

# NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE thought the White Slave Bill had been killed for this Session at any rate. There was so much clearance of window-stock to be done, the Bill had been mauled in Committee past recognition, it had been denounced by critics outside, and it had been defended by such compromising persons, that it seemed blazed for an early fall. Yet on Monday evening, to the general surprise, Mr. Lloyd George announced that the White Slave Bill would rank with the Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment and Franchise Bills; and on Tuesday Mr. McKenna made the still more surprising statement that the Bill as left by the Committee last August would now be restored to its original form. The theory of political corruption that usually covers these mysterious goings out and comings in of Bills before Parliament cannot, we fear, be held to cover the White Slave Bill. The Plumage Bill, we know, drafted by one of the Leagues supporting the former Bill, was dropped on account of the feather interests of the London Chamber of Commerce: that great body of merchant princes who would exploit bed-ticks if they had any commercial value. But, so far as we can see, the White Slave Bill promises immediate profit to nobody; on the contrary, for several Members of Parliament, for many of the clergy and probably for one in four of the big landlords of our cities it threatens immediate financial loss. What, then, is the explanation of the Bill's survival in a House not given to legislating without personal motive? To discover even a plausible explanation of the mystery it is necessary to inquire who and what are the persons and forces behind the Bill. They appear to be composed, firstly, of a handful of lecherously minded parsons of various sects; secondly, of a group of Parliamentary Pecksniffs; thirdly, of a number of females of the dangerous age; fourthly, of a nebulous mass of more or less indecent societies, such as the National Vigilance Society; and, lastly, of the Charity Organisation Society, known and dreaded of the poor under the name of the C.O.S. Concerning the C.O.S., the most sinister as it is the most powerful of all the reactionary orders of social freemasonry, we shall have something to say presently, but in the meantime a review of the minor elements in the conspiracy against social liberty must be attempted.

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It was Talleyrand who said that language was given men to conceal their thoughts; but the epigram, a bon-mot in his day, has, in our day, become rather less than a truism. For, in vast communities like ours, where the mass of public men are known only by what they say, language serves not only to conceal thought but to conceal conduct as well. In the absence of the very strictest criticism of the printed words, the public has, in fact, no means of knowing, in the case of any public utterance, whether the words are consonant with the character of the speaker or represent in any sense his thoughts and conduct. Thus it follows that in many instances the public impression of men and movements is the very contrary of the impression produced on close or privileged observers; and not always by any means are the impressions of the public more favourable than they ought to be. We could name plenty of men and even societies whose projections on the public stage have been too truthfully worded, with the result that the public has been misled. But on the other hand, no public person or society, professing to desire sexual repression or regulation, has ever, to our knowledge, been received on unfavourable terms: on terms less favourable than its own profession. Why is this? Why is it that a man (still more a woman) or an organisation has only to proclaim its object to be sexual repression instantly to command not only public influence, but immunity from criticism, personal or social? Who slays fat oxen need not himself be fat; nor, it is true, must he needs be thin. But in the case of sexual "reformers" professing the slaughter of "impurity," their personal and collective purity is immediately assumed.

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It is a singular piece of bad national psychology, and singular most of all in this respect: that nine out of ten of those who assume it are individually aware that the assumption is unsafe. The most popular "fraud" in all literature is Pecksniff, a man, as Dickens describes him, known to everybody and a warning to all. But let only a Pecksniff arise in public life, the obvious and unmistakable type of Dickens' Pecksniff and of all the little Pecksniffs privately encountered, he is, as we say, instantly taken at his face value. Yet as the smallest application of experience to public judgments would compel us to conclude, the protestations of Pecksniff, and even protestations smacking in the least degree of Pecksniffianism, ought to be held a priori not as conveying but as concealing thought. Above all, it is necessary in every such case to give credit only under the compulsion of accumulated evidence and after prolonged scepticism. We are not prepared to maintain outright that people who busy themselves

overmuch in purity leagues are of necessity impure persons, with thoughts or conduct to conceal; but, on the other hand, so many of such persons have been proved to be in urgent need of their own reforms that suspicion, however unkind, must rest for the psychologist on all. When even so elevated and philosophic a man as Meredith can be found expressing in his private letters a yearning for dainty "tit-bits of women's flesh"—a desire concealed, we imagine, from the readers of his novels—what wild dog-lusts may not be secretly questing in the most elevated minds of the men and women engaged in the "purity" campaign? As remote from the normal as their views are of what sex relations ought to be may be their views of what sex relations are—and not their views only. We confess that, just as we look with suspicion on any social reformer who sets up an extravagant ideal with the intention of *punishing* people who decline to accept it, we look with suspicion on purity propagandists who carry a whip for flagellation. The whip, we conclude, is what they fancy others need, because they secretly fancy they need it themselves. Nobody desires to punish another for doing what is altogether indifferent to himself.

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We should be on too dangerous ground in attempting to specify in print the notorious instances we have in mind. Besides, as we say, instances must have come in dozens under the notice of even the casual observer. But the temper, at any rate, of the movement which has produced the White Slave Bill may be judged by the utterances of the people prominently connected with it; and these are published for everybody's comment. Take, for example, the Bishop of London's passionate advocacy of flogging for offences under the proposed Act. It is not conceivable that a modern educated mind, even though a bishop's, should demand the revival of a form of torture long known by penologists to be useless, and now known by doctors to be inflammatory, unless in temper as well as in intelligence that mind was at least belated, and therefore relatively abnormal. The offences to be dealt with, as we shall show in a minute, are, when all is said and done, quite minor in comparison with offences committed wholesale and daily in our factories, without comment by the Bishop of London. Why, therefore, single out this particular offence for so barbarous a punishment? If procuring is so criminal that civilised penalties are insufficient, our case is too desperate for barbarism in this respect only. On the scale of flogging for procurement, hanging and drawing are the least we can award to Government contractors paying girls 2½d. per pair for making policemen's trousers; and for the Government that permits it, for the Bishops and Archbishops who connive by silence at it, boiling in oil or some other sanctified punishment is only logical. Mr. Silvester Horne and Mr. F. B. Meyer, we gather, are of the same opinion as the Bishop of London on the subject of flogging. On the subject of heaven and God and the soul the divines of the Church and Chapel disagree with spirit, but on the means of producing hell on earth they agree beautifully. What have Mr. Silvester Horne and Mr. Meyer, any more than the Bishop of London, to do with singling out one offence for specially barbarous treatment. Why does their gorge rise and their temper flare at the procurement of a few girls, and remain cool and in its normal place at the commercial procurement of five and a half million women at an average wage of seven shillings a week? The temper, we repeat, of the backers of the Bill needs explaining; it is not normal, it is not balanced, it is not healthy.

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Or take, again, as indications of the psychology of the Bill's promoters their further proposals for enforcing their Act. The re-institution of flogging is not enough for these pure and gentle souls who, to judge by this alone, would at a pinch be prepared to lynch a procurer on suspicion to-morrow, but they are anxious to suspend the principles of law by respectable legal means. It is proposed (by Mr. Hugh Law, who, we

thought, knew better) that trials under the Act should be held entirely in camera, so that only the police and their legal brethren (we include the jury under these circumstances) should be able to judge of their own conduct! But, worse than this, it is proposed (by Mr. Rowntree, we think) that previous convictions against the prisoner should be admissible as evidence at any stage of the proceedings. We do not know that there is a single offence in which this procedure now legally obtains. We know, in fact, that there is none. Yet for this one offence the whole tradition of even legal justice is to be abrogated, and all to enable the promoters of the Bill to discharge their bile. We can surely begin to realise that the state of mind that calls for a legal revolution for the purpose of punishing an old offence is a little abnormal, a little strained. And it is quite consequential that the beliefs implicitly accompanying this state should be equally extreme. The first clause of the Bill as originally drafted, and as Mr. McKenna has promised to restore it, reveals a faith in the innocence of the ordinary constable which balances the hatred of the victim, it may be, of his error. As black as the suspected procurer is in the eyes of the promoters of the Bill, so white in their eyes is the common policeman. The former is a fiend from hell, a thing without shame or feelings or human intelligence; the latter, by contrast, is an angel of light, a St. George against the Dragon. But this romantic conception of the policeman, pairing the portrait of the procurer, reveals another characteristic of the promoters of the White Slave Bill. At the same time that they are as apprehensive and imaginative of sexual sins as destined whores and fledgling libertines, they are also as innocent of worldly experience as new-laid eggs. If it is too cruel to lay on them the suspicion of amorous impurity, they can scarcely escape the charge of a worldly ignorance almost, in their position and with their pretensions, as culpable. On second thoughts, indeed, we will confine ourselves exclusively to this account of them: the promoters of the Bill (the C.O.S. excepted) are little innocents whose mothers should be informed that they are out in the world in an excited state of mind. But this, we fear, will not help us to account for the power the promoters of the Bill have shown to resuscitate their Bill after it had been buried. Something more than a picture-palace view of life has been necessary to induce the Government to re-include the Bill in its already over-burdened list. And these reasons we must seek, partly, in the popular appeal all such Bills have to a silly public; partly, in their acceptability to the Nonconformist conscience and caucus; partly in the influence of the C.O.S.; but mainly in the economic drift and effects of industrialism. Of these four reasons for the revival of the Bill it is not worth while at this moment to discuss the first two; since they, like other human weaknesses, are always with us; but of the economic position and of the position of the C.O.S. it is time now to speak.

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We have hitherto written of the effects of capitalism (by which, as our readers know, we mean the use of wage-slaves as a raw material) as if they were prospective merely. Sooner or later, it has been vaguely surmised, the evil effects of the segregation of the rich and the poor would begin to show themselves; not, in all probability in our generation, perhaps not in the generation of our children, but in a generation sufficiently remote to be incalculable by a savage civilisation unable to count beyond four. But the fact must be stated and faced that we are already the generation on whom the effects of Capitalism can be traced. It is certain that effects are still to come which, compared with our symptoms, will seem like fever to a flush; our children will suffer as we do not, and their children as they will not; but here and there now amongst ourselves and our contemporaries, transformations of character, thought, feeling and will have already taken place, of which the signs, for those who can judge, are unmistakable. Foremost among these we would place a public irresponsibility in the masses no less than in the governing and possessing classes, which practically assures apathy in re-

gard to social welfare in all save philosophers and fanatics. We talk a great deal of the obligations of wealth, of obligations, that is, which wealth does not admit; but even more serious is the fact, cautiously referred to by Lord Haldane on Friday, of the absence of any sense of social obligation amongst the poor. We are not, it is understood, blaming the poor for their irresponsibility; nor are we disposed altogether to blame the rich. Both are alike victims of a common human folly. But the situation as they develop it is this: that the few rich and the many poor, each absorbed in their class pursuit, have neither comprehension, sympathy nor respect for each other, and just as little feeling of responsibility for society as a whole. Down the gulf, as we said the other day, now gaping between the two classes, society, culture, civilisation, everything humane, will not only disappear in course of time, but has already begun to disappear. Of every precious human treasure that can be named, society has less to-day than it had a generation ago; and with the loss of human treasure the heart of society is being lost too. But as the gulf widens and apathetic endurance on the one side develops with apathetic endurance on the other, a special type of ghoul is being evolved, not to close the breach, but to span it with a kind of sentimental substitute for real heart-strings. This substituted organ of society is the C.O.S. And very effectively, from its own point of view, is the function of delegated charity being performed. There is scarcely a charitable pie in which the C.O.S. has not had its finger; and we cannot name a recent Act bearing on what is called the social evil of which the C.O.S. has not been the chief author. The power, indeed, of the C.O.S. is tremendous; it ramifies everywhere, in Parliament, in the administration, in society, and among employers. No social legislation is complete without its approval; and little is even begun without its consent. In examining, therefore, the operative causes of the White Slave Bill we shall not be far wrong in naming the C.O.S. as the chief instrument. Wherever, indeed, wrong is to be done in the name of right there the indefatigable Dr. Loch, of the C.O.S., is to be found always at his work of transforming the community into a sort of lock-hospital on a national scale.

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But how, it may be asked, has the C.O.S. come to possess so much power? We have seen that its power is created in the gulf which sunders the rich from the poor; but this alone is insufficient to account for its pre-eminence. The fact is that not only does it maintain the illusion for the masses and the classes that no gulf really divides them; but, under cover of this disguise, it enables the gulf to be still further widened. In other words, it is an instrument of capitalism. For what, after all, are the facts on which the social evil is based and what are their causes if they are not necessary consequences of the capitalist system itself? Traditionally and historically, as we learn from Tacitus, the Teutonic race to which we belong is naturally singularly chaste in the matter of sex relations. World-wide as prostitution has always been and always will be it has characterised the Teutonic race less perhaps than any race in the world. Our natural and national bent is not therefore in the direction of sexual licence, but in the direction of sexual purity. But upon what does this national purity depend? It depends on the institution and practical universality of marriage, of marriage considered as an honourable and exclusive mutual sex relation. But, as everybody knows, it is precisely the practice, if not the institution, of marriage that is now being rapidly broken down by capitalism; and as this natural institution decays unnatural forms of sex relation must needs take its place. We are certainly not disposed to exaggerate the sex offences as yet prevalent in our midst. The whole subject appears to us to have been pruriently magnified beyond recognition. Nor, further, are we prepared to condemn every sex relation that takes place outside marriage licit or illicit. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to exaggerate the effects of the decline of marriage as they will appear in the future. Prostitution will most certainly increase with every step in the fall of marriage returns, and the mar-

riage returns will as certainly fall with every increase in the number of women in industry. But what has the C.O.S. to say to this final cause of the phenomenon that now begins to agitate it? A society with sense would instantly realise that the cause of increasing prostitution must be sought deeper than in prostitutes themselves. Every woman may be at heart a rake, but while conventions are strong she will openly prefer honourable marriage or, at least, honourable industry, Capitalism, however, offers her neither the one nor the other. Marriage is barred by the low wages of men and honourable industry is barred by the low wages of women. And such women as are repulsed from one and the other and choose to depend for a living on the most ancient trade in the world are now to be harried and worried, taxed and imprisoned, and perhaps flogged, by the pure devils of the C.O.S. With what effect, does one suppose, beyond compelling them to be more subtle in their trade? With the only effect that woman, denied marriage and now denied profitable prostitution (for free fornication can never be a penal offence) will be driven still more inevitably into competitive wage industry. The organisers of the C.O.S. may not be aware what ignoble part in capitalism they are playing. Capitalists themselves are probably ignorant of the extent of their own devilry. But in the White Slave Bill and kindred legislation we, for our part, see only the appearances and disguises of purity or morality or sexual decency; beneath the appearance is the wage-slave driver's whip urging women into the mills and factories and sweating dens of the capitalists.

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We have mentioned the exaggerations which mark the statements concerning the White Slave Traffic made by the puritan evangelists. But these exaggerations are natural enough when we remember, firstly, that these evangelists deliberately refrain from correcting their view of sexual slavery with industrial slavery; secondly, that they are ignorant of the world; and, thirdly, that they eagerly search for and are easily satisfied with sensational cases. But as a matter of fact the evils on which they love to dwell—we refer to the White Slave Traffic in particular—are so rare that probably only assiduous connoisseurs and collectors will ever meet them. In the wide and varied experience, direct and indirect, of the sexual life of our large towns, London in particular, no rumour even, let alone example, of White Slave Traffic has been discovered by any person whose judgment can be relied upon. Prostitution, of course, there is, both in our streets and in thousands of houses. We could, indeed, point the police—if they needed the information, or we could bring ourselves to give it them—to blocks of flats knowingly owned by a late Lady Mayoress of London which are openly and notoriously occupied almost exclusively by prostitutes. Houses let to prostitutes, in fact, are some of the best-paying property in the housing market. But prostitution is not the White Slave Traffic as the authors of the Bill conceive it. On the contrary, though they are quite prepared to include prostitutes in their penal measures, it is on the lurid figure of the procurer for the foreign market that they rest their appeal. But who and where is he? How many of the species are there? We have adders in England, but we do not expect farmers to carry antidotes. The White Knight was to cross water on horseback, but the provision of anklets against shark-bites is always cited as a case of over-caution. Where, again we ask, are these procurers, these exporters of tit-bits of woman flesh? It has been said by the Bishop of London that London is the central market for the White Slave Traffic, its clearing-house. But as Mr. Handel Booth remarks, what have the police been doing with the powers already in their hands to let London become the international sink? The case, it will be seen, will not bear inspection; it is as much moonshine as the trumped-up charges brought against Jews for child-sacrifice. And when, in addition to the imagination required to invent the White Slave Traffickers, the ignorance implied of the nature of some women is considered, the whole edifice of nightmare collapses. Fancy girls nowadays being "trapped" by

designing exporters, and with the police within a wave of the hand! They are probably more afraid of the police than of their so-called captors.

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For again we must remark on the extraordinary faith manifested by the purity apostles in the superhumanity of the average constable. It is plain that, except in the way of friendliness, official or personal, the promoters of the Bill have no knowledge of what the police are, or of what, when society is not looking, the police can become. Nobody, we venture to say, who has had dealings with the police on any serious matter, would deny that, in his or her own personal experience, the police have been found as grasping, as incompetent, as unscrupulous, in a word, as human, as any other set of mortals. But if in cases known personally to many of us the police have thus behaved, what is it but a sheer illusion to credit the force with virtues denied to the individual? The police of England, we do not say, are not as good as, and probably better than, any police in the world. But like the father of the family in Butler's phrase, the police, too, are capable de tout. The prostitutes of London, at any rate, have not the faith in the purity of the police that the middle-class public from which the promoters of this Bill are drawn appear to possess; nor, either, has any man of the world unlimited faith in their integrity or in their intelligence. It is with the utmost reluctance that, under any circumstances short of a state of general demoniacal possession, we would entrust the police with power to arrest without warrant and on their bare suspicion only. Martial law is the last resort of civil communities threatened with war. Police law, which is even worse than martial law, is a resort that nothing we can picture can justify.

