation there would certainly be. As long as certain human qualities remain admirable emulation will always exist. But competition, which is the dark brother of emulation, would as certainly cease to exist. The upshot of this discussion, in fact, is that the system which puts Lord Devonport and Mr. Tillett in conflict is wrong, while, at the same time, within its definition, each is right.

* * *

It will now be seen that the State as the entirely neutral or the entirely active party has no more moral right to intervene on one side than on the other, unless its intervention is designed to remove the common ground. To intervene for the purpose of compelling Lord Devonport to make concessions, he otherwise may refuse would be to interfere unjustly with his charter of profiteering—a charter in this instance not tacitly but openly and deliberately given to him. Doubtless it would suit the social reforming neuropaths very well if the Government were to lay on private employers the legal duty of paying high minimum wages and working their men only six hours a day. Social reformers might then, without having made the smallest personal sacrifice, mount their chariots of fire and ride straight to the bosom of Abraham. But meanwhile the employers themselves might justly complain that the Government, under the influence of social reformers, had made their charters or licences of employment useless. "You have not," they might say, "had the common honesty to inform us that the profiteering privilege which you gave us must be cancelled; nor have you stuck to your bargain to provide us a fair field for its exercise; but you have, subsequently to its grant, imposed conditions on it which actually nullify its value to us." What any Government with a sense of justice could reply to this we confess we cannot say. On the other hand, if the State intervenes on behalf of the employers by inducing or forcing the men to return to work before they otherwise would, and without their demands satisfied, the men too can justly complain. "You know," they might say, "that without the power to organise and to strike and, in the long run, to starve ourselves and perhaps society, we are no match for the employers; you have given them great powers; the least you can do is to leave us the means of using our own powers." We confess again that no reply to this appears possible. But what is the State then to do if it is not to intervene on either side? If the Radicals who demand State intervention on behalf of the men are as wrong as the Tories who demand State intervention on behalf of the employers, what course of conduct is right? The answer is: intervention for the cancellation of the profiteering charter as it affects both parties. We said at the time of the Railway Strike that the only just excuse for Government intervention was nationalisation. The same canon applied to the Coal Strike; it applies again to the Dock Strike. While profiteering continues the best course for the State to follow is to do as little as possible. Laissez-faire should be the motto of any Government that authorises private capitalism. On the other hand, when it does intervene its intervention should be complete and final. We may be quite sure that private ownership has broken down in any given industry when its two parties are as much at loggerheads as the employers and workmen in the docks and mines and on the railways. And when and as industry does so break down in its private form, the State should intervene to supersede it. Lord Devonport as a semi-State-official was the legitimate successor of the private dock employers of 1900. The State is the legitimate successor of Lord Devonport.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHEN writing on the subject of Turkey some weeks ago I referred to the parlous state of the Young Turk Committee and to the party which is still somewhat ironically referred to as the "Party of Union and Progress." There is therefore little for me to add with reference to present events in the Balkan Peninsula. If Turkey need expend no great efforts in fighting Italy in Tripoli she will none the less require all her energies to deal with internal troubles. The unrest in Arabia may take a more expressive form at any moment, and Albania has not been in a settled condition for weeks. In addition to the chronic risings in Albania arising from Turkish maladministration, combined with brutality and repression, there are the mutinous Turkish officers and soldiers to deal with; and mutiny in the Turkish army is a grave symptom.

Without the aid of the Army, as all the world knows, "reform" in Turkey would have been out of the question. It needed the first-class fighting instrument, organised by General von der Goltz and perfected by Mahmud Shefket Pasha, to set the Young Turks in their position of power. For several months this fighting machine has not been working smoothly. The officers, most of whom are at least patriotic men, know their power. They were not satisfied with the conduct of the war with Italy, and they believed that insufficient precautions were taken in respect to the garrisons in the province which Italy has "annexed," as well as the garrisons in the Ægean Islands. Many of the officers were dissatisfied, too, with the gerrymandering of the last elections, with the neglect of the navy, with the treatment of the subordinate races, with the slow progress being made with the education of the people, and, in short, with things in general.

It need not surprise the outside world to find that any opposition which the Party of Union and Progress is meeting with is coming from some of the army officers. The wealthier merchants and the class roughly corresponding to our "landed gentry" dare no more open their mouths to grumble under the régime of the Committee than they could under the régime of Abdul Hamid. Persecution in either case was and is the natural result. Before coming into office the Young Turks denounced the spy system; but their own organisation of spies and informers is at least as good as that of Abdul Hamid. Opposition is stifled throughout the country owing to the fear of spies, and opposition has been stifled in the Chamber of Deputies by the open gerrymandering of the last elections—the Opposition members in the Chamber barely number half-a-dozen. There never was any chance of opposition in the Senate, which is filled with the nominees of the Committee, and no newspaper can criticise too much without being suppressed.

It follows that not even army officers would dare to criticise the Committee unless they felt themselves strongly supported. And that they do feel themselves so supported is shown by the fact that they have dared to criticise the Committee, that they have called for the resignation of the most important Young Turk in the country, Mahmud Shefket Pasha, the War Minister, and that Mahmud Shefket Pasha has had to bow to the storm and resign. In other words, the very army that dethroned Abdul Hamid and set up the Committee in his stead is now divided against itself. Since no paper in Western Europe, or anywhere else, has indicated exactly how the army is split up, perhaps I may take this opportunity of doing so. There are three groups in it: one large group, which is ready to support the Committee through thick and thin; another large group which, while desirous of maintaining the new régime, strongly objects to the politicians at present in power—particularly Mahmud Shefket, whose disappearance from the War Office does not necessarily mean that he is no longer powerful, Talaat Bey, and Djavid Bey; and a third group of extremists, who disapprove so strongly of the Committee that they have gone so far as to mutiny.

This third group, I believe, will ultimately join the second, and, rather than allow the public scandal of nearly a hundred courts-martial, the authorities will probably overlook their action. The first two groups, then, concern us much more than the last. We already know the first: the official Committee, which is as omnipotent and corrupt as Abdul Hamid's régime, and only slightly more efficient. It has failed because its leaders, having spent most of their manhood in Geneva, London, or Paris, returned to Turkey with wild Rousseauesque theories of government which were not shared by the people of the country. The attempt to force these naïve theories—which are so typically Western that they are not acted upon even in the West—down the throats of people who are still three parts Oriental has naturally failed, a fact which the Djavids and Talaats are too egotistic to admit. It is impossible to transport theories of government from Geneva to Constantinople and expect them to work well in practice in a land which is not even remotely adapted for them.

The second group is more hopeful. It looks back with disgust to the Hamidian régime; but it regards the present régime with equal repugnance. It wishes to reform the government on traditional lines—it wishes, that is to say, to conform to the religious and political habits and inclinations of the Mohammedan population, by far the most important population in the Ottoman Empire. The chief figures in this group are Kiamil Pasha and Hussein Hilmi Pasha, both of whom have held the Grand Vizierate. If Hakki Pasha were gifted with sufficient ability to make up his mind definitely on certain subjects, such as the value to Turkey of a German alliance as compared with the support of France and Great Britain, he might also be counted in this group. But it must not be forgotten that although many of the Turks look upon Kiamil Pasha as the coming man, this coming man is now 85 or 86 years old. There are few hopeful moderate men among the Young Turks who are young in years as well as in name; but there may be appeals to Fethi Bey and Enver Bey.

Tewfik Pasha, who has had the offer of the Grand Vizierate vacated by Said Pasha, has successfully represented Turkey at the Court of St. James's since the summer of 1909; and it is no secret that he would have preferred to remain in his post here. Indeed, while the messages from Constantinople are contradictory, he would appear to have declined the offer, and the post will now probably be given to Ghazi Moukhtar Pasha. The new Grand Vizier will have a free hand—that is understood—but where is he to look for Ministers? It would be madness to dissolve the Chamber just now, and it is clear that Turkey's internal troubles place her at a disadvantage when peace terms with Italy are mooted. The symptoms of uneasiness among the Turkish people, the unrest in the army, and the risings in Albania, are three factors which will not contribute to render the task of the new Grand Vizier more easy. A hotch-potch Cabinet may succeed in coming to terms with Italy on the basis of the Sultan's sovereignty as Caliph, in calming Albania by a more sympathetic administration, and in quieting the army by gradually admitting the spirit of opposition into the Chamber and the Senate. More than this we cannot in the meantime expect from any Turkish Cabinet; and even this would be a good beginning. But, in view of the uncertain situation in Constantinople and Salonika, it is impossible to make any further suggestions or prophecies.

Young China, as we can see, is following Young Turkey, and for the same reasons. Rousseau no more suits Peking than he suits Constantinople. The more moderate Chinese, who are now trying to stave off the foreign loan which is being thrust upon them, are in as trying a position as the moderates in Turkey. That Yuan-Shi-Kai's resignation should be spoken of in the circumstances is not surprising; but, whether he goes or stays, Russia and Japan have definitely come to an agreement about the division of Mongolia and Southern Manchuria.

The Economics of the Wage System.

II.

WE earnestly hope that we have now proved the supreme importance of understanding the true meaning of "wages" and the "wage" system. We are not amusing ourselves by scoring small points, nor do we insist upon a pedantic definition. But we ask our readers to keep steadily in view the cardinal fact that the payment and acceptance of wages means no more and no less than the transfer of created wealth from the producer to the entrepreneur. That must be clearly grasped by the wage-earners before we can make actual progress towards the industrial democracy. Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not apparently attach any importance to this distinguishing characteristic of the wage system. Let us see how it works out in practice. We quote from a letter that appeared in the "Star" last week:—

I would invite Mr. Arthur Chamberlain to have a walk round the Albert and Victoria Docks and see for himself the many hundreds of capable labourers at work and things apparently humming. I am not going to suggest that these men are as well qualified as the men who are on strike, but one can see a daily improvement in their methods, and soon they'll know all that is required. I do not wish to enter into the reasons why the late dockers left their work without notice, but maintain—what I think must be generally admitted—that every Britisher has a perfect right to take up any job that's offering; and what we are witnessing at present is a turnover of labour. What some are forfeiting others are gaining. None of us likes monopolies.

Here we have a perfect example, not only of the truth that the acceptance of wages involves the forfeiture of any claims upon wealth production, but also of the bastard social philosophy that springs out of it.

The army of dock workers now on strike—they and their predecessors—were the means whereby the Port of London grew to its present huge dimensions. These men built up the fabric of the Port; but they have not a scrap of claim upon the finished work of their hands; the Port and all its gear belongs to somebody else. Why? Because the dockers accepted wages for their labour power, and, having done so, the employers claimed all the surplus. There are dockers now on strike who have put twenty and thirty years' hard labour into the upbuilding of the Port, and in thousands of cases their fathers and grandfathers before them. Yet to-day they are on the streets and their families are starving by the ukase of a successful tea merchant and ex-Liberal Minister, who has not given as many months to the work as these men have years. How is it? Surely it is too ridiculous to be true! Not at all. Lord Devonport, the leader of the dock capitalists, simply says to the men: "When we paid you wages, we bought your labour power and all that flows out of it. If you can withhold labour power, then I must accept your terms, but at present I can buy labour power that you cannot control." The men, by means of wages, have sold out. They may not even enter the dock-gates through which they have passed to create the wealth now administered by Lord Devonport and his money barons. Possession has passed; the men possess nothing. They do not even possess their own jobs. They not only forfeit the surplus value they create, but it must be created under the control and surveillance of the employers. This control of the conditions of labour is necessary to the employers, because it secures the power of dismissal. But dismissal is not resorted to unless there is an adequate margin of unemployed. These unemployed must be given some moral justification for supplanting the dispossessed workman. The man in the Liberal "Star" has it pat: "Every Britisher has a perfect right to take up any job that's offering, and what we are witnessing at present is a turnover of labour." Turnover! Delicious!

Now let us sum it up as far as we have got:—

- i. When a man sells his labour power for wages, he forfeits all claim upon the product.
- ii. He also admits, by his acceptance of wages, the right of the employer to dictate the conditions of his employment and to terminate such employment.

- iii. By his acceptance of wages he further admits that his potential labour power may be stolen from him and given to another.

If we consider these wage conditions dispassionately, in what way can we distinguish them from chattel slavery? The slave had no right to his own body—the source of his labour power; the wage-earner has no right to his own labour or its products.

Our definition of wages cannot be seriously disputed. Granted the accuracy of our definition, can these conclusions be seriously disputed? Yet some of our critics still think that we are wasting our time in concentrating upon the urgency of abolishing the wage system.

The struggle of the future (of the near future, let us pray) will be the struggle of the industrial workers to regain possession of what they have lost and to retain possession of what they produce. The bulwark which protects surplus value from the wage-earner, which secures it to the entrepreneur, is the wage system. That is why it must be abolished.

Now let us suppose that the work of the London docks were done, not by more or less casual wage slaves, but by a properly organised and regimented labour army, penetrated by a military spirit attuned to industry. Do soldiers receive wages? No; they receive pay. "Good God!" cries the practical man (and possibly even Mr. Sidney Webb), "what earthly difference is there between 'wages' and 'pay'?" Let us see. The soldier receives pay whether he is busy or idle, whether in peace or war. No employer pays him. A sum of money is voted annually by Parliament to maintain the Army, and the amount is paid in such gradations as may be agreed upon. Every soldier, officer or private, becomes a living integral part of that Army. He is protected by military law and regulations. He cannot be casualised, nor can his work, such as it is, be capitalised. The spirit that pervades the Army is, in consequence, different from the spirit that dominates wage slavery. In other words, "pay" and the discipline of effective organisation produce entirely different psychological results from those created by "wages" and ineffective organisation. Whether the military psychology is in every respect desirable is beside the point; the material fact is that "pay" is a totally different thing from "wages," producing its own psychology and atmosphere, and performing its work in its own way.

Let us further suppose that the army engaged on dock work were temporarily out of action, owing to a difference of opinion on high policy between the administrative and industrial leaders. Would the men cease to receive their pay? It would, of course, go on as usual. Oddly enough, in a vague way, the trade unionists appreciate this difference, for whilst they strike for increased "wages," or against decreased "wages," they go on strike "pay." It is curious and interesting to observe how philology often comes to the aid of economics.

But whilst accepting the true meaning of "pay" as distinct from "wages," let us vary our supposition and assume a guild rather than a military army. Is it difficult to visualise a transport guild rising up out of the ashes of the dead wage system and putting all its members upon graduated "pay"?

Another interesting and suggestive aspect of the pay system is that it unifies every member of the organisation. Do officers ever dream of wages? Do they say they are going on "half-salary"? No; they go on "half-pay"—the general, the colonel, the major, the captain, and the lieutenant. It is obvious, is it not? that these verbal distinctions disclose substantial material differences. Again, a soldier's labour is not rated as a commodity. A soldier is expected to give something very different. His obedience is not exacted to produce profits; it is exacted to the great end that his unit shall fit efficiently into the whole Army organisation. He is expected to be brave; but nobody dreams of exploiting or capitalising his bravery. All the soldierly qualities are inculcated in a spirit and with a purpose "alien of end and of aim" to the spirit and purpose of commerce. But we have no wish either to idealise the Army or push our analogy too far. We

quote the pay system that obtains in the Army to prove that a human organisation, efficiently regimented and spiritually nobly motivated, could easily dispense with the degrading wage system, and, having eliminated that dehumanising element, could do its work in a scientific and civilised manner.

This divagation into the psychology of military organisation has, we fear, carried us rather wide of our subject, which is the economics of the wage system. There are still many economic aspects to be considered. We must consider the effect of the wage system upon the exploited wage-earner and also upon the exploiter. Let us return to Mr. Binney Dibblee. Our readers will remember that we quoted him last week to prove that labour power is something more than a mere commodity. We have further noted that wages, whilst primarily based upon subsistence, are favourably affected by organisation. We have seen that unskilled labour is generally unorganised labour; that skilled labour is almost synonymous with organised labour. The effect of the wage system has been to put the wage-earner in some sort of organised defence against the bearing down of wages to bare subsistence. The germ of the overthrow of the wage system is to be found in this organisation. In other words, the trade union, when it has developed into a well-organised guild, will be in a position to supplant the wage system. Mr. Dibblee reminds us of a function performed by the trade unions which we are liable to overlook:—

They are usually considered to be associations founded to control the supply of labour and therewith to bargain for its price with the employer, and, as they have energetically performed this duty for their members, it is undeniably true that their work in this respect is of the very highest importance. But this is not logically, even if it was historically, their primary cause of origin. If these associations had been tumultuous combinations arising out of strikes or, as Adam Smith implies that they are, "conspiracies against the public" or "a contrivance to raise prices," they could never have had the principles of cohesion and permanence which have raised them to the mighty power they now prove to be. *Philosophically speaking, their final and necessary cause was the maintenance of the reserves of labour, which are required by the system of modern production.*

Thus we see that wages, whilst paid only for the time worked, must suffice for the time unemployed. What does this mean? Just this: that only the bare cost of the labour commodity actually delivered enters into the cost of the finished product; that from the increased wage over bare subsistence, exacted by organisation, has to be deducted the cost of maintaining the reserve of labour necessary to modern production. Or, in other words, for a century or more, the trade unions have been performing a function rightly belonging to capital. Mr. Dibblee recognises this. Dealing with this very point and the economic doctrine that came to justify it, he says:—

What shall we say of the pretentious body of doctrine, calling itself scientific, which rose up at that time to stamp the hall-mark of intellectual superiority of greed and crown ruthlessness with a halo? Of all the crimes committed in the name of knowledge this was, perhaps, the worst. It has done more harm over a century than all the wars of the period. Intellectually, it was more impious than the condemnation of Abelard, the muzzling of Galileo, or the hounding of Semmelweiss to madness. It is no wonder that men who kept their senses called political economy the cruel science; but how is it that people were so slow to see that its theories were stupid?