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But at the end of our examination of the immediate and personal origins of the White Slave Bill we return again to the deeper causes we indicated at the outset. The decline of public responsibility is, we think, so serious that only a future slave-state is possible unless the tide soon changes. Certainly there is nothing in the wage-system as it exists to-day either to develop or even to permit to appear a sense of responsibility. On the one side we have capitalists bound to no geographical spot, indissolubly associated with no group of workmen and still dominated by *laissez faire*; on the other side are wage-slaves, tormented with insecurity yet powerless to secure themselves, independent at heart, yet brought up to regard industry as a province in which they must be obedient servants, but never masters. What is to be expected of a community composed of these two classes? What but that each shall care for itself and the day only and neither for the nation and to-morrow? But with all this devotion to themselves, both classes are nevertheless in the strict sense their own as well as each other's worst enemies. It is true that the possessing classes can take all that civilisation—capitalistic civilisation—can give them; but what does it amount to? A life among slaves is a life that no free man can really enjoy. In proportion as they become intelligent—often in the second and third generation—capitalists themselves grow satiated with a wealth that can purchase nothing and, least of all, a sense of happy national union. In their blundering fashion, the Imperialists of to-day are the advance guards of the disillusioned capitalists of to-morrow—men seeking a new binding idea with their fellows. But the quest is hopeless, for the huntsmen are scattered. Imperialism may grow out of nationalism, but it will never grow out of divided nationalism. So surely as the free half of the nation move a foot towards Imperial union, so surely will the slave half drag it back. Admitted that the Labour Party, in its opposition to expansive Imperialism, does not represent the wage-slaves of to-day, but they represent on this question the wage-slaves of to-morrow. As the half-awakened capitalist dimly strives towards the new unity of Imperialism, the half-awakened wage-slave as dimly strives against it. The dreams of neither are destined to come true.

## Current Cant.

"I wish every churchman would give as much to the church as he spends on tobacco."—ERNEST BREE.

"I do not want to be rich, I am quite satisfied with £4,000 or £5,000 a year."—G. B. SHAW.

"A single man can live in London with decency and some comfort on 18s. a week."—"The Commonwealth."

"We urged him to confess to God and make a fresh start. He said, 'I will' . . . signed a decision book and went off quite happy."—"The Christian Endeavour Times."

"Next week—a New Serial Story, 'The Web of Fate' will begin in the 'Christian Endeavour Times.' The authoress writes with brightness and vivacity . . . with those elements of sensation and mystery which newspaper readers demand."—"The Christian Endeavour Times."

"The week before the Church Congress we ventured to predict that such a gathering under the presidency of the Archbishop of York could not be other than a brilliant occasion."—"The Guardian."

"Which should a woman save in case of fire—her dog or her husband? . . . Sir George Alexander telegraphs . . ."—"Daily Mirror."

"Life in the House of Commons is full of charm and interest for the man who is keen about his politics; but a dreary routine for the man with the axe of selfish politics to grind."—E. N. BENNETT in the "News and Leader."

"The 'Daily News and Leader' has a splendid tradition behind it."—"The Star."

"Mr. Balfour is a master of the ironic method."—"The Nation."

"The Labour party will not be influenced by the threats used against it, but will go on steadily pressing for the reform which the Woman's Social and Political Union is supposed to have at heart."—RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

"The seven hour day, the extension of Bank Holidays, the protracted Christmas break, are all projects well designed to foster the spirit of purposeless idleness . . . we are becoming a Nation of workshy loafers."—"Daily Express."

"Hence arose the principle of the Sanctity of private property in land being essential to the Safety of the State."—VANOC in the "Referee."

"The programme of the Cabinet is Socialistic, and Socialism has no chance when the question of National Safety is forced into the open . . ."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Post-impressionism is the loin-cloth of the incompetent."—SIR HERBERT TREE.

"The Socialist hasn't a scrap of Sincerity, all his opinions are due to black envy, his wretched vulgarity and oblique character are contrasted with the refinement and straightforwardness of the aristocracy."—"Pall Mall."

"Unionism, as we know, stands for no particular class or interest, but for all classes and the general good."—"The Standard."

"'Everyman' will endeavour to strengthen the moral and intellectual life of the people for the ever growing responsibility of Citizenship."—J. M. DENT'S Advt.

"What has the Labour Party done? Above all else it has changed and is changing public opinion."—"Daily Citizen."

"It is the rarest thing in the world to come on a novel written as well as a daily paper."—"Pall Mall."

"Do you know of a school in Bristol where mothers are taught to bring up their babies.—Wife's Inquiry in "Mother and Home."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE real news which has come to hand about the war has naturally been swamped in a series of rumours concerning the attitude of this or that country. As definite information is desirable, I shall take this opportunity of commenting upon the two most prominent rumours current during the last week, viz., that Greece was anxious to withdraw from the Balkan League, and that Russia and Austria had now settled the points in dispute between them.

It is not quite true to say that the Greeks as a whole are anxious to leave matters where they stand. Last week, when the Government for the first time took to considering the situation in all its details, which it should have done from the very start, the members of the Cabinet, especially since King George's return, began to realise that Greece stood to gain little either way. If the Bulgarians were successful, their position at sea would be strengthened as well as their prestige on land. The prestige of Greece would be lowered accordingly, because Greece is the only country in the Balkans, except Turkey, with a fleet, and sailors to man it. It is not to the interest of Greece that Bulgaria should be very much stronger than she is at present.

On the other hand, if Turkey proves to be the victor—and the opinions of military experts will be badly falsified if she does not—the Porte will not forget that her enemy of the late 'nineties once more tried to pluck the beard of the Prophet. And, again, the hasty decision of the Greek Cabinet to admit the Cretan Deputies to the Chamber has greatly annoyed the Powers. So Greece looks like being a loser either way. It is true to say that the Government and the Greek ruling classes, such as they are, really do think that M. Venizelos has erred in binding the country to the Balkan States on the present occasion; but it is too late now to do anything in a contrary direction. Greece has begun to play her part and she must now go through with it. The masses of the people are enthusiastic for the war.

As for Austria and Russia, their relations are not particularly friendly. Austria refuses to allow anybody to lay a finger on the Sanjak of Novi Bazar; and Russia day after day unctuously proclaims that she has no desire to add an inch of territory to her possessions. At the same time, each country is wondering precisely what and how much she is going to get out of the Balkan troubles. At no time did Vienna and St. Petersburg keep a sharper eye upon one another. To achieve her designs Russia is perfectly willing to embroil half Europe. A mischievous report appeared in the "Temps," for example, attributing to Sir Fairfax Cartwright, British Ambassador in Vienna, the statement, "We want Crete." Apart from the absurdity of the suggestion—for we do not want Crete, and would in any case have had Crete years ago if it had served any of our purposes—no ambassador would give public utterance to such a phrase. The report, nominally attributed to a Vienna source, did not come from Vienna at all. A trustworthy friend of mine at the Quai d'Orsay informs me that it came straight from the lips of M. Iswolski, Russian Ambassador in Paris, and was fathered on Sir Fairfax Cartwright with the sheer object of making mischief.

So far as the actual operations are concerned, comparatively little has been done up to the time of writing, though towns may have fallen and battles taken place before this article appears in print. The accounts of the armies of the League are exaggerated. Bulgaria, some correspondents have stated, can put 400,000 men into the field. This is the biggest exaggeration of the lot. Bulgaria may have summoned some 400,000 men to the colours, of whom perhaps 350,000 may turn up, at the outside. When we count the number of reservists told off to do garrison duty at home, and regular

troops sent to guard the Black Sea ports, the actual number of Bulgaria's fighting men will be about 220,000, and of this number at least 70,000 will be non-combatants. Furthermore, the Balkan States have called up every available man. They have no reserves to come and go upon, and in consequence their forces are about equal to those of the Turks. But the Turks have reserves. Tens of thousands of men have still to be poured into Turkey-in-Europe from the Asiatic provinces. The accounts of the Greek and Servian armies are equally exaggerated.

It is useless to deny, however, that the Turks have other support; for they have. They have the moral support, whatever it may be worth, of France, England, Germany, Austria, and, now that peace has been concluded at Ouchy, of Italy also, in spite of the relationship between the Royal families of Italy and Montenegro. So long as the Powers remain jealous of one another—a state of things which seems likely to be with us for a considerable time—a strong Turkey is almost a necessity for peace in more important European quarters.

In this connection an interview and a manifesto which have appeared in the London papers within the last few days are instructive as throwing light on the curious obsessions of many Englishmen. The interview was granted to a "Daily Herald" representative by Mr. Noel Buxton, and the manifesto is that of Sir John Brunner, which I read in the "Daily News" of October 15. Mr. Buxton—his views appear in the "Herald," of October 19—thinks that if the Great Powers had been democracies war would have been avoided, because intervention would have taken place over thirty years ago. Incidentally he gives us to understand that the Turk is an inferior man and that the Christian is a superior one. His sympathies are with the Balkan States. And to all this we can only reply that even if the Great Powers had been democracies, intervention would not have taken place thirty years ago any more than it is taking place now, and for precisely the same reasons. The Turks are a maligned people, and their methods of government are misunderstood. However bad they may be in some respects, the Turks have not at all events let sweaters arise; and we have yet to learn that there are estates thousands of acres in extent in any part of the Ottoman Empire which are given up wholly to partridge-shooting, or any analogous form of butchery. No "woman problem" has yet arisen, either, wherever Moslem rule holds sway; and, to my black and reactionary mind, there seems a great deal to be said for the Turkish preference of agriculture to the sort of "progress" which Mr. Buxton and his friends would call industry and the factory system. We have had Christianity and Liberal ideals predominant in England for a very considerable period; but the Oriental, including the Turk, can still teach us how to live.

Sir John Brunner deplores armaments: "If this destructive rivalry in naval armaments goes on unchecked, it threatens to submerge civilisation and to destroy society." Exactly what we have been saying (and proving) about the Insurance Act and other trifles of that sort which Sir John's party approves of. Sir John mentions the naval panic of 1909, and complains because the Government "yielded to the clamour of the Jingo Press." But if the Government had been a strong Government it need not have done so. How many Liberal financiers, I wonder, profited by that scare? "The invention and advertisement of the Dreadnought by our Admiralty have proved a curse to mankind." Not at all—Japan invented the Dreadnought, and advertised its effectiveness by demolishing the Russian Fleet. We then took it up in self-defence, as did other countries.

If the Government has no more serious criticisms to meet than these specimens, our present foreign policy may continue for untold generations.

## Guild Socialism.

### III.—An Outline of the Guild.

THERE is no mystery attaching to the organisation of the guild. It means the regimentation into a single fellowship of all those who are employed in any given industry. This does not preclude whatever subdivisions may be convenient into the special trades belonging to the main industry. Thus the iron and steel industry may comprise fourteen or fifteen subdivisions but all living integral parts of the parent guild. The active principle of the guild is industrial democracy. Herein it differs from State socialism or collectivism. In the one case control comes from without and is essentially bureaucratic; in the other, the guild manages its own affairs, appoints its own officers from the general manager to the office boy, and deals with the other guilds and with the State as a self-contained unit. It rejects State bureaucracy; but, on the other hand, it rejects syndicalism, because it accepts co-management with the State, always, however, subject to the principle of industrial democracy. Co-management must not be held to imply the right of any outside body to interfere in the detailed administration of the guild; but it rightly implies formal and effective co-operation with the State in regard to large policy, for the simple reason that the policy of a guild is a public matter, about which the public, as represented by the State, has an infeasible right to be consulted and considered. It is not easy to understand precisely how far the syndicalist disregards the State, as such; nor is it necessary to our task that we should make any such inquiry. For ourselves we are clear that the guilds ought not and must not be the absolute possessors of their land, houses and machinery. We remain Socialists because we believe that in the final analysis the State, as representing the community at large, must be the final arbiter. We can perhaps make our meaning clear by an analogy. Suppose Ireland, Scotland and Wales to be self-governing bodies, but all subject to the Imperial Parliament, upon which by that time we would expect all the self-governing Colonies to be represented. Assume it to be necessary for the Imperial Parliament to levy contributions upon its constituent units. So many millions would have to be collected from England, so much from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, South Africa and Australia. The amounts would be agreed upon by a representative Imperial Parliament, but the methods of levying the tax would rest with each self-governing group, who would not tolerate any internal interference. In this sense the guilds would have large communal responsibilities, upon which they must agree with and often defer to the public, but those responsibilities once defined, the industrial democratic guild, by its own methods and machinery, will do the rest.

We thus are partly in agreement with the State-Socialist or Collectivist, who believes in conserving the State organisation and reserving to it certain functions, which we shall hereafter endeavour to define; but we are also in substantial agreement with the Syndicalist, whose real contention, after all, is that the work men do they shall themselves control, being, through their unions, their own economic masters. Nor can we see that Syndicalism reasonably interpreted excludes the possibility of a purified political system concerning itself with the national soul.

But the recognition of State organisation and State functions does not invalidate our main contention that economics must precede politics. On the contrary, it strengthens it. The difficulty with modern statesmanship is that it has to spend its strength on ways and means when it ought to be doing far greater work. It is like a scientist or an artist who is perpetually distracted from his real work by domestic worries. Remove from statesmanship the incubus of financial puzzlement and it may achieve glory in the things that matter. And in all human probability a finer type of politician will be called into activity. Financial considerations corrode politics as effectually as they do

the individual worker. Now, if the guilds are in economic command, if, further, their labours exceed in results the present wage system, it follows that they will not be miserly in devoting all the money that is required for the cultural development of the community. The Syndicalists tell us that the unions can do this better than the State. We are emphatically of opinion that a totally different type of administrator from the industrialist is required for statesmanship. The one type is rightly a master of industrial methods, the other is of disciplined imagination and spiritual perceptions. The fine arts, education (including university control), international relations, justice, public conduct—these and many other problems will call and do call (in vain nowadays) for a special order of intellect, and must be susceptible, not to the particular influence of the guilds as such, but to the influence of what Arnold called the best mind of the community.

At the outset, the most important task of the guilds will be the industrial reorganisation of society upon the basis of mutuality: in other words, the abolition of the wage system. This will carry them far. It involves the final solution of unemployment. Every member of the guild will possess equal rights with all the others and accordingly will be entitled to maintenance whether working or idle, whether sick or well. Further, it will be for the guilds to decide, by democratic suffrage, what hours shall be worked and generally the conditions of employment. All that mass of existing legislation imposing factory regulations, or relating to mining conditions, to the limitation of the hours of work (legislation which we have previously described as sumptuary) will go by the board. The guilds will rightly consider their own convenience and necessities. It may be discovered, for example, that times and conditions suitable to the Engineering Guild will not suit the Agricultural Guild. Legislation attempted from the outside would in such an organisation be regarded as impertinent and impudent. Even the existing old age pensions would be laughed to scorn as archaic and hopelessly inadequate.

The guild then would supplant the present capitalist class, on the one hand; on the other, it would assume instead of the State complete responsibility for the material welfare of its members.

Inheriting the direction of industry from the present private employer and capitalist, the guild must be able more efficiently to produce wealth and more economically to distribute it. This involves the closest intimacy and co-operation with all the other guilds. The work of the community could not be done by the guilds in isolation; each must be in constant and sympathetic touch with the guilds that supply them and the guilds that distribute their products. There is no room here for any policy of dog in the manger. The guild must never be allowed to say: "These things are ours." They must say and think: "We hold this machinery and these products in trust." They must not exist to accumulate property; their moral and legal status must be that of trustee. Thus there must spring out of the guilds some form of joint management, not only with the other guilds but with the State.

The abolition of the competitive wage system implied in the organisation of the guild necessarily carries with it the abolition of all distinctions between the administrative and working departments. It therefore follows that every type and grade of worker, mental or manual, must be a member of the guild. The technical man, for example, must look to the guild to give effect to his inventions and improvements, whereas formerly he looked to his employer or even to some outside capitalist. It will be to the interest of all his fellow members to insist that whatever improvements he may suggest for the increase of production or the decrease of manual toil shall be given a thorough trial. No longer will he be regarded as dangerous to the employees who, as competitive wage slaves, feared that his inventions might mean dismissal and starvation. The essence of guild life is in its unification of economic interest and purpose.

There can be no doubt that the tendency inside the

existing wage system is to level wages. The old distinction between skilled and unskilled is rapidly being dissipated, both by the development of machinery and the economic pressure exerted by foreign competition, and the increased price of money. With this tendency we have no quarrel—on the contrary, we welcome it. But this wage approximation has as yet hardly touched the rent of ability still more or less willingly paid to those in the upper reaches of the administrative hierarchy. That they will finally find their true economic level is certain. Meantime their services are rightly in demand and their remuneration is assured. Even if the process of wage approximation goes much further than we now foresee, it is nevertheless inevitable that graduations of position and pay will be found necessary to efficient guild administration. We do not shrink from graduated pay; we are not certain if it is not desirable. There will be no inequitable distribution of guild resources we may rest assured; democratically controlled organisations seldom err on the side of generosity. But experience will speedily teach the guilds that they must encourage technical skill by freely offering whatever inducements may at the time most powerfully attract competent men. There are many ways by which invention, organising capacity, statistical aptitude or what not may be suitably rewarded. It is certain that rewarded these qualities must be.

Broadly, then, this is an outline of the guild as we conceive it. Every succeeding chapter must be devoted to filling in the details.