The answer is really rather simple. The wage system necessitated throwing the burden of the cost of unemployment upon either the trade unions or the Poor Law Authorities. Will Mr. Dibblee inform us how it can be done inside the wage system?

But the point to be emphasised is that, when, in the fulness of time, the guilds come to a reckoning with capital, they can set the colossal cost of maintaining their unemployed for a century as against any ad misericordiam appeal for mercy on behalf of rent and interest. This century-old burden in itself constitutes a clear charge upon the existing economic fabric. It is a charge that rent, interest, and profits must sooner or later pay in meal or malt.

Belfast and Poverty.

By St. John G. Ervine.

MR. J. H. STIRLING, "a plain business man, earning his living in what he hopes (I wish he were certain of this) is an honest trade," gives me the lie direct in his article, entitled "The Case for Belfast," in THE NEW AGE for July 11. Before I reply to Mr. Stirling; may I recall to your readers' remembrance the subject of my previous contribution to your paper? The title of my article was "The Orangeman in Politics," and in it I tried to describe the mental attitude of the Protestant working-man of the North of Ireland, and also to explain why it is that he, an industrial worker, bearing many marks of resemblance to the industrial workers of the North of England and the factory and workshop areas of Scotland, should differ from them so widely in the matter of politics. In order that I might do this effectively it was necessary that I should state some historical facts: without a statement of these facts I could not have explained the seemingly paradoxical position of a working-class population which persistently votes Tory. Bearing this in mind, then, it will be obvious that Mr. Stirling's silly sneer that I, "like many Home Rule apologists," have "a curious fondness for old-forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago," is quite meaningless. I do not, therefore, intend to deal with Mr. Stirling's disquisition on the hardships of Presbyterians otherwise than to agree with him. It is, in fact, part of my case that the Presbyterians in the eighteenth century were a thoroughly disloyal body. I admire them for that: they could not have been men had they not been disloyal; they would, in short, have been as slimy as their descendants, who, to-day, send a Moderator to the Albert Hall to make himself and his co-religionists ridiculous in the eyes of the English people. Dr. Montgomery has all the qualities of a pastor of a tin tabernacle, qualities which are of extreme value in their place; but in England such persons are not allowed to prate on platforms as if they were men of distinction: they are kept in the suburbs, in places like Brixton and Upper Tooting.

I did not make any reference in my article to the "Linen Bounties." Mr. Stirling knows, or he ought to know, as well as I do, that the linen industry in Ireland was allowed to remain undisturbed because it did not compete with an English linen industry; he also knows, or ought to know, for Lecky is as free to him as to me, that the English Government did at one time hamper the linen industry, and even contemplated destroying it, because English manufacturers thought that it might interfere in some way with English enterprise. I do not deny that the Ulsterman has "grit and gump-tion"; I am an Ulsterman myself; but I do most strongly deny that he has much "grace." Mr. Stirling's article provides an example in proof of my assertion. One other statement I must make before I deal with the central point of this subject. In my article I stated that "the spirit of commercialism is rampant" in Belfast. When I made that statement, it did not occur to me that I ought to write a glossary explaining the meaning of my terms: I assumed that the meaning of that phrase, "the spirit of commercialism," would be plain to all who read my article; but I have learned from Mr. Stirling that it is not wise to make too many assumptions about the intelligence of men; for that gentleman manages to read into my phrase the assertion that Belfast has prospered commercially. It is a little difficult to argue with a gentleman who either is ignorant of the common terms of controversy or is the possessor of a vein of humour which would qualify him for the editorship of a ha'penny comic paper. I will assume, however, that Mr. Stirling really does not know what is generally meant by the term "the spirit of commercialism," and I will explain it to him. When a writer states that "the spirit of commercialism has run rampant" in a city, he means that the people of that city have become obsessed by the desire to make money; he means, moreover, that they are indifferent to human fate so long as they prosper; he means that they are

without the sense of citizenship, that they allow their city to become a byword among other men because of the hideousness of its architecture and the hideousness of its mental condition; he means that for them the desire to get on is greater than the desire to do well. I trust that I have made my meaning clear to Mr. Stirling.

Thus far, I have dealt only in preliminaries. I wish now to deal with two specific charges made against me by Mr. Stirling. One, that I made a reckless statement regarding the amount of sweating in Belfast; the other, that I wrote a lie when I stated that the Report made by the Medical Officer of Health for Belfast, Dr. Baillie, had been suppressed by the Belfast Corporation. Mr. Stirling attempts to confute my statement regarding the sweating in Belfast by quoting certain Board of Trade figures relating to pauperism. Here they are:—

	May.	June.	
Belfast	107 ...	101	per 10,000 of population.
Dublin	296 ...	290	do.
Cork	336 ...	335	do.
Manchester	228 ...	196	do.
Leeds	158 ...	146	do.
Glasgow	263 ...	251	do.
Average for U.K.	220 ...	205	do.

Mr. Stirling's intention in quoting these figures is very plain. It is to make the readers of his article believe that there is less pauperism in Belfast than in any other city of consequence in the United Kingdom; it is to make your readers believe that there is nearly three times as much pauperism in Dublin as there is in Belfast, and more than three times as much pauperism in Cork as there is in Belfast. Mr. Stirling is either a very ignorant man or a very dishonest man: either he is totally ignorant of Poor Law administration and its effects upon poverty, or he has deliberately omitted to state that it is the practice of the Board of Guardians in Belfast to restrict Outdoor Relief as far as possible, while it is the practice of the Board of Guardians in Dublin to grant Outdoor Relief freely. A very elementary knowledge of Poor Law is sufficient to teach the student of sociology that the restriction of Outdoor Relief, while it has the effect of making the percentage of pauperism look small, has also the effect of intensifying the problem of poverty among the decent poor, who will endure any straits rather than accept the alternative to Outdoor Relief, namely, the breaking-up of their homes in order that they may enter the workhouse. I hesitate to express my mind freely about a man who has the audacity to quote those percentages without at the same time stating what is the policy of the Poor Law authority in regard to Outdoor Relief! If, as I, in my charity, assume, Mr. Stirling is unaware of the connection between the rate of pauperism, the method of granting relief, and the general problem of poverty, then the sooner he ceases to be a "plain, business man, hoping that he is earning his living honestly," the better it will be for the state of his immortal soul.

Mr. Stirling, "on the direct personal authority of" Dr. Baillie, nails "to the counter as an unqualified falsehood" my statement that "the last report issued by the Medical Officer of Health recorded so frightful a state of poverty and sweating that the Corporation actually suppressed it." Mr. Stirling is so ingenious a gentleman that he may be playing fast and loose with the word "last" in my statement, and so I hasten to state that my reference was to the report made by Dr. Baillie about the month of August, 1910. I assert that that report was withdrawn by the Corporation (I made five separate attempts through friends residing in Belfast to obtain a copy of it, without success) and that an amended report was subsequently issued. Does Mr. Stirling state that this assertion is "an unqualified falsehood"? If he still makes this charge, will he explain why it is that the citizens of Belfast cannot obtain a copy of the original report? Will he explain why it is that when a friend of mine recently applied at the City Hall, Belfast, for copies of the M.O.H.'s reports for the past two years, he was informed that these could only be obtained through an alderman or a city councillor? Will he further explain why it is that a citizen is

denied the right to obtain official city documents, for the publication of which he pays, except by the favour of his elected representatives? Will he also explain why the City Corporation held private meetings to consider the Report? Will he deny that the labourers employed in Messrs. Ewart's mill are paid at the rate of 13s. per week? Will he deny the statements related hereunder:—

For clipping cotton pocket handkerchiefs with 120 clips on each a sum of 1d. per dozen is paid. It takes an expert worker five hours to clip twelve dozen.

For thread-drawing pure linen handkerchiefs, supplied by one of the best and oldest firms in the city, 1d. per dozen is paid. Six dozen can be drawn in one day by hard work.

For clipping the threads on an elaborately embroidered bedspread, 88in. by 100in., 3d. is paid. It takes fully an hour to do this work.

For thread-drawing pillow-cases 4d. per dozen is paid. It takes three hours to make a dozen.

Sixpence per dozen is paid for handkerchiefs on each of which 112 dots have to be sewn.

An expert worker can make 1s. 3d. by working fourteen hours at shirtmaking.

Does Mr. Stirling deny that the following table of wages paid in the linen trade in Belfast is accurate? It was prepared about the time that Dr. Baillie's report was published, and it includes in each case a bonus of 1s. per week:—

WEAVING DEPARTMENT.

Damask weavers, 15s.; plain and fancy, 12s.; tenters, 40s.; warpers, 11s.; winders, 11s.; card cutters, 35s.; damask mounters, 30s.

SPINNING DEPARTMENT.

Spinners, 11s. 6d.; doffers, 8s. 9d.; layers, 9s. 3d.; piecers, 10s. 9d.

PREPARING DEPARTMENT.

Rovers, 12s. 6d.; drawers, 11s.; spreaders, 11s.; doffers, 9s.; carders, 11s.; flax roughers, 22s.; flax dressers, 25s.; machine-boys, 8s. 6d. and 9s. 6d.

I leave the matter there for the decision of your readers. Mr. Stirling states that I have not compared the condition of affairs in Belfast with the condition of affairs elsewhere? Why should I? Even if it were true that the conditions of life elsewhere were as bad as they are in Belfast, or even worse, that would not make the lot of the Belfast worker any easier to bear. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Belfast man has asserted without ceasing that Belfast is a city of model habits. Mr. Stirling, for example, states that there practically are not any slums in Belfast! The favourite statement of the Orange drum-thumper is that such slums as there are in Belfast are all in what is called the West End of the city—the Nationalist quarter, represented by Mr. Devlin! Well, it may be that Mr. Stirling attaches a different meaning to the word "slum" from that which I attach to it; certainly I should not expect to be confirmed in my statement that Sandy Row, and many of the streets off the Shankhill Road, are slum areas by the people who reside in those areas. Poor men are very sensitive about their poverty, as I discovered when I lived in South London. They will pretend, if the pride has not been starved out of them by their employers, that they are better off than they are; and a certain decency prevents even the most outspoken of us from making statements of this sort about particular persons. When I was in Belfast last, about three or four years ago, I walked up the Shankhill Road, the Newtownards Road, the Albertbridge Road, the Woodstock Road, and Sandy Row. Each of these streets is what, in Belfast, is called a Protestant street. I would not live in Sandy Row if I were paid to do so; nor would Mr. Stirling. I would not live in some of the streets off the Shankhill Road for any money. Many of the streets on both sides of the Newtownards Road, from Bridge End to Templemore Avenue, are either slums or slumlike. There is a triangular wedge of houses between the Albertbridge Road, Woodstock Road and Mount Street which are out and out slums. There are streets of slums in the neighbourhood of the Belfast Ropeworks and at the back of the Beersbridge Road. These streets and houses I have seen. It is idle for Mr. Stirling to protest that there are no courts and narrow alleys in Belfast. There are a few, but these

hardly matter. A street is not a slum because it is narrow: it is a slum because it is unfit for human habitation; and it becomes unfit for human habitation because the people who live in it are so poor that they have to over-crowd. The reason why Belfast does not contain many narrow streets and courts is because it is a new city: even a Belfast jerrybuilder, city councillor though he may be (and the Belfast Corporation is stuffed with jerrybuilders and the like), will not deliberately build a narrow alley!

The Belfast City Corporation is notoriously a corrupt body. When I lived in Belfast (I was then a Tory, a Presbyterian, and in sympathy with the Orange institution) the appointments made by the Corporation were a standing joke. All appointments made were jobs. It was common knowledge that vacant posts were filled in furtive fashion before the advertisements announcing the vacancies were sent to the newspapers. It was considered to be a sign of extreme mental weakness if a man made application for such a post solely on the strength of having read of the vacancy in the advertisement columns of the local papers.

Lately a Belfast man came to me and complained because I, as he said, had written bitterly in Radical journals against my native city. It mattered little to him that I replied that I had not written against Belfast in Radical journals (though it would have made no difference to my case if I had); he still appealed to me in the name of patriotism not to write thus again. Patriotism is a great virtue, but, like all great virtues, it is easily exploited by the wicked to their own advantage. I can understand a man fighting for the glory of God; I can understand a man fighting for the glory of England; but I am damned if I can understand a man fighting for the glory of Solly Joel and Wernher, Beit and Co., as British men did in South Africa. I can understand an Orangeman fighting for his faith, but I cannot understand him fighting for a gang of money-grubbing sweaters. It may, indeed, be patriotic to stand up for your country or your city in all circumstances, but there is a finer patriotism than that, the patriotism which has the courage to own up when the patriots are in the wrong. I respect the Orangeman: he is a man of great qualities, marred at points by deliberate perversity; but I do not hesitate to call him a fool when he allows himself to be persuaded that his interests are identical with those of Mr. J. H. Stirling and that preposterous militiaman, Captain Craig. Mr. Stirling, no doubt, finds it to the advantage of the directors and shareholders of the York Street Mill to tell the workers in that mill that they must put their simple faith in him; Captain Craig, no doubt, finds that his income from Dunville's distillery is kept steady by diverting the attention of his employees from the consideration of their economic state to the consideration of the future home of the Pope; but I suspect that the workers themselves, when they have done with their drum-thumping and their Pope-cursing and their Catholic-beating, will discover that what is good for Mr. Stirling and Captain Craig is uncommonly bad for them.

Gold and State Banking.

By Arthur Kitson.

THE Oracle has spoken! The Mountain has laboured and brought forth—a Mouse!—and a miserable little specimen at that! Its name is “Gold and State Banking,” “A Study in the Economics of Monopoly,” by Edward R. Pease, published and sold by the Fabian Society. In response, no doubt, to the earnest solicitations of many of its members to say something upon a subject which, just now, happens to be a vital political issue in the United States, and has been honoured with discussion at most, if not all, of the annual meetings of our Associated Chambers of Commerce for some years past, the leading Pundits of the Fabian Society found it necessary—for the sake of their reputation—to issue some sort of a pronunciamento on the banking and currency question.

Their position was an embarrassing one. For years they had let it be known that there was no “question” involved, and that those who ascribed industrial and social troubles wholly, or in a measure, to our currency and banking system were merely “currency cranks.”

The currency panic of 1907 which played such havoc with trade and production universally, showed, however, that “they didn't know everything down in Judee.” Hence the simple believers began to lose faith in the infallibility of the Fabian Junta. “Could it be possible,” they asked themselves, “that this silence is due to ignorance?”

There was some risk in allowing the Oracle to remain dumb any longer, hence the present pamphlet!

It has often been asserted by certain unkind critics that the air of superiority worn by your Fabian is merely a cloak to mask what, in reality, is but a *pretence* to knowledge.

And certainly this so-called “Study in the Economics of Monopoly” gives some grounds for such criticism.

The author commences with a preparatory note on “Currency Cranks.”

“Currency cranks,” says our Fabian Oracle, “are the most foolish of theorists, and their schemes the most futile of Utopias.” We are then informed that the author's speculations about “the place of gold in the machinery of commerce are put forward with diffidence precisely because of his distrust of the company he is keeping.”

We are next informed that these “speculations lead up to a remarkable conclusion.” “And the reader is particularly requested to note that what is here outlined is not a scheme, but a forecast.” “Neither the Government nor any individual is asked to adopt any proposals or to follow any advice. The writer invites them only to accept Mr. Asquith's well-known policy—‘Wait and See.’” “In his view, the almost inevitable effect of economic causes will be that our banks will continue to amalgamate: when there is only one bank, or virtually one, its power will be too enormous for private persons to wield; hence it must be controlled by the State.”