But we are not building guilds in Spain; ours is not the Utopian adventure of the dreamers of yesterday. We are writing under the conviction of extreme urgency; we believe that the organisation of industrial society here roughly sketched out is the only practicable way to save the workers from wage slavery and psychological servility. We are not travellers from Altruria; we live and move amidst the sordid realities of the existing wage system. Our plan is for to-day that we may prepare for a better to-morrow. The conception of guild organisation is not new. Twenty years ago it was common talk amongst the more far-sighted Socialists, and it would have been practical politics a decade ago had not the thoughts and activities of Socialists drifted away into the barren desert of conventional politics. Never again will that mirage lure us from our path; never again will we waste our efforts hunting the snark for the aggrandisement of shallow-minded Labour nonentities who dream of a political career; never again will we fail to remind Socialists that Socialism is an economic scheme and only to be achieved in the economic sphere. The particular industrial organisation which we call Guild Socialism is the only plan by which we can practically realise industrial democracy.

It is, indeed, practicable; but practicable only so far as the Labour army wills it. And because it is so practicable we do not hesitate to set out in all its nakedness the one great obstacle that bars the way. We have made it plain, we think, that the guild must be absolutely comprehensive in its membership—like the sun, excluding none. Nevertheless, the nucleus of the future guild must be the trade union. In our chapter, "The Transition from the Wage System," we emphasised the necessity of the Trade Unions throwing down their barriers and widening their borders so that everybody could come in. This is to-day the most important and most urgent thing to be done. Let us see what is involved. Again let us examine the actual industrial organisation of production so that we may understand how far Trade Unionism has to travel. We here set out some particulars as to personnel:—

Trade Group.	Persons employed.	Wage Earners.	Trade Unionists.
Building and Contracting	513,961	476,359	155,923 (68 Unions)
Mines and Quarries .....	958,090	939,515	729,573 (84 Unions)
Metals, Engineering and Shipbuilding .....	1,426,048	1,330,902	369,329 (211 Unions)

Trade Group.	Ferons employed.	Wage Earners.	Trade Unionists.
Textile Trades .....	1,229,719	1,189,789	379,182 (273 Unions)
Printing, Paper, Book-binding and Allied Trades	317,550	279,626	73,939 (38 Unions)
Clothing Trades .....	645,233	552,165	67,026 (40 Unions)
Woodwork and Furnishing Trades .....	224,098	210,407	38,836 (91 Unions)

These representative figures might easily be extended to include all our industries, but surely those given suffice. Is it possible to censure too severely the group of labour-politicians who have deliberately drawn away the trade unionist from his true business of organising labour and led him a fool's dance through the political quadrilles? We are sometimes blamed for our bitterness towards the political Labour party. But indeed what we have written is mild compared with what we think and feel. Wages falling, falling, falling; the workers helpless in such a mess of wretched disorganisation—over 800 trade unions in the seven trade groups cited above—and men claiming to represent these hapless wage slaves complacently sunning themselves in the fashionable purlieu of Parliament. It is desertion in the face of the enemy. Compared with these men, Bazaine of Metz was a demigod.

Yet, in sober truth, the situation is not so desperate as it looks. Consider, for example, the labour spent in organising no less than 800 unions in seven different industrial groups. Wisely inspired, how much easier would it be to-day to extend the membership of seven large unions? These small unions were the product of their period and environment. Economic development has left them temporarily in a back-water, but the necessities of wage slavery are now rapidly welding together these unions into federations, whilst a sense of urgency is spreading through the ranks concurrently with the growing realisation of the futility of politics. It is now the first and almost the only duty of every trade unionist to forget old associations and alignments and to work steadily towards the ideal of one union for each industry and every eligible worker in it.

We look confidently for the rise of a young group of trade unionists who will understand the necessities of the case and forswear a political career, or, indeed, any career outside their unions. The day of the political obscurantists on the make has almost closed in its appropriate darkness. Certain it is that these young men are now all that stands between the existing wage-system and its crystallisation into hopeless permanence.

## More Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

SCENE: "War against Poverty," at Albert Hall.

TIME: Friday, October 11, about 7.50 p.m.

(A thick, foggy atmosphere fills the badly-lighted hall. Fabians and I.L.P.-ers are busy showing people to their seats. A bonneted dame, assisted by a superannuated and white-whiskered male, plies the organ with vigour and goodwill, vainly endeavouring to drown the chatter. Enter Student. A long-haired, begoggled youth ushers him to his seat, where, after assiduous attempts, he gives up trying to follow the interesting music issuing from the organ. Enter W. Stephen Sanders, W. C. Anderson, Mrs. Webb, Sidney Webb, Miss Mary Macarthur, and Bernard Shaw. They take their seats amid loud applause.)

STEPHEN SANDERS: I have two letters to read—one from Ramsay MacDonald and the other from Keir Hardie. (Reads them.)

W. C. ANDERSON (Chairman): I am extremely sorry to hear that Ramsay MacDonald is indisposed, and trust that he will have a speedy recovery.

FIRST VOICE (standing up in front): On a point of order, Mr. Chairman—"Hear, hear!" I wish to ask if the letters—"Hooroo!" "Yah!" "Sit down!" "Go on!"

CHAIRMAN: I wish to say that—

FIRST VOICE: On a point of order, I ask—(Cheers.)

Cries of "Sit down.") Will the chairman answer my question? (Loud cheers. Cries of "Where's MacDonald?" "He's afraid to face the music.")

SECOND VOICE (in gallery): Why don't you kick out the Government? (Loud cheers. The disturbance gradually subsides.)

CHAIRMAN (timidly): And I—

THIRD VOICE: What about the Insurance Act? (Loud boos and hisses. Prolonged excitement, during which the Chairman is driven to drink.)

CHAIRMAN (hopefully): Over the Near East the black clouds of a so-called holy war are hanging. Now I am doubtful of a holy war which leads to havoc and bloodshed. (Hear, hear.) In this hall to-night, we are beginning a war much holier than any in the Balkans, a war without sword or gun. (Loud applause.) The reason why we are beginning this is because we are not really satisfied with civilisation, taken as a whole. We must be world-builders, and make this earth a fairer dwelling place for the sons and daughters of men. (Applause.) The recent labour unrest showed the need for an Anti-Poverty Campaign. The question we must ask ourselves is: "How can strikes be avoided?" They can only be avoided by removing by legislative action the causes of unrest. ("That's poverty.") They can only be averted if Parliament is prepared to give women the vote—(loud cheers)—and thus level up the standard of conditions. (Shouts of "No patchwork." "What's the I.L.P. done?") We intend to do a great deal; (plaintively) what's the good of asking us to do things if you don't trust us? (Voices: "Do something and then we'll trust you." "You're all words." "What's the Labour Party done?") We want a minimum wage, State regulation of the hours of labour, all children fed by the State, and clinics established. (Applause.) Social progress would be greatly quickened if we had a complete political democracy, and I, of course, advocate the enfranchisement of women—(loud cheers)—and the strengthening of the citizen rights of men and women. (Sits down amidst mixed demonstrations of feelings from the audience. Enter George Lansbury. Loud cheers.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Miss Mary Macarthur to address the meeting.

MISS MARY MACARTHUR: I want a minimum of civilised life, the reduction of the hours of labour, and the abolition of the Poor Law. If women had the vote this sort of thing would not exist. (Cheers.) The legal minimum wage would have a beneficial effect upon all other problems by making them easier of solution. The minimum wage would not only result in material benefits, but it would also enable the workers to fight the masters, when they received increased wages. But women must have the vote first. (Shrill feminine applause.)

CHAIRMAN (suddenly bobbing up): If capitalism makes such a morass of the world it must go—

FIRST VOICE: On a point of order, will you answer my question?

CHAIRMAN (hurriedly): I call upon Mrs. Sidney Webb to address the meeting. (Sits down amidst a tornado of mutual recriminations.)

MRS. WEBB: We *must* have a national minimum. I see before me a respectable family applying to the workhouse for relief. What do we do? We break up this family. The man is stripped of his citizenship, sent to work amongst criminals, and unfitted to vote for a Member of Parliament. We put his wife to the wash-tub, and send her children upstairs—one flight—two flights—three flights—four flights—to the workhouse nursery. ("Shame.") The mother works at a sewing machine and compares notes with prostitutes, while the children die. And all because women have no votes. When the dockers' children applied to the Poor Law for food during the strike, their fathers were deprived of the vote. ("Shame.") I want everybody to get a minimum of 30s. a week, and a collection will now be taken. (Half-hearted applause. The Woolwich Pioneer Choir, whose onslaught even

the fog has been unable to resist, after preparatory coughing, bursts into song, with the organ a bad second. A collection is made the while. After a brief struggle, the organist gives up the unequal contest and retires, leaving the choir to finish alone, which they at length succeed in doing.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Bernard Shaw to address the meeting. (Loud laughter.)

BERNARD SHAW: I am *very* popular, that's why you all applaud me. The reason why I'm so popular is because I'm so much more clever than everybody else. (Laughter.) I detest a poor man, because he's dirty. So are his children. When I was a child my nurse took me to see her friends—they *were* horrid people. (Laughter.) I used to hate them—I hate them now. (Bursts of laughter.) I like to see people in *nice* clothes. I furnish my drawing-room *nicely* because I have to look at it—I don't eat it. (Loud laughter.) I like to see nice clean people with *nice* clothes, walking in *nice* streets, to a *nice* home—at any rate *nice* on the outside. (Laughter.) And if the insides of the houses are *nice*, I might even walk in, and then you would have the pleasure of listening to my brilliant conversation. (Laughter.) No, don't laugh. (Roars of laughter.) It's famous all over Europe. (Loud applause.) Not that I want to be rich—oh no! (Applause.) I'm perfectly contented with four or five thousand a year. (Excitement.) There is absolutely no argument in favour of—(Voice in arena: "Ha! ha!") Bernard Shaw looks surprised and goes on)—in favour of clothing a man, that cannot be applied equally in favour of clothing him well, but, of course, you are all such abject idiots that you cannot realise that. (Cheers.) We have no standard of good clothes, such as we have in other things, robbery for example. Even a millionaire, who is allowed to live on other people's earnings, must not pick pockets. (Millionaire in stalls gets excited.) When anyone says "Bulgaria," say "What about poverty?" When anyone says "Home Rule, say "What about poverty?" That's the only way to stamp it out. And—er—well—as there's nothing better to do, let's have a national minimum and State regulation of labour. (Laughter, cheers, and applause.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon George Lansbury to address the meeting. (Loud cheers.)

G. LANSBURY: We must get the working classes to realise that they are all men and women. Their children are starving, because they live in houses built on marshes. We want houses for the working classes built on high hills, where they can breathe fresh air. Everything is necessary for reforms except a Member of Parliament. The people don't trust 'em, oh, no! although they elect them. We've got to have more of the religious spirit in us, and we want men who don't consider the consequences of their actions. You and me have got to be better men to each other and to ourselves, and we've got to lead better lives. We want a national minimum. If you are Christians, you *must* believe that Christ came down to save us all. All men are brothers and equal in the sight of God. (Audience, *sotto voce*, "Amen." Thunders of applause, during which Lansbury buries his head in a handkerchief and Bernard Shaw sneers perceptibly.)

CHAIRMAN: There is an extra turn. I call on Sidney Webb to address the meeting.

SIDNEY WEBB: Mumble—mumble—brrrr—multiply opportunities — gererrrr — err — umph — mumble — national minim — wough — err — err — woof — woof Borough Council elections—oom—oom—mumble—ask your grandmother. (Loud laughter.) Whirr—bzzzz —tchk—tchk George Lansbury—wow—wow—moo—mooooo—mumble—stirring speeches—gooroo—umph —national minimum.

FIRST VOICE: I want an answer to my question. (Excitement and cheers.)

CHAIRMAN: The meeting is now closed.

(Exit audience, the while the choir sings, "Hark! the Battle Cry." Student follows. Outside a thick fog shrouds the building, in whose shadows crouch a few shivering men and women, haggard and hungry.)

## A Successful Experiment.

By Arthur Kitson.

IF political historians and economic writers had been as eager to record the experiments and efforts of mankind to achieve economic independence and to discover that form of government most conducive to individual freedom and public welfare, as they have been to exalt the doings of rulers and to find excuses for those legal privileges which form the basis of our selfish class interests, our political and economic knowledge would doubtless be far more extensive and reliable than it is. Our present day economic problems are certainly not new. From time to time our ancestors undoubtedly attempted to discover a way out of the economic labyrinths. And yet how meagre our knowledge is!

One of these problems—which we know has occupied the attention of thinkers in all ages—has been how to provide a safe and satisfactory method of employing national and municipal credit for currency purposes, instead of borrowing the credit of professional bankers and moneylenders.

Very early in human history it was known that an industrial community, properly organised, having a stable form of government, and voluntarily submissive to a reasonable amount of taxation necessary for the expenses of the Government for constructive undertakings, such as roads, public buildings and for maintaining an Army for national defence, etc., etc., was possessed of an amount of credit superior to that of any individual member or to any single body of its citizens.

It was seen that the credit of such a community naturally comprised that of all the members collectively. For ages this credit was employed as the highest form of economic power. Its use, however, required care, discretion and, above all, honesty on the part of the governing officials.

But such credit, although vast and often incalculable, had its limits.

Among modern financial writers the employment of public credit as a medium of exchange has been either ignored—as of little importance—or condemned as a system fraught with the gravest danger.

Historians have greatly exaggerated the evils resulting from such issues which were often created to meet the exigencies of wars and political crises—experiments which were often bound by the nature of things to end in failure.

For it is a melancholy fact that, universally, national credit has been employed far oftener for destructive than for creative purposes. Meanwhile the business of supplying private bank credit has long been regarded as an immensely profitable one to individuals, and therefore bankers and financiers have naturally resented any and all attempts on the part of the States and communities to coin their own credit for commercial purposes. So far has this determination to prevent governmental competition proceeded, that writers have been specially employed and paid to write books warning the public against the use of national credit—except for the creation of debt—and to exalt the advantages of that of private banks and individuals.

There exists to-day in the U.S.A. an organisation supported by the moneyed interests, the sole object of which is to falsify the history of paper money and public credit currencies and teach what has been demonstrated again and again to be economically fallacious. Interesting information regarding this conspiracy against the public welfare has been gleaned by the Congressional Committee appointed at Washington to investigate the Money Trust, with which—in addition to a multitude of others—the U.S. is just now afflicted.

The effect of this may be best understood by a simple illustration. Suppose at the time that Marconi announced the perfection of his system of wireless telegraphy, and after having demonstrated its practicability, the various telegraph and cable companies (realising

the seriousness of the threatened rivalry) had inaugurated a "campaign of education" to teach the public the dangers of wireless telegraphy! (One newspaper correspondent has already given it as his opinion that Marconi's system is responsible for the loosening of the ice in the Polar regions which wrecked the "Titanic," and for the cold, wet summer we have experienced, and predicts that further serious disasters may be expected in the near future as the results of these Herzian waves!).

And suppose that the people believed these teachings and legislators and statesmen were wrought to such a frenzy of fear as to pass Parliamentary laws forbidding the use of wireless telegraphy! Naturally such Acts would greatly enrich the cable and telegraph companies, but the public—through ignorance and superstition—would suffer the pecuniary loss and inconvenience of one of the most valuable discoveries vouchsafed to mankind!

Now this is analogous to what has been and is still happening in this country and in almost all civilised countries. Professional economists and others have been hired to write books and deliver lectures cautioning the people against displacing gold with paper. These hirelings and their masters—the financiers—have no objection to governments issuing the national credit in the form of bonds at a percentage. For this they will readily exchange their own credit (without any percentage) and even gold. But the idea that such credit should be issued in a convenient form of £1 notes to facilitate the exchange of wealth, or to meet governmental expenses, strikes them with fear and horror! And no wonder! For the circulation of such notes would be costless, whilst the circulation of bank credit is only affected by means of the loan—which means a huge revenue for the banks.

Now among the many successful and unsuccessful experiments, that of Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, has been the most frequently quoted. It all happened nearly a century ago, but the complete details of the scheme were never wholly published. A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Harris (members of the Fabian Society) visited the island and ransacked the Government bureaux and Library and brought to light some very valuable and interesting history, which they have published in a little book called "An Example of Communal Currency." The whole story may be told in a few words. About the close of the Napoleonic wars, Guernsey found itself in want, burdened with a heavy debt, with little trade and less money. It had few roads wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass abreast, the average width being 4ft. 6in., and footpaths 2ft. wide, and these miserably paved; little drainage, no vehicles for hire, a coast insufficiently protected, and being constantly washed away by the encroachment of the sea—so much so, that in 1813 there was imminent danger of a great part of the land becoming flooded! There was no public market house, and the public buildings, such as they were, were in a dilapidated condition; and although peace was proclaimed and established, poverty reigned supreme. The amount required for immediate use to build a proper sea wall was £10,000. The public debt was already £19,137, the interest on which, together with ordinary expenses, amounted to £2,390 per annum. The total revenue was but £3,000. Hence the difference between £3,000 and £2,390 was all that was left for further improvements. What was to be done? A duty was first enacted on spirituous liquors, which furnished another £1,000 per annum. But the thrifty members of the Council had no love for debt, nor for spending their revenue in interest charges, and determined to apply this £1,000 to the reduction of the municipal debt. The public need for good roads and for a market house finally became so urgent, that the council obtained permission to issue £1 notes. The scheme proposed was eminently simple, safe and economical. The citizens owed the council yearly the amount of their taxes. The council issued £1 notes in anticipation of these payments, and many of the notes came back to the Treasury as the taxes were paid, and were

then cancelled. These notes enabled the council to build new roads, to complete the market house and finish other municipal undertakings, just as a similar number of gold coins would have done, but without bonding the community or incurring one penny of interest charges. For a period of twenty years the council had recourse to this simple and commonsense contrivance for providing a currency, which amounted in all to over £80,000. This money circulated freely through a successful and prosperous business community. Even the floating debt of the island to the extent of £4,000 was paid off by the issue of 4,000 of these £1 notes. "There is abundant evidence," says Mr. Harris, "throughout the records that the system was appreciated." "All these, with the one-pound Guernsey States Notes, are in much request, being very commodious for the internal affairs of the Island," says Jacob's Annual of 1830. Another writer says: "The States, by having notes to the amount of £55,000 in circulation, effected a saving of £1,600 per annum. Here, then, was a revenue of £1,600 raised without causing a farthing's expense to any individual of the public generally, for not one would urge that he suffered a farthing's loss by it."

The "Gazette" of July 22, 1826, said: "These notes have neither directly nor indirectly burdened commerce in any way, nor contributed to the rise in exchange that is experienced."

It was hardly likely that the bankers would remain quiet whilst the cream of their trade was being destroyed by the council. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir J. Colborn, actually suggested, in a letter published in the "Gazette," April 25th, 1829, that "people in authority in Jersey, interested in banks, should oppose State notes, lest these should be preferred to theirs." The "Gazette" leader, however, points out that the inhabitants have confidence in the State notes.

Opposition, however, became more pronounced as the prosperity of the island increased. Not only were the banks being deprived of a lucrative business, but the example was a bad one; other places might take note of it, and try to imitate the experiment. Hence it had to be destroyed. Three members of the States, one recently appointed the vice-president of the Guernsey Banking Company, conspired to stop further State issues, and succeeded in having the matter brought to the attention of the King's advisers. The reply of the States is a document well worth reading, and contains some information on currency matters which members of the Fabian Society might study with advantage. No reply appears to have been made by the Privy Council to this able address.

Meanwhile the Commercial Bank had started as a rival to the Guernsey Banking Company, and both of these issued banknotes at their own discretion. "Consequently," says Mr. Harris, "the island seems to have been flooded with paper money and an awkward situation had arisen."

It may have been that the banks were determined to do what the French accused Pitt of doing, viz., ruining the State paper money system by introducing issues of spurious notes.

Finally the banks won. Exactly how and why, we are not told. Whether the banks adopted the time-honoured method of bribing legislators and Councilmen, we have no evidence. All we do know is that the communal currency was entirely successful, and enabled the inhabitants to pursue their trades and industries with profit, and brought the island from a state of abject poverty to that of comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris have performed a most useful task, which ought to be of great value to municipalities and States in the future. Unfortunately, they have allowed their work to be "queered" and seriously impaired by a most remarkable preface written by Mr. Sidney Webb. After admitting that the Guernsey Market House was built without a loan and without the payment of interest, Mr. Webb proceeds to supply what he terms some "hypothetical elucidations," which serve but to darken counsel and are evidently intended to "damn" the entire scheme with faint praise.

Mr. Webb, after repeating what he asserts to have been the current talk at various working men's clubs thirty or forty years ago regarding this experiment, viz., that the Guernsey Market House was built "without cost," goes on to say that "it was no more built without the aid of capital than was St. Paul's Cathedral or the Manchester Ship Canal." I have myself attended a good many club meetings, and heard many discussions in which this scheme was mentioned, but I never heard it claimed that a building could be erected without building material and scaffolding and the necessary equipment of a builder, which constitutes his capital. Nor can I imagine anyone outside of a lunatic asylum making any such preposterous assertion.

Mr. Webb says, "The part of the story we do not know is (a) what thereupon happened to the aggregate amount of 'currency' of all kinds then in circulation within the island in relation to the work which that currency had to do, (b) what happened to the prices of commodities." Then he proceeds to offer all sorts of hypothetical suggestions of what might have happened. Most of these suggestions are quite useless, as shown by the results. One thing we do know, viz., that the Island prospered during the period in which this paper money was issued as it had never done before, and the inhabitants were all satisfied—except the bankers and moneylenders. Evidently, therefore, the evils suggested by Mr. Webb—such as a great rise in prices—did not occur.

Then Mr. Webb makes the utterly irrelevant remark that "Guernsey could not have gone on equipping itself with endless municipal buildings as out of a bottomless purse." The obvious answer to which is that there was no demand for "endless buildings," municipal or otherwise, and that the members of the Guernsey Council were not only sane, but evidently men of intelligence. "The resource is a limited one," says Mr. Webb. "This is a trick which can only be played once. When the gold has once been withdrawn from the currency and diverted to another use, there is no more left with which to repeat the apparent miracle."

Now it is quite obvious that Mr. Webb has utterly failed to understand the true nature of the experiment. What the Council did is what any municipality could do if free to employ its credit, viz., *to appropriate from taxation an amount which, under the usual system of borrowing, would have been paid away in interest charges to private individuals or banking companies, and use this as capital to construct roads and buildings.*

And this "trick" might have been performed not once merely, but *continuously*. Suppose, for instance, the same common sense were applied to the re-housing problem. The Duke of Marlborough has recently pointed out that the great obstacle to re-housing is interest charges. The system of borrowing bank credit means increasing and often doubling the rent that would otherwise be charged, so that it becomes prohibitive.

Suppose, for example, the London County Council determined to tear down and re-build a portion of the slum district! Although the credit of the City of London is enormously greater than that of any single individual or group residing in London, under our present usury system a loan must be effected. Suppose, then, £1,000,000 is borrowed from the City banks at 3 per cent., payable at the end of 33½ years. The scheme will eventually cost £2,000,000, and hence the rents must be raised proportionally. Under the Guernsey scheme the cost would not exceed £1,000,000, and hence the rents would be so much less. Would the introduction of this extra million raise prices, as Mr. Webb fears? There is no doubt that credit does affect prices to a large extent—as the import of large amounts of gold do. But why should the issue of municipal credit affect prices any more than the issue of bank credit? How is the difficulty avoided by changing the issuer? If prices were affected in Guernsey, were they not affected much more by the notes issued by the two private banks than by the State issues? Evidently

Mr. Webb has not given enough thought to this problem.

The main point in the experiment, however, is this, that it taught communities how to utilise as capital what they would otherwise have to pay away in interest charges, without any corresponding benefit.

I cannot refrain from again referring to the comments of Mr. Edward R. Pease on this experiment in his Fabian pamphlet, "Gold and State Banking." When I wrote my criticism of this tract (which appeared in THE NEW AGE of July 25 last), I had not then read Mr. Harris's book. After reading it and again perusing Mr. Pease's statements, I can only express my amazement at the audacity of a man daring to publish a series of assertions which have no foundation in fact whatever.

Mr. Webb—the most highly respected member of the Fabian Society—has, it is true, in order to throw cold water on this successful attempt of a poor community to escape the perpetual burden of the loan, found it necessary to draw on his imagination by suggesting all kinds of hypothetical conditions. But the secretary—as a fanatical disciple—goes much further than his chief, and makes statements which are absolutely untrue. "The labour notes," says Mr. Pease, "were not, so far as evidence goes, given in exchange for labour." There is no mention whatsoever of labour notes in Mr. Harris's book. Moreover *the Guernsey State Notes were given in exchange for labour—or rather the product of labour, viz., various buildings, etc.*

Mr. Pease further asserts that "the market notes were driving gold out, because gold alone was valuable for sending abroad." Not a syllable of evidence will be found for any such statement.

Again he says, "It seems clear that foreign commerce and finance could not go on with a currency incapable of export." To which Daniel De Lisle (the bailiff and chief author of the experiment) would have added, "And it is still clearer that, if you export your currency, your domestic trade cannot go on, and since, with almost all nations, domestic trade is much greater than their foreign trade, it is better to have a currency that won't go abroad, and employ gold merely as a commodity for settling foreign balances." But the trade of the island, domestic and foreign, *did* prosper for twenty years under this experiment.

The statement made by Mr. Webb, and repeated by his follower, that a nation can only save the amount of a gold currency *once* by substituting paper, is entirely untrue.

As trade and population increase, the need for more currency grows apace, and it is not merely the continual saving of the cost of gold, but the destruction of interest, and consequent saving of such charges, which is the important thing. It is interest charges which eat out the heart of nations and necessitate perpetual wage slavery for the masses! It would be interesting to know why Mr. Webb, a world-famous Socialist, is so bitterly opposed to the overthrow of Labour's greatest adversary.

#### DAWN.

In rose and amber robes arrayed,  
With soft and silent tread,  
The fair, blue-eyed Circassian maid  
Steals from the downy bed  
The jewelled key the Sultan laid  
Beneath his swarthy head.

From starry vaults her white feet glide,  
Her hands, bright treasure hold,  
The eastern gate, with stealthy stride,  
She passes, swift, and bold.  
"Light come, light go," then far and wide  
She squanders plundered gold.

HENRY MILLER.

## Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

### VIII.

AMERICA is the sort of country that loses Henry James and retains to its appreciative bosom a certain Henry Van Dyke.

This statement is a little drastic, but it has the facts behind it.

America's position in the world of art and letters is, relatively, about that which Spain held in the time of the Senecas. So far as civilisation is concerned America is the great rich, Western province which has sent one or two notable artists to the Eastern capital. And that capital is, needless to say, not Rome, but the double city of London and Paris.

From our purely colonial conditions came Irving and Hawthorne. Their tradition was English unalloyed, and we had to ourselves Whitman, "The Reflex," who left us a human document, for you cannot call a man an artist until he shows himself capable of reticence and of restraint, until he shows himself in some degree master of the forces which beat upon him.

And in our own time the country has given to the world two men, Whistler, of the school of masterwork, of the school of Durer, and of Hokusai, and of Velazquez, and Mr. Henry James, a follower in the school of Flaubert and Tourgueneff.

And if anyone is interested in American idiosyncrasies he will do well to read Henry James, who delineates these things to perfection. It is true that the more emotional American accuses Mr. James of want of feeling, and it is contended that one must know both Continents if one would fully understand or wholly appreciate him.

I think, in the constant turmoil of dispute about his style, many have failed to do justice to his propaganda, his continuing labour for individual freedom, his recurrent assaults upon cruelties and oppressions. Much of the real work of the world is done, and done almost solely by such quiet and persistent diagnoses as his are. This core of his work is not limited by America, yet no one has better understood the charm of all that is fine in American life, the uprights, or, so to speak, the piles that are driven deep, and through the sort of floating bog of our national confusion.

It is, perhaps, beside the mark to refer to his presentation of the national type\* in the first volume of "The American," his fine dissection of the dilettante in his "Portrait of a Lady." How well one knows this type! Have I not met "Osmond" in Venice? He ornamented leather. What most distressed him in our national affairs was that Roosevelt had displayed the terrible vulgarity of appearing at King Edward's funeral in a soft felt hat.

But to return to Mr. Henry James and his presentations, how finely has he drawn the distinction between the "old" and the "new" in "Crafty Cornelia," our courteous, tawdry, quiet old, the new, nickel-plated, triumphant.

I cannot agree that diagnosis is "static" or that "Know Thyself" is a counsel of quiescence.

True, it is the novelist's business to set down exactly manners and appearances: he must render the show, he

\* How thoroughly he has done this was brought home to me vividly not long since. In a wrangle of some years' standing I had finally made myself comprehensible to a certain friend of Anglo-Indian extraction and was greeted with this:

"Now I know what is the matter with Henry James' people. They are Americans."

I don't know that this covers the whole matter, but it may serve as a hint to the inquiring.

must, if the metaphor be permitted, describe precisely the nature of the engine, the position and relation of its wheels.

The poet or the artist—and this is a distinction I can never get the prose stylist to recognise—the poet is a sort of steam-gauge, voltometer, a set of pipes for thermometric and barometric divination.

He is not even compelled to be logical. I mean logical with the sort of logic one expresses by a series of syllogisms.

Thus I have been delighted with the work of Mr. Henry James, and I do him such honour as my abilities permit.

I have in a wholly different degree been interested in the work of Graham Philips—as one might be interested in a vilely painted portrait wherein the painter managed to get a likeness “of someone one knew.”

Philips delineated in bad prose such types of Americans as his social facilities permitted him to meet. I think the work is fairly representative of what America can “do on its own.” Philips’ work was wholly native. A perusal of it will explain in some degree, to the inquisitive European, why one lives abroad. It is perhaps too trifling an affair to be dragged into so brief a summary as the present.

I was about to say, that while I had taken deep delight in the novels of Mr. Henry James, I have gathered from the loan exhibit of Whistler’s paintings now at the Tate (September, 1912), more courage for living than I have gathered from the Canal Bill or from any other manifestation of American energy whatsoever.

And thereanent I have written some bad poetry and burst into several incoherent conversations, endeavouring to explain what that exhibit means to the American artist.

Here in brief is the work of a man, born American, with all our forces of confusion within him, who has contrived to keep order in his work, who has attained the highest mastery, and this not by a natural facility, but by constant labour and searching.

For the benefit of the reader who has not seen this exhibition I may as well say that it contains not the expected array of “Nocturnes,” but work in many styles, pastels of Greek motif, one pre-Raphaelite picture and work after the Spanish, the northern and the Japanese models, and some earlier things under I know not what school.

The man’s life struggle is set before one. He had tried all means, he had spared himself nothing, he had struggled in one direction until he had either achieved or found it inadequate for his expression. After he had achieved a thing, he never repeated. There were many struggles for the ultimate nocturnes.

I say all this badly. But here was a man come from us. Within him were drawbacks and hindrances at which no European can more than guess.

And Velazquez could not have painted little Miss Alexander’s shoes, nor the scarf upon the chair. And Durer could not have outdone the two faces, “Grenat et Or” and “Brown and Gold—de Race.” The first is called also “Le Petit Cardinal.”

These two pictures have in them a whole Shakespearean drama, and Whistler’s comprehension and reticence would never have permitted any but the most austere discussion of their technique, of their painting as painting. And this is the only field of the art critic. It is the only phase of a work of art about which there can be any discussion. The rest you see, or you do not see. It is the painter’s own private affair which he shares with you, if you understand it. It has nothing in common with the picture which tells a story, against which sort he so valiantly inveighed.

But what Whistler has proved once and for all is that being born an American does not eternally damn a man or prevent him from the ultimate and highest achievement in the arts.

And no man before him had proved this. And he proved it over many a hindrance and over many baffled attempts. He is, with Abraham Lincoln, the beginning of our Great Tradition.

## Present-Day Criticism.

EVEN the person most dead afflicted at the motion of saying Nay to lordly life might scarcely shrink from pronouncing a plain negative against the editorial birth-announcement of the new paper “Everyman.” If we had our way we should expose at once the offspring of such writers. Nothing good can come out of these minds. In welcoming each successive issue from the Everyman Library we have needed constantly to bewail introductory notes of an order mainly very far from classical, and often so inferior as to bewilder one at the egotism which could so madly invite comparison with masterpieces. One wondered that persons of vices unspeakable in the world of letters, over-familiarity, garrulity, should be allowed to set their ignoble signatures to their shameless babble. The conclusion to be made after reading this editorial foreword is that the critical whipsters were patterned precisely upon the editorial mind and fatherly beloved.

The “purpose” of the new weekly journal, “Everyman,” is, we are told

to provide a high-class literary journal at a price within the reach of all, the articles being contributed by the most distinguished writers, representing almost every department of thought—a journal which will interpret to the people the best of English and, indeed, the world’s literature, and one that will voice the ideals and aspirations of progressive men and women.

The composition is disgraceful. You may conclude that this high-class (sic) literary journal-at-a-price-within-the-reach-of-all is to be conditioned in its high-class literariness by the price! The comma after writers is wrong—but let us re-write the first part of the paragraph before commenting further, for it is unintelligible. “To provide, at a price within the reach of all, a literary journal. The articles will be contributed by distinguished writers who will represent almost every department of thought.” It is superfluous for Englishmen to “interpret” English works to Englishmen, and this may be best realised soonest. English artists are really only intelligible *without* explanitors! Ideals and aspirations are one and the same. “Voice” is a canting cliché.

It has been revealed by the success of such collections as “Everyman’s Library,” and others, that there is a great movement among the people for the democratisation of literature; and this movement reveals also how much there is yet to be done to strengthen the intellectual and moral life of the people for the ever-growing responsibility of citizenship. It has shown that an appreciation of masterpieces of literature and art is not the monopoly of the privileged; but has become a growing need of the millions. It has shown that there exists among the rising generation a keen and unsatisfied hunger for the purest and most substantial literary nourishment.

The terms of Hyde Park! What may be the democratisation of literature? You may democratise people, but not literature. The meaning behind democracy concerns equal opportunity for every man. And in giving men the opportunity of reading classical literature, the borough free libraries put “Everyman’s” sold at a shilling per volume, out of the field. How this movement to possess the best literature reveals *weakness* of intellect and morality in English citizens were best left along with the keen-and-unsatisfied hunger of our poor feeble people for the purest literary nourishment. The terms of Hyde Park are very offensive.

It is therefore the purpose of “Everyman” to present to its readers fine criticism of the great works of literature and art of past and modern times, so that it may prove helpful and stimulating to all who care for thoughtful reading.

Presumably the same fine criticism as has galled one’s taste so bitterly in the Introductions! The same fine critics are to write as have over and over deserved Goldsmith’s anathema upon those that “load every work of genius with unnecessary comment, and quarter their empty performances with the substantial merits of an author, both for subsistence and applause.” Helpful-and-stimulating is a poor, dull hack of an en-

couraging phrase to use in superfluous and impertinent flattery of men who already care for thoughtful reading. Let the writers appear in person and say such a thing to a thoughtful man with Shakespeare in his hands. Hyde Park manners are offensive. And just listen to this comfortable and condescending assurance:

But such criticisms will be remote from any taint of academic pedantry—intelligible to all, and enjoyable by all.