There is your true Fabian Pharisee in his favourite colours! He first wishes the public to understand that he is not one of those foolish currency reform advocates—thank God, not he!—but he deigns to utter a few words of cautious wisdom on the subject merely as a guide to the unwary!

He imagines that the Government—nay, the world—is sitting at his feet waiting breathlessly for the inspired words that flow from his lips! Fearful lest his pronouncement may lead to immediate action, and Mr. Asquith, after reading these momentous utterances, might rush a Bill through Parliament to empower the Government to buy up all the banks and form one Central State Institution, he cautions one and all to “Wait and See”!

Now, after these necessary explanations, anticipations, and cautions, the reader's expectations are naturally raised to the highest pitch. Alas! only to be rudely dashed to the ground! For, out of the matter comprised within its eighteen pages, it may be honestly asserted that every intelligent idea expressed in this monumental “Study,” every truthful assertion, every fact the author supposes to be novel, will be found in the writings of those much despised “Currency Cranks,” whilst every original “speculation” of the author himself is absolute rubbish!

Take, for example, what he calls “a remarkable conclusion,” which seems to consist in his “discovery” that within a few years all our banks will have amalgamated—a result which would tend to destroy interest on deposits, as well as the necessity for cash, and render banking simply a matter of book-keeping.

I am not going to accuse the Fabian Secretary of wilful dishonesty or plagiarism, nor would I dare accuse him of ever having read that organ of “Currency Cranks,” the “Open Review.” Yet I can assure those Fabians who have any intelligence that practically all these “remarkable conclusions” will be found in articles published in old numbers of that (now defunct)

magazine, under the titles of "The English Octopus," "How to Solve the Problem of the Gold Reserves," etc., etc. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote the following extract from a lecture delivered before the members of the Banking and Currency Reform League, November 1, 1908:—

Of late years the tendency of banks has been to amalgamate, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that during the next twenty or twenty-five years all the joint stock banks of this country may be controlled by one board of directors. Whilst such an amalgamation would greatly reduce the need for gold and currency and lead to many economies, it would give such a board practically full control of the whole of the trade and commerce of this country. The profits which are now made, and which are exceedingly high, would be more than doubled. It is easy to see why there is such eagerness on the part of bankers to amalgamate. The mere economy in the use of currency is a sufficient reason. For instance, supposing that a merchant arranges an overdraft at his bank for £10,000—which he probably requires for checking out to various people in different parts of the country. He sends cheques of various sums to his creditors, which cheques are deposited in their banks. If all these creditors happen to have their accounts with branches of the same bank, not a single sovereign need be paid out on account of this overdraft. The merchant pays all his debts by cheques—which are deposited in branches of the same bank—and, although it does not cost the bank a single sovereign, the overdraft is charged for at the rate of 5 per cent. or 4 per cent., just as though he had drawn £10,000 in gold!

John Stuart Mill once showed that if everybody in London did business with one bank, all business which began and ended in London might be transacted without a single sovereign in currency. Transactions would be nothing more than a matter of book-keeping, entering sums to the credit and debit of depositors. If, therefore, the banks of England should combine—as they have been doing of recent years—the system may ultimately become similar to that which was practised in Venice for centuries, and where gold or silver was scarcely needed. And the ten or twelve million pounds now paid in the shape of dividends to bank shareholders will be doubled and trebled, for the gold reserves now held by the banks will not be required, as banking will then be a mere matter of book-keeping, and the gold can be loaned abroad.

Now there was nothing, so far as I know, particularly original in the above statement at that time. Similar ideas had undoubtedly been expressed long before. The point I wish to make is this. Since the Fabian author terms his speculations "remarkable conclusions," he was evidently ignorant of the writings of the "Currency Cranks" whom he professes to regard with such contempt—a circumstance which places him in a very contemptible position. To affect an air of superiority over those one neither knows nor understands, is simple assininity. On the other hand, if he had knowledge of such writings, his attitude is worse than dishonest!

If one is to gauge the intelligence of the members of the Fabian Society by this "Study," one must assume that—like the Coneys—they are a "feeble folk." Here are a few priceless samples selected at random from this Fabian mine of wealth:—

Trade is simply barter.

Labour, added to raw materials, creates wealth.

The mere addition of labour to raw material does not necessarily create wealth.

The amount of the labour is no measure of the amount of wealth.

It is impossible to measure wealth in terms of labour.

The labour note comes to be merely an attractive name for a paper currency.

If the average Fabian has advanced in his economics no further than this stage, he has certainly a long road before him to reach even the elementary stage of "Currency Crank" literature.

Then we have some remarkable speculations of the Guernsey Market Notes. Everyone knows of the Guernsey Market experiment, under which the Governor in 1820 proposed to issue non-interest bearing notes in place of interest-bearing bonds, to enable the community to erect its market house and to build roads, etc. The notes were circulated, the scheme was successful, the buildings were erected without the issue of bonds, and we are told that *these notes are still in circulation*. Most people would regard this experiment

—especially after knowing that the notes were still circulating—as a decided success. But what says the Fabian Oracle? It says, "Mr. Theodore Harris has rendered a great service by investigating the famous transaction in the archives of the island, and alas! the bright illusion vanishes!" What that "illusion" was he does not disclose. It was evidently one confined to Fabian minds. He goes on: "The scheme came to an end apparently precisely as the economists predicted. Guernsey found the facile descent into paper currency as attractive as all States find it. It set its printing press humming till its paper notes amounted to £55,000. Then the bankers kicked."

According to Fabian economy, for a nation to carry out an undertaking without borrowing, and without burdening its subjects for all time with interest charges, is a "descent." Most people would prefer that "descent" to the other road which leads to bond slavery. Is it any wonder that the bankers—who flourish in proportion as debts are created—"kicked"? "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth, and our craft is in danger to be set at naught," said the Craftsmen of the Temple of Diana. And similarly the bankers (of Guernsey) first "kicked" and then "persuaded the States to retrace their steps." It would be interesting to know what was the amount of the "persuasion" in gold!

Forty years ago, after the Northern States had successfully carried through a gigantic war on paper currency—a currency which had also enabled the nation to maintain its trade and commerce unimpeded during those years of trial and crisis—the bankers saw that this paper took the place of bank credit to an alarming extent, depriving them of much gain, and they also "kicked" and finally "persuaded" the Government to destroy millions of paper dollars, and augment the National Debt, by means of special legislation, accomplished—so it is alleged—by enormous bribes given to legislators!

The Fabian writer regards the fact that £41,000 of the £55,000 of notes issued by the State of Guernsey still remain in circulation, as an evidence of failure! What on earth is currency for, but to circulate and *keep on circulating*? And if you redeem and destroy it, how is future trade to be carried on? If there is one fact that proves the success of the Guernsey Note experiment, it is that the same notes have continued to circulate and facilitate trade for nearly a century. If this is an objection, it applies with equal force to the Bank of England Notes issued against the Government Debt.

A further evidence of failure alleged by the author is that the Market Notes are driving out gold—an evidence to any person gifted with commonsense of the superiority of the notes over gold for *currency purposes*. If steel ships drive wooden ones out of use, if motor cars and buses put the old horse-drawn vehicles out of the running, is this not accepted universally as evidence of the superiority and survival of the fittest? And, if this applies in all commercial and industrial affairs, why is money an exception to this universal law? It is only Greshamites, Fabians, bankers and usurers who have the effrontery to deny the rule.

Then we are treated to a dissertation on the "stability of gold"—a statement disproved by every index table compiled for the past fifty years. (Why on earth did not the Fabians present their secretary with a financial primer before starting him on this task?)

The author tells us also we have in England "every ounce of gold we want to use." (Why then do not the Fabians, who, we are told, supply the Cabinet with brains and measures, have the importation of gold immediately stopped?) He adds: "Even if 10 or 20 millions in gold were brought into the Bank, no person would use another sovereign than he uses now." The assumption here is—and, to give any degree of sense to these assertions, he should have added—"provided the introduction of this extra amount does not affect the Bank Rate." But it always *does* affect the Bank Rate, and so these assertions are absolutely fallacious!

If a baker were to go through the dock strikers' district just now offering to sell bread at 6d. a loaf, he would return without effecting a single sale. If he were a Fabian, he would interpret this by asserting that the strikers and their families had every ounce of bread they can use!

If the Bank Rate could be put down to 1 per cent. and maintained at that level for, say, 12 months, the demand for currency would be augmented several hundred per cent! The demand for currency is largely determined by the Bank Rate, and the presence of much or little gold in the Bank helps to fix the rate. Hence the demand for gold is affected by its supply.

The classic illustration of the inverted pyramid representing commerce as resting on credit and credit on gold, which constitutes the apex, is "all a delusion," says the Fabian Oracle, "because the security of the credit system does not depend on gold, but on public good sense, and gold is to the system merely the small change, etc." Well, most people will admit that our leading bankers, such as Sir E. H. Holden, the president of the great London City and Midland Banking Co., Sir Felix Schuster, of the Union and Smith's, Lord Avebury, etc., know at least as much of the practice of banking in this and other countries as the Secretary of the London Fabian Society. Let us see what their opinion is. We find it voiced in an address by Sir E. H. Holden delivered before the Liverpool Bankers' Association a few years since (1908) in the following sentences:—"The business of the world is carried on by means of loans; loans create credits, the stand-by for the protection of credits is gold, and, therefore, gold controls the trade of the world." In giving advice to his fellow-bankers, he added:—"The loan is the danger spot. . . . The loans of every country should be limited by their gold bases." And yet our little Fabian tells his readers, "The odd thing is that gold, supposed to be desired by all men, is, in fact, the one thing bankers dislike and detest!" That statement is certainly "odd"! Perhaps that is the reason why the bankers have forced the gold standard upon nation after nation and are now forcing it upon China!

The other points dealt with in this precious "Study" are treated by the author in a similarly untrustworthy manner.

We are told that "gold is not a monopoly" (in spite of the United States Money Trust), that everyone can get gold who has property. "Our banks are too big to fail," and "their security is not dependent on a stock of gold, but on the political and commercial commonsense of our country." (It is fortunate we have not to depend upon the political commonsense of the Fabian Society!)

Here again the writer displays his total ignorance of financial affairs. Failure in the financial world means failure to fulfil obligations. Those obligations are to pay gold on sight to creditors to the extent of their credits. When the Bank Charter Act was suspended on three different occasions, each suspension was a confession of failure, even though the Bank kept its doors open. But what are we to say of a writer who sees evil in a State issuing paper money which drives gold out of circulation to avoid interest charges, but looks with equanimity on a State Bank refusing to pay gold and issues paper as an equivalent? In spite of the vivid recollections maintained by the commercial world of the great Currency Panic of 1907 and 1893, our Fabian authority coolly tells us "financial crises are matters of ancient history"! He thinks that a currency which cannot be exported is useless for domestic purposes, notwithstanding the fact that money never circulates outside the country issuing it.

I need hardly pursue the subject further. With the frequent alteration of the Bank Rate, and its injury to trade caused by our "free gold market," of which our Chambers of Commerce have complained for the past 50 years, the injurious effects on production which interest charges entail limiting the amount of wealth created and hence creating unemployment, our author is ominously silent. The Currency and Banking Question is evidently not his "forte." He and his colleagues

are far more at home in writing tomes on "How to promote the survival of the unfit," in declaring war on "housemaid's knee," and urging legislation compelling employers to provide knee-pads for charwomen and scullery maids.

Suffragette Sallies.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

OCCASION: "The Women's Suffrage Demonstration on Sunday, July 14, in Hyde Park, the anniversary of two great events—one is the Fall of the Bastille, and the other is the birthday of Mrs. Pankhurst."—*Official Programme.*

(The twenty-one platforms are arranged in a double square. At each stand twelve women in white wearily supporting high poles decorated with a banner and a huge red flannelette tea-cosy or "cap of liberty." The banners are inscribed, "Let us vote like men and not be sold like slaves," and the like. There is a large crowd present solely for amusement. STUDENT, in passing from one platform to another, stays long enough at each to catch the drift of the speech, where any drift is perceptible. In most cases the speakers say at the beginning what they have to say, and go on saying it until they stop saying it. His report may be accepted as reproducing what was said. What was intended to have been said will probably be found in suffragette newspapers.)

On Platform 9.

MRS. DRUMMOND (bellows): It's the wimmin's touch is wanted, an' you've bin wantin' it fer years an' years an' years. An' it's uncommonly easily placed. Tike this Lunnon o' yours, men o' Hingland, grite, isn't it? Yus, grite in many another sense of the word; grite in its misery. Look at yer prisons, look at yer work'ouses, look at yer lunatic asylums, more and more inmates every year. (A voice: "You're fillin' em." Laughter.) Now, fr'en's, yer very disappointed with the wye it's done, aren't yer? It's wimmin's work, an' work an' you men can't do it, not as 'ow I blime yer, but it's wimmin's work. There are seventy thousand 'ouses condemned every year as unfit for yuman 'abitation; 'ow does thet strike yer? Rather appalling, isn't it? 'Ow cin wimmin bear fit childring in unfit 'omes? Don't the wimmin belong to the wimmin an' the law we say? (Cheers.) Yer cried "Shime" twen'y years ago to the wimmin at the street-corners, an' I cry "Shime" to-dye at any woman 'oo ses—

On Platform 8.

MADAM AINO MALMBERG (very red in the face, struggles with the English language and her hat, which reclines upon her left cheek): And it be joost de same in little Feenland as it do be in great England. (Retires, fighting hat with both hands.)

On Platform 10.

MRS. LOUIS FAGAN: And now we have found out these things, we find them intolerable. But we have always known them.

On Platform 11.

MISS EVELYN SHARP: We have pay-ay-ay-ayed the price and we me-e-e-e-ean —

On Platform 13—The New Constitutional Society.

MISS M. SLIEVE MCGOWAN: The prithe of woman'th freedom hath been paid, it hath been paid often. I thay the prithe of woman'th freedom hath been paid, and more than by the men in the Chartitth rebunyon. And it ith all met by Mithter Athquith with th-yeek, th-yeek-anery. Why, friendth, he might juth ath well try ath well to put out the thtarth that th-yine above with a candle-eethinguihyer ath try to put a thtop to thith great movement of women, not thlaveth no more, but now free women—politically. I call upon Mithter George to thpeak.

MR. W. L. GEORGE (looking grubbily, greasily uncomfortable, and protruding an ugly lower lip as he mutters): Ladies and gentlemen, before I address

you on Women's Suffrage I should like (becomes inaudible) am a Wadical in politics, but—six years—have felt—women's cause—not dismiss from mind. (Inspired.) The faiths that we held then are still our faiths to-day. We come as webels against a Ministwy that has forfeited its twust. I do not say that, because I stand here for women, I have altered my politics. No, I desert my party for the time, and I come here to fight for justice. (Small crowd very incredulous.)

On Platform 17.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN (capering clumsily and paddling with both hands): And the sight of this personal friend brings back to me a personal reminiscence. Some years ago I went to a suffrage meeting at Chelsea, and Mrs. Pankhurst spoke, and afterwards a collection was taken, and instead of everybody treating it with disfavour as usually happens with collections, one hundred and forty pounds were collected, and Mrs. Pankhurst got up with her lips trembling and said—(short illustrative dance)—“This will enable us to fight another by-election.” But now they have enough to fight twenty by-elections. This is our faith, and by our faith we stand!

(On Platform 18, representing the Cymric Suffrage Society, stand a podgy, round-faced, spectacled old woman in a black rational costume, several others in red, and a weedy clergyman, the Rev. Drew Roberts, leaning against the back of the cart and shading himself with a pink parasol.)

On Platform 19.—The Irish League.

MR. DASH COGLAN (picturesquely powerful): As miould frind the Amirican poet Jems Roossell Lowell said: “Seek ye truth. . . .”

On Platform 21—The Church League of Woman Suffrage.

A CLERGYMAN (addressing very small crowd. Another regenerate in a skull-cap sits on the back of the cart swinging his legs): 'Ow can yer 'ave a representative Gover'ment, if the wimmin hai'nt included?

On Platform 3.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG THING: We do not claim the vote as a good thing or as a bad thing, nor as a right thing or as a wrong thing, nor as a useful thing or as a useless thing, but as a sign of the recovery of the claim of the cause—(gets mixed and sits down).

MISS BONWICK or MRS. EATES: Ever since civilisation woke up and the world began to make progress various sections of the community have been dissatisfied and have said, “Give us representative government.”

SALVATION ARMY CORPS (cheerfully from Park Lane): Rum-tum-rum-yi-tiddy-yi—(or words to that effect).