The thoughtful reader would reply that he could himself criticise intelligently, that he would be willing to read only criticism which was itself another masterpiece of style, that such expressions as "taint of academic pedantry" were the pickings of Fleet Street. He would reply that the tone to be heard in this announcement is a vulgar tone, and that for studies in criticism he would go to the works of critics whose tone is more like that of the creative artists, to those critical works, actually republished by the proprietors of "Everyman's Library." From Dryden to Arnold there is no lack of critical studies which are themselves works of art. The editors of "Everyman" obviously, in their conceit, are "talking down" to someone or other.

It is felt by the proprietors that there never was a time when guidance was more urgently needed, for we are living in a wonderful age, when every landmark is being swept away

(When, let us murmur, the classics in "Everyman's Library" are finding place on thousands of bookshelves.)

every belief is being challenged, and every established institution is on its trial; when reform and change are the order of the day, and every writer is a herald of revolt. "Everyman," therefore, will not look at the great political and religious struggles of the present generation with the aloofness and detachment of the academic recluse.

We have all of us heard these phrases so often that the burning stake might not discover their origin to memory. There is a stereotyped block of rant, superfluous and disgusting. It is also untrue, intended as it is, to describe our particular age. All ages have challenged belief and put institutions on trial and reformed and changed. Only an ignorant man would state as peculiar to his own time what makes the commonplace of history. Of course, not every writer is a "herald of revolt," nor did there ever exist such an entirely mad collection of literary men. On the contrary, wherever the minors have become insurgent, there you will find the major critics—Dryden, Johnson, Hazlitt, Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, Arnold—steading the infants and pointing the middle way which follows on and not away from the grand past. Are these guides the so plainly dreaded and hated academic recluses with their aloofness-and-detachment? What a mouthful of superfluities! And what of all that is averse from the "detached" judgment are we not promised! One wonders what particular religious creed the editors of "Everyman" profess, for, if they profess none, they must almost certainly prove guilty of detachment from all. In politics, too, are they Tories, Liberals, Socialists, or what may they be?

We see that they are ranters and true comrades in particular revolt in all directions. And, behold, now they have forgotten their recent, really too recent, fling at the "detached" critic; and if, for even a moment, we have accepted them as men of single heart and mind, we must now become undeceived. They proceed in the same Cockney tone towards certain crazy contradictions—

Whilst remaining in close touch with all the controversies of the age, it ("Everyman") will always strive to avoid the turbid atmosphere of political and religious partisanship—in fact the paper will be non-partisan, politically or otherwise.

Neither detached nor attached! Not the most academic of recluses ever laid claim to such an uncommon state. It implies a miracle, or much bunkum. No; it implies the envy of mediocre men against men of great learning and genius—it discovers the secret yearning precisely to pass for critics of impartial, "detached" judgment. But a man must be party to

the permanent canon of criticism before he can pronounce any judgment of value whether upon religion, politics, literature, or any single human concern. And no doubt these petty composers of a bit of bad English will henceforth claim to have the canon.

It will raise its banner . . . it will be the banner of humanity.

What is this?

It will stand for international goodwill, pacific co-operation;—

(Another kind of co-operation is then bellicose, we suppose.)

it will stand for reform against reaction; for spiritual freedom against spiritual tyranny; it will stand, above all, for the intellectual and moral uplifting and enfranchisement of the people.

Phew! Above reform, above spiritual freedom, above goodwill and "pacific" co-operation, it will stand, etc., etc., etc. If the wonderfully revolting age we live in may be distinguished from every other wonderfully revolting age, the distinction is this—and it is one peculiarly bitter to certain minds in all ages!—that impudence and mediocrity make an indignity of existence. Michael Angelo said that his was no age for art. For present-day artists the only distinction of this age from any other is that it and all its mediocrities are contemporary.

The magazine itself has now come to hand. The title, suggesting, as it certainly is meant to suggest, the atmosphere of the "Everyman Library" of classical literature, is something worse than misleading. So far from the journal being a "high-class" literary one, it cannot well aspire to comparison with even "T. P.'s Weekly." No single article appears which "T. P.'s" might not have given to the world this very week. But the editing is amateur. "Everyman" is superfluous. One feels almost inclined to go forth and buy "T. P.'s," moved by that touching sense of fairness and human sympathy which makes people stand by their old grocer against the new and unnecessary competitor across the way. Why the devil the journal should be called after the classical library is beyond us to comprehend, except as plain impudence. At first rumour of a journal to be associated with "Everyman's Library," we indeed felt a fantastic hope that by some persuasion of which we ourselves had not the secret, great but hitherto silent men were to be lured from their fastnesses. We knew all the common writers. We knew there was nothing valuable to come from there. The "message of 'Everyman,'" which we have criticised above, destroyed our sweet dream, but broke, indeed, the horrid shock of reading the paper itself. The political notes rival any in Fleet Street: "Now that war has come at last, it takes some effort of imagination to grasp the grim reality that confronts us . . . An incident in the House of Commons revealed in a flash the burning question, etc. In an instant the House was ablaze with the fiery passions that raged round the famous Budget of 1909." Deadwood Dick de luxe! The article on the Balkan War is composed of flashy and sanguinary clichés. This "banner of humanity" already drips with the blood of tyrants, monarchs, diplomatists, in fact of whole countries full of savage foreign monsters! 'Twas ever thus! Mr. G. K. Chesterton brightly misinterprets Socialism, but we should always read anything he might choose to write. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace replies to Dr. Schäfer's five-weeks' dead origin of life. Dr. Wallace's portrait follows. A note on Dr. Wallace explains who he is—but "T. P.'s" knew it all long ago. J. M. Synge is revived: his "utterance, the burden of which was a love of ardent life . . . a passion for ardent life." Religion—The Rev. R. J. Campbell, comforted, although "The Church is no longer the dominating force that it once was." A sonnet to Meredith:—

"Urge still the strife until our thinking can"

Why do not these poets try the sound of their woeful lines? Thinking-can could not be seriously delivered as the stay of a rhymed decasyllable; and if the rhyme is disreputable and must be concealed, why

rhyme? Most mysterious is the next article. Someone, unnamed, grows savagely humane in the first person over the neglect of German: "I doubt whether there is any more glaring proof of the present inefficiency, etc., the scandalous attitude towards the German language . . . . How long, my classical friends, are we going to stand this scandal of international illiteracy . . . how long, etc., nation hoodwinked by, etc., reactionary dons and obscurantist parsons, etc., force a smattering of Greek down the throats (sic) of a reluctant youth?" But how this alien does hate and fear the old academic scholar. And what need has he not to fear, coming thus with a throatful of splutters against a culture safe as eternity! The Editor replies in a wordy note to his unknown and unknowable colleague. "Scandalous as is the neglect of German, there is another and a more disastrous result of the monopoly of classics, and that is the neglect of English." We conclude him to have been one of the hydra-throated youths. Perhaps, a classical education is to become once more, in name as well as in fact, the monopoly of gentlemen. A scholar and a gentleman! was the good phrase. "Why I believe in Peace" by Norman Angell. Ah! "My recollections of Oscar Wilde" by Henri Mazel: "Oscar Wilde spoke French very well." But French is not German, and the downfall of Wilde no doubt dates from his reactionary obscurantist and classical essay on the "Rise of Historical Criticism." How careful one should be! As M. Mazel remarks, however, Wilde spoke French very well and finally reformed himself after his "well-merited punishment" which, as we all know, was a death-sentence: "It was a profound satisfaction to me to find that the soul of White had benefited." God save us all from our friends! Tolstoy's "War and Peace" by Mr. C. Sarolea: "And as we can only inadequately analyse the powers displayed, so we can only dimly guess the methods employed." Quite so; and let us not, therefore, waste our precious clichés on things we do not understand. "The Victim," a sloppy yarn of a minor poet with a weak heart, copyright in the U.S.A. by P. Gibbon; it reads unlike English—let us trust that the style is due possibly to the author's spirited efforts to translate "Daily Mail" serials into German, or at worst, French. Some study of modern literature must be credited to Mr. Gibbon: "Well," said Cobb, impatiently, stilling the thief's whimpering protests with a quick grip of the hand that held him." That's the way to fill space: "'Peste!' remarked Rigobert in a tone of dejection, and looked with an appearance of horror at," etc. "Montenegro and its Ruler" is lengthily interrupted by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and Smith, Elder—but the King, we learn, was still a majestic, imposing figure, four years ago. Mr. George Saintsbury begins a note on Scott and Balzac in his famously-bad style that is almost always underminingly readable. Mr. Sandow on "The Wonderful Mechanics of Digestion," though quite at home, must be passed by to Mr. Darrel Figgis on Meredith. Mr. Figgis always relies on figgicisms to conceal his very, very modern education. He is the greatest "bluffer" of the journalistic day, a sausage-maker to send green Demosthenes' good friend, a spouter to drive Sim Tappertit yearning: "One of the difficulties in what is called a co-ordinated philosophy of life is that the very process of co-ordination implies an elimination . . . It is a fatal itch [the only substantive discoverable is "and so they come often to deny"] . . . Few thinkers have been so sane . . . than George Meredith." His latest love of a word is "rich." Meredith says something about a "richer being" and the adjective much did take our Figgle—so Lord Morley has a *rich* series of letters, Meredith's poetry has a *richer* significance; and in some verses by Mr. Figgis, to be found, almost at one's peril, among a medley of advertisements and Mr. Arnold Bennett's confessions of a business creative artist, in some verses we must call opulently sweet:—

"Rich musics float my nimbler senses to assail."

—D. FIGGIS.

"Our Literary Competition," with a five-pound prize,

sends us really galloping over to our old grocer. Here is his very own dodge, and shame to those that would take the bread out of his mouth! The big prize for "literature" is to be awarded to such a person as shall suggest the best methods of organising reading circles for "Everyman"! Poor fellow! he will earn it.

## "The Battle of the Boyne."

*There was no Battle at the Boyne.*

ON the 30th June, 1690, on the County Meath side of the river Boyne were assembled a scratch force of 25,000 men, English, French, Scotch and Irish. Many of these carried no other arms than pikes and bill-hooks. Others, who possessed firearms, had neither powder nor shot, whilst the whole of their artillery consisted of twelve miserable French 6-pounders. At the head of this motley crowd was "Dirty Jimmy" Stewart, by the grace of God, King of England, etc., a self-confessed liar, thief, and coward. The officer in command, De Lauzen, was a Frenchman, who obtained the appointment, not because he possessed any military talents or aptitude for leadership, but because he happened to be the fancy-man of Madame Maintenon, the mistress of Louis XIV, who demanded the post for her lover.

On the County Louth side of the Boyne, a curiously mixed army of Dutch, Danes, Germans, English, Swedes, Scotch, and Irish, numbering 35,000 men, were encamped. "The Army was in all respects as well provided as any kingdom in the world that had one, for the number of men."

At the head of this force was William of Nassau, Statholder of the Dutch Republic. "A man without any personal quality that could endear him to any human being," this estimable person was the son-in-law of James Stewart. These two men, James and his son-in-law, were supposed to be contending for the crown of England, etc. And it is certain that those who supported James believed that at last he would put up a real fight for his throne. James, however, had already determined otherwise. As he had done before, in England, so he decided to do here, namely, to run away, and then slander those whom he had deserted and betrayed.

On this day, 30th June, James, unknown to his supporters, had dispatched Sir Patrick Trant to Waterford to secure a vessel to carry him to France. Early next morning, the day of the alleged "Battle of the Boyne," he sent off half the artillery and part of the cavalry to escort his baggage to Dublin, and earlier in the day he fled himself, leaving his crown and honour on the field, without a contest.

From the paltry proceedings of that day, more to blush for than to brag about, has descended that curious toast, so beloved of present-day Orangemen, "the glorious, pious and immortal memory and Hell roast the Pope."

It was to ascertain what reason the Orangemen have for glorifying William and damning his Holiness that I was led to a study of the Dutchman's career; with some very surprising results.

As noted above, William's army at the Boyne represented nearly every continental nationality. How did it arise that the Stadholder of a petty State like Holland could command the services of such a force? To find the answer we must cross to the continent and travel back for a certain period.

Under the influence of Michel Le Tellier, Marquis De Louvois, Louis XIV had been egged on to attempt the subjugation of the continent to the domination of France. The Dutch Republic had been the greatest sufferer from the action of Louis, but now he determined that the whole of Europe should suffer. He scattered over the continent various armies, estimated to number 400,000 men.

It was at this critical juncture that William effected his master stroke of policy, by inducing all the continental Powers, Catholic and Protestant, to form the

confederation known as the league of Augsburg, with Pope Innocent XI at its head.

At this period, we are told, William was a cautious, cunning man, jealous of his wife, she being heir to the throne of England, whilst he was only the elected head of the Dutch States.

But even so early as 1687 William had evidently made up his mind either to share the throne with his wife or to supplant her altogether.

He pretended to be on the friendliest terms with his father-in-law: offered him military assistance against the English Whigs; whilst in reality he was carrying on an intrigue, through Kykvelt, with the same party to secure the crown for himself.

The English Whigs were willing, indeed anxious, to sell their king and country to the Dutchman for a consideration, but William was afraid to take the plunge.

In the following year, on the 10th June, the Prince of Wales was born, and William sent over an ambassador to congratulate his father-in-law on the birth of a male heir to the throne: but—only six days after he accepted a dispatch from the leading Whigs offering the crown to himself. And still he hesitated—why?

The cause of his hesitation was this. Up to that time he had failed to secure the sanction and blessing of the Pope, as Head of the League, to the undertaking. But he now dispatched the Prince of Vaudemont to the Vatican as his envoy, with profuse promises to the Pope, that if he would sanction and bless the expedition, William would secure every toleration for the Catholics of England and Ireland. On the strength of these promises, the Pope gave his consent and blessing and William hurried on his preparations. By the 19th October all was ready, and William put to sea. And now was witnessed the strange spectacle of the Pope of Rome and the Protestant Prince of Orange leagued together for the invasion of another country, whilst at the same time Te Deums were being sung in Catholic churches for the success of the joint enterprise.

That this action of the Pope led to the extinction of Catholic Ireland for a century and the ascendancy of Orangeism is a matter of common history.

Why, then, do the admirers of the Dutchman indulge in such idiotic cries as "Hell Roast the Pope"?

PETER FANNING.

## Views and Reviews.\*

THE controversy that resulted from the publication and criticism of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and is here reprinted for the second time, reached no fruitful conclusion because it started from a sterile premiss. Wilde, like a recent writer in THE NEW AGE, wanted only to assert that Art is, and he pretended to be unable to understand how it could be credited with any attributes. He did not mean what he said, of course; for, after stating that "the sphere of art and the sphere of ethics are absolutely distinct and separate," and declaring that "no work of art can be criticised from a moral standpoint," he professed himself gratified by the approval of several Christian journals, who hailed him as a moral reformer. He was simply trying to catch the eye of Mrs. Grundy, and whether he shocked or pleased her did not matter, so long as she noticed him. So, after divorcing Art and Morality, he was pleased to wed them again; or, more correctly, he did not want to repeal the union when some of its benefits were personally applied. This was a sound conclusion for Mr. Grundy to come to, but for none other than he. The age-long enmity of the artist was not vindicated, nor was the public taste improved, by this weak surrender to the modern Delilah, who is still, as ever, in the pay of the Philistines.

Since the time of the French Revolution, at least, Art has been only a regrettable incident in the history of England. The moral question did not arise until the Church was practically divorced from the people of

England; then it seemed as if all our clergymen had become literary critics. Shelley and Keats were effectively banned, and Byron was as effectively boomed, by the insistence on what was thought to be morality and sound politics. Byron, of course, was no more moral, no more sound in politics, than was Shelley; but Convocation itself could not prevent a powerful personality from being powerful; it could only provide opportunities for the exercise of that personality. But the clergymen triumphed with the lapse of time, and Tennyson became not only Poet Laureate, but an extremely popular poet. Art and Morality were respectably married in his poetry; and since, as Emerson said, he described the Englishman as he really was, and proposed no better, what could England do but make of him the Royal roarer? "The poem is created as an ornament and finish of the monarchy," said Emerson, with pitiless accuracy.

This, of course, has nothing to do with Art or Morality in the abstract, with the artist's freedom of choice of subject-matter or the limitation of critical judgment; but it does illustrate the nature of the English people, and suggest, at least, why the artist's point of pride is never appreciated in England. What is never quite realised by those who, like Wilde, called themselves artists, and wished to divorce Art from Morality, is that there are two nations in England. "They are not the Poor and the Rich, nor the Normans and the Saxons, nor the Celt and the Goth," says Emerson. "These are each always becoming the other, for Robert Owen does not exaggerate the power of circumstance. But the two complexions, or two styles of mind—the perceptive class, and the practical finality class—are ever in counterpoise, interacting mutually; one, in hopeless minorities; the other, in huge masses; one studious, contemplative, experimenting; the other, the ungrateful pupil, scornful of the source, whilst availing itself of the knowledge for gain; these two nations, of genius and animal force, though the first consist only of a dozen souls, and the second of twenty millions, for ever by their discord and their accord yield the power of the English State." It is really a calamity for an artist to be born in England, although it is probably a blessing in disguise for those more fortunate ones who have the English gift of cant.

Wilde's assertion that the public did not concern him was beggared by the fact that he appealed to it. He needed its praise, even if he despised its criticism; for if he wished to be judged only as an artist, he should have restricted the publication of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to those few elect souls who were worthy of it. But the assertion itself is a confession of failure as an artist, for the artist differs from the pander only in this, that the pander satisfies a prevailing taste and the artist creates the taste by which he is enjoyed. To attempt to produce an effect of pure beauty, and to receive only criticism of morals, is to fail lamentably in either subject-matter or treatment; to object that the criticism is irrelevant is to admit the failure. For the test of a work of art is not its intention, but its effect; and if Wilde did not know and did not concern himself with his public, how could he exercise his art?