At Platform 5.

MRS. LAMERTINE YATES or MISS COOMBS (waving dirty gloves): And we have know-ledge. We have all these four things.

YOUNG MAN (for the gigglement of two girls): No veg. ! (A Suffragette turns upon him her purple toque quivering with anger.)

SUFFRAGETTE: WOULD YOU INTERRUPT A WOMAN?—(Laughter.)

A WIFE: Oh, Jim, wot a pity we didn't bring little 'Arry. O' course 'e wouldn' 'a hunderstood hall, leasways not hall, but 'e wou'd 'ave enjoyed 'isself.

MRS. L. Y. or Miss C.: Right up from the Magna Charta women have worked for their enfranchisement. Every time the men have fought for it, they have fought with them, and each time the women were left out of it. Mister Asquith has blinded you men, and, perhaps, some of you women, too. Now what is Mr. Asquith's position? Let us inquire.

On Platform 7—Men's Political Union.

MASTER DUVAL: That is what happened to the right honourable, or rather, right dishonourable gentleman.

A SHORT STOUT VOICE: Biby! (Loud applause. An

old lady appears on platform). 'Ello! Thet yer mummy cum ter fetch yer?

MASTER DUVAL: You ask why they took my bail. Why, the police knew I was a respectable young fellow. (Wittily to an interrupter): They wouldn't have taken yours.

SHORT STOUT VOICE: Biby! (Cheers.)

MASTER DUVAL: Ah! if the East End dock strikers' wives had the vote. My word! Their husbands make them come out of the factories and send them round to collect money for them to keep their cigarette and their pot of beer. (Uproar.)

OLD GENTLEMAN (standing on one leg): You ber-ludy little jackanapes. (Loud applause.)

(On Platform 6.—“Women Writers” are represented by Miss Nina Boyle and Miss Abadam, whose names are household words throughout all English-speaking countries.)

ONE OF THESE: The lion of the field rejoices when his mate is strong, for he knows—

On Platform 4—Independent Labour Party and Women's Fabian Group.

MR. KEIR HARDIE (in his famous and dirty white suit): We st-hick by our demand for votes for w-himmin.

MRS. DRUMMOND'S VOICE (suddenly): Yah! street-corner, pipe an' terbacca-pouch.

On Platform 11.

MR. LANSBURY (very red round the whiskers): I 'eard a man at the gite as I was cumin' in sye, “Wimmin wus mide by Gord ter (do or be something). Wot's the W'ite Slive Tride mean? It means that wimmin are looked on as physic'ly, politic'ly, an' morally inferier ter me-hen. (Applause.) The tragidy, me-hen an' wimmin, the inditement—

On Platform 13—New C. S.

CAT-FACED WOMAN: Then—I—said—I'm—a—suffragist—so—I—don't—mind—unpleasantness. (Cheers.) I—don't—want—to—blow—my—own trumpet. (She conquers her scruples however.)

On Platform 12.

MRS. BAINES or MRS. TIDSWELL: It his, I know, a grievance that we wimmin are not responsibler fer vari-yus mis-mis-deemers that we 'ave incurred. Moi fr'en's, thet's just wot we're kickin' agenst.

MR. LANSBURY (“suffused”): Harfur Baffor in the palmy dyes of the 'Ome Rool Hagitation.

MR. HOUSMAN (now performing on platform 10): He should have seen how very ridiculous he made himself, as an intelligent man, he should have seen it.

MRS. DRUMMOND: A hequil hopper-chunity.

MR. KEIR HARDIE: If w-himmin aren't included in the bi-hill, we shall do our best to prevent it becoming law.

(At Platform 21, the Church having dispersed, a WILD-EYED WOMAN is standing on the grass addressing a very few people.)

WILD-EYED WOMAN: We have to look to men for our freedom.

FEMALE WORKER: We didn' orter!

HER FRIEND: Thet's it!

WILD-EYED WOMAN: We have to look beside men for our deliverance.

FEMALE WORKER: Well, it's a pity, thet's a' I cin say.

HER FRIEND: Thet's it!

MR. JOSEPH CLAYTON (blowing in the wind on New C.S. cart): And in the workers' revolution of 1886, of 1886, they didn't say, “Oh no. We're going to stick here and draw our salaries.” Oh no. They went out like honest men. (Excitedly applies moral to Mr. Asquith.)

ON PLATFORM 14.

FAT YOUNG MAN (apparently an extra turn): Isaythat-anyonewhocomesuptomeandsays, “Iusedtobelong-to-themovementbut sincethemilitantsbegantobreakwindowsI'vedesertedthecause,” Isaynotonlyisheridiculousnotonlydoeshetailtoshowordinaryintelligencebuthebecomesatraitortohiscountry.

(The sound of a band and a cry of “Dockers” are heard. Most of the crowd runs across the park cheering and shouting, deserting the suffragette demonstration. Exit STUDENT.)

Pages from an Unpublished Novel.

By Beatrice Hastings.

BOOK III.

I AWAKENED, enchanted once again by the gay promise of this beautified world, and unable to see anything but what was happy, adventurous, and eternal. A sense of confidence, of indestructible protectedness was all about me. Into the window of the delightful cabin blew a sweet breeze. I sat up and looked out over the green, clear sea. We were sailing alongside a purple island whose mountains reared against the rising sun. Cliffs fell sheer into shadowy coves full of mysterious water; but the day was gathering, gold and hot, upon the heights. Here and there a white house lay among the rich woods on the hillsides, or one was perched so airily on some palmy crag that you would expect a wind to blow it off into the water of nameless colours. At length a harbour with a white town rounded into sight; and I dressed and went on deck, where many people were gathering, eager to go ashore. The ship slowed to anchor, and soon I was in a boat, with a sun-faced fisher-boy rowing me towards the quay. I never saw so many flowers in all my life as on this lovely island. Directly we touched the wall and I went up the steps from the sea, smiling men and women, boys and girls, came offering bouquets. In a moment I had an armful for a few pence, and then I wandered over the cobbled arcades of the town. Trees shaded everywhere, and one passed in and out of streets, hardly knowing that they were streets because roses trailed there for the plucking if one willed. Through an alley where houses with shuttered windows stood at two arms' width from each other, I came upon an ox-trolley that went up the side of the flowery island. I got into a little tented car, the brown drivers spoke to the oxen, and we slid along past gardens of flowers and pampas grass and more flowers and palms and aloes and flowers, flowers everywhere. At the top of the hill the oxen stopped, as if they were used to do so, outside an ornamental house in beautiful gardens, and the men said that it was an hotel, and that if I wished to breakfast they would wait. So I went in.

. . . In a shady room, with flowers and gorgeous coloured fruits upon a gleaming table, were some people, men and women, who smiled and bowed to me as I entered from the sunlight. These people conversed in various languages. I heard French and German and a language I thought was Spanish, and my own tongue. Surely, the whole world would have been at ease here! They astonished me, but more I marvelled at their social bearing. Never, out of heaven, thought I, were people so incomparably associated; they seemed all units of one embracing personage. I arose to leave, and again as I passed, each, catching my eye, bowed. They rose, too, and we all passed into the gardens together. There they stood discussing some expedition, and as my driver came up, these charming people turned away through the palms, bowing and smiling yet once again, with not the least haste, but as though life were for nothing but rhythmic ceremonies. The host of the hotel bade me good morning. "Who are those ladies and gentlemen?" I asked him. "The Princess — of — and suite, madame," he replied, adding, "I myself am German subject." I gazed amiably, and, for the first time, thought the encounter a little formal.

This was a day of encounterings. At a dell of blossoms running inland, I bade the drivers wait while I went to explore. I followed a little brook and found a sward of grass. The sun himself could not be seen

through the trees, but his beams shone everywhere. Birds and bees and butterflies filled all the wood. A stranger appeared. Well arrayed and tall was he, and his hair about his admirable brow was like a silken, white crown. He spoke, and I knew he was English. "Excuse me, if you mean to catch the ship, you should hurry; the departure flag is up." I jumped up, and we returned to the road, chattering about the ways of ship-captains. There was no car but mine waiting. So we went together, the beautiful, white-haired man and I, and for the rest of the voyage we were friends. His name was Humphrey Cole, and he was journeying for health; he mentioned this lightly one day, but I never saw him ill or out of love with mirth. . . . Humphrey Cole taught me in charming conversations. . . . One day I had asked him, "What is wisdom?"—I was full of a marvellous book he had lent me, the book of some Indian mystic. Said my friend, as nearly as I can remember: "You would have me foolish enough to discourse upon Wisdom? I will tell you a story first. . . . Once in the native quarter of an Eastern city, I wandered around and around, seeking a certain house. It was noon, and upon everything there lay an inhuman eeriness, and the human desolation of blank walls and deserted streets, eternally once more winding. The strangeness was intensified for me by my knowledge that the buildings were certainly swarming with human life. At sundown, as I had seen many times, the quarter would be abroad and every alley of it fluttering with gay-robed people. Now, only a heated breeze stirred, winnowing the white dust. Not a soul approached who might have directed me, but at last I came into the street I desired. And there, high in one of those oases which make the charm of Eastern towns, amid a palmy verandah, awaited the person I sought. She had doubtless seen me passing and repassing at distant openings, but with the curious propriety of her race, had waited the moment when I might please to find myself. Her apparent indifference was denied by the preparation of welcome within.

"Wisdom is not unlike a friend who waits, assuming that you will find your way when you please. She is attired and her house is set in order, but there is no messenger sent to constrain you—no halloo. You come at your own moment. When was a man ever compelled by Wisdom, or when did she ever intrude upon blindness and folly? Some philosophers would have us believe that the court of Wisdom must be besieged, stormed and overborne as a city by filibusters, but the gate of Wisdom does not open to the trumpet and the sword. Only to him who, in still hours, has divined the mystery of thought, whose mind is unfeared of truth, whose action is freed of vandalism, whose feeling is sensitive, and whose whole being is attuned and rhythmical—to that man alone who by all these signs is proved exoterically initiate, Wisdom opens her—empty house."

. . . When the ship touched Cape Town, I wept at losing Humphrey Cole. Half the reason of living seemed to leave me. During the days before the vessel sailed onward, taking him to his death in a distant province, he led me to the great library in the Botanic Gardens, and he showed me where to look for the books I wanted. . . . It is the last day, and we are already out, at five of the morning, upon the road which goes up from the town between Table Mountain and the Lion's Head. . . . At sunset . . . I am scarcely aware what we have done all day, or what has been said. But I have seen how the gods left their handiwork. . . . At sight of the harbour again I realise that to-morrow I shall be alone in the city. This old man is going on. . . I look at him: he is looking at me, and I burst into tears, imploring him to stay, or to take me with him. He replies, "I have no more to do with you, my child. Very soon now I shall pass over. But what a way you have to go." He smiles with his eyes, and for a long while is silent, then: "Have you ever read the tale of the 'Golden Ass'?" Not. Read it. There a man named Apuleius declares himself to have been metamorphosed by Folly. Read it, and if, one future day, you should find yourself awake and alone upon that shore where Apuleius came to himself again, do you as he did, purify

yourself seven times, and if you please, write you also your book of the Golden Goose."

BOOK V.

. . . And now, I was forced to abandon my beautiful baby to strangers. To the lodging was used to come a woman-help whom the child loved; a big-chested, dark-eyed Irish girl, who had had—and lost—two children. The baby used her as a cushion and would go to sleep in her arms. To this girl, Kitty, I confided baby when I went away for my first week on tour as a theatrical lady. At the last . . . the landlady objected to the child being left with her. . . So Kitty, herself penniless, took the little one to her own lodging. I was too weak to risk a journey across the city as well as the train journey, and rehearsal and work at night, and I had no knowledge of the sort of places which may be rented to human beings. Kitty was always clean herself. . . Upon the day I returned, despairing and feeling ready to die, Kitty met me, and took me to her room. She had left the baby fast asleep, she said, with a neighbour watching. It was raining, and my heart failed as we went deeper and deeper into a district of the hopelessly poor, a sodden, dreadful pit. At last, we turned into a house in that slum. By the light of a candle I could see where the child lay on a bed devised of a mattress and coverlet, but the cover was clean.

I sank down and bent over my poor infant while Kitty busied herself with a feast of tea and sausage. The child was hot and fretful. She would not look at me, but cried for Kitty to take her. I was much disappointed; but no persuasion stilled the cries. So the big girl worked, holding baby with one arm while I sat, too sad for tears, benumbed and despairing of the future. I drank Kitty's tea and ate her sausage. Kitty ate, too, heartily. But the child refused to open her mouth when we offered her particular food.

"Do you think she is ill?" I exclaimed at last. "Ill! Why would she be ill?" returned Kitty. She stared at the baby; its face was burning and its eyes glittered. Kitty's gaze and mine encountered. Hers fell. "Go for a doctor," I said. And, without a word, she ran out. I kneeled beside the darling with a sinking fear that she was very ill indeed, and had been so for some days. She lay, quite inert, staring with those heart-breaking eyes.

The doctor preceded Kitty to the bedside. "You've nothing to nurse her with," he exclaimed irritably. "It is a case for nursing. D'you know anything of illness?"

"I know a little," I managed to say. "I will do what you tell me." He shrugged. Nursing sick babies had been no part of my education. Properly enough! What should a young girl do nursing the sick? But trained nurses should be at least as available as policemen in a civilisation. "I will let her go to the hospital," I said, breaking down. The doctor's reply startled my heart. "I don't think she'd stand the journey."

That hour I recovered from my own illness. Strength roared through my bones. I was determined to keep the child. I sent Kitty to fetch the things the doctor had mentioned as helpful—a large kettle to produce steam in the room, linseed and brandy.

Awaiting her return I knelt by the beautiful baby. We had lifted the mattress on to a big box by the fire. With her little hands in mine, I crooned to her, bidding her stay and encouraging the weak heart whose life seemed slipping away with every laden breath. So soon as I murmured to her, her eyes dwelled straight upon mine. Some idea gleamed over her face. Her mouth squared and she whimpered and uplifted towards me. She knew me again! I soothed her as I well knew how, and before Kitty returned the little one had shut her strained lids in slumber.

"Good! You may pull her through yet." There was nothing, the doctor said, to be altered from what we were doing. During the sixth day, Kitty asked me if the child was christened. It had not been. "Will ye let me bring Father Whoite? He'll do ut for nothing and he'll ax no questions av ye."

I looked at the great, simple face; no malice was there. "Let him come," I replied.

Thus it came about that towards this outcast daughter of the House of Israel, the Church of Rome stretched a beneficent hand. My child lies in a Catholic tomb instead of in a pauper's corner; and, although I were to neglect the value of one acre of earth against another, I might never neglect the benevolence which received that little coffin and sheltered me when I was broken.

The sixth day passed into night. The good doctor had begun to smile when he entered. This night the child seemed extraordinarily ravenous. I fed her with food and brandy and she sucked the spoon for more. I had orders constantly to change the position of her limbs. When I would have done so after this meal my child appealed to me with her eyes not to touch her. So I refrained from disturbing the tender legs and arms; and the baby fell asleep. Happy, I lay down on the floor by the mattress, foolish almost from joy.

In the early dawn I started from my sleep, chilled with dread. I touched the child. I listened for her breathing. She did not breathe. I sprang for the brandy and tried to force a drop between her obdurate lips. But at last my hand fell, and I knew that she was dead. A great wailing was torn out of me, and clasping her nerveless body, I tried to pierce the way she had gone.

The woman, Kitty, shook me roughly and flung holy water about the child. "Would ye drag her back? I saw the Blessed Mother at the door last night. Shure I knew the choild would go, and it's happy it'll be if ye lave it be." She pointed angrily to the marks of the inflammation already staining the livid flesh, the last heat of life creeping outwards. "See what ye've caused already," she exclaimed. "Ye'll have the corpse not fit to be seen if ye don't give ut up."

I gave it up. A woman came to lay out the dead. I went, I know not how, to register my dead. An undertaker measured for the coffin. Many people came and went. Some spoke to me. At last, no person remained but Kitty and the woman who had first come in. Kitty spoke my name. I looked at her, and she said: "It'll be the Father'll rade the sarvice to-morra."

"To-morrow!" I repeated.

"I'm off now to ax some friends to sit up with us to-night. It'll be more dacint than just us two."

"To-morrow," I repeated.

"The doctor says she'll not keep. Now I'll hurry and Mistress Quinn'll stay with ye." The door closed behind her. I had a sixpence of my own. "Take this," I said to the woman. "Go." "Shure, ye wouldn't stay alone here"; she hesitated, grasping the coin. "Go!" I repeated.

The beauty was of the Dead. Beyond any moment of its human existence, the child was glorified.