But the public is always more or less of an unknown quantity; even the English stability of character is no longer to be relied on. Shaw said some years ago that ten years of cheap reading had changed the English nation from the most stolid to the most nervous and hysterical people in Europe. Even their old animosities are dying. Then they cared enough for morality to attack what was intended to be a work of art; now they care so little for art that they only write to defend the publication of unmistakably immoral works. The artistic pose has become the fashion; what Nietzsche said of Wagner is true of Wilde: "He says a thing again and again until one despairs—until one believes it." Wilde told the English so often that Art had nothing to do with Morality that, loving the sayers of "No" more than the sayers of "Yes," they concluded that the absence of Morality implied the presence of Art. But being hypocrites as well as Philistines, they dared not call the new thing by the old

\* "Oscar Wilde: Art and Morality." By Stuart Mason. (Palmer. 5s. net.)

name. We do not speak of the immoral school of literature or drama; when we want prurience or downright depravity, we turn to "sociological art."

Wilde's pose was not really one of superiority. "Higher natures overpower lower ones by affecting them with a certain sleep," said Emerson; and Wilde found his critics wide awake and vigilant. But they sleep at last. Wilde did not aspire to be a popular novelist, but his works do not decline in popularity. His deliberate differentiation of himself from the English public implied only that he was ashamed of his likeness to it. "It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors," he said, in the course of his controversy; but the work of art mirrors no less truly the artist's perception of his public. A book dealing morally with prurient matter, as Wilde confessed that "The Picture of Dorian Gray" did, was a characteristically English book: indeed, one of his defences was the admission that the chief personages of his story were "puppies," and he excused his choice, not only on personal grounds, but by a reference, not too accurate, to Thackeray. The English public, believing Wilde's truism that Art had nothing to do with Morality, and asking only like Swinburne of Dolores, "What new sins wilt thou teach to thy lover?" did read the book furtively, as it deserved. The facts that there are no new sins to be taught, and that no sins are described in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," only increase its interest for those among whom Wilde thought it "would create a sensation." It stimulated the phagocytes, not only of England, but of Europe; and the cant of sociology has superseded the cant of morality.

A. E. R.

## REVIEWS.

**Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life.** By Sir Alfred Turner. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

There seems to be an epidemic of memoir writing by distinguished soldiers; and, candidly, it cannot be said that the record of General Turner's career makes such interesting reading as that of less distinguished, but more variegated adventurers, such as General Funston and "Maori" Browne. The interest of a career is not always proportioned to its importance. The kernel of this book is, of course, the author's account of his adventures in Ireland whilst in charge of the military effecting the evictions in the South and West—a detestable job which seems to have gone against both convictions and inclinations, but which was, nevertheless, performed with singularly little trouble, owing to the tact of Colonel Turner (as he was then).

It is interesting to learn that in or about the year 1861 the Gunners' Mess at Woolwich contained "a sort of religious sect which was irreverently called 'Blues,'" and that it was quite a usual thing to be greeted with the words, "How is your soul this morning?" instead of the familiar "How do you do?" Also that the officers of the Confederate "Alabama" were gentlemen, and those of the Federal "Kearsage" most emphatically not. Perhaps that is why the Confederates got the worst of it. But the gem of the book is the criticism of the Waterloo veteran, Sir John Bloomfield, upon the new rifled guns which had begun to be introduced about the same date. "He did not like them at all. They did not have them at Waterloo, and, besides, they were a change, and every change was an innovation, and every innovation was to be deprecated." They were men in those days, and not frightened of their own mind. Imagine such honesty from a modern Tory—say, Mr. F. E. Smith!

**Legends.** By August Strindberg. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

Students of psychical phenomena have for years been aware that no wonderful work is permitted beyond that necessary to carry conviction to the individual. It is for this reason that no publication of personal experiences can be of benefit to any but those who are willing to dispense with individual experience. Strindberg's experiences may have been veridical to him, but, to others, they appear to be merely the delusions of a

paranoniac. It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that it is possible to descend into hell, and become subject to devils, while still retaining to all appearances the qualities and powers of a normal being; but the value of such witness to the miraculous is discounted by the fact that the author of this book was admittedly insane at some period of his life. That Strindberg had to be convinced of the real existence of other powers than those he usually exercised by the manifestation of devilish activity is a deplorable fact that should have been concealed in the secrecy of the confessional; that he accepted this devilish guidance as being instrumental for his good is, perhaps, the only consolatory feature of this book. But as testimony to the benign will of the universe, this record of obsessions and demoniacal visitations is really paradoxical, and can have no validity for anyone but the author. Its publication is to be regretted, for it can add nothing to the assurance of those who know, while it may give occasion to the scoffer. In the last analysis it classes Strindberg with the "miserable sinners" who are at the same time so unintelligent that only the most obvious means of torment can make them repent. That Strindberg attained to some assurance is a matter for congratulation; but that he should have thought it necessary or useful to reveal to the public the hell through which he passed is to disobey the first law of the spirit. Terror certainly has its value, but it is the sword of the Spirit that hurts to the healing of very few: in the hands of such a raw recruit to the Church Militant as Strindberg, it will probably do more harm than good.

**The Consumer in Revolt.** By Teresa Billington-Greig. (Swift. 1s. net.)

Mrs. Greig has written an interesting essay on the need of a dual process of resistance to the capitalists. She argues very plausibly that the workers, in their attempts to raise wages, are handicapped by the lack of public sympathy. For the public looks at all industrial questions from the point of view of the consumer, and knows that the success of the men can only mean a rise in prices. As the producers are themselves consumers, she contends that one-sided action, even if successful, cannot result in any real improvement of the conditions of life; for, faster than wages, prices will rise, and the last state be worse than the first. She suggests, therefore, that the public, in addition to being organised as producers, should organise itself as consumers to resist a rise in prices, to pass judgment on the quality of the goods supplied, on the conditions of the labourers employed in their production, etc., and enforce its judgment by means of the boycott and any other social weapon that can be invented. She contends that a capitalist would think more than twice about causing a strike if he knew that the result would be a boycott of his produce; and she hints at the possibility of successful competition with capitalist production by the consumers and workers together setting up their own manufactories. Really this is only the co-operative idea, enlivened by the introduction of the woman question; and the issue of such a scheme would depend entirely on the method by which the scheme was capitalised. A colossal co-operative organisation might be able to freeze out the capitalist, and thus eliminate profit; but there is nothing in the scheme to prevent the increase of rent and interest to such a point that the division of wealth remained the same. It is certain that Consumers' Leagues, acting in concert with the organised producers, could do much to reduce the disparity between wages and prices, and to ameliorate the conditions of production; but as a system of production, the suggestion fails, because it does not consider the financial aspect of the question. But the suggestion is admittedly tentative, and aims more at arousing public interest in a somewhat neglected aspect of the industrial question than at finding adequate solutions of the problems. So far, it is welcome.

**The Love-Seeker: A Guide to Marriage.** By Maud Churton Braby. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Braby is mistaken: the Love-Seeker is not seeking after Matrimony, but adventures in the Spirit; but Mrs. Braby is a woman, and must degrade the divine fire to domestic purposes. By her advice, she adds

point to Iago's description of women as being "players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds." For she is concerned to retain the virginal raptures in matrimony; and advocates separate bedrooms, and the banishment of the husband from the dressing-room lest familiarity with the details of the wardrobe should breed contempt for the wearer of its contents. So we have ten chapters dealing with Love, Courtship, and Marriage in the style of a writer of a "Woman's Page" in the daily Press, or of an Aunt Matilda in those weird periodicals that minister to the surreptitious sociology of the other sex. If, by a miracle, the acidulous vestals who have married ferret-faced boys or staring burgesses, to quote Stevenson's description, attempted to act on Mrs. Braby's advice, there should be matter for immoral comedy; for meretriciousness is not becoming to the virtuous. The meretrix needs no advice from Mrs. Braby; and, so far as the men are concerned, Mrs. Braby must have forgotten that "men grow ashamed of being so very fond."

**The Love Affairs of the Condés.** By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

This book scarcely deserves its title, for Mr. Williams has really written the history of the Condé family like a sober-sides, without any suggestion of piquancy. He records the scandals as mechanically as he writes of the war, diplomacy, and politics of the period; and he differs from the historian only in this, that he does not attempt to estimate the importance to France of the Condés, in love or otherwise engaged. The result is narrative, not biography, and narrative which certainly does not illuminate, although, if instruction be good, it instructs. The book has many illustrations, but is published without an index; and it may be commended to the readers of Mr. Williams' previous books.

**The Heather Moon.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.)

Dedicated to "All Scots wherever they may be." Frontispiece of Scotch moors, boulders, heather, moon behind indigo: in the middle distance a something horse-power motor car, very vile. Specimen paragraph: "Ian always wears the kilt; and if I hadn't loved him as much as I possibly could before, I should have, etc., etc., the day I saw him in it first. He is painting my portrait in the Gretna Green costume; and when we are tired, we take long walks together, I in a short tweed, with my hair down my back, Ian in his kilt." Blethers! as the auld wumman said.

**The Ridge of the White Waters.** By William Scully. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

A pleasant book of travel in modern South Africa, written by one of the fortunate men of adventure who were in long before the millionaire and the out-of-work represented the two ends of the Colonial scale. Mr. Scully goes over his old ground very humanly, contriving to hope, even amidst the desolation of mushroom towns, chicanery and oppression, that when all is uglified that God made lovely, men may turn upon themselves and "essay a conquest of that moral inertia which falls like a blight wherever men aggregate beyond a certain point." There are forty-three illustrations in half-tone.

**Sable and Motley.** By Stephen Andrew. (Greening. 6s.)

Mr. Andrew belongs evidently to the commendable band of authors who have set out to discover a public for the decent novel. He must not often commit the mistake of writing about commonplace people, and for this reason—that the public he seeks is, must be, very intelligent, and intelligent in the head as well as in the heart. The subject matter of "Sable and Motley" is actually insufficient to make a good novel. The chief characters are what are called properly enough "nice" people, but they are undistinguished by the graces, and persons must be so distinguished to make them worthy of literary selection. The story describes the course of true love between Mary, a vicar's daughter, and O'Brien, a Socialist, but the stone in the path is merely the particularly disagreeable and narrow-minded mother

of Mary. Such an incarnation of adverse destiny as this tedious lady cannot inspire literature. There are some lively electioneering scenes, lively, they would be, if written as sketches. In fact, the matter is all matter for sketches, and seems rather pretentious in novelistic form. In Mr. Andrew's book, "Dr. Grey," the "solid information" which half the world is always glad to have about anything and anybody, was remarkable in truth and quantity. "Sable and Motley" is not, in our opinion, up to its author's own standard.

**The Suburban.** By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Ayrton expanded. 'I want to live. I want to live my own life. I want to enjoy my own brains and my own lusts. I want to fight. I want to jolt these damned respectable little suburban people out of their wretched comfortable lives and make them afraid because they dared to be so content. I want to frighten them and make them suffer and make them hate. I want to make them live. . . . Not one of them has the spirit to be free. . . . Never a one will break loose and go her own way and use herself how she wants and enjoy. There's no passion in them,' etc." The creed of the new bouncer. Mr. Bailey places him at Oxford. Very likely, in these days. But Ayrton is not the hero. Jimmy Lane, son of a lodging-house, wins a scholarship, finds himself miserable at Oxford, writes an unsuccessful novel in early youth, becomes a journalist, writes a successful novel, and marries the girl whose bicycle was upset in the first chapter. He gripped her arm cruelly. "Wide eyes of surprise saw his eyes fierce and a pale face tense and strained." A couple of rodents love-making. The whole book is a very rubbishy imitation, in matter and style, of Mr. H. G. Wells.

**Windyridge.** By W. Riley. (H. Jenkins. 6s.)

With a lengthy parade of utter and absolute modesty about ever on any account publishing at all, Mr. Riley, "a new writer," permits the public to read the novel which in manuscript so entertained some of his friends. We are not entertained, however. The style is aggressively cheery, and really suggests no more æsthetic conscience than might satisfy a private audience. Further, the author has not feared to pretend to be a woman writing in the first person. "What a remarkable little woman Mother Hubbard is. She knows I keep a record of my experiences, and has got it into her head that I am writing a book, and she is, therefore, always on the look-out for the appearance of the hero. She has given me to understand that if she can only be in at the dénouement when the hero leads the blushing bride to the altar amid the ill-restrained murmur of admiration from the crowd," etc., etc., etc. A decidedly amateur and superfluous novel.

Also received:—

"Dagobert's Children." By L. T. Beeston. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Countess Daphne." By "Rita." (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"The Bountiful Hour." By Marion Fox. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

"The Anglo-Indians." By Alice Perrin. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Thread of Proof." By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Lamorna." By Mrs. A. Sidgwick. (Methuen. 6s.)

"London Lavender." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Mary Pechell." By Mrs. Belloc Loundes. (Methuen. 6s.)

**Thomas Andrews, Shipbuilder.** By Swan F. Bullock. (Maunsell. 1s. and 3s. 6d. net.)

Among those who went down in the "Titanic" was Thomas Andrews, the designer of the ill-fated vessel and the subject of the present memoir. He appears to have been that singular phenomenon, a real man; and there is no wonder that on this account he was both beloved and respected by all who knew him. We are sorry to disagree with Sir Horace Plunkett's estimate, however, of the value and good taste of Mr. Bullock's memoir. From title to conclusion it is in our judgment as vulgar and pretentious as its subject was simple and modest. The less said of men like Thomas Andrews by journalists like Mr. Bullock the better.

## Drama.\*

By John Francis Hope.

It would be easy to over-rate Sudermann as a dramatist. He lacks the distinction of insanity, but, at the same time, he plays with some of the morbid ideas of the decadents of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Moreover, his feeling for stage effect is almost infallible. He regards drama with the eye of the performer: he writes plays for actors. This is, of course, a "condescension to the vulgar level"; for those who were unaware of the low estimation in which actors were held by the Greeks learned from Mr. Birrell, as long ago as "Obiter Dicta," that actors were not to be regarded as artists. We have only to look at the parts that are specially written for them, or are, in the completest sense, "created" by them, to see how their taste demands bad literature, bad psychology, bad drama. As Mr. Holbrook Jackson said recently, Sydney Carton was "created" by Martin Harvey, not by Charles Dickens; and the awful consequences of that "creation" are to be seen in the provinces. But we have to go to Nietzsche to be reminded of the first principle of taste, and demand, with him, "that the theatre may not become the master of art."

Horace declared that "of writing well the source and fountain-head is wise thinking." It might be said to follow logically that the four one-act plays that are here presented under the generic title of "Roses" are not well written. Only by a rhetorical process could roses be regarded as a dramatic subject: one might as well take wall-paper, or gloves, or any other article that has some relation to human life, as a subject. Roses, we know, are emblematic of the passion of love—I decline to record again the similarity of the processes of blossoming and decay to the inception, development, and extinction of the sexual passion; but the first of these plays of Sudermann is based on no more profound a thesis than Swinburne's:—

Men gaze, and then change in a trice  
The lilies and languors of virtue  
For the roses and raptures of vice.

It is only a worldly sort of wisdom that regards the process as in any way more objectionable than any other form of education; just as Nietzsche said of Wagner, "There is no help for it; we must be Wagnerians"; so a philosopher with Teutonic blood in his veins, knowing his native sentimentality and subjection to the eternal illusion, would say that there is no help for it, we may first fall in love.

But because roses decay, because Time turns "our loves into corpses or wives," as Swinburne said, we cannot tolerate on the stage the spectacle of the decaying passion, nor snuff up the stench of the dead roses. That is all that Sudermann asks us to do. He surrounds his characters with every obscene circumstance: the pavilion covered with roses is supposed to be deserted, but is really occupied by a woman who wants to take her fill of love while the roses bloom. The lover for whom she has deserted her husband is a poltroon, so afraid of his "mamma" that he dare not betray the presence of his mistress by opening the shutters. For eight days this loathsome couple have couched on a bed of roses, and the disgusting smell of heaps of dead flowers is only the botanical accompaniment of the degradation of satiety. The husband, of course, discovers the retreat, enters it, behaves like an imbecile, the exhibition being accompanied by a display of cowardice on the part of a lover that is really morbid, and, to give the final theatric touch, the woman runs off screaming followed by her husband with a knife, and staggers back to fall against a table and be buried beneath a shower of roses as the curtain falls.

\* "Roses Morituri. By Hermann Sudermann. (Duckworth. 2s. net, each.)

The conclusion will probably be regarded as "moral," with the added attraction of what is vulgarly called "poetic justice," by those of the bourgeoisie who have never been found out. Even those half-fledged cuckoos known as "artistic" people may see in this play a mordant and trenchant satire of love, though they may imagine that its illicit nature is not its only attraction for them. But as Nietzsche said of the stage-player, "Genuineness becomes superfluous, disadvantageous, and a drawback." The play pretends to art by the appropriateness of its circumstances; everything is carefully selected to produce the drama of decay, and to produce, instead of beauty, its equivalent of theatrical effect. Sudermann had no doubt that the play could be made attractive by the art of the actor, and he provided all the customary opportunities for the exercise of that art. But there is nothing to show that he intended to disgust people with the latter end of love, as there is, for instance, in "The Kreutzer Sonata." He was only concerned to translate a truism, a physiological fact, into the technical terms of a trade, and to leave it to be supposed that whatever would act well was therefore art.