I stood back from the coffin. That which lay there was not mine nor longer common of this earth.

Joy was upon the countenance, and the repose of all the generations that have given up the phantom of human life.

There was nothing to be done. I would not touch that brow or the lips or the waxen hands. . . .

"Phwat 're ye doing alone with ut—shure, be dacint, thin!" I beheld Kitty. I wondered what she was meaning, and why I should not be alone with my dead child. I never knew. I never asked. People followed Kitty into the room, whispering; and she brought one woman to me. "This is Mistress Edwards, an' it's she'll give the choild a place in her own grave. An' it'll cost us nothing but the funeral carriage. An' every one av ye here has promised a shillun, bless ye all! Open that bottle, now, Joe Henry, and warm yersels, it's starved ye all are."

I saw with horror clutching my brain that the table was littered with bottles of drink. Everyone turned thither at Kitty's word. I started towards the coffin—but at the thing I beheld there I burst into a roar of pain and anger.

The colour, the expression, the size of the countenance had changed. It appeared a grey, shrivelled, agonised face of an ancient. I shrank down upon the ground and they thought I had gone mad. I heard Kitty scream: "Hould her off the corpse. She grieves different to us, it's onnatural. Now come," she addressed me threateningly. "I'll be rough with ye if ye fasten on to her like this. Let her go. Ye'll not get her back, and ye're only keeping her in torment. Lie down a bit, woman dear, an' don't be after hurtin' the choild!"

I staggered away into a corner and collapsed. They might do what they wished now. They drank all night. I heard lamentation, swiftly repressed, and, as well as lamentation, ribald talk and jest. I listened and looked and cared not. Several times the women arose to admire the loathsome remains of that the Spirit had abandoned.

I grow sick remembering. But I sat that night through, insensible to its horrors or with only one sensation. I desired the body to be buried away.

When morning dawned only Kitty and I were awake. I saw her thrust a man's arm from a female's body and draw the shawl across the woman's breast. Then she made the fire and began to prepare coffee. She brought me a cup before awakening the sleepers; there were six of them, four women and two men, all huddled and drunken. "Drink ut," she said; "I'll send 'em off now. Praise God the choild is safe." I arose and looked at the dead child. Its face was covered with specks of dirt, and the little night-dress which served for a shroud was polluted from the touch of foul hands. I washed the face and spread a handkerchief over it, and Kitty brought holy water and resprinkled all about the coffin. "I'd ha' loiked more folk to wake her," she whispered to me. "But the Blessed Mother knows I couldn't get any wan besoides." We shrank away from each other as the sleepers stirred on the floor. I did not return to my corner, but remained guarding the coffin. Out of the staring light the poor, bestial mourners went one by one, none touching me where I leaned glowering beside the dead. Immediately came the undertaker, and the room rang with the driving in of the nails. At last it was done, and presently some of the mourners returned, dressed and sobered. Then the Father entered; and the people stood quiet and respectful in the presence of the Church.

The young, fair priest read and prayed. I kneeled when they kneeled. Then he went home and we went out into the snow, following the undertaker. There stood a cab. I got in. There was a halt, and the undertaker fumed aloud with rage at the violation of some idea of propriety. Two men and a woman—not Kitty—were to go with me. It was late in the afternoon when the coffin was laid across my lap and we were driven rapidly through the streets. I did not know where the cemetery was; I do not. I have never been there again, nor ever wished to go. They bade me hold the rope to lower the coffin. I saw that the sides of the grave were wet, brown and unseemly. I wanted then to embrace the coffin and clutch it away; but the woman took my arm and stood with me among the snowy graves until we were called to leave.

I wished not to see Kitty any more. But I conquered my aversion and I returned to her room. I found her blind with weeping. "Ochone!" she exclaimed. "I've thought it all over and I've been a bad woman. I know where she caught her death and ye're green wi' misery, woman dear, an' all they folk tormentin' ye who warn't belongin' to any av thim. Say ye'll thry to forgive me or I'll hang my wicked neck this night. But I swear t' ye I took her away straight whin I knowed the choilder was infected. . . ."

I soothed her somehow, and I said that it was better that the child was gone out of it all. And I promised to write to her when I should have found work again. Then I said good-bye, and she followed me out into the passage and leaned against the door, crying, with her arm thrown across her face.

Views and Reviews.*

THE eighteenth century has suffered so much at the hands of historians that Frederic Harrison did a daring thing when he wrote his essay in its defence. We may agree with both parties, and yet be unable to feel much enthusiasm for the period. The eighteenth century was dull, even though it did produce Voltaire, a man whose sixty plays and innumerable writings of other kinds are unread, and who is remembered only by a few epigrams and gibes at Christianity. It might have been the century of all the virtues, instead of all the vices, and yet have failed to be held in honour by succeeding generations. Certainly one of its most remarkable products, the man Emanuel Swedenborg, attracted less attention than the contemporary Cagliostro, and to this day his forty bulky volumes are practically sealed books for us. I confess that I have not read them: I shudder at the thought of reading them, even as I shudder at "Sordello"; for the curse of the eighteenth century is upon them. The eighteenth century was the age of reason; and the consequence was that even revelation became expository, and matters of faith were treated as matters of fact, and were built into scientific systems.

Swedenborg, as he is best known, was not a messenger from God. He brought no new faith, made no revelation: he was simply a commentator on the Scriptures, an inspired theologian who wanted to build a new Church. That he comprehended more of the Gospels in his creed than was customary at that time may be admitted; but "faith without works is dead" is to be found in one of the Epistles, and surely a text of that kind needs no comment. That he introduced the doctrine of correspondences to the modern world is much to his credit; but that he should have so perverted the maxim of the alchemists, "As above, so below," that his heaven and hell differ from earth only in degree of intensity, shows that the most illuminating ideas may be darkened by passing through a theological brain. Christ at least freed us from the fear of the Eternal Feminine. "In heaven," he said, "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." Swedenborg would have marriages celebrated in heaven as on earth; but he must have shocked the stricter believers in the indissolubility of marriage, for cohabitation, although resumed in his heaven, is not necessarily permanent. But what shall it profit a man if he gain his own soul and find his wife in heaven? Are we to suppose that he will, like another Touchstone, present her to the Lord with the remark: "A poor thing, my Lord, but mine own"?

The writer of this book, Mr. George Trobridge, ascribes so much to the genius of Swedenborg that I am rather surprised to find that Swedenborg is not mentioned as the first man of modern times to revive the doctrines of reincarnation and Karma. These doctrines are more intelligible and more important than Christian or any other eschatology; and they need no laborious exposition for their understanding. That Swedenborg was an evolutionist of the best type, that he was perhaps the first man in Europe to recognise that evolution is impossible without a spiritual influx, and is not therefore a product of natural selection, ranks him with the keenest minds that the world has produced; but that he should have omitted all mention of these two doctrines is a proof that even Bibliolatry is not the way to revelation. For a scheme that presupposes that one life on this planet is enough for the purposes of the individual is evidently based on the Christian conception of a moral universe. It supposes that we are here simply to show whether we prefer good or evil, and for which army of the disembodied we are eligible. But with Nietzsche rose again the doctrine of the will; and as none, except an entirely successful life, which is impossible, could satisfy it, the need for more than one life becomes apparent.

Although Swedenborg is most familiar as an expounder of the Scriptures, and the author of a new

* "Emanuel Swedenborg." By George Trobridge. (F. Warne and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

theology, it is as a scientist that he will probably attract most attention in these days. He wrote many works which either have not been translated or are out of print; but I understand that they are shortly to be published, and, if what Mr. Trobridge says of them is true, many reputations of originality will be shattered. I say nothing of such mechanical inventions as a repeating rifle, a flying machine, or even an airtight stove; but the versatility of the man will be understood when it is claimed that he invented the undulatory theory of light (although I understand that Sir Oliver Lodge was saying some time ago that the corpuscular theory had received some confirmation from the phenomena of radio-activity), that he originated the nebular theory, and that even the localisation of brain functions was first made by him. On this point Mr. Trobridge is not very explicit. Swedenborg wrote a book of four volumes on "The Brain," and Mr. Trobridge does not give us even a list of his anatomical discoveries. All that we know is that Dr. Max Neuburger, of Vienna, said: "He [Swedenborg] leaped a whole century ahead of his age by the announcement of another discovery, for he was the first one to show that the cortical substance of the brain is the exclusive seat of the higher psychical activity, the point of attack of the soul." The remark, "a century ahead of his age," suggests that Dr. Neuburger is unacquainted with the work of Gall; but it will at least be interesting, when the last two volumes of "The Brain" are published, to see whether the ignored Swedenborg forestalled the equally ignored Gall, and how far their works are corroborative.

Swedenborg was a geologist, a metallurgist, and to him has been ascribed the origin of the science of crystallography. He seems to have forestalled Mr. Herbert Spencer in the theory that the motions of the ether contributed to the production of the sense of sight. Indeed, his opinion of the ether so corresponds to modern ideas that perhaps we shall have to abate our claim that the ether was made in England, and admit its Swedish origin. After this, his inventions of an ear-trumpet and the mercurial air-pump seem mere trivialities.

In addition to these multifarious activities, he was a politician, with a seat in the House of Nobles. He forestalled Mr. Lloyd George in his desire to abolish the drink traffic, and at the same time to raise revenue from it. But he did not forestall Mr. Arthur Kitson, although he also had reforms of the currency to propose. His principle was different from that of Mr. Kitson, for he wanted to abolish all general loans on fixed and movable property, and to place credit upon a money basis. Loans should only be negotiated, he declared, for the purposes of the State, and upon gold and silver; certificates of indebtedness should not be legal tender, and banks should increase their store of bullion. I cannot examine these proposals here, and compare them with those of the Banking and Currency Reform League; but Mr. Kitson will doubtless be pleased to learn that his originality alone is left unchallenged.

It may be asked of Mr. Trobridge, in conclusion, why there should be all this bother about the origin of these various discoveries. Does it really matter whether Laplace and Kant, or Swedenborg, invented the nebular hypothesis? What would be of value to this generation would be a comparison of the two theories to show which provided the completest explanation of the facts that have been collected, and indicated the most promising lines of research; or a comparison of his localisation of brain functions with that of Gall, showing which was the more complete and accurate, would have been valuable. But this claim of priority, without any proof of the evidential value of the ideas, is simply an assertion that the New Church had for its founder an Admirable Crichton. If Swedenborg's discoveries do not make obsolete our present scientific knowledge, or do not extend it, it is rather a waste of time to bother about the correct historical attribution of scientific discoveries.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

An American Glossary. By R. H. Thornton. (Two volumes.) (Francis and Co. 30s. net.)

The difficulty of defining an "Americanism" has been too great for Mr. Thornton and he has therefore contented himself with describing what is and what is not included under this term. The current American slang he rightly excludes from his glossary; since there is no certainty in regard to any of the neologisms that they will become part and parcel of the American language. "To have a bubble in one's think-tank," for example, was a common phrase in America some four or five years ago; but to-day one seldom hears it. The slang phrases of the moment are comparable to the music-hall songs of the day. Only a small minority survive their first season. Rejecting, then, the current slang until time has winnowed it, we are left with (a) slang that has survived, (b) words obsolete or provincial in England, but generally current in America, (c) local names, (d) historic or associational names, (e) old words with new meanings, (f) words of American origin become current in English. And it is under this classification that Mr. Thornton has compiled the present work. Of the slang that has survived there are naturally a good many examples: "Gone coon" and "Small potatoes" are the meanest specimens; but we confess we grudge to America the creation, if it is genuine, of the phrase "to darken one's door." Franklin is said to have used it first, and in the "New Oxford Dictionary" as well as in the present volume, he is credited with its invention. But the phrase must have spread rapidly, even miraculously, through England, for the oldest inhabitant of a rural village out of contact with letters recalls its familiar use by his grandfather. We should, in fact, be disposed to place it among the borrowed phrases. Similar critical comments can be made on several other of Mr. Thornton's collection. Quite a dozen of the words he counts as obsolete in general in England, but current in America, are neither obsolete nor confined to a province. But these are merely specks on the sun. The volumes as a whole are excellent, and the wealth of illustrative passages—over 14,000—make the work a pleasure to the reader as well as a convenience to the mere student.

Where Socialism Failed. By Stewart Grahame. (Murray. 6s. net.)

The sincere and well-informed author of this account of the famous "New Australia" experiment in communism is somewhat off his ground in criticisms of Socialism. Socialism, as surely its name indicates, connotes at least a social body—a body, that is, not of picked men of a particular type, but of all kinds of persons. An ordinary village, for example, is a microcosm of the nation, and might safely in our opinion be trusted to carry out a Socialist experiment with some hope of success; but William Lane's companions in the Paraguay Settlement were all of one type, and for the most part, strangers to each other. Again, as anyone who knew Lane personally, as the present writer did (and we do not gather that Mr. Grahame ever met him), the personality of Lane was anti-communistic. Actually he was what we should nowadays call a benevolent bureaucrat prepared to pay lip-homage only to democracy. The failure of such experiments as he undertook have in reality no bearing whatever on Socialism as a practical re-organisation of Society. To add to the reasons just given, pioneering and settlement in a new country are scarcely the conditions under which capitalism has become the developed and evil monster we know it to be. Probably friendly individualism is the appointed means of civic development in its earliest phases. The State at least must come into existence before State ownership is possible. On these and other grounds, Mr. Grahame's criticisms of Socialism are beside the mark. He is more anxious, in fact, to prove Socialism wrong than to discover the real causes of the failure of "New Australia" and "Cosmé." Nevertheless, his account of the details is full and accurate. Only real comprehension of the impracticable Tolstoyan, Lane, is missing.

Socialism As It Is. By W. English Walling. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Only those who have laboured in vain to bring home to others the distinction between one theory and another will realise the desperate relief with which the expositor occasionally turns to practice for his proofs. I can't prove it in words to you, he says; but if you will look here and here and here you can see it for yourselves. The distinctions in theory between Socialism and Collectivism, Socialism and Social Reform, Socialism and Syndicalism, while plain enough to the exceptional student, are distinctions without a difference to the ordinary student. For the latter there remains only the hope that given these theories in practice he may learn to know them by their fruit.

Mr. Walling is a past-master in this second form of exposition. Turning his back on theories of what Socialism ought to be, he sets himself to describe Socialism as it is and as it actually embodies itself in the Socialist movement of the world. The Socialist movement, he maintains, is the best exposition of Socialism. It is, moreover, a critical and at the same time a constructive exposition. Certain guiding principles of selection (known to the thinkers but only sub-consciously present in the minds of the rank and file) determine the content and, therefore, the definition of Socialism at any given time. And these guiding principles serve both to reject what proves in practice to be contrary to the spirit of Socialism, and to accept and incorporate in the movement what is really native to its spirit. But to catalogue the rejections and selections of the Socialist movement, taken as a whole, and by this means to arrive at the definition of Socialism, require a prolonged study of the movement wherever it exists; and this, by good fortune and a praiseworthy determination, Mr. Walling has been able to give to the subject. Readers will find in his work the best account yet written of the actual working of the Socialist movement in Europe, America, and Australia; an account, moreover, as luminous, as detailed and exact, and as lucid and subordinate to the purpose of the work as fair-minded. For the sections devoted to the exposition of what Socialism is, indeed, no praise can be too high. The student has only to read them to understand Socialism as no amount of theorisation can make him.

But when Mr. Walling turns to defining the methods to be employed in altering Socialism and to conceiving Socialism as it *will be*, he is, in our opinion, less thoroughly reliable. He is even somewhat vague in his sketch of the means to be employed—sometimes advocating political action and sometimes denying its utility. On the other hand, his realisation of the industrial means is quite inadequate. Quoting from Bebel to the effect that Socialism will only be possible when Socialists have complete power, he allows us to conclude that political power alone is under discussion; and this is confirmed by his remark that "Trade Unionism translated into politics is not Socialism." We agree, but neither is Collectivism translated into politics Socialism. The two movements, indeed, as they each form part and parcel of the Socialist movement, may be expected to produce each its share in the final product. Our readers are aware of the attempt THE NEW AGE is making to show the vital relation of these two interlocked forces; and we can only conclude that Mr. Walling was unaware when his book was being written of the strides industrialism has made. That he was not quite up to date in the growing and constructive aspect of Socialism is further clear from his reference to THE NEW AGE as "the organ of the younger Fabians." THE NEW AGE has never been a Fabian organ; and it is less so now than ever. We conclude, however, in strongly recommending Mr. Walling's book as the best guide we have yet seen to Socialism as it was a few months ago.

Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911. By W. Harbutt Dawson. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

In his speech introducing the Insurance Act in England, Mr. Lloyd George, like his forerunner in Germany, Bismarck, laid emphasis on the fact that the expenditure would prove, and had proved, to be profitable to employers. The most interesting chapter of the present work contains the evidence of this taken down from the lips of representative and leading German employers. Practically without exception, the chief employers of Germany are convinced by experience that an expenditure of some 4 per cent. of their wages bill on the health of their workers pays in efficiency, spirit and general satisfaction. Thus Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to employers is supported by the best available evidence; and only stupidity, we should say, prevents English employers from accepting the boon now offered to them. But while we have never denied the value to the employing classes of Compulsory and Universal Insurance, the value to the employed is a horse of a different colour. Admitted that, on the whole, the general health of the working classes in Germany has been improved by the agency of the Insurance laws, their status as proletariat has not been in the smallest degree changed, and it is furthermore probable that even without deductions from their wages, their employers would have been compelled in their own interests to institute similar if not even superior conditions of hygiene. In other words, it is probable that enlightened capitalism itself would have undertaken entirely at its own expense the profitable burden of insurance, and thus have given the workers their mess of pottage without demanding in return for it the loss of their birthright. In England, in particular, which affords only a partial parallel with the conditions prevailing in Germany when Bismarck inaugurated his State Socialism, this work of social hygiene at the expense of the employer and the State has already been well begun. Every Council has now its Public Health Authority, charged with the prevention and, in some instances, with the cure of disease. It was, therefore, highly probable that this system would have continued to extend and to take into its organisation the majority of public hospitals and at last to form a State Medical Service. Mr. Lloyd George's Act, however, has nipped this promising development in the bud. Going back twenty years to Bismarck's plan, he has ignored the water that has flowed under the English bridge in that time, with the consequence that the health of the workers is now to be improved at a vast and extravagant expense, by an organisation newly created, and at the price of the workmen, of a fixation of status which will assuredly need a revolution to change. Mr. Dawson writes as a frank advocate of Compulsory Insurance both in Germany, where he has seen it in operation, and in England, where he hopes to see it. But in no part of his careful statistical work does he discuss the bearings of the subject on the problems above suggested.

The Railways and the State. By Frederick W. Pim. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

As chairman for twelve years of the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway, and one of the expert witnesses before the recent Viceregal Commission on Irish Railways, Mr. Pim brings practical experience to weight his advocacy of unification. The economies to be affected by the abolition of competition are so considerable as, in fact, to dictate unification in the near future; but the nature of the ultimate authority is still under discussion. Accepting Mr. Pim's expert argument for unification, his view that not the State, but a public Syndicate or Trust is the preferable controlling authority, may be neglected for two reasons. He admits that he has no special knowledge of State railway working abroad; and he admits, further, that only the example of the State-managed post office predisposes him to reject Railway Nationalisation. But we may fairly say that the origin of the faults in postal administration is now known; it lies in the fact that the Postal Service is bureaucratically and not democratically controlled. In other words, it commands the mechanical services but not the whole-hearted services of its employees.

Pastiche.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

I walked through an alley of fruit stalls, between stacks of strawberries, all the big shining ones in front, all the small squashy ones (as I guessed) behind, where they serve you from. I did not desire strawberries all that day. I met them in the afternoon, with cream, under circumstances in which it was impossible to avoid them.

"I adore strawberries and cream," said the newly-finished infant of twenty.

"I find them rather tedious," I murmured in a voice carefully modulated to carry without apparent intention to the hostess' ear. My mad desire for strawberries in early May seemed now but a fevered dream. "Yet," I added yearningly, "with wine—red wine—they are tolerable, pleasant even."

The very next day I met them again, in a big bowl.

"Strawberries and wine," said the presiding goddess, "à la français, you know."

"Aise," I corrected, helping myself with pleasurable anticipation.

"No, Burgundy," said the goddess.

I let it pass and fell to. It was certainly some considerable time ago, but—was my memory faulty, or the wine? Probably the wine. I scanned the table anxiously for some clean fruit and a cream-jug; but the alternative was absent.

I was once almost happy. It was election day, and the Liberal candidate had driven up to the polling-booth to see me record my vote. Everyone was shouting for the Liberal candidate, or at him; I forget which. It was a proud moment, for I had faith in Liberal candidates in those days, and thought that they were amongst the elect. Then it was found that I had no vote to record: I was merely an Un-traced Removal, or something of the sort. I had never been conscious of attaching any value to my vote before, but I think I would have died for it then. I got it back long before the next election, and have kept it under lock and key, so to speak, ever since, even on polling days. It may be a source of gratification to me to know that it is there, but I doubt it. Perhaps it is the same with women. Will they want it when they have got it? As a suffragist fairy from Ireland once put it to me: "Your not wanting us to want what we really don't want makes us really want it," which seems an unsubstantial basis for a permanent desire.

A year ago my young friend Sylvia had but one ambition—to know Mrs. Dashdot-Dash. She knows her now, and her life is absorbed (I will not say wasted) in subtle manœuvres to avoid meeting the lady in question. I could multiply instances of hope turning to ashes and the gathering of dead sea fruit. Who cannot? Desire, satiety, disgust, and new desire—how else shall the rusty old cog-wheels of life be made to turn? How else shall fresh illusions spring from the dust of crumbled dreams? ARTHUR T. COLMAN.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

THE I.L.P. AND THE SUFFRAGISTS.

BY PHILUP SNOWDEN, M(ODEST) P(RICE).

I AM continually amazed at the extraordinary eloquence of our women. From one point of view this is a serious inconvenience, as even unmarried members of the I.L.P. have been compelled to agree. But really, as I have often said before, where there is no vision of a naked, emancipated womanhood, the I.L.P. members of Parliament perish.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

VERY SHORT STORY.

Willie Dawson had yearned, with a youthful yearning, yearned for the yoy of yife; but with the passing of the glorious Bill he saw his selfish desires dashed to the ground. "Leedle Willie, leedle Willie, leedle Willie," quavered his old master, the blacksmith, in trembling tones, the first time Willie had handed him his Insurance card, "I am an old, old man, and my tongue has lost the powers of its youth. Lick the stamps for yer old master, leedle Willie, an' Lloyd George bless 'ee an' make 'ee ill."

THE PROGRESSIVE'S BOOK WINDOW.

... We have, unfortunately, no entirely adequate information regarding the undoubted sources from which the careful and brilliant author of this distinguished volume extracted his information and no less his inspiration; but if they be such as we may reasonably have ample grounds for supposing, the main conclusions that he brings before our notice must be taken with all seriousness to heart, and there more thoroughly and more critically expatiated.

("The Christian Commonwealth" is the only journal in

which a sermon by Mr. Campbell appears every week.) [Still more luckily, there is no Weekly at all in which a sermon by Mr. C. appears every Day.]

THE ME IN I.

BY THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

Prayer.

O God, how would you explain this? . . .

Sermon.

What an astonishing thing for me to say this morning! Is it not indeed so? I quite grant you we don't all understand the prevailing features of the situation on the surface. But Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts the case in a nutshell when, as I am fain to state, she says . . .

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE PREVENTION BILL.

The passing of the Prevention of Prostitution Bill through both Houses of Parliament has given rise to wide-spread satisfaction all through the community. There was a slight but probably unintentional opposition to the clause empowering the police to arrest at sight and without a warrant any suspected female found unaccompanied in the stipulated districts after sunset. At present the police throughout the West-end are obliged to condone this horrible traffic and even to accept bribes from the unhappy individuals engaged in it. They are in this and similar ways so well acquainted with the true offenders that the power entrusted to their discretion can have none but a most satisfactory effect.

THE PEMBER RESULT.

We must confess that we are surprised at the extraordinary voting at Pember. That Mr. Seething Wash should be separated from the victorious Liberal by even the extraordinarily small margin of 5,000 votes is an extraordinary difficulty, to solve which we can find no adequate explanation. For not only is it true that Mr. Wash's proposals were in no single instance divergent, except in point of numerical inferiority, from those of his Liberal opponent, but he could, still further, boast of a gentlemanliness almost beyond conception. For he has never interfered between master and man, never forgotten to say his prayers night and morning, never smoked, never spat, never drank, never attempted to hustle the House, and never said "boo" to a goose. That he should have been defeated by even so small a majority is, as we have said, extraordinary.

MR. WOGG TO COME TO LONDON.

The Rev. Golly Wogg, of Sandwich, has accepted an invitation to succeed to the ministry of the Fenchurch Street and Mincing Lane Little Brothers-in-Arms. He is expected to commence his duties early next month with a sermon entitled: "Jesus Prays for the Wage System." Rev. Wogg is now one hundred and eight years old and a hearty supporter of Women's Suffrage, which he champions in his own energetic way by saying: "My brother Jesus denied all women, even his mother. But would he have done so if she had had a vote?" Rev. Wogg has a flourishing family of twenty-seven children, and is as good a citizen in many other directions. The Little Brothers-in-Arms should find in him a spiritual parent after their own heart.

TABLE TALK.

A subscriber in Chicago, U.S.A., writes: "What a noble, jolly paper 'The Christian Commonwealth' is! It is a weekly joy to me. I would sooner go without my bath than miss 'The Christian Commonwealth.'" We thank our friend for his greetings, but we must beg him not to become dirty. After perusing our paper he should invariably bathe himself—for does not cleanliness come after godliness? We venture to add our personal testimony to the advertisement in another column of the merits of the new soap, Hogwash.

An excellent little hand-book, "How to Prepare Girls of Six for Motherhood," has been issued by "The Christian Commonwealth," and should be in the hands of every true believer.

AT THE PLAY.

This melodrama, entitled "Girls! Watch Out," is full of symbolism, I am sure. For, though I feel I do not know precisely what it meant, yet time and again I saw through it a deep, mystical purpose. It pictured most truly slum-life in Cavendish Square, and perhaps in a year or two I may discover what it is I wish to say. Until then I will state that the acting was wonderfully like life as it is staged.

CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH FELLOWSHIP.

Jane M. Briggs (York) thanks us for putting her into communication with two gentlemen correspondents. "It is lovely" she writes. "They are cautious."

A. B. C. (Cuckfield) asks: "What is the 'demmymond'?" We fear A. B. C. does not read "The Christian Commonwealth" carefully through or she would be well acquainted with the subject.

The Sonderbund Exhibition at Cologne.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

I.

WHEN I finally turned my back upon the Sonderbund Exhibition of pictures at Cologne, only one question filled my mind, and seemed to press me with ever greater insistence for a reply. It was how on earth the public and critics of Europe could be so utterly dense and indifferent as not to see that in the new municipal building at the Aachener Tor something much more vital and more tragic was on view than a mere collection of modern works of art.

It is thrilling enough to see a child catch hold of a razor by the blade, or to watch a full-grown Englishman burn his fingers at a mere flapper's fire; but to look on while an endless stream of apparently sane Europeans consistently misunderstand what is taking place before their very eyes in the world of art is one of the most depressing and at the same time most dramatic experiences of modern times.

One feels one would like to shake them out of their fools' paradise, or rouse them from their empty slumbers; and yet all the while one wonders why the ear-splitting roar and thunder of the battle that one knows is raging does not seem to make the smallest impression upon them. For at that exhibition at Cologne there are the bullet-pierced standards, the spiked guns, the spent shells, and the whole arsenal of the Grandest Rebellion that has ever been seen on earth. A Grand Rebellion that is still at its height, and that has lasted, if you please, one hundred years!

Only a public utterly ignorant of the meaning and purpose of art could hear of such things with equanimity. Only a Continent that has forgotten that art is prophetic, and that these highly sensitive men who become artists unconsciously foretell the meteorological changes that make and unmake nations, could possibly have remained indifferent to these things for one hundred years.

I admit that there is no one to call them to their senses, because the critic is also of the public nowadays. But does art not really matter so much, then?

Our Grand Rebellion in politics, here in England, lasted not more than six years; it was a matter of Roundheads and Cavaliers, of people who were Puritans and negative to life, against people who were Pagans and positive to life. The Hundred Years' Rebellion in art also has its Roundheads and its Cavaliers. The question is, Who are winning? Which side can show the greatest number of victories? For it will be understood that, if I am really speaking the truth, this is rather an important matter. We must know with whom we are dealing. With all the insensate chatter about line, colour-schemes, values, chiaroscuro, the incidence of light upon form, etc., etc., the main issue, the most important thing of all, is left entirely in the lurch. And the most important thing of all is to know how the cause of ascending, positive life has fared in this Grand Rebellion.

Nobody who has followed the course art has pursued since the early twenties of last century can help seeing the full force of the parallel which I have drawn.

Art, previous to the Counter-Reformation, was understood to mean practically life expressing herself concerning herself, or a certain kind of life expressing its view of all life. The artist was thus the advocate of life who received his brief direct from life herself, or else he was life's opponent who had his brief from life's adversary. In any case, however, his pleading had some direct relationship to life and to its fundamental passions. This was the Holy Catholic institution of art. All the world understood it so, all the world always had understood it so.

The effect of the Counter-Renaissance, the effect of Protestantism, was Separation. Once man's religious

devotions were divorced from the law, and were allowed to take their direction and their colouring from each individual worshipper's whim or fancy, the actual relationship of religion to life began to be set in doubt. Religion was able even to turn against life herself—not any longer consciously, but with conscious justification up to the hilt, and with about five hundred different sects to split hairs about the manner in which it should be done.

So it was with art. Once it had been divorced from the traditional law that it was the voice of a certain kind of life expressing its view of all life, there was no end to the chaos and the muddle that resulted. There may not have been five hundred sects, as in Protestantism; but there were certainly a hundred. For who doubts that the Impressionists, the Neo-Impressionists, the Post-Impressionists, the Futurists, the Cubists, the Synthesists, the Pointillistes, and their ancestors the Transcriptists, Naturalists, Pre-Raphaelites, etc., are anything else than the Puritanical Baptists, Anabaptists, Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Plymouth Brethren, Quakers, Unitarians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists of a Grand Rebellion in art? He who doubts this wants guidance. He who denies it wants enlightenment.

But there are nuances. One touches all these people with gloves. From Rodin to Renoir, from Whistler—that great Puritan with a grand style—to the Cubists and Futurists, the last of the technique-maniacs—one feels that they are a riotous, disorderly, and despicable band. But here and there there is a ray of hope. A Pagan strain shows itself. A strain of the old painter-stock comes to light—mostly, by-the-by, in that sect known as the Post-Impressionists. And with Gauguin and Van Gogh, all of us who are watching this Rebellion with bated breath, and who feel that its result will be but a forecast of coming events in the concrete world of politics and national life, cannot help feeling that at last the Cavalier element is beginning to recover some of its former strength. Or is our burning hope perhaps only the conjuror of this thought, and is it in itself an illusion?

Personally, when I left the Sonderbund Ausstellung a week ago, I had a feeling that the fortunes of battle were turning. Gauguin and Van Gogh made me think so. I knew, of course, that beneath all this fight about mere technique and questions of form life herself was still speaking—that is to say, impoverished life—life, shorn of her instincts and her passions, was revealing the fact that such negative and in any case subordinate matters as mere colour-schemes, effects of light, etc., were sufficient to kindle the paltry passions of her present anæmic advocates, the artists. And I knew that the huge preponderance of these men during the last fifty years had meant a series of appalling routs and defeats to the Cavaliers. Nevertheless, it was obvious that the latter still possessed a great deal of strength, for unconsciously—always unconsciously—the mass of the public supported it. It was mere tradition, I admit; mere prejudice, if you like. But it was a healthy prejudice; it was a sound tradition. And in democratic days we must be grateful even for mob prejudice, if only it is on our side.

This Sonderbund Exhibition is a most important collection of pictures, and a great lesson is to be learnt from it. The whole building literally reeked with the smell of powder—at least, so I thought. And above all the scrimmage I seemed to see Van Gogh and his friend Gauguin, like two gallant veterans, directing their side with a genius and a power which I thought bade fair to turn the scales in favour of the cause for which they were fighting—the cause of ascending, positive life. For they were both deserters from the other side, and therefore knew their opponents' weakest points. They had been bred and born among them.

Don't misunderstand me. It was not a victory I saw. It was a sudden and very slight change in the fortunes of battle—a mere wave of enthusiasm and trust on the Cavalier side—a mere wave of depression and greater exhaustion among the Roundheads.

Of the precise nature of this change I must speak in my next article.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUILD-SOCIALISM.

Sir,—To put a literary foot within your columns, it seems (under the dazzling light of "Present-Day Criticism"), one would need as much courage and self-esteem as to oppose a debating front to a Fabian audience; yet my honest and keen craving to discuss pressing questions of social policy for to-day, to-morrow, and the next day emboldens me thus far.