I turn to "Morituri." Death is not really a dramatic subject; even an undertaker can make no more than a procession of it. There is, perhaps, no more striking commentary on this fact than Shakespeare's laconic stage-direction (Dies), with which his plays are so plentifully besprinkled. But no one dies in "Morituri." These three plays are only preliminary discourses to death; the effect is to be imaginatively conceived. But the pitiless logic of drama forbids us to be thrilled by what Sudermann probably thought was the necessary consequence of his induction. Of what use is it to show us the camp of Teja, the Goths in the last stages of starvation, surrounded by their foes, and cut off from all hope of succour? Of what use is it to expose Teja to the affection of his young wife, to try to make us feel the pathos of this newly awakened love that is doomed to be denied its fulfilment by the dread hand of Death, when the issue is left to the hazard of war? Forlorn hopes have been successful; beleaguered garrisons before now have made successful sorties, and Teja might have returned to the domestic felicities of an early German home. Fritzchen, too, although doomed to fight a duel with an unerring marksman, might have returned to marry Agnes. Did not Lassalle fall to the unskilled aim of Racowitza, and Helene von Donniges become the dutiful wife of the Wallachian? What pathos, then, can possibly attach to these farewells that have at least a fighting chance of being revoked? Only in the theatre, where the audience is as well trained as the actors to appreciate duly the effect of stage-craft, could these plays be regarded with anything but derision.

But Sudermann's technique is not above reproach. He cannot make his characters reveal themselves in action; they have to explain themselves in speech. "When you wish to instruct," said Horace, "be brief." Sudermann certainly does not use the soliloquy, nor are his speeches as long as those that Shaw delights in; but his characters have to anatomise themselves for the elucidation of their characters and the plot, and for the instruction of the audience. "I love you with the right ventricle of my heart, but not with the left; with the left auricle of my heart, but not with the right," sneered the lover in "The Story of an African Farm," deriding this very process of dramatic revelation. Drama, being the art of action, demands that the author deal only with matter that is self-explanatory. We must have the characters in summary, not in analysis; we must be so sparing of language that they say nothing but the right thing for them. It is useless as drama to put on the stage a number of people so much alike that they can only be differentiated by explanation. These minute differences that demand such careful diagnosis are useless to drama; they encumber the action with dialogue, and confuse the auditor's mind with a multitude of details. "Every word that is unnecessary only pours over the side of the brimming mind," said Horace; and in drama the word "unnecessary" means "not dramatic."

## Albert Samain.

By Richard Buxton.

THERE are few studies more fascinating than that of the part played by disease in literary inspiration. At one time, though no scientific study of the question had been made, it was considered only right for a poet to be in some way in ill-health. At that period poets died young or imagined that they would do so. Shelley deplored his ill-health and felt that he was not to live to be an old man. Gautier, the magnificent athlete, felt constrained to pose as a "poitrinaire," though he found the attitude irritating and difficult to preserve consistently. The general wave of ridicule which accompanied the reaction against this feeling for some time swept the question into neglect and made obscure the relation which may be established between certain maladies and certain forms of poetic genius.

It has long been a commonplace of medical science that the disease from which Maupassant, Schumann and Nietzsche suffered, and which resulted eventually in their insanity, while it was in no sense a purely mental disease, was yet responsible to a great extent for their violent cerebral activity. In England, of course, Keats is the classic example of a young poet wasted by consumption, whose genius burnt so brilliantly because it burnt so swiftly. There can hardly be any doubt that the magnificent productions of his last period, the odes and the "Last Sonnet," written in the greatest distress of mind and body, derived much of their unearthly splendour from a physical agitation produced by illness in the poet's mind. If we cannot show scientifically the exact cause of these phenomena it is at least possible to point out that there are certain characteristics in common in the work of consumptive men of genius, and that purely from a literary and artistic point of view we are inclined to class them together, even if we know nothing of their state of health.

Albert Samain, a clerk in the service of the French Government, was a consumptive, and, not one of the greatest, but one of the truest poets produced by the Symbolist movement. To say that he was produced by the Symbolist movement is perhaps to give a wrong impression of his work. He was a member of no school, he had no metrical theories to exploit, and as far as technique goes, some of his elegies might have been written by Hugo, some of his sonnets by Hérédia. But for all this he was a Symbolist in the widest interpretation of the word, that is to say, one of those who used French verse for dreams instead of for rhetoric.

His life is unimportant. He was born in 1858, he was for a time a bank clerk, then a Government servant, wrote verses for the "Mercure de France," and other *jeunes revues*, published two small volumes and died in 1900. It is noteworthy that he himself never attached much importance to what he wrote. He would have been content, had not friends urged otherwise, to leave his poems in the reviews in which they had appeared. It was not till 1893 that at the instance of M. Raymond Bonheur, he published a book of selections "Au Jardin de l'Infante," which attracted the attention of François Coppé, and thereupon became famous. At his death he left unpublished by far the greater bulk of his work.

This diffidence was characteristic of the man. There is no strident note sounded in any of his poems; all is quiet and restrained, gentle melodies that steal unperceived on the ear and die away so softly that we can hardly say when we cease to hear them. His artistry is superb; hardly any vehicle of expression so well repays the careful poet as the French Alexandrine and the harmonies Samain extracted from it never falter, never strike a false note. His themes are nearly always the same, love, twilight, autumn, death, and have always the same of element of longing. There is in his verse a certain quality of darkness, of silence broken only by the lowest and most musical of murmurs. When at times, as in the "Symphonie Héroïque," he attempts the trumpet, he patently fails;

not with the utter failure of a man who tried to do what is beyond his powers, but with the quiet failure of one who strives to be interested in what does not touch him at all. All his landscapes, in his best poems, are in rich sombre colours; sunlight does not, as it does with some poets of gloom, exhibit him as an impostor, only thought great because only half seen; it merely disconcerts and dazzles him.

His poetry is not a poetry of complaint. Jules Laforgue, bitter not merely against the world, but against the universe, vented his despair and his ill temper in a sneer at all creation. Samain was happy while he constructed visions, and in the great poem in which the lover holds parley with death he paints the end in splendid colours.

### LA MORT.

C'était moi, moi, te dis-je, à travers l'étendue,  
A travers le mirage éclatant du plaisir,  
Tu cherchais dans mes yeux la grande nuit perdue.  
Viens, je suis la Mort douce, et l'amante attendue,  
Et je te verserai, sous mes larges pavots,  
Bercé hors de la vie, et de l'être, et des âges,  
Au bruit des mers sans fin battant mes noirs vivages,  
Loin du mal et des pleurs, du doute et des sanglots,  
Le silence et l'oubli dans l'éternel repos.

These metrical melodies are untranslatable. Samain's thought is rarely of vital novelty, but in expression, in verbal music, and in verbal pictures he is almost unsurpassed in French literature. There is no other way of describing him than as a perfect artist. In the region which he chose for his own, with colour and composition in his work, there is sentiment in the deepest and truest sense. It is significant that in one of his poems he has mentioned Watteau.

Watteau, peintre idéal de la *Fête Golie*,  
Ton art léger fut tendre et doux comme un soupir,  
Et tu donnas une âme inconnue au Désir,  
En l'asseyant aux pieds de la Mélancolie.

And again—

Et sur les robes parfumées  
Et sur les mains des Bien-Aimées,  
Flotte, au long des mollis ramées,  
L'âme divine de Watteau.

For Watteau also was consumptive, and in his work we find again the same qualities, taking thus an example from another art. A gentle melancholy, and an eternal longing, *la Maladie de l'Infini*, as M. Camille Mauclair has phrased it, these are the marks of the consumptive in painting as in poetry. Samain is the Watteau of verse; his sonnets in particular are full of the most exquisite descriptions, full of this vague tenderness, of this yearning for something that our senses cannot grasp. When he wrote his two fine sonnets "Cléopâtre," he attempted something more than a description of Eastern splendour; he gave us something of the Queen's great passionate soul spreading into the calm night so that the Sphinx feels the desert trembling beneath her. And in the picture so composed, Cleopatra's passion transfigures the night, and the night transfigures her passion so that for a moment we catch a glimpse of the truth of each.

When I said at the beginning of this study that Samain was perhaps not one of the greatest, but one of the truest poets of modern France, the materials which he took, he is supreme. His hand never falters for a moment; we feel in reading that he is completely master of the medium in which he works. The close of "Silence" is an excellent example of this mastery.

Oh! s'en aller sans nul retour,  
Oh! s'en aller avant le jour,  
Les mains toutes pleines d'amour!

Oh! s'en aller sans violence,  
S'évanouir sans qu'on y pense  
D'une suprême défaillance . . .

Silence! . . . Silence! . . . Silence! . . .

The burst of longing, ecstatic and then subdued, and the lapse into nothingness are magnificently rendered. The music of words as allied to the sense can go no further than this.

Samain, unattached as he was to any school, began his work at the time when the Parnassians flourished, and a very interesting contrast is offered by his work and

theirs. They, notably G. M. de Hérédia, revelled in pictorial poetry. "Les Trophés" is a series of exquisitely clear and precise portraits or landscapes. But Samain, though his poetry is pictorial to a high degree, differed very vitally from Hérédia. The Parnassian was, as I have said, clear-cut and precise; his colours were rich and splendid, the groups and scenes which he described were magnificent. Samain's pictures, on the other hand, delicately and finely coloured, had another quality besides that of exact and sounding description. In some indefinable manner he suffused them with the magic that comes from the soul of the observer. There is more than I indicated the difficulty of determining his place. It is impossible to think of putting him by the side of Hugo, the prophet, or of Vielé Griffin, the seer. Yet we cannot relegate him to the ranks of the minor poets. His virtue is not in his thought, but in his expression. There he attained the utmost possible, and with that the question must be left. No one can doubt the permanent beauty of the small body of work he left behind him after his short career. The close of one of his most exquisite sonnets would be the most fitting close to an essay upon him, if "he" might be substituted for "she."

Dans un parfum d'héliotrope diaphane  
Elle mourait, fixant les violes sur la mer,  
Elle mourait parmi l'automne . . . vers l'hiver . . .  
Et c'était comme une musique qui se fane . . .

## Pastiche.

### SOME ASPECTS OF THE LIMERICK AS A VERSE-FORM.

Now that the vogue of the limerick has become almost a matter of literary history some attempt should be made to discuss its significance more fully than has hitherto been done. The following brief indications may serve to draw attention to the large field for research that lies ready for treatment. It is to be hoped that before long some earnest critic will hasten to amplify and treat in greater detail a few of these scattered and imperfect notes.

The literature of the subject is, of course, extremely scanty. A short account of the development of the limerick is given in Volume XII of Professor Heiligenberg's valuable "Englische Verslehre." But the happy flashes of insight which are characteristic of the distinguished author's method are here almost entirely lacking. Most of his judgments are heavy and unconvincing, and he seems quite unaware of the leading part played by the limerick in the English poetical revival in the first decade of the twentieth century.

As regards sources and origins, Professor Heiligenberg, usually so intrepid in this respect, will not commit himself far. He certainly hazards some conjectures about mediæval Latin hymns and Leonine hexametres; but his pronouncements are so hedged in with reservations and restrictions that they cannot be regarded as the last word on the subject.

The designation of the verse-form itself is of obscure origin. There seems, however, no reason for rejecting the theory that verses in this manner were first written at Limerick (for other examples of metrical forms deriving their designations from proper names of Alexandrine, Leonine, Sicilian Octave, etc.). If this is so, there is every reason to assume that the first limericks were in the Erse language. The search for analogous metrical forms in the Celtic literatures would be a valuable contribution to scholarships, and the frequent employment of the limerick for the purposes of satire is significant in this connection.

But this by no means excludes other theories. At this point it would be helpful and suggestive to quote a typical limerick. Let us take, for example—

There was a young man of Kinsale  
With inordinate cravings for ale.  
It is dreadful to think  
That he so loved this drink  
As to swallow it out of a pail.

The ethical significance of this rhyme may temporarily be neglected for a consideration of its metrical structure. It is illuminating to rewrite it in the following manner:—

There was a young man of Kinsale  
With inordinate cravings for ale.  
It is dreadful to think that he so loved this drink  
As to swallow it out of a pail.

The manner in which the first, second, and fourth lines

rhyme together will immediately remind the reader of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyam. Certainly the metre is different, and the third line contains an internal rhyme; but there is a fundamental resemblance which cannot fail to appeal to the speculative student of comparative literature. The moral and didactic elements in the limerick find their counterpart in the philosophical subtleties of the Persian quatrains, the main difference being that the limerick deals with specific examples, while the Persian verse confines itself more to generalities. Still, the Oriental influences in the limerick are too marked to be entirely neglected.

The purely literary aspect of the limerick calls for some notice. It is analogous to the use of the distich by the Latin and Greek epigrammatists. The Greek anthology contains many epigrams that might well be cast into limerick form. The "Epitaph on a Fowler," by Mnasalca, which in Garnett's translation reads thus:—

"Now may the swiftly-winging bird return,  
And sit in peace upon this pleasant plane;  
Pimander now is ashes in his urn,  
Nor here will lift his limy rods again,"

may be freely rendered into a limerick, as follows:—

A Greek with the snares that he spread  
Caught hundreds of birds, it is said.

But what bird now cares  
For his lime and his snares?—

For wily Pimander is dead!

It will be seen how closely the limerick is allied to the epigram. In both there is the barb in the last line, the sly thrust, the neat turn, which renders this form of verse so vigorous and effective. Some of the more recent limericks are as drastic in this respect as the epigrams of Martial. Many limericks of the decadent school lost much of their verve by the introduction of a play on words in the last line. But they are not to be regarded as normal.

The influence of the limerick upon English poetry remains to be gauged. It is still too early to pass an unbiased judgment upon its true significance as a metrical form, but of its importance as a factor in awakening a general interest in poetry there can be no doubt. The English poetical renaissance of the twentieth century owes much to it, and already the work of some of the younger realistic poets displays, in almost every line, the results of its influence. How far this is an influence for good only the future can decide.

P. SELVER.

### THE OUTCAST.

By DUCE SHARP.

The sky is full of snow,  
And the earth is full of woe.  
Damn the snow!

I wander to and fro  
Lest my blood should cease to flow,  
And my limbs still colder grow,  
Till with curses I should go  
Down below

Well, they say that Hell is hot.  
That's more warmth than I have got,  
So—Why not?

And if Hell can be a jot  
Worse than earth, may I be shot!  
I believe that Hell's a lot  
Of cursed cant—a Christian plot—  
All darned rot.

Oh, the world is full of gold,  
And I stand here in the cold,  
Young yet old.

Were I warm I had been bold,  
Cursed the charity they doled,  
And the bitter truth have told  
How for bread our souls we sold  
In the cold.

Late a rich man passed me by,  
One of us has got to die,  
—He or I—

Ere spring comes into the sky.  
Why not he? Ay, tell me why!  
He is warm because I lie  
In the cold. The "House" is nigh?  
Let him try!

Why should he be warmed and fed  
While I lack a crust of bread  
Or a shed

To protect from snow my head?  
Why not take his furs instead?  
Why not leave him lying dead,  
With the snow beneath his head  
Rosy red?

Shall I die of cold to-night,  
While his house is warm and bright  
Bathed in light?

Shall I perish out of sight  
 Like a rat, not showing fight,  
 Hating, yet afraid to smite,  
 Tacitly admitting Right  
 Lies with Might?  
 Rather I will live and kill!  
 They shall find him pale and chill  
 Very still.  
 I shall help him pay his bill  
 To the thousands that his mill  
 Has ground small and smaller still.  
 I shall eat and drink my fill  
 With good will!

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.  
 XXVI.—"HOME CHAT."  
 SOCIETY SMALL-TALK.  
 ROYALTIES' LIFE.

Most people imagine that great kings and queens have a very easy time. They think they have just to wear their best clothes on State occasions, eat four good meals a day, and sometimes receive foreign ambassadors from different countries. But oh dear no. This is really quite wrong. Royalties, like "manaquins" and pet "doggies" have their little and great, too, trials, though they do not talk so much about them as some people do of theirs.

#### THE HEADGEAR WAS TOO BIG.

For instance, when the last "Delhi Durbar" was "held" in India, King George's crown was by some untoward accident a size too large for him. Unfortunately this was not found out until just before the ceremony, when it was too late to do anything. So there the poor King had to sit with that big crown dropping over one side of his face, with all the Anglo-Colonials and negro natives watching him amid the press of horses and camels, maharajahs, and elephants. Suddenly Queen Mary, who was sitting next to the King, but quite in ignorance of the unfortunate misfit that had occurred, nudged her honoured spouse none too gently and said in really quite a loud whisper: "George! George! put your crown on straight. People will think you are drunk!"\* So it is not all milk and honey for Royalties. Just like with all the rest of us.

#### BUT YOU ARE SAFE.

If any of our readers find themselves similarly placed or not quite similarly, for, of course, we cannot all be kings and queens, just try the effect of a few pages torn from any part of your number of "Home Chat." You will find them simply wonderful padding.

Although, it is true, "Home Chat" is read exclusively by wealthy members of the aristocracy, we often find that "little economies" are much appreciated by our readers. We have, therefore, much pleasure in offering them the following article entitled—

#### HOW TO CHEAPLY TAKE A HOLIDAY.

You have probably often heard people talk about the simply awful expenses of life for a respectable single girl and how difficult it is to live respectably without feeling the pinch somewhere. Well, a few years ago I formed one of a holiday party of five girls on a head-hunting expedition in Borneo. Do what we might, our expenses kept piling up to a truly immense amount. For instance, although perhaps we could hardly expect the Dyaks to speak English, we frequently found it necessary to employ an expensive interpreter. . . . 3 treble, pass over 3, 2 chain, work 3, and you should easily be able to find some poor woman who will buy the gloves from you with a little persuasion at a price probably no more expensive than at the stores, also assisting some deserving charity at the same time.