I must begin by owning that I have in mind the need of united action so strongly that I am apt to be negligent or, at any rate, indulgent in criticising mere modes of speech where the genuine world-mending instinct is discernible behind them. It is, after all, still true that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—though this would not excuse me for carelessly or misleadingly calling it a poppy! I admit that clearness of speech is none the less commendable as inducing definite and effective co-operation in action.

THE NEW AGE, I understand, has now a constructive policy to advocate and assist: it aims not at mere journalism, but at promoting action. Therefore, its unsigned and uninitialled articles may be supposed to embody conclusions (by whomsoever written) derived from one central standpoint or plan of campaign. Seeking to elicit from your various contributors the essence of this plan, I gather that—in part, at any rate—it consists of the abolition of wage-slavery, the method being the acquisition by Labour of "economic power." Political action, you suggest, can be no factor in economic emancipation.

The abstract term "economic power" bewilders me. Does it mean higher wages? Hardly, since wage-slavery is still wage-slavery whether wages be high or low. Does it mean the extinction of wages as a social factor, leaving Interest or Profits and Rent (the other partners in the money world as classified by THE NEW AGE) to share the field between them? Or are all these also to disappear? If the latter, it would seem that some larger generalisation must be sought to cover such a change, which certainly is not adequately described by the phrase "abolition of wage-slavery"—or indicated on the constructive side under the title of Guild-Socialism. Again, I would ask: If a partnership between the State and the unions is the ultimate of Guild-Socialism, why should their action be divorced at this stage, as THE NEW AGE would, apparently, have them?—(or does THE NEW AGE really not desire the elimination of the Labour Party?).

Another doubtful phrase needing interpretation is "those who control the wage system." Who are these? Inasmuch as the Government is a large employer of labour, does it not have a finger in the pie of this control, quite apart from the Insurance Act? And is it, then, outside the range of political action to influence this control in some degree? Going a little deeper, does not the very existence of the Legal Tender Acts (which by political action could be repealed) condition, together with the State regulations relating to the Bank of England, the incidence of economic pressure far more than any other factor whatsoever?

The co-operators have learned to be their own employers and to absorb their own profits, but that has not enabled them to inaugurate Guild-Socialism or win the prizes of life from those who hold them by a money-warrant or from hereditary descent.

Will THE NEW AGE suggest under what marching orders the Syndicalists should move towards Guild-Socialism, and how other sections should assist them? Or does it intend to take its cue from the Italian railwaymen?

H. M. MACDONALD.

* * *

THE PRODUCER.

Sir,—One word constantly appearing in your "Notes" and in letters from your correspondents is a standing incitement to my satirical reflections on the fashionable intellectual flabbiness that excludes metaphysic as causal science, as a practical concern for the epoch.

In your articles on "Guild-Socialism," in Mr. Clifford Sharp's letter in your issue of July 11, in all the current Socialist literature I have read, the "producer" is mentioned as familiarly as though he or it were as unquestionably identified as might be a mug of ale. Really, this literature has no more identified a producer than it has identified the appearance of the other side of the moon, or settled the question whether the moon has another side.

You claim for certain people that, as producers, they should control—to what extent and in what particular manner I have not yet gathered from your columns—their industry. The only producer above my mental horizon is some causal agent through the agency of which or whom the mental and bodily powers of each human being exist. If you, sir, cause to exist the admirable ability manifested in the "Notes," you are, to my apprehension, a producer.

If you do not cause the powers to exist, you are, to my apprehension, no more a producer than is the pen with which you record your thoughts. To judge from your own writings, which I shall quote, you agree with me as to the producer, though you ignore the agreement in urging the underlying claim of Syndicalism, based on ignoring the problem of the producer.

I agree with Mr. Clifford Sharp that what is important is not so much "control" as that all sorts of workers are assured of "their fair share of the general wealth of the community"—which I advocate as Equalism. But now arises the question: What is the fair share? If a man produces his mental and bodily powers his fair share is what they enable him to appropriate of the general wealth. If he does not produce those powers he has no rights whatever, but as claims derivative from observance of rights as exclusively appertaining to the producer of the powers. The criterion, then, of his "fair share" is what distribution of the general wealth is consistent with its administration as belonging, by right, exclusively to the producer of the powers. As Equalist, I advocate for this purpose of honest administration of the producer's property the nearest approximation in the common interest to some middle standard of individual monopoly in terms of income.

Obviously, your system will necessitate, as a preliminary, dispossession of people who own by warrant of law, ignoring rights as the producers' and asserting them as men's. To override the law by asserting rights as men's is merely to repeat the wrong on which the law is based. I do not credit that such subversal can be effected without entailing more misery and degradation on the people than they now suffer. As we shall see by what I am going to quote from your writings, you are in agreement with me here, though you ignore the agreement in your advocacy of subversal.

Now for the citation from your generous reference to my work in your issue of May 15 last! You say: "The alternative to this common submission of all men to a standard external to each of them is plainly merely pull devil, pull baker. By what right, save force, do the existing capitalists maintain their possessions? And by what right, save force (called euphemistically Parliamentary, democratic, or what not authority), will the challenging proletariat of to-day take possession of what is now private property? On the other hand, the admission that all wealth, including strength, is the sole property of God carries with it the duty of each to employ wealth in the service of justice." (As the property of God, for the greatest practicable equality of enjoyment by men.) "The Bishop of London may not be aware how fierceness is likely to be added to the flame of reform when, instead of the formula, 'Open in the name of a majority of your fellow-citizens,' the formula of 'Open in the name of God' is employed; but Mr. Croft Hiller is well aware of it."

Yes, sir, I am aware of it, "and no mistake." When, if ever, fierceness comes there will be "hammers of God" at work in place of the present army of puff-balls of men. Then violent subversal of the law will be justified and there will be heaven on earth. If submission comes without the violence so much the better for humanity. But the submission must come, and you, sir, must help it along. Let us get to work for that external standard of justice! Then we may leave the rest to take care of itself, and you and I and others of our kidney, if we are not boxed-up or cremated, will get the labourer's due for working for God's rights and Christ's teaching; while the bishops will have to follow a comparatively clean vocation—say, sweeping crossings or emptying ash-pits—and will be saved from taking the hireling's bribe for working for Beelzebub and his servants who batten by robbing the producer. Let us shame or terrify the bishops out of taking the wages of iniquity as stumbling-blocks for the people, deceiving the multitudes as to the teaching of Jesus Christ and intellectual demonstration of rudimentary duty to God! Let us be hammers of God, not puff-balls of men!

H. CROFT HILLER.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—In the "Saturday Review" of July 13 Lord Alfred Douglas refers to THE NEW AGE in a letter to the editor concerning a review of Mr. Masfield's recent verse. The reviewer, Mr. J. E. Barton, it appears, praised Mr. Masfield's work, and in attacking him for doing so Lord Alfred Douglas advises him that the proper place for the "Wakefield school of criticism" is THE NEW AGE rather than the "Saturday Review." Surely this is an inverted sort of remark, since it was precisely in THE NEW AGE that Mr. Masfield was first criticised and has been most consistently classed among inferior versifiers. I do not, of course, suggest that Lord Alfred Douglas took the materials of his own criticism from your columns and then attacked your journal to conceal his theft, but THE NEW AGE was first in the field by some months, and Lord Alfred, at best, only brings up the rear.

Turning, however, to more important persons than the late editor of the "Academy," in a recent "Daily Herald," Mr. Russell Smart has an article on "Syndicalism," in which he expresses THE NEW AGE conclusion that a combination of Collectivism and Syndicalism is the Socialism of the future. Syndicalism, he says, will form part of, but cannot dispossess, the State. In a letter to the "Labour Leader" of July 23 Mr. Nefydd Roberts, of the I.L.P., comments on the Hanley election as follows: "It is useless for the Labour Party . . . to fight the Liberal Party unless they have an essential difference in their programme." And what can this essential difference be but the abolition of the wage system and the substitution of an industrial democracy in the form of Guild-Socialism?

In reply to "Guild-Socialist" and other correspondents who object to the attribution of Guild-Socialist ideas to THE NEW AGE, I have only to plead that previous writers have, at least, not done much to spread them. I can well believe that Mr. and Mrs. Webb have expressed Guild-Socialist ideas in their time; they have been writing long enough to box the whole compass of Social Reform and even Social Revolution. But nobody who has read their articles on "Syndicalism" in the "Daily Herald" and observed their absence of sympathy with or understanding of the vital constructive principle of Syndicalism will allow that their Guild-Socialism has ever been more than pen-deep. I ask whether any reader would have associated the Webbs with a co-management scheme between the State and the unions, to the extent, at least, of allowing the unions to appoint their own managers. The principle of selecting their own managers was, in fact, specifically repudiated by the Webbs in an article recently quoted in THE NEW AGE.

However, I am bound to say that, whether at the head or the tail of the procession, I am glad to see the Webbs among the Guild-Socialists. Your only danger now is that everybody may be adapting Sir William Harcourt's famous mot: "We are all Guild-Socialists to-day."

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

Sir,—I see from a press-cutting that a letter in your issue of July 11 suggested that an article which I contributed to the "Labour Leader" of July 4 was inspired from your columns. May I say that—no doubt much to my loss—I do not see THE NEW AGE and that I have long held the view advanced in that article? Three years ago, in opposition to a Fabian lecturer at a branch meeting of the Finsbury I.L.P., I urged that much of the industrial administration in the Socialist State should be placed directly in the hands of the organised workers within industries.

A. FENNER BROCKWAY.

* * *

MR. S. VERDAD ON DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—The looseness with which words are popularly employed does not justify a NEW AGE writer in similar looseness. So ordinarily careful a writer, indeed, as Mr. Verdad ought to be above pleading popular usage as an apology for his own careless misuse of the term "democracy." Whatever meanings may be attached to "democracy" and "democratic" by street journalists, the fact remains that "democracy" in a strict sense and in any intelligent discussion implies a form of government, and a form whose characteristic is the consent of the governed. Every other form of government dispenses more or less with the consent of the governed; but democracy makes a point of the consent, insists upon it as a condition of its own purity, and safeguards this consent by increasingly efficient devices. Now the question I desire to put to Mr. Verdad is whether he is or is not in favour of government by consent. If he is, he is a democrat without knowing it. If he is not, what form of government appeals to him, not personally and idiosyncratically, but as a member of English society? I would further have Mr. Verdad note that Democracy or Government by the Consent of the Governed is quite compatible with leadership. Napoleon the Third, if I remember rightly, made himself Emperor by popular consent. If consent can admit a dictatorship, is not that a free enough field for potential leaders?

But Mr. Verdad will object that the "people" are not disposed to consent nowadays to large dictatorial powers in their chosen governors, and even when they widen these powers somewhat their choice falls on inferior men. For the first part of this objection, however, there is little found in recent history. I am amazed, along with many others, at the simply terrific powers popularly permitted to, say, a Prime Minister by the English people. A Prime Minister is the King of England in all but in name. On the other hand, I admit that the second clause of the objection is stronger. The English public, while freely granting great powers to individual leaders, does, indeed, more often than not, give them to the wrong men—Lloyd George, for example. But is the average of bad popular choices worse than the average of any other method of selection? Heredity, landed property,

scholarship, military qualities—these have all been tried long before popular consent was experimented with. Mr. Verdad would find it difficult to maintain that any one of these systems of selection was a greater success than the present democratic system.

But I admit that the failure to discover the right men every time is the failure of democracy; but I claim that the failure will grow less as the experience of democracy increases. What we have to do is to "educate" democracy into knowing a man when it sees him, recognising his character at sight, as it were, and judging him from his phrases and conduct. The existence of critical journals like THE NEW AGE is one means of educating the public in the art of "spotting" men. With ten NEW AGES no charlatan would have a chance of passing for a statesman.

I conclude by repeating my request to Mr. Verdad to declare himself either for or against Government by Consent (or Democracy) and to adduce his reasons.

C. WHEELER.

* * *

"JEWS AND THE ARMY."

Sir,—The sweeping statement of "Romney" that, in the opinion of "every soldier in every army of every country," Jews do not make good soldiers will have to be taken by unprejudiced observers with more than one pinch of salt.

Against this "undeniable fact" we must take into consideration that it is barely three generations since Jews have been allowed to enter military service or to hold rank of any kind, and that for a thousand years their military genius and martial spirit was suppressed through social hatred and bigotry. Yet, starting with this obvious disadvantage, what do we find? In Continental countries where distinction of race and creed do not exist (as in Italy or Holland) or is quiescent (as in France or Austria) Jews have held and hold some of the highest commands; among the generals of the French Army more than one Jew can be found, and the highest military office—that of Minister of War—was recently held by a Jew. If, therefore, "in the opinion of every soldier," etc., in France or Italy, Jews do make good soldiers, the distinctions won by them must have been obtained, in "Romney's" eyes, by false pretences.

The other "undeniable fact"—that Jews do not go in for soldiering—is disproved by taking France (which "Romney" knows so well) as an instance. Our worthy contributor may deem Dreyfus "a common spy," a term he may probably apply to every one of the five hundred officers of the Hebrew faith who held commissions in the French Army before that Dreyfus affair showed the evil influences which were sapping the strength of France. The strong desire of French Jews to prove their loyalty and devotion to the land of birth and adoption was here exemplified by the large number who took up arms as a profession; this it must be considered when we remember the hard work they did, the small pay, and the frequently antagonistic relations between France and Germany. The fact that they took their work seriously and showed that strong desire to get on, which marks Jewish talent in every profession, was too much for their detractors. Who were these men who were striving to cast aspersions on the Jewish officers of the army? Were they men who were moved by patriotic motives to strengthen France's premier service? Time has proved that they were the remains of that clericalist and monarchist party which brought France to the dust in the last German War. It was this party, nursed in the Jesuit schools, which was taught to blackball Jewish and Protestant aspirants for military service. Devoid of the necessary abilities which should have qualified these Jesuit protégés to high military office, and discredited by those splendid defeats which they had organised in 1870, they used the foulest means to obtain control of the army. It was the Merciers, Billots, and the other clowns who ruled the French Army a few years and after 1898, and who reduced France to a second-class Power. It was with the help of the "Masonic and Jewish Junta" that she reinstated Dreyfus and placed his courageous defender, Picquart, head of the army.

The fall and rise of French power, therefore, went pari passu with the ascendancy of religious intolerance and the return to reason. Sir, it is these pernicious tactics of the Jesuits—for whom "Romney" shows such a strong penchant—that we find underlying his antipathy to the idea of Jews being found entering the rank and file of the British Army. For if soldierly qualities—quoting "Romney's" own words—lie "in will-power, the determination to conquer and the power of inspiring men," what has been the whole history of the Jews but their strong will and determination to withstand the heaviest odds? What has given them pre-eminence in every walk of human activity if they did not inspire the world with confidence in their aims, brushing aside at every turn the prejudice and race hatred of many centuries? And if I have previously exemplified their high intellect by the fact that they have produced the greatest chess masters, I have added one more invaluable quality which has long been

recognised as an adjunct to successful leadership. I will merely quote the Encyclopædia Britannica on the game in which "war-game" has its origin: "The real proficient must call to his aid all that has of foresight, brilliancy, and resource, both in attack and defence. Two chess-players fighting over the board may be fitly compared to two famous generals encountering each other on the battlefield, the strategy and tactics being not dissimilar in spirit." "Romney" tells us that the chess-playing propensities of the Jews lie in their "cunning," a property of a low peasantry and not of a race reckoning its civilisation in thousands of years. Assuming, therefore, that it is the business of a military critic to aid in moulding the various essential elements of an army into a coherent striking force, one wonders what useful purpose can be attained by "Romney" and his kind in restricting the natural abilities of Jews into that groove which persecution has driven them to—the organising brain and sharp eye of those Jewish capitalists whose power fills "Romney" with such terror is one outcome of such persecution. Against this we have the vast number of Jews who have attained distinction in the sphere of science, arts, and literature, and the ever-increasing number who enter the liberal professions gives lie to the charge that they are a set of money-grubbing parasites. This charge is pretty well at par with "Romney's" statement that "avarice" is the leading motive of the Jewish race. The Jewish spirit rises over and above such calumny. It was that spirit which prompted a Lassalle to point the way to economic freedom; a Disraeli who gave articulate form to his countrymen's groping for Imperial unity; or in the thousands of Jews who sacrifice themselves at the present day in the cause of Russian freedom. Of the few whose dealings have led "Romney" to characterise the race as monopolising low usury and the white slave traffic, it will be enough to say that they are outside the Jewish fold, and their misdoings should not be utilised in besmirching the fair name of Jewry.

If "truth" prompts "Romney" to vent his spite against a Sassoon, why does he not give like treatment to our aristocrats who draw their rents from lands to which they have no title—the land stolen from Church and State, and around whose ancestral castles skirt the dirty hovels of their present-day serfs? There is no need to point out the finger at the Jew as the only offender. He is as much part of our present vicious system as any other creed; but if extenuating circumstances may be pleaded, it can be said that the Jew relieves himself more than any of his money before and after departing this earth. This example the Gentile rich might well follow. Such a process makes a journey to the upper regions more rapid, and certainly retards the Avernian descensus.

Whatever the influence of such financiers as the Sassoons, Cassels, etc., on human progress may be, it has yet to be proved if it compares in its viciousness to that industrialism which transformed this country to what it is. Indeed, it is doubtful if the claims of interest have been paid with that heavy toll of flesh and blood which Rent and Profit have exacted. Great has been the cry against l'haute finance. Nothing is heard of those fortunes wrung from child labour in mills and mines when Britain was making the first stand for commercial supremacy. The dwarfed populations of industrial centres are sufficient proofs of this indictment.

MICHAEL DAVIES.

* * *

"NEWS FROM NOWHERE."

Sir,—I hoped to have seen in your last issue that someone had a word to say for William Morris and "News from Nowhere." As I find that no one better qualified than myself has come forward, I crave the favour of a little space for a few remarks on the review of "News from Nowhere" over the initials "A. E. R." in THE NEW AGE of July 11.

In the first place, I do not think it is true that Morris ignored the State. He gives us hints of an assembly of the people which appears to have been a sort of folk-mote, and reference is made to certain laws or rules which governed these gatherings in their decisions; he is also shown the Mote Hall at Hammersmith, and I believe (quoting from memory) that old Hammond says the whole people form the Parliament. "I see no politics," says your reviewer; and we reply, as Dick Hammond did about the smoke, "Why should you?" Is it not generally recognised amongst Socialists that party politics are inimical to the State and no necessary part of it? We must not, says the parable, enter into the wedding feast not having a wedding garment; and we should not enter Utopia without the sympathetic mind. We must allow the assumption on which the author proceeded—the assumption, that is, that, under favourable circumstances, mankind can develop its better qualities and suppress the bad. It appears to me that the book is convincing or not according as the reader allows or does not allow this assumption to be reasonable. Granted that environment has any effect on character, it seems only a work of time, with sufficient effort in the right direction, to

arrive at Morris's ideal State. Self-interest is not, of course, always enlightened, but it seems reasonable to suppose its enlightenment would be proportional to the general level of intelligence of the people.

I do not think Morris was guilty of cant about work; he was essentially a craftsman, and there is no doubt his love for work was no affectation. Although he does not actually make the classification, he recognised that work falls naturally into three classes: that which is creative, and may be called, in a broad sense, artistic; that which is pleasant, either as exercising the muscles or because it is done under pleasant conditions or in company (it was Morris who said: "Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell"); and, lastly, that which is unpleasant. The first of these was what the people of Nowhere feared might run short; the second, such as road-mending and haymaking, was in the nature of things continually recurrent. As to the third, old Hammond explained that the unpleasant processes were either given up altogether—where it was found that the community could do without the product—or else done by immensely improved machinery; and such disagreeable operations as could not be eliminated in either way it was found that the common honesty and goodwill of the people would not allow them to shirk. I do not think most of your readers will agree that work is a regrettable necessity—as a general proposition—and certainly men of William Morris's type never would.

Another fault your reviewer finds with the book is that the author did not go enough into detail. He made a one-horse Utopia, did not provide for transport, had no curiosity about the force that drove the barge, did not explain how the Latakia got into Piccadilly, nor how the raw materials required were obtained. Well, he left a little to the imagination (not to say ordinary intelligence) of his readers; and, having mentioned a horse and cart, boats, and a "force barge," trusted it to supply enough of these for all purposes—not to mention that the road-mending must have had an object—unless we are to suppose it was all done for the Guest's drive. Morris was, I believe, no engineer, and would have got into difficulties trying to explain the "force barge," and, really, what more natural than that he, coming out of the late nineteenth century, should accept a power-driven barge without question? Any one of us would probably have said "electricity," and passed on.

But the criticism is a little inconsistent. Morris is blamed for not providing for transport and, at the same time, for providing for exchange of commodities. Markets would be required for exchange, and stores—or, as he calls them, shops—for the distribution of certain articles. Distribution would have to be attended to even after the abolition of money.

But there is a difficulty about the tobacco and wine, though that it is not one of transport is evident from Morris's particular mention of the docks as being still in use. The difficulty is one of economics, and may be roughly stated in the question: What goods could England produce which Germany and South Russia could not? And if there were no such goods, how was the barter carried on?—unless, indeed, the wine-growing countries grew nothing else and imported all their wheat, and the tobacco-producing countries did the same.

As to the alleged change in the English climate, when we consider that the guest was in Nowhere for just a week in June, and that the weather, which was fine all the time, threatened to turn to a thunderstorm on the last day, we cannot but admit that the conditions might have been matched in two summers out of three in our experience.

So far from "News from Nowhere" being, as your reviewer says, already old-fashioned, it has appeared lately as if some parts of it might have been written last year. Twenty-one years ago Morris foresaw the futility of the political action to which the Labour Party are to-day wedded, and prophesied that many of the leaders of the workers would prove to be self-seekers. Whether he took too hopeful a view of the result of the unrest and revolt which he foresaw, and of which we now see the beginning, is a question that time will answer.

"News from Nowhere" is to my mind at once the most convincing and the most charming book of the kind that has ever been written. One has only to compare it with Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and Bellamy's book to see that it far surpasses them in imagination. Morris did not make the mistake of over-elaborating detail, but he said enough to be understood by anyone who really takes the trouble to read his book, which is the only one of all the "Utopias" that one can read a second time. May the new "Utopia" your reviewer asks for prove as good reading when it comes to be written!

* * *

"OFF BEATEN TRACKS."

Sir,—When my eye fell upon the review of my book, "Off Beaten Tracks in Brittany," in your current issue I heaved

J. A. H.

a deep sigh of relief and murmured the first line of that hymn of my childhood, commencing "Oh Gawd, our yelp in ages past." For I had expected a severe slating at the hands of your reviewer, instead of which I received what for him is praise. In fact, Mr. Editor, will you kindly remonstrate with your reviewer? It is becoming almost monotonous, week after week, to read the indiscriminating praise he lavishes upon books—good, bad, and indifferent.

The only complaint I have to make personally is that your reviewer takes seriously a remark of mine to the effect that my book was a "masterpiece"—this in a book claiming (however poorly it may justify that claim) to be a humorous work. Perhaps, however, it is not your reviewer, but I, who am to blame; for I should, of course, have added to the aforesaid remark: "This is a goak"!

Until I read your reviewer's note I was not aware that a tribute to the perspicacity of one's wife was a Fabian characteristic. Surely there is an omission here, for your reviewer does not state "which wife."

Still, these small blemishes merely serve to throw into stronger relief the other features of your admirable journal, and nothing—not even ten such book notices—would cause me to forswear THE NEW AGE. Without it Thursday would be unthinkable and a dreariness (this is not a "goak"). But, please, do get your reviewer to abandon his habit of heaping fulsome praise upon every contemporary writer, and ask him, in the language of my fellow office-boys, to put a little more "ginger" into his notices, otherwise, so far as reviews are concerned, we shall not know whether we are reading the "British Weekly," "Our Pets," or THE NEW AGE!

EMIL DAVIES.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

Sir,—The blindness of the critics in the case of Richard Middleton is quite in accordance with tradition. Your own reviewer's frank contempt, which, after all, is the unexpressed attitude of the majority towards all poetry, is, perhaps, preferable to the condescending eulogy of others; at any rate, it precludes the possibility of this particular critic's opinion being taken seriously, where poetry is concerned. One cannot, of course, expect every critic to be endowed with that sense which makes the distinction between poetry and verse a matter of intuition and not of laborious analysis. Nevertheless, it is surprising that so few have heeded the many infallible signs that they were dealing with no ordinary maker of verses. Take, for instance, the vivid pregnancy of expression which great poets, and great poets alone, invariably achieve from time to time. The great line is the surest test of a great poet, and there are lines in Middleton's work which are so fraught with significance and aglow with inspiration that it is impossible to match them outside the select circle of the admittedly great:—

" . . . your mean, ignoble mind,
Greedy of common things, that in the dark
Feeds on itself, contented to be blind,
While men dare God for sight . . .

" . . . though even while I sing
Worlds die and are created, still you move
Sole mistress of your imperturbable hour,
As though that hour held all . . .

" . . . From out the hopeless fight
The souls of men seek forlorn burial,
And eyes that praised you range the eternal night."

These lines are all taken from a single poem, "To Althea." It is not included in the recently published "Poems and Songs," but is familiar to all lovers of Middleton's work; and it is indubitably the utterance of a great poet. But, indeed, almost all his published poems are alive with the glamour of genius. Magic lines abound:—

"And through the gates of sleep I hear her call
My drowsy senses to the carnival."

"A human blossom glad for human eyes,
Made pagan by a child's serenity."

"And through the meadows, where the moon astir
Binds the wet flowers in garlands with her beams
To deck the brows of sleep."

No lyrical anthology of a hundred years hence will be without one or two of Middleton's poems; and the stanza in the lines "To an Idle Poet," beginning "For though man only lives his sombre days," will rank with the great reflective passages of English poetry. Middleton's work is his monument; the scribes of a day may scratch it with their little pens, but it will surely endure. As he himself says:—

"The critics labour everywhere,
With cunning hand unwavering,
What time, regardless of their light,
The poets wonder in the night."

ARTHUR T. COLMAN.

"THE NEW AGE" AND MR. HENRY SAVAGE.

Sir,—I have been instructed by my client, Mr. Henry Savage, in reference to certain libellous and scurrilous statements which you have printed and published of and concerning him in this week's issue of a periodical called THE NEW AGE, dated the 18th inst., and appearing on page 281.

The statements are wholly untrue as regards my client, and unless, therefore, you forthwith are prepared to send me, on behalf of my client, a full and complete withdrawal and apology, which must be inserted in your next issue and also in the "Times" and "Daily Mail," my instructions are to at once issue a writ against you for damages.

I must ask for a reply by to-morrow morning at latest.—
Yours faithfully,

EDWD. TATHAM NASH.

161, Strand, July 18.

[The statements alleged by our correspondent on behalf of his client, Mr Henry Savage, to be libellous, scurrilous, and wholly untrue occurred, we presume, in the course of our review of the current "English Review." We wrote of Mr. Savage as one of those now patronising the late Richard Middleton and as filling, along with many others, the mouth of the dead man with windy praise. For the life of us we see nothing libellous or untrue in these statements concerning Mr. Savage, and the remainder of the passage was of general, not particular, application. The opinions there expressed are, in fact, an everyday sort of comment for THE NEW AGE to make regarding better and better-known writers than Mr. Savage. If Mr. Savage is damned he has, therefore, the satisfaction of being damned in much better company than he is likely at present to be praised in. We, of course, decline to apologise for our settled policy of reviewing, and can only regret that a professional literary man should abandon his own pen at the first challenge and employ a solicitor who splits his infinitives.—ED., N.A.]

ONE PENNY AT ALL NEWS STANDS.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

(BRITISH EDITION).

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor.

AUGUST NOW READY.

For Free Sample Copy drop postcard to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, 37, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

	One Insert.	6 Insert.	12 Insert.	24 Insert.
16 words 1/-	3/-	10/6	17/-	
24 " 1/6	7 6	15 9	28 6	
32 " 2/-	10/-	21/-	34/-	
40 " 2/6	12/6	26/8	42/6	
48 " 3/-	18/-	31 6	51 -	

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

ALL LAME PEOPLE should send for particulars of Patent SILENT, NON-SLIPPING PADS for Crutches, Pin-Legs, and Walking-sticks. Inventor a user. Splendid testimonials.—Address: N. A. GLOVER, 2, Brundrett's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONIES Exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEGE, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

"ASHLET" SCHOOL-HOME, Addestone, Surrey. Reformed Diet. Individual Instruction. Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References.—Apply PRINCIPAL.

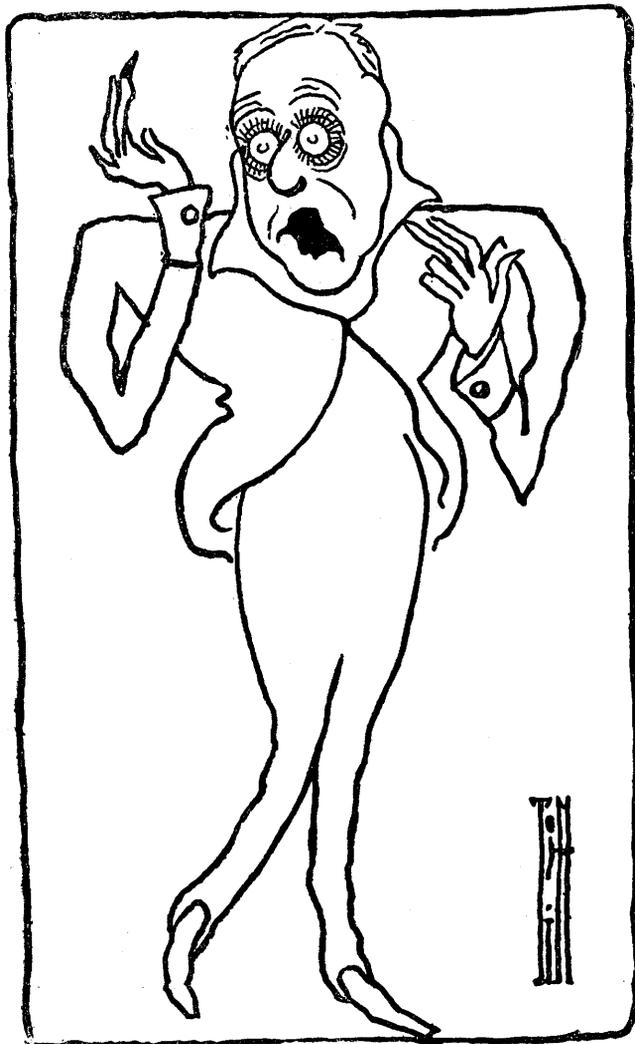
DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.
By the Spirit of Revelation in ZION'S WORKS.
Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.

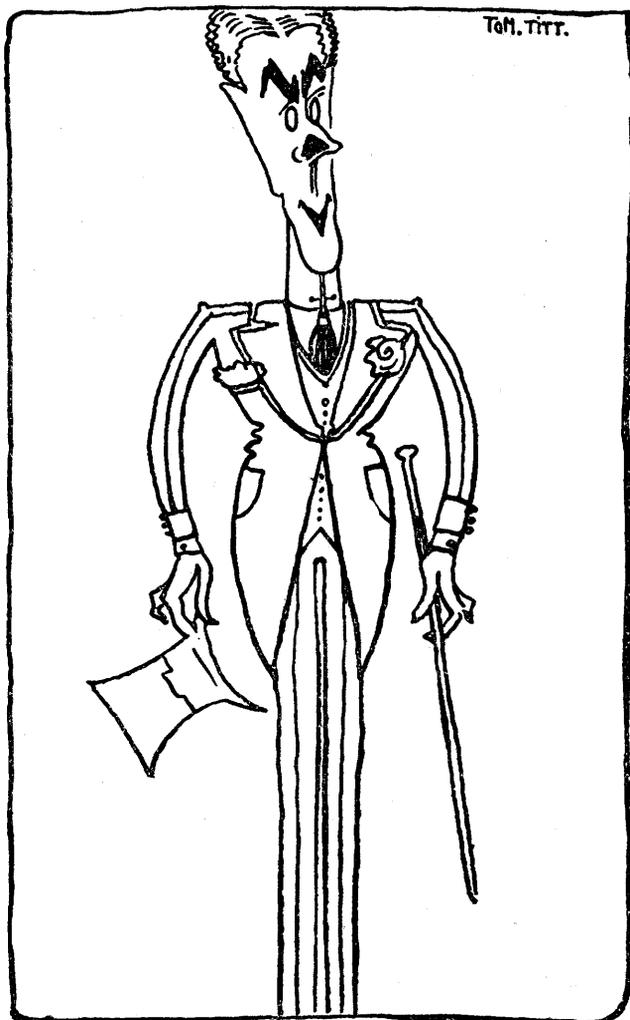
OCCULTISM.—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Inquiries answered through the post.—VEGETARIAN, Waterloo Hotel, Wellington College.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hopps), "Eternal Punishment" (Stoford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

SKETCHING CLASS near Boulogne during July in connection with "La Palette."—Particulars, "La Palette," 18, Rue du Val de Grace, Paris.



SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE.



SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.



MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.