#### TEAR THIS OUT FOR THE CHILDREN.

##### JUNGLE JINKS.

When all the animals came out on strike the other day and refused implicitly to recontinue their school tasks, Dr. Lion saying that it was all due to agitators seducing the contented workers, sent for Bay Rumsey, the ape, and blamed him for the defection. The wicked little monkey pretended to be guilty and promised to send them all back if he were given a present. So Dr. Lion bought him a ticket for a trip to India, but little Bay could not get the other animals to go back to their work. Dr. Lion was very angry and said that the leaders were sensible enough, but the strikers were too lazy and wicked to follow their good advice.

\* This anecdote is authentic.—C. E. B.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir.—My recent references in your columns to comments on THE NEW AGE made by the general Press appear to have struck journalists with stage-fright; for after a week or two, all references to your journal by name ceased to appear and I was too much amused at the "scuttle to cover" to reveal the unnamed references that continued to be made. I even passed by Mr. Gardiner's cool appropriation from your columns without acknowledgment of certain details in the life of Mr. J. L. Garvin, so amusing was his parallel remark concerning your "obscure weekly." It is well for Mr. Gardiner and his fellow clippers that THE NEW AGE should remain obscure—to their readers! Within the last few days, however, I have noted a renewed boldness in the Press which, if it should this time persist, will enable me to resume by your permission my broken series. In the "Daily Herald" of October 16, no less important a person than Mrs. Sidney Webb, tempted thereto by a reference to herself as "a charming Jesuit," replied to a critic, and in the course of her reply referred twice to THE NEW AGE. "[Guild-Socialism] is the position which I myself hold—and have held for twenty years—though I think that the working out of this double control will be a matter of great difficulty." It occurs to me to wonder why during twenty years this matter has not been worked out by Mrs. Webb and has been left to you and your colleagues. In the "International" for October Mr. Felix Grendon opines that Guild-Socialists are merely "Socialists in too great a hurry." They have not the "Bismarckian strategy" of—well, of the Fabians. Not but that their "idea" is more promising than the Fabian idea—for Mr. Grendon admits that it is; but the method, my dear sir. You have not thought about your method at all. You do not seem to be aware that a General Strike might possibly lead to a Reign of Terror, during which Guild-Socialism might be dropped in the streets. How careless of you! The "Chinese Republican," published at Shanghai, does you the honour of reprinting verbatim in its issue of August 17 one of the series of "Unedited Opinions." In the recent issues of the "Freethinker" Mr. C. Cohen examines at great length the articles you have published, editorially and over the initials "M. B. Oxon," on the subject of Religion, Professor Schäfer and the "Great Conspiracy." Like Mr. Bax, if I may say so, whose platitudes he quotes as striking originalities, Mr. Cohen does not seem to be aware that thought has moved since Mr. Bradlaugh died. It may be true that a theological mist still hangs about the words God, the Soul, and Religion; but when even the mist has entirely cleared the realities for which the words stand will remain. I conceive THE NEW AGE to have been attempting to reclaim these terms from theological misuse in the interests not of the Church but of mankind. But Mr. Cohen is so fearful of their old associations that the bare mention of them calls up to his mind thumbscrews and the divine right of kings. Let him be comforted. Your regular readers know that THE NEW AGE has no "charmingly Jesuitical" intentions on the agnostic innocence of free thinkers. If they choose to start at words and gibber at phrases, they must be warned to keep clear even of modern metaphysical speculation; for it is undoubtedly true, theology or no theology, that recent thought finds itself bound to postulate two mysteries and a third mystery in their relation. I refer to the "original dispositions of Matter," or God; to the consciousness or Soul that becomes aware of them; and to Religion which is their relation. All these three mysteries any honest thinker is to-day bound to postulate whether under the old theological names or under the repellent terms employed by atheists and people without literary taste. Concerning the "conspiracy" to which both the "Freethinker" and several of your correspondents have taken exception, I must leave you to reply.

PRESSCUTTER.

### REVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

Sir,—A two-fold task awaits Socialist thinkers. They must alter their doctrine to attract that best of all revolutionists—the freeman, the unphilosophic anarchist. At the same time they must smother in scathing invective the officials, pimps, and parasites, nominally Socialists, who have almost ruined the movement by their unmanly and, indeed, senile propaganda. THE NEW AGE has done a little in the better way. It cannot do too much. Even Guild Socialism may be too tight, great improvement as it is upon the organised horror of State capitalism.

Only one sort of ethics will attract freemen—manly ethics (not gentlemanly, remember, but always manly).

By this test all the Fabian and I.L.P. propaganda; all the public deeds of these steersmen of capitalism go by the board. Not only that, but some trade union tactics encouraged by THE NEW AGE fail by the same test. Is the breaking of an agreement freely signed a manly deed? Surely not. If you say that it was not signed freely you at once admit the inferiority of our position, and by admitting, encourage it. Is sabotage a manly method of fighting? Surely not. It corrupts the character of the worker much more than it hurts the interests of the capitalist. It is as foolish as it would be to drink whisky at the capitalist's expense. If you were a capitalist whom would you fear more—the trade union that broke its pledged word, or the one that kept it? Whose demand is genuine and imperative—the trade union loafer or the trade union hustler?

Indeed, Socialism will only flourish again when unmanliness and tameness—two faces of the one coin—cease to be the deliberate ethics of its propagandists.

The conventional Socialist—the man who is an easy member of the Fabian Society or the I.L.P.—is a tame animal. Therefore he bleats, and his domestic dream is for the paradise of the capitalist lap. The capitalist believes in tame Socialists as the farmer believes in his oxen. He can trust them not to break fences. At the recent Midlothian election, the "Glasgow Herald," the "Scotsman," and other capitalist newspapers were loud in their praise of Provost Brown's "honesty" in proposing to buy out the landlords. Mr. Philip Snowden, I believe, has been similarly honest. But it should be a solemn thought for any fighter that his enemies believe in him. When our enemies come to believe in us we should cease to believe in ourselves.

The capitalists believe in the conventional Socialists. They have discovered that they are quite tame, that they are just what they call themselves—wage-slaves. Mr. Barnes, the mendicant preacher from Blackfriars, is reported to have told the German comrades that all that the British workman wanted was to be allowed to earn his bread in peace. Did any slave ever grovel for less?

It is quite clear to me that the less responsibility a man has the less manliness he develops; the less manliness, the less resolution; and the less resolution, the less revolution. And yet all over the country the I.L.P. Bumbles are following the "Well done! Bradford" road to perdition, first with free education, then free books, free breakfasts, free doctors, free dentists; trying to give back to the worker his own without giving it back. Mr. St. John G. Ervine has exposed the trick. Its ethical interest is that it tames the parent as it tames the child.

A tragic example of this tameness occurred during the strike, when a million miners sat around idle to encourage capitalists to raise their wages. A day or two after these unmanly creatures struck work they presented themselves to all the local authorities requesting that their children should be fed. No sane capitalist would for one minute fear such creatures, who will breed children without accepting the full manly responsibilities of parents, but who are ready to give their children and womenfolk as hostages to the enemy.

W. M.

#### PEASANTS AND PHEASANTS.

Sir,—There is a strange difference between you and me and the country yokel.

If you, or I, being men with some bank balance and a clean collar and trousers that are not the inheritance of a former ancestry, happen to pass through a wood with a catapult in our pocket and cunning round stones, we are not liable to be stopped by a gamekeeper and searched and summoned.

But if we happen to be respectable married farm labourers, against whose character not even the police have a word to say, we are not only liable to be stopped and searched and summoned, but fined, and that although there is no evidence against us that we even tentatively fitted one of those cunning round stones into its sling as some stately barn door fowl stalked boldly in front of us.

And this despite the fact, as I am told, that education has taught the peasantry the attractiveness of pheasants as a change to bread and margarine.

The case actually happened at a country Bench not sixty miles from London very recently, and three of the members of that hateful profession—the law—who were present, agreed that there was no evidence to warrant a conviction.

The man was a married man with a family, and somehow or other he had to squeeze the fine out of a wage barely sufficient to maintain the home in even tolerable comfort.

But tame pheasants must be preserved at all hazards

from the risk of the plug of the cunning rounded stone, and reserved for the skilled bullet of the superman.

I may say that for many months I have bought, not borrowed, your paper, and that I was told of its existence by someone for whom you have not many good words—Mr. W. C. Anderson. You must in future credit him with reducing your annual loss by thirteen shillings.

I am still at a loss to know why lawyers are lower than, say, insurance inspectors of the national blend. One at least is a subscriber. H. H. STOCKDALE ROSS.

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#### THE PARADE OF THE MILK CHARIOTS.

Sir,—I am pleased to read Mr. Meulen's courteous comments upon my letter under the above heading.

When in your series of critical articles upon the present system you from time to time advocated the setting up of Guild-Socialism, there were probably many who, while agreeing with your criticism, were not quite clear as to what Guild Socialism really meant. In the fulness of time you are publishing the constructive articles on the subject.

Likewise, when I wrote against the methods of our present milk supply, I had given the subject some consideration and had formulated a system by which much improvement could be effected. I beg to assure Mr. Meulen that I have taken the trouble to canvass the housewives for their preferences for individual milkmen, and their replies have been (if I may so quote) extensive and peculiar. Take one case at random. Mrs. A dealt with B because he was the first to call upon her for custom when she went to her present residence. She did not employ—

C because his milk looked blue.

D because he was late in the morning.

E because he bought his milk and kept no cows.

F because his cows were suspected of being tubercular (she said).

G because of his untidy appearance, and so on.

Mr. Meulen gives a false impression when he says that the quality of milk is kept up to the mark by the stress of competition. The opposite is the case, for in the pursuit of profits dealers are, on occasion, forced to water the milk, and no doubt might do so in greater proportion but for the check imposed upon them by official inspection. One shudders to think of the competitive milk trade if the thin end of the wedge of organisation (official inspection) were withdrawn.

I admit that there are many grumbles at what is called Post Office stupidity, and although I cited this organisation as being worked on saner and more economic lines than the present wasteful competitive systems, I did not claim perfection for the 'example, neither did I "exhort anyone to cherish the simple childlike faith that Mr. Samuel's system is the best possible." There is very often an obscure motive in grumbles against Governmental departments. We always had our telephone irritations, and in the past we were inclined to blame the operators. All that is changed now (unless you happen to be a Liberal!) because all delays at the exchange, failures of current, the engagement of party lines, &c., are ascribed to the Government since they took over the service last January.

WALTER G. WHITEHOUSE.

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#### BIBLE TEACHING.

Sir,—Sir Francis Vane lays his finger on one of the worst spots in our modern education. But I rather fancy if he were asked where this kind of teaching is most thoughtlessly given he would say in the Church schools with their priest-ridden teachers.

Here I believe he would be wrong. It is in the Council schools under the blessed "Cowper-Temple" clause that this crude Bibliolatry is most virulently taught. The poor teachers have nothing else which they are allowed to teach. It is Dr. Clifford's "Bible as literature" about which he goes into ecstasies. In the Church schools on the other side we have a much freer hand. We are able to teach children about a living, active Church with symbolic sacraments and saints in the making, and a kingdom advancing. We can show the children that God is much more interested in the "New Age" than ever they need be in the lists of the kings of Israel. I am far from claiming that Church Bible teaching is much better than Cowper-Templeism. I only say that it might be, whereas the Council school man is fettered by the "Liberals." Probably we shall have to go in for "secular" schools, as they are called, because we shall never persuade the politicians that undenominationalism is humbug. But I have often pleaded for one more try to make Cowper-Templeism effective. It is at present a dead corpse, doing positive harm, as Sir Francis Vane shows. I should like an effort to be made to draw up a

syllabus on modern lines, boldly telling the truth to the children about science, &c. Nobody dares do it. The Socialist Sunday-schools do something, but they are too much occupied in making children hate capitalists (a silly occupation which will never succeed and which had better not do so). Bibliolatry is still rampant in the land. It is still breeding atheism, as in the old Bradlaugh days. Nearly all the working-men I know are infected with it. It is the staple inspiration of all P.S.A.'s and adult Bible classes and most speeches of the Labour party. It shows its stupid head whenever such questions as Sunday opening or Sunday closing are discussed. It is fostered by our Church lectionary and Prayer-book services, not that I want them supplanted by a book drawn up by Mr. Meyer, which would be infinitely worse. The only thing I can suggest is an agitation for a new Cowper-Temple syllabus. If possible, it should be drawn up by a committee from which nearly all statesmen and religious dignitaries should be warned off. A few sensible parents, slum curates, and Council school teachers (so-called atheists), might meet you and Oliver Lodge and Charles Marson and Stewart Headlam. Between you, you would evolve something better than we have now. Will you do this and prepare an Education Bill for Mr. Bonar Law to carry when he gets the chance?

JAMES ADDERLEY.

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#### SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—It is not often that we are vouchsafed an insight into the depths of knowledge possessed by our elocutionists. In the books they publish they tell us little enough about pronunciation; but they seem to be less reserved when they have a sympathetic listener like the writer of the "Present-Day Criticism." If only he would tell us a little more! It would be so instructive to know how "the trained voice will render the unique tenderness of the five letters in 'young,'" especially the *n* and the *g*, how in "Almighty" the liquid *l* is "sent upward by the tongue to the roof of the mouth," and how in "travelling," "pronounced without the breathing quantity of the doubled *l* the teeth shut down too quickly upon the lower lip." We should like to have more of this sort of thing. It is all so different from what you may read in the works of those who have studied the sounds—men like Ellis and Sweet, for instance. It does a phonetician good to hear the results of the elocutionist's researches.

The philologer, too, has evidently much to learn. Professor Skeat, who has just passed from among us, wrote a book on the "Principles of English Etymology." In chapter xvi there is an account of the way in which our spelling reached its present form. Unfortunately, it is based on facts, so it is not likely to appeal to the writer of "Present-Day Criticism," who prefers to the dry study of facts the ethereal flights of his artistic imagination. It would be unkind to ask him for evidence in support of his assertion that "there is probably no English word which was current before Johnson's time of which the sound, the symbolism, and the psychology were not studied during the countless hours devoted to English by our learned and poetical ancestors." But, as he is concerned about retaining the doubled letters of "stopping," "running," &c., I would beg him to explain how Milton came to write "witnes, smels, ratling, dazling, farewel," and Shakespeare "ful, litl, wel, maner," to give only a few instances. There are countless examples in the works of our learned and poetical ancestors of words with single letters where we double them, and vice versa; and there are plenty of cases where the same word appears spelt with a single and with a double letter, in the same book.

If "Present-Day Criticism" is scornful of fact and bases its pronouncements on fancy alone, then I for one prefer to listen to old-fashioned criticism. It may have had less unconscious humour, but it endeavoured to ascertain the truth.

WALTER RIPPMAN.

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#### DIS-GRACE IN THE "DAILY MAIL."

Sir.—It has been pointed out to me that the matter which I took for a genuine contribution to the "Daily Mail" is nothing but a concealed advertisement, and is actually appearing properly notified as an advertisement in other papers. I do not read newspapers regularly, and I cut but my mare's nest from a sheet which happened to be placed right side up on my store-room table. This is the explanation of my ignorance in the present instance, but, in apologising for having wasted your valuable space, I think I may reckon on your and

your valuable space, I think I may reckon upon your and that there were still limits to the corruption of Carmelite Street. Not that I gave very much credit to the proprietor of the "Daily Mail." I thought the man has now so much money that, like Mr. Carnegie, he wishes to become reputable, and "Miss St. Aubyn" has approached him at an auspicious moment. But the fact apparently is that Lord Northcliffe will go to his grave a low cadger, patron, ally, and tool of cadgers. When a certain girl of the Vanderbilt family was sneered at because her grandfather had once sold matches, she replied—"They were good matches." Lord Northcliffe's grand-daughter will not be bequeathed a similar defence from snobs.

B. HASTINGS.

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#### GRACE IN THE "DAILY MAIL."

Sir.—Is Mrs. Beatrice Hastings serious? or is her letter one of THE NEW AGE jokes that I am too dull to appreciate? I do not happen to read the "Mail," but Miss St. Aubyn has lately been contributing her kind advice to readers of the "News and Leader," and I have before me as I write, her "Novel Beauty Hints" for October 1 and 16. Each begins with a note begging her readers not to write to her any more, as they are sure to find their questions answered in the replies to someone else. Then comes a paragraph of general advice to get "pure ingredients only." This is followed by about sixteen "answers." Out of the "great mass of unanswered correspondence" with which she tells us she is burdened, Miss St. Aubyn manages on each occasion to pick out sixteen letters which between them ask just the same dozen questions, and one or two others. The replies to the latter advise the use of such common substances as ice, olive oil, glycerine, and lemon-juice; but the bulk of the replies on each occasion are devoted to recommending the use of stallax, cleminite, jettaline, tennaline, boranium, allacite of orange blossom, collian-dum, pergol, pheminol, pilenta, prolactum and onalite. These are fancy names, not the scientific names of any drugs or chemicals, to the best of my knowledge, and only conceal the identity of the substances they denote. They are probably only obtainable from one firm, and might well be investigated by the public-spirited authors of "Secret Remedies."

I notice one little slip on Miss St. Aubyn's part. The recommendation of onalite on October 1 is not clearly distinguished from the other "Answers." On October 16 it is separated by a line and ends with the word "Advt."

A. MORLEY DAVIES.

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#### DIS-GRACE TO THE "DAILY MAIL."

Sir.—The wiles of the quack advertisement are so varied that it seems even so experienced a reader as Mrs. Hastings has been deluded.

How could she have imagined for a moment that the "Daily Mail" would employ good advertising space in giving genuine advice on toilet hygiene?

I can assure her that these articles so naively recommended by the lady with the fancy name, are the products of a firm with the significant name of Dearborn, Ltd., which last winter sold for 3s. 6d. a box of very ordinary cold cream.

Mrs. Hastings will likewise find on asking her chemist for any of above-mentioned preparations that their average price is about 4s., and that for 3d. worth of material.

DAVE GEMMELL.

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MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